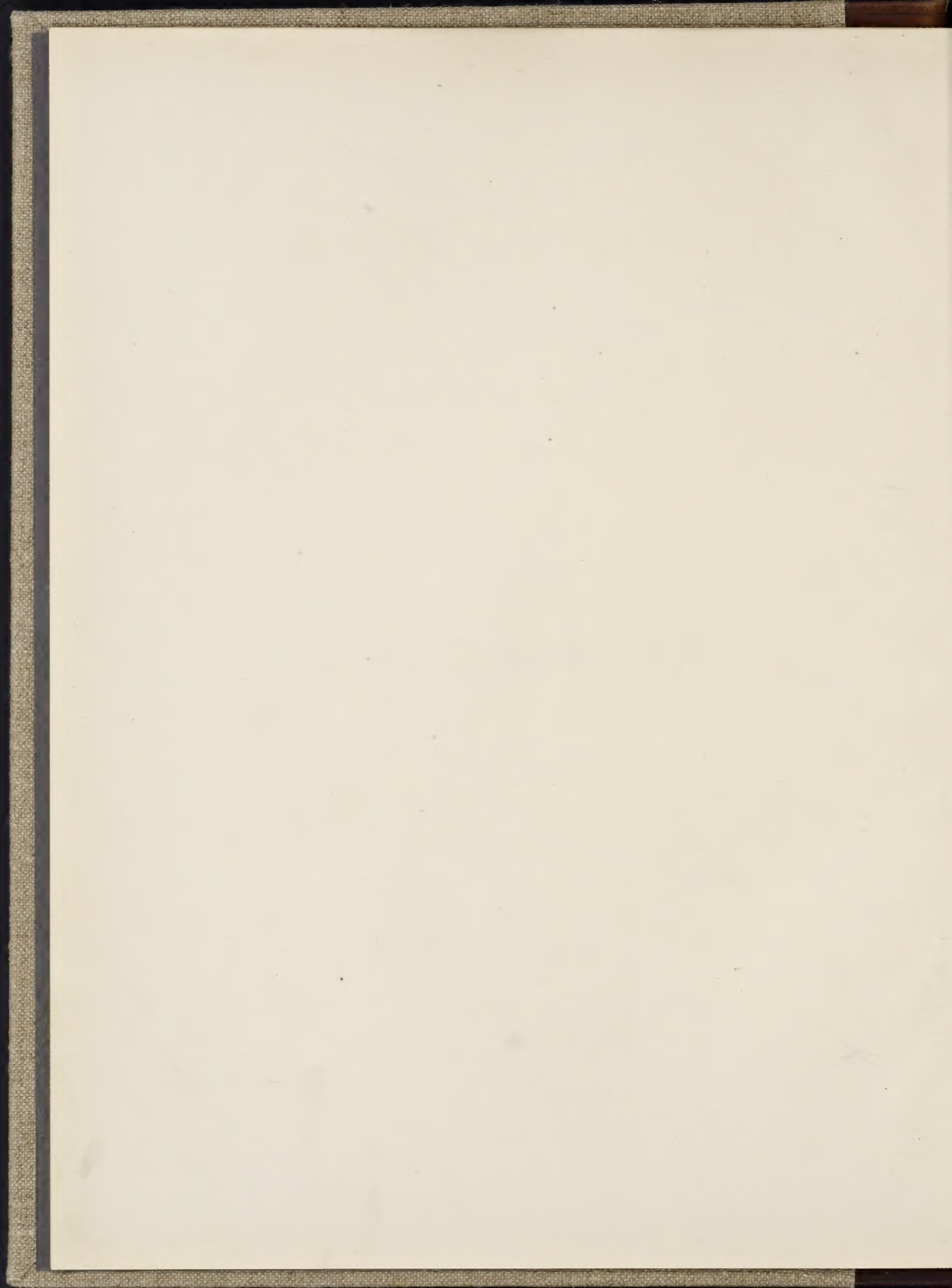


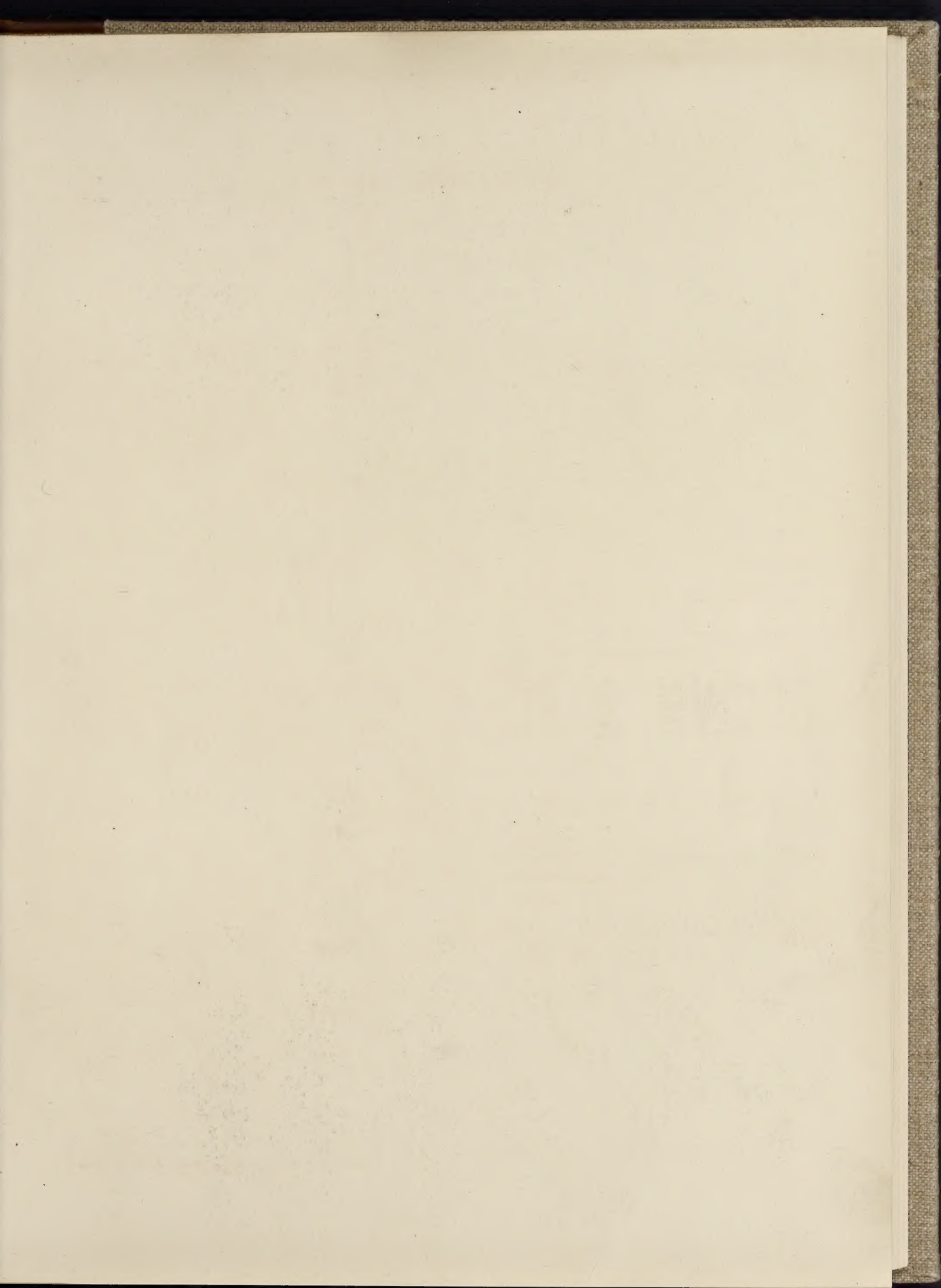


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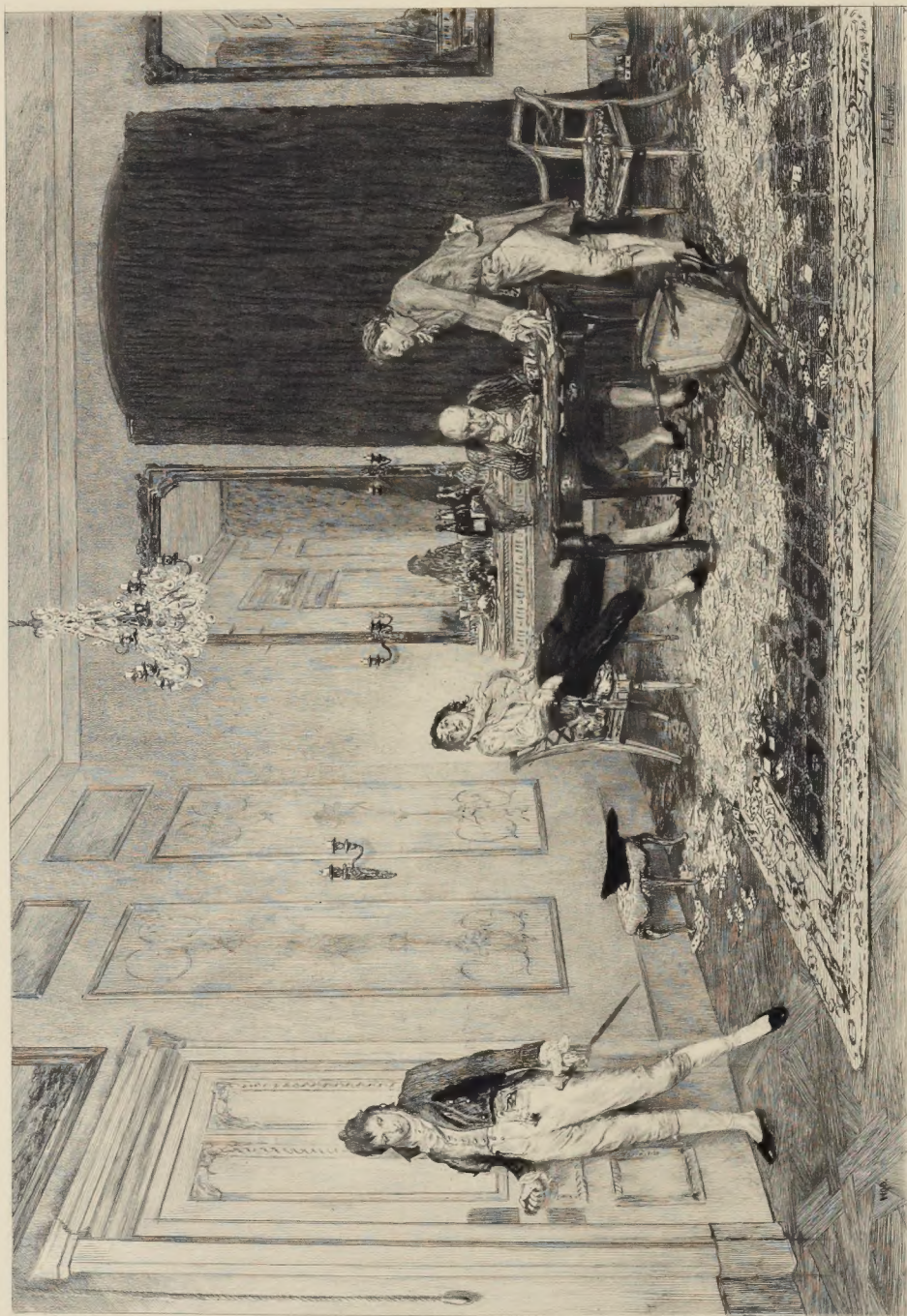












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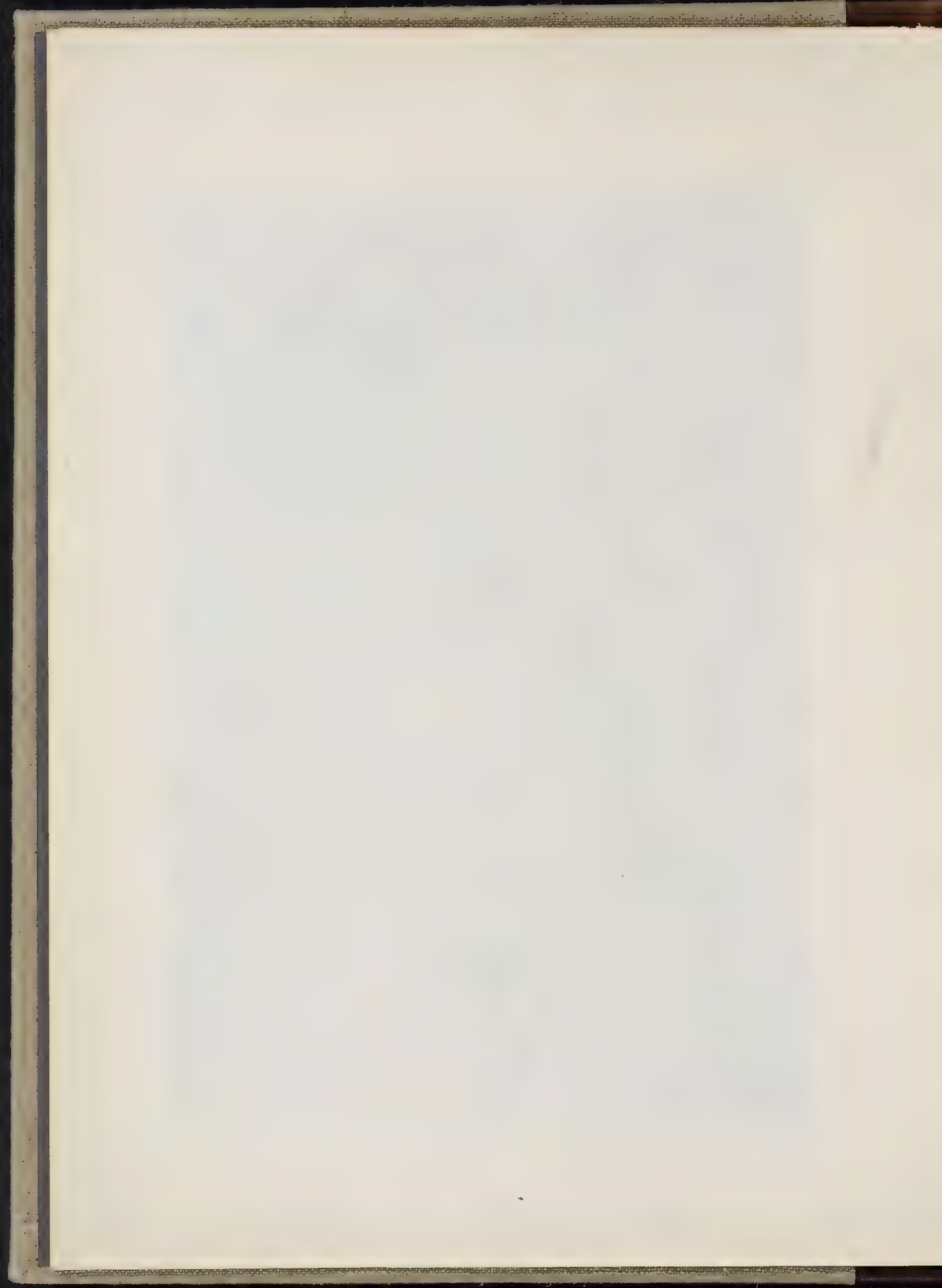
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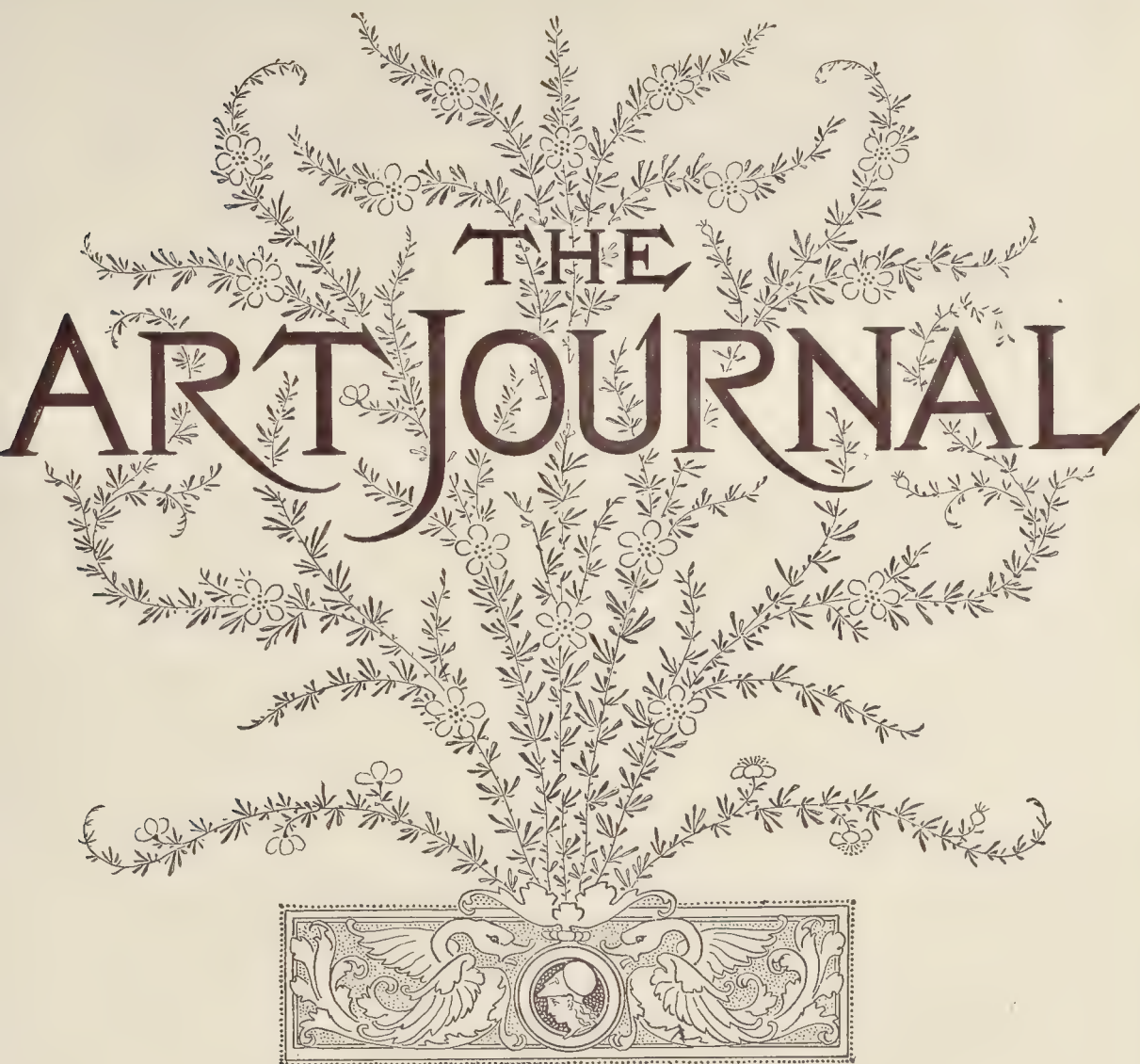


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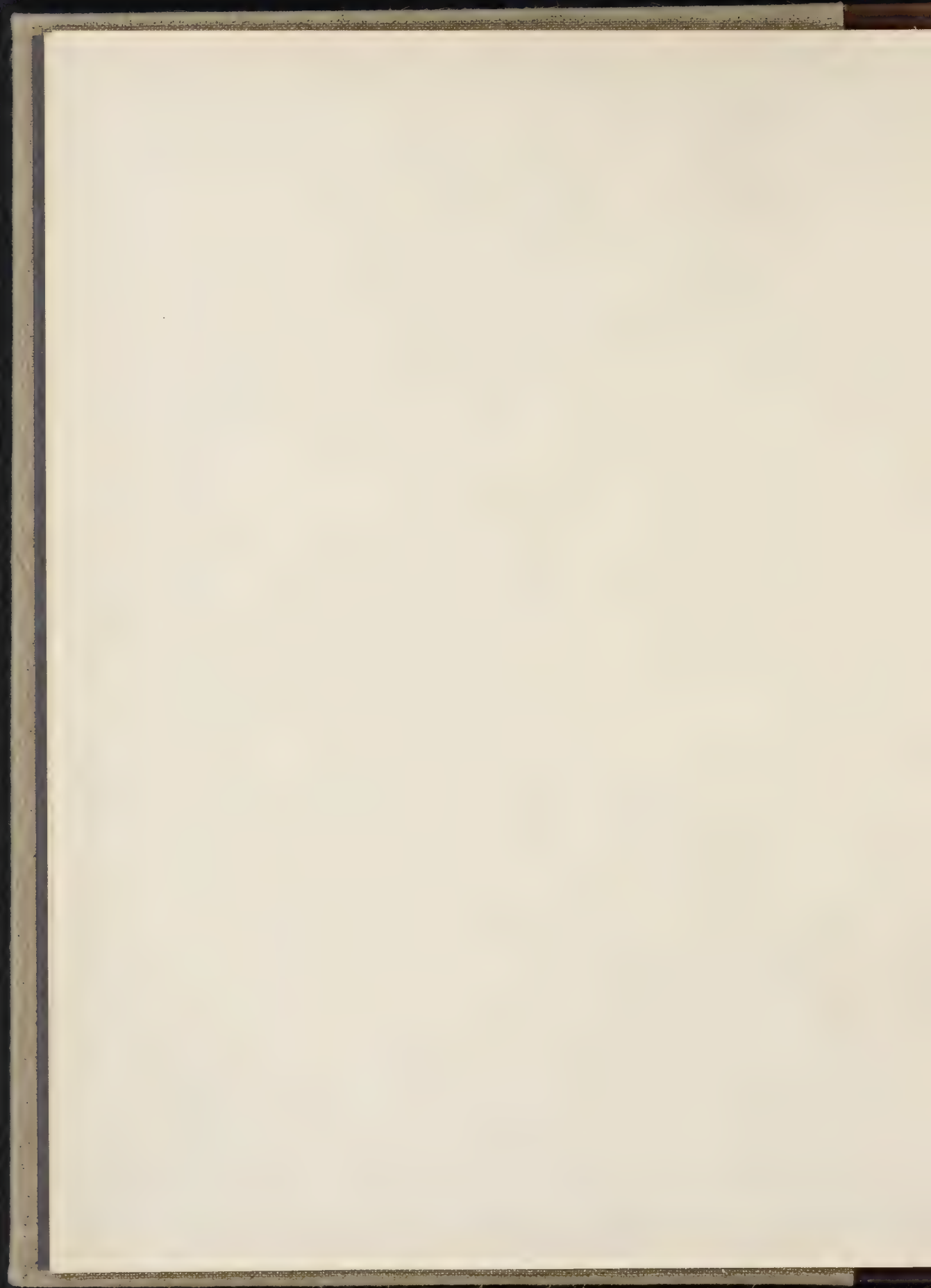


NEW SERIES

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50/ 1888







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# THE ART JOURNAL.

## THE SEINE: AS A PAINTING GROUND.

**A**RTISTS of the present day hardly paint the Seine as much as their predecessors of the Romantic school. I speak, of course, of the rural Seine, and by no means of that populous and elegant riverside which extends from Paris to St. Germain.

This coquettish *rus in urbe*, with its painted boat-houses, baths, restaurants, and its neighbouring palaces, naturally attracts all the pleasure-seekers of Paris, and with them the figure painter of modern fashionable genre. Bright costumes, the white sheen of buildings half hid in tall trees, and stiffly graceful gardens, mirror themselves effectively in blue water, and conspire to make a lively Watteau-like *ensemble*. The scene, in fact, has something about it at once firm and gay—something which lends itself to the elegant precision of figure painting, without wholly excluding the vague charm and shimmering mysteriousness of real landscape. For many reasons the painter of landscape and country life prefers out-of-the-way corners of the agricultural districts. They afford better material to a certain school for those neat studies of old gentlemen grubbing among potatoes and cabbages which have lately become so popular. Serious

artists, again, wish to be in touch with the nature they represent. They wish to put off the *bourgeois* and his ways, his infant boulevards, and the *place de ville* of his country town, as well as his black coat and his *chapeau haute forme*. They wear the blouse and inhabit the village of the peasant, who pays no attention to them, and allows them to adopt a set of morals and customs of their own. Solitude and secrecy form no part of their scheme. Twenty or thirty painters studying the same subjects naturally correct each others' faults, and establish a standard for each quality of Art—a standard naturally derived from the practice of the most gifted in that direction. Much of the feeble and involuntary eccentricity of one-sidedness, much of the time

wasted in blind single-handed experiment, can thus be spared to those who share in the results of a common experience. Most of the country inns which they frequent have been developed solely to minister to the wants of the profession. They seldom entertain other guests, and would be otherwise without sufficient custom to maintain them. In the same way certain houses in England are founded almost entirely for the benefit of the commercial traveller. Hardly any such colonies existed, at least in the seventies, upon the banks of the main river. Mantes, though favoured by Corot, like Vernon and other places, is a town of some size, where the artist scarcely feels himself at ease for a long sojourn. Painters, too, like their subjects at hand; they like them small nowadays, and they like variety in pocket compass at

their door. If on rivers, then, artists' colonies are on small ones, such as the tributaries of the Seine above Paris. Buried for some years in a village so situated, I made one of a company who wrestled with the representation of field labour, of shaded backwaters, and of the impossible grace of the poplar. Opportunity, and the spirit of the day, led us to work at confined subjects, and none of us thought of the Seine, that favourite

hunting ground of our predecessors. Perhaps the advent of the two travellers of "An Inland Voyage" gave us a longing for broader waters and larger horizons. At any rate, a marine painter and a sculptor—persons independent of the cow and the poplar—first broke ground. Aided by an idle village carpenter, who was reputed to have once made a punt, they constructed, with infinite labour and calculation, a little centre board, which not only carried them out of the heart of this fat wooded plain, but served as their lodging all the way to Havre. Then six of us bought a huge Seine sand-barge, more than a hundred feet long by sixteen broad, on which we caused a vast house to be built, containing six bed-chambers and a studio thirty feet



No. 1.—Andrésy.

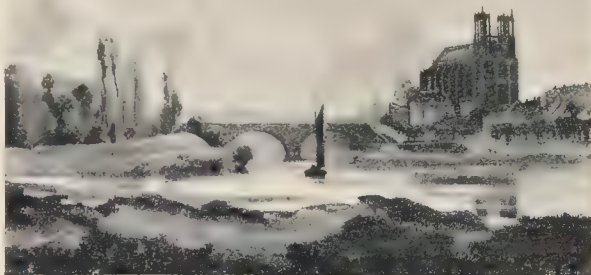
long. Through "circumstances over which we had no control," *The Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne* was sold after a short cruise. Nevertheless I still regard its memory with pride, and mention it now because I consider some such mode of living almost incumbent on those who would paint a large river badly supplied with trains and other means of communication, and in some parts not even well lined with suitable inns. Moreover, the advantages of a house-boat on the Seine become more evident when we consider the immense extent of country to which one has access through the canals of the main river and of its tributaries. One communicates with the Loire, the Saone, the Meuse, the Sambre, and from them with the greater part of the continent. I think the more highly of the house-boat system of travel as I have since navigated the Seine pretty thoroughly with a fleet of three centre boards and a small steam launch. All the party to a man detested water colour, and from our experience I cannot recommend small and confined crafts to the oil painter. Wet canvases suffer, and variously coloured jams of pigment and mediums tend to deteriorate both food and clothing.

I do not intend to speak of the Seine above Paris, or of tributaries such as the Marne or Loing, though their scenery is eminently suited to the painter who wishes, without moving, to find many subjects under his hand. The painter of the Seine, especially of the Basse-Seine below Rouen, must expect, owing to the scale of the river, to find the large elements of the landscape the same throughout a considerable walk. Crossing the river, too, is quite a business, so that complete change of feature is not to be attained without some troublesome displacement. The Seine, however, is perhaps a better place for studying out a picture than some countries where, in the course of a ten minutes' walk, one is assaulted by a hundred *motifs* quite different in character and sentiment. The large river serves as a gymnasium for those who wish to exercise the imagination and practise "chic" upon a basis of nature. It is no bad training to be forced to make the best of a few big elements of scenery, to have to ruminate over but one or two possible pictures, and to be bound to find the most characteristic arrangement of a certain set of materials. One thus learns something of Art as well as of nature, and avoids the thoughtless composition which is induced by an *embarras de richesse* of subjects. Of course these remarks apply to those who stay some time at various centres, such as Paris, Vernon, or Rouen, rather than to those who make a rapid sketching tour for the purpose of taking mere notes and jottings from nature.

The inhabitant of Paris may find picturesque points in the town itself, such as spring from combinations of architecture,

bridges, trees, and river craft; but these materials are often stiff, and to pull them about requires a sort of courage and certainty of purpose more proper to the figure than to the landscape painter. The lover of really rural country, though he may light on occasional gems of composition on the river close to Paris, will find himself more or less surrounded by civilisation, its encroaching factories, pleasure villas, and pleasure-seekers. Good points, it is true, may be got even at Neuilly, and certainly farther on near St. Germain. Below the woods of Ville d'Avray and Meudon, the hunting grounds of Corot, much may be done; yet nowadays these places chiefly interest the figure painter. This ground, and especially the neighbourhood of Argenteuil and Bougival, may be called the home of the *canotier*, and as such it has been admirably treated by Manet, and after him by the *impressioniste* school generally. The rural Seine can hardly be said to have fairly begun before Maisons Lafitte, or even Conflans, at the junction of the Oise. I am of course far from denying that these French equivalents of Barnes, Kew, and Richmond will not admirably serve the purpose of the

artist who lives permanently in Paris. Excursions into these neighbourhoods, enlivened by meals *à fresco* at the riverside restaurants, are a decidedly pleasant sort of debauchery. Some may think that their gaiety will interfere with work, but that is a question of temperament. It is more from sentiment than from reason that one condemns the environs of Paris. To those who descend at the "Grand Hôtel" of a place, if there is one, and



No. 2.—Mantes.

not at all if there is not, all places are much the same. But to others, who wish to live in the life of a country, the pretentious *bourgeois* element of these pleasure grounds of the capital will become in the end annoying. The people who come here are not at home, and the population itself exists to serve and cheat Parisians, and to ape their manners. The individual and local character of the peasant, his chief merit, is lost. Moreover, the lower the class, the more stupid becomes their imitation of foreign manners. The artist must dislike this, if he is not of those who travel swiftly by train from big hotel to big hotel, who disregard such differences, who care nothing for the changes of local interest, who carry with them an unchangeable atmosphere of their own. Even Maisons Lafitte suffers from the neighbourhood of the great town. It is a sporting place, the scene of the prize-fight scandal in connection with Smith and Greenfield. Town-like villas, attempts at boulevards and city conveniences, spoil it. No easy-going inns, opening straight out on his work, encourage the painter to live entirely for his art. Maisons possesses certain attractions, however, in its piles of monumental poplars and in its romantic and



overhung *petit bras*, the entrance of which is, as it were, defended from the Seine by the towering bulk of a ruined château-like mill which spans the stream on huge arches. This mill, said to be more than two hundred years old, must have been originally intended for defence. It is built solidly of hewn stone, and looks like a kind of castle, with loopholes, peaked roofs, and rows of dormer windows; and it is perched upon arches so high that a small boat could easily sail through them. A real château, modernised after the style of Louis XIV., borders the forest of St. Germain, where the old form of *chasse à courre* still goes on. One has not to go to Maisons, however, to see such things, nor is the château of much consequence when one is so close to Versailles, St. Germain, and St. Cloud.

After Maisons the river sweeps round a great curve to the north of the forest of St. Germain, and falls far to the south-east at Poissy. This is the last of the series of great bends which it makes after leaving Paris. At the top of this bend the Oise falls in between the villages of Conflans and Andrésey. I have seen a picture, by Daubigny, of the junction of the

ivers, but the place has changed considerably since he painted it. Conflans has become a bare and semi-industrial-looking little town. The change may easily be more apparent than real, but then it is just the aspect of the place which is material to the painter. Every one knows how many romantic suggestions may be suppressed, how many prosaic ideas suggested, by the cutting down of three big trees, the building of one warehouse, and the restoration of one tumble-down building. Andrésey, however, remains just as it ever was, and here the influence of Paris may be said to cease. It is visible only in a set of men who come daily in summer from Paris to abandon themselves to fishing. Very few of them live here; they come by the first train in the morning, and return at night. They are mostly small *rentiers*, retired from commerce, whose wives and families would die of boredom in the country. By this means both parties are satisfied, and the peace of the *ménage* is secured. When they are about it, they struggle hard to identify themselves with the place, and to appear in tone with their surroundings. They dress the part with a Frenchman's feeling for various *rôles* in life. They keep their clothes at M. Guimont's green-sheltered *auberge* on the riverside. Arrayed in the vestments of their craft, and seated with due dignity on chairs, their rotund forms are towed out in punts every morning, as well as transported and re-transported for lunch, by a lad of the establishment, half *garçon*, half boatman, and half stable-boy. At this lunch one perceives the social value of arts and sports, even of fishing. One hears a babble of fisher's slang as

ardent and as pronouncedly professional as the shop in any painter's inn. The talk runs on such subjects as the habits of mullet and bream; how the former is *frileux*, hides in cold weather, and loves the *coup de soleil*. If a phonograph could be exposed for a minute to the clatter of these thirteen or fourteen tongues, one would get a mixed result, and, as when several people are photographed one on the top of the other, what is common to all would alone survive. Certainly in this case the words *hameçons, dix-neuf, asticots, amorce, épuisette, pêche de trente livres*, would float triumphant over the confusion. These people take a lively interest in local news and in the gossip of the *mariniers* who come off barges which are waiting to get hooked on to the chain gangs. Several steamers work themselves along this endless chain which lies at the bottom of the river from Rouen to Montreuil, and they draw a fleet of barges in their wake.

To make friends with the *patron* of one of these barges is not at all a bad piece of policy. He can take you aboard his boat, and that is an excellent way of getting about, if you are content to be dropped wherever the chain gang may

chance to stop. By the way, it would never do for the ordinary light, luxurious house-boat to join itself to such company as goes by the chain. It would be a case of the iron pot and the earthenware pan sailing down the stream together. The boats take close order, sometimes two abreast, and the scrunching and brutal banging that takes place round corners, in locks, and under bridges, gave us good reason to

congratulate ourselves, when we were barge owners, that our boat had been originally built for the commerce of the Seine. Illustration No. 1 will give an idea of Andrésey as seen from the river bank in front of Guimont's fishing inn, as well as of the quiet character of the upper part of the river. The hills at Andrésey, though not so bold as those in other places, are of a kind which greatly prevails in the upper half of that piece of river which lies between Paris and Rouen. Bare, striped with vineyards and fields without hedges, they present in most lights a scabby, patchy appearance, unfit for pictorial purposes. In fact, it is only under the effect of a low sun that they spring into being. Then the peculiar colour of vine foliage comes out from bare slopes, which become modelled by colour and grow into shapely hills. Though the sloping high ground on one side of the river is thus in places unsightly, and the poplared plain on the other side, when seen from above, somewhat monotonous, their ugliness scarcely affects a sketcher placed low down on the river. He generally finds himself involved in the bowery loveliness of the richly-wooded banks. The soft, flower-like elegance of the tall trees reminds one of Corot's pictures, and



No. 3.—Château-Gaillard.

surprises those accustomed to the cabbagey fulness of English growths. Islands abound—deeply wooded some of them—and not altogether unlike those on Windermere. This sort of scenery may be found close down to the water almost everywhere, whatever may be the character of the hills and the larger landscape. To find out the best natural arrangements would take a good deal of travel. People who do not wish to wander on foot, by chain gangs, or in sailing boats, must make up their minds to settle in some centre or other, whence they can easily reach whatever kind of landscape they may desire.

Nothing can well be more enwrap in the greenery of stately trees than the neighbourhood of Poissy, but that may be said of several places on the Seine, which possess, in addition, many other advantages. Opposite Poissy the scabby hills begin and run with intervals of wood past Chanteloup, Triel,

and Meulan, towards Mantes. Mantes has been endeared to painters by Corot. There is a reproduction of his picture 'Mantes-la-Jolie' in Mr. P. G. Hammerton's 'Landscape.' As to the town itself some idea of its appearance from the water may be gained from Illustration No. 2. Vernon is a better centre for travel, and it commands more variety of scene in itself. The river is less shut in than at Mantes, and the eye can also embrace the hills in the composition. It lies on a tolerably straight piece of river between two great bends to the north-east, at the top of which lie La Roche Guyon and Château-Gaillard. The latter illustration (No 3) shows the marked nature of the hills and the position of the well-wooded poplar islets below. These fine chalk cliffs, besides offering bold and romantic lines to the eye, often give a touch of gaiety to the landscape when they are lighted up by the full noontide sun. Again, when seen through the faint



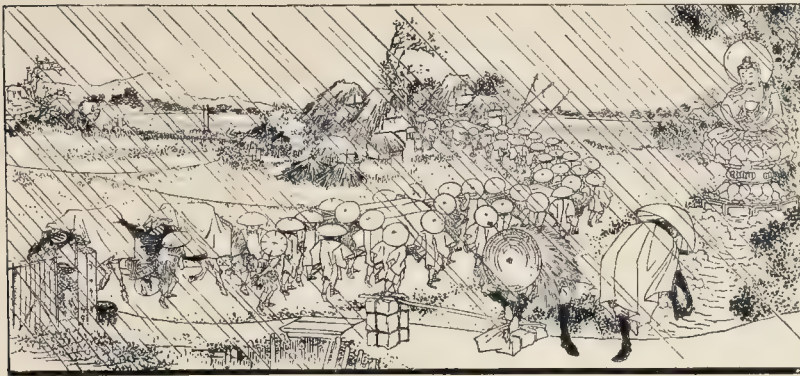
No. 4.—Rouen: Morning.

sunny haze of morning, they gleam more softly and with a sort of subdued fairy-like mystery. Throughout the whole length of the Seine it is very seldom indeed that one can find hills on both sides of the stream at once. But at a bend where a change takes place, as in the Andelys, the view reaps all the pictorial advantages of a double range of heights. From Château-Gaillard to Rouen there is no lack of cliff or wood. About Amfreville, near the junction of the Andelle and that of the Eure, you may see a fine specimen of the bold bare hill, and a little farther on, near Pont de l'Arche, the river is superbly wooded. Indeed plenty of quite large forests border the Seine or lie behind the heights which directly face the water. First come the woods surrounding Paris and Sèvres and then the forest of St. Germain. Farther on come the woods about Vernon and Pont de l'Arche. Close to Rouen are the forests of Rouvray and Roumare, and nearer the estuary, the forest

of Brotonne and the woods behind Tankarville. Not much boating or pleasure sailing takes place on the Seine when once Paris and its environs are left behind, at least until one gets to Rouen. Small centre-board yachts are to be found there at Leclerc's Yard, and rowing and sailing clubs exist. A fine stretch of water, straight and pretty free from obstacles, lies just above Rouen very handily situated for sailing races and regattas. The Ile de Bock, one of the best of the Rouen islands, shoots up its tall shafts of foliage just below the railway bridge at the entrance of the town. An old mariner who has suffered shipwreck and various fortunes and adventures has cast his anchor there. At his inn one finds summer-houses in which to refresh one's self with drinks and fried eels. A fine view of the town can be got here, and it was from this side that the sketch of Rouen (No. 4) was made between six and eight o'clock on a tranquil hazy morning.

R. A. M. STEVENSON.





No. 1.—A Sudden Shower. From "*L'Art Japonais*."

## NOTES ON JAPAN AND ITS ART WARES.

SOME of our readers may recollect a series of articles which appeared in this Journal in the year 1878 upon the Art and Art-industries of Japan. They were written by Sir Rutherford Alcock, and still form a valuable commentary upon the subject. But they did not, nor does any subsequently published work, give in a concise form the information which an ordinary individual requires, who, finding nowadays almost every article in use in his daily life redolent of Japanese influence, if not of actual Japanese manufacture, wishes to know something concerning its nature and ornamentation. For instance, the lacquer trays which have deluged the country to such an extent that a wholesale dealer told me he had sold sixty thousand pairs in two years. I should like to know what is lacquer, and what does this landscape upon the tray represent? This cream-coloured vase, what kind of pottery is it, and what does this strange monster upon it signify? Ask the man who sells it, and how much wiser will the purchaser be? If he be a dealer in "curios," he may perhaps know that the mountain depicted in the background of the scene upon the tray is Fusi-yama, and that the crane and bamboo in the foreground are emblems of longevity, but beyond this he can seldom, if ever, go.

Here then is the *raison d'être* of this and following articles: to give, simply and succinctly, information concerning Japanese wares, which may not only be of interest but of use to all who wish to know something about them—information which even the collector may not despise having in a handy form; information which it is hoped will awaken in many who read it an interest they may hardly have conceived to be possible even in the marvellous handiwork of this exceptionally gifted people.

Japanese objects can now, fortunately, be reproduced in letterpress illustrations with a high degree of accuracy. Every writer who has hitherto touched upon the subject has had to confess that his illustrations were a failure. The subjects illustrated will be selected not on account of their rarity, but for their adaptability to explain the letterpress. This must be my apology for many of them having been taken

from my own collection. Several are reductions from Mons. Gonse's superb work, "*L'Art Japonais*."

I should at the outset state that I have no personal knowledge of Japan, that my information is consequently in the main collected from the numerous treatises, English, French, German, and American, which have been written on the subject, and which have themselves been, for the most part, compiled in like manner; I have, however, had the opportunity of studying with care some of the most notable collections, and I have bought some portion of my knowledge by forming a small one myself.

The physical aspect of Japan, its climate, the dress, habits, history, and religion of its people, its legendary personages and animals, its flora and fauna, enter so largely



No. 2.—Narihira contemplating Fuji. From a Sword Guard in the Gilbertson Collection.

into its Art, and differ so materially from those of other countries, that some account of all of these is necessary to a

right understanding of our subject. I shall therefore touch upon these in the first place, reserving until later on any



No. 3.—*The Country in Winter, after Hobousai. From "L'Art Japonais."*

notes upon the numerous wares wherein they are illustrated.

Japan is known under various names, the majority of which are not so fanciful as might at first sight be supposed. First among them is "The Empire of the Rising Sun," that ruler of the universe being also adopted as the national arms, wherein it is portrayed a bright crimson colour. No traveller to Japan is at a loss to understand the assumption of this title, for he will see the blood-red orb rising out of the Eastern seas many a time and oft during his residence there. Then there is Dai Nippon, or Nihon, signifying Great Japan, and Kami-no-Kuni, or country of the gods. Hondo is the name given in the Japanese geographies to the large island which practically comprises the whole country.

Any one who has paid the slightest attention to the representation of Japanese landscape, whether on metal, lacquer, or other material, will be aware that mountains form an important feature in it. They are usually piled up one beyond another, with an entire ignorance of the laws of perspective, and in many instances, notably in those which have a Chinese derivation, their forms are sufficiently repellent-looking to remind one of the backgrounds to the pictures of the Mantegnesque school. For most, if not all of this, Japanese artists have abundant reason. Japan is essentially a mountainous country, its level ground is not an eighth of its entire area, and it is nothing more than a ridge of volcanic rocks rising precipitously from the ocean. Even the cliffs on the sea-shore, owing to continued corrosion from unnaturally swift currents, have usually a forbidding aspect, but in the mountains, owing to decomposition which arises from rain, drought, frost, and dew, the forms are usually rounded. Every remarkable peak is provided with a special god, in whose honour temples are built on the summit, and pilgrimages which smack of picnics are indulged in. Chief amongst them is one which meets with more than the usual amount of recognition from Japanese artists, namely, Fuji-san, or Fusi-yama, as it is termed by foreigners. There is hardly a work upon Japan which does not open with rapturous words of delight evoked at the first view of the "matchless mountain." To those who have crossed the enormous ocean which separates the continents of Asia and America, the first sight of land after weeks passed with nothing but an expanse of water to gaze upon, must be always pleasant; how much more so when it assumes, as in this case, a beautiful

form. Griffiths thus describes it:—"Afar off, yet brought delusively near by the clear air, sits the queenly mountain in her robes of snow, already wearing the morning's crown of light, and her forehead gilded by the first ray of the yet unrisen sun; far out at sea, long before land is descried, and from a land area of thirteen provinces, the peerless cone is seen and loved." And thus speaks De Fonblanque:—"If there is one sentiment universal amongst all Japanese, it is a deep and earnest reverence for their sacred mountain. It is their ideal of the beautiful in nature, and they never tire of admiring, glorifying, and reproducing it. It is painted, embossed, carved, engraved, modelled in all their wares. The mass of the people regard it not only as the shrine of their dearest gods, but the certain panacea for their worst evils, from impending bankruptcy or cutaneous diseases to unrequited love or ill-luck at play. It is annually visited by thousands and thousands of pilgrims."

This extinct volcano, rising to a height of 12,450 feet from the plain, almost isolated, of beautiful shape, usually snow-capped, and with clouds encircling it, lends an inexpressible solemnity to the view from whatever point it is seen. I give two renderings of it, one taken from a sword guard, where the poet Narihira is descried contemplating its beauties. He was a noble of the ninth century, renowned for his beauty and for his love for Komachi, an equally celebrated poetess. He is frequently depicted riding by her gate, and often playing the flute. The sword guard belonging to Mr. E. Gilbertson (from whose very fine collection many of my illustrations are taken) is by Iwamoto Konkwan, a celebrated maker of Yedo (Hamano school, latter half of eighteenth century). It and its legend testifies to the length of time that the sacred mountain has been admired. I believe there is not in English history an example of a love for nature at so remote an epoch. The second rendering, on page 9, is from a *kodzuka*, or knife-handle; this shows a thoroughly artistic treatment in metal. If the reader cares to refer to page 377 of *The Art Journal* for 1886, he will find Hokousai, one of Japan's most celebrated artists, sketching the mountain.



No. 4.—*Moso finding the Bamboo Shoots. From a Sword Guard in the Author's possession.*

He published a work entitled "One Hundred Views of Fusi-yama." Next to Fusi-yama, Hi-yei-san near Kioto, Ibuki-



yama near Lake Biwa, Kirishima, where the gods first set foot on earth, and Asama-yama near Nikko, oftenest find a place in landscape art.

From this mountainous character and a plenteous rainfall, it results that Japanese landscape does not lack for want of water, but the streams and rivers are small, narrow, swift currented, owing to their rapid fall, torrential in the wet, mere brooks in the dry season. They are, however, utilised in every possible way, especially for irrigation. Japanese pictures bear witness to this, but the miniature lakes and waterfalls seen therein are usually artificial.

Another remarkable feature in the conformation of the country is its extent of seaboard. Its coast is one continuous series of indentations, the sea being dotted with islands to the number of nearly four thousand. It has more than one large Inland Sea. It is not therefore surprising to find that seascape occupies a prominent place in the Art of the Japanese. The dark colour which a

laves the greater part of the kingdom is remarkable for its conspicuously dark blue hue when in sunshine. The Japanese



No. 5.—A Typhoon. From "L'Art Japonais." After Hiroshige.

sailor being unable to distinguish between this colour and black has given to the Stream the latter name. Besides the Inland Sea there is another large lake, by name Ōmi or Biwa, about the size of the biggest of the Italian lakes. This being situated in the neighbourhood of Kioto, and in the midst of lovely scenery, is frequently delineated in the works of the school of artists which has for centuries had its headquarters in that city. The districts which surround it have also much interest for the Japanese, for they were the cradle for its early national history. We give illustrations of the two sides of an iron medicine box whereon are depicted the eight beautiful sights of Ōmi; namely, The Autumn Moon from Ishi-yama, Evening Snow on Hora-yama, The Blaze of Evening at Seta, The Evening Bell at Miidera, Boats sailing back from Yabasō, A Bright Sky and a Breeze at Awadzu, Rain by Night at Karasaki, and The Wild Geese alighting at Katada.

Waterfalls appear to have a great fascination for Japanese artists, who delight in portraying, especially upon lacquer, the curves of the water and the delicacy of the spray, an additional reason being that many of their legends are woven round them. The country abounds with them, and several are noted for their size, which rivals that of the principal European ones; as a rule they are not recognisable when limned by the Japanese artist, but the probability is that the majority are taken from the neighbourhood of Nikko, the most picturesque part of Japan, concerning which there is a proverb, "He who has not seen Nikko must not talk of the beautiful."

When the climate of a country is marked by considerable variations, a delineation of these is sure to find a place in its Art; and this is notably the case with Japan. There are few things which appear to occasion more surprise amongst people who look through any collection of Japanese pictures than the scenes which represent the natives either floundering in the snow, or clad almost in Adam's garb owing to the heat. It has never occurred to them that Japan has any



No. 6.—A Sudden Squall. After Hokusai.

Japanese artist usually gives to his sea is not an exaggeration. The black current or Japanese Gulf Stream which

such extremes of temperature; a glance, however, at a chart of the world shows that the upper portion of the country lies



No. 7.—Rajin, God of Thunder. From a Sword Guard in the Author's possession.

within a temperature band which includes Iceland and Canada, and the lower is in one which touches the upper portions of Africa. The size of the country is not sufficient to account for this; such an exceptional state of things is brought about by monsoons and an equatorial current. The clothing of the inhabitants evidences these variations, for whilst in summer hardly any clothing is worn by either sex amongst the lower orders, in the winter thick but light garments padded with cotton wool are universal. Our third illustration shows a wayside inn in winter. Trees, roof, even the umbrellas, are thickly coated with snow. Within will be seen four persons comforting themselves with the feeble heat given out by the *hibachi* or brazier. The fourth engraving illustrates at once a winter scene and 'Filial Piety.' It is curious to find such a subject on a weapon of war, but the Japanese never tire of inculcating this virtue in their children. The story in this case is of a boy, Moso, whose widowed mother fell ill, and longed for broth made of young bamboo shoots, such things not being procurable in winter. His devotion was such that the gods caused the shoots to grow suddenly to the size depicted in our illustration.

There are few scenes which a Japanese artist is fonder of depicting than his countrymen struggling under the annoyances of rain, and bringing into requisition the umbrella, with which we are now so conversant: who has not witnessed the young lady hastening to raise her sunshade in a sudden shower? nay, even the warrior on horseback fumbling with his capacious gingham, or the peasants hurrying along under their huge straw hats, or the birds half hidden in the rainstorm? The sketch at the head of this article shows a convoy overtaken by a shower and covering up the baggage. An incident in the picture is noteworthy—the man using the pedestal of the statue of Buddha as a foot-rest, a sly cut of the artist's at the waning veneration for the deity. The reason for the frequent recurrence of such subjects lies in the fact that for several months in the year rain is very much *en evidence* in Japan; the spring and summer are almost tropical in their wetness; the rainfall is something like sixty inches at Tokio, double that of Western Europe, and it all falls in

two or three months. Coming as it does with a high temperature, it converts the country into a veritable vapour bath, inducing luxuriant vegetation, and making almost tropical flora to flourish. Its effects upon man and beast are, however, disastrous, resulting in extreme lassitude and early constitutional decay.

If there is one thing more than another in which Japanese artists excel, it is in the portrayal of wind, whether the soft breeze just fluttering through the bamboo canes, or the furious typhoon raging through the trees and making everything quiver with its force. The inhabitants of this otherwise favoured country have indeed cause to hold in remembrance this mighty element, for yearly, in the month of September, the dreaded typhoon sweeps across their country, devastating and carrying destruction as it goes. It is not wonderful that they ascribe a supernatural origin to it, or that the terrible god of the winds, and his passage in anger over the face of their country, find a frequent place in their art. He is almost invariably drawn as in our illustration (No. 10), with a sack full of wind over his shoulders; this he holds by the ends with both hands, but letting some of the contents emerge through one of them.

Earthquakes naturally are hardly capable of delineation, but their frequency (during some years the earth being hardly ever quiet), has had a marked and sensible effect upon the architecture of the country. The houses are all built with a view to safety during these convulsions. They are attached to no foundations, and rest on legs high enough to carry their floors above the torrential rains of summer. The material of which they are constructed is usually wood, of sufficiently light make to hurt no one upon whom it may fall. The Japanese ascribe earthquakes to a gigantic fish which in its anger strikes the coast and thus makes the earth tremble. Although the god of Thunder is very frequently met with in Japanese Art, his visitations are neither frequent nor violent. He is usually depicted as in our illustration (No. 7), where he holds a drumstick similar to a dumb-bell, with which he beats the drum whence proceeds the thunder. Often round his shoulders are lightning rays, which also strike it.

As regards the aspect of the country, it is everywhere pic-



No. 8.—Lake Biwa, from Medicine Box in the Gilbertson Collection.

turesque; a recent traveller says, "No scrap of scenery is ugly or uninteresting." Owing to its volcanic origin the soil is very productive. It has been also described as "a veritable country of flowers," which is easy of belief when



one thinks of the representations of them upon almost every object, whether of Art or otherwise, which emanates from the land. With these I shall deal more particularly in a later article. I will merely continue the quotation just begun—"All along the hedges, in the orchards, and about the villages, tufts of flowers and foliage of dazzling hue stand out against the dark tints of a background of pines, firs, cedars, cypress, laurels, green oak, and bamboos." It may be imagined how delightful this scene must be when the autumn comes; when after the tropical rains the air is fresh and bracing, the sky is a cloudless blue, the landscape is coloured with the brightest tints, and the dust which prevailed earlier in the year has been washed away.

The country is everywhere intersected with fine roads; one, the Tō-kai-dō, leading from Kiōto to Tōkiō, was one of the glories of Japan, and with its stations has over and over again been delineated by the Japanese artists, but the railway and the telegraph posts are quickly altering the face of nature.

The land is thoroughly cultivated, but always on a small scale. Rice being the staple food, and the wealth of Japan, rice-fields abound in the flats, and the plant is recognisable in pictures in its various stages of growth. It is first thickly sown in soil which is very heavily manured, and is flooded every night to a depth of two or three inches. This dries off during the day under a hot sun, giving off a loathsome smell. The seedlings which grow in about fifty days to the height of three inches, are of a most verdant green. They are then pulled up and transplanted in small tufts. During the whole period the people are busily engaged in the slush, weeding and puddling up the mud and slush in



No. 9.—Rice-Cutting.

which it is kept until it is ripe for reaping. It is then cut with a small sickle, and the sheaves are suspended across poles slung on forked sticks.

Rice is not only the principal edible of the Japanese, but their national drink (saki) is distilled from it.



No. 10.—The God of the Winds. From "L'Art Japonais."

Had Japan been a country in which minerals were scarce, it is probable that much of her finest Art would not have been produced, for the hermit-like policy which has possessed the nation would have effectually prevented her obtaining them outside the limits of her territory. But she has fortunately been bounteously dealt with in this respect. Griffis states that gold and silver in workable quantities are found in many places. Copper is very abundant, and of the purest kind. Lead, tin, antimony, and manganese abound. The finest quality of iron can be obtained from magnetic oxides. Gold for a long period had the same value as silver, hence the lavish profusion with which it is used in articles of every-day use—a profusion which has led to many of the finest Art pieces being melted down for the sake of their inlays and overlays. In many of the small pieces of metal-work which adorn the swords, we find gold, silver, platina, copper, iron, steel, zinc, besides numerous amalgams. An idea of the wealth of metal in the country may be obtained from the fact that the great Buddha idol of Nara, which is only one of many nearly as large in size, is made of a bronze which is composed of gold 500, mercury 2,000, tin 17,000, copper 986,000 pounds weight.

MARCUS B. HUISE.



No. 11.—Mount Fuji, from a Kodzuka in the Author's possession.

## THE SCHOOLS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE public is familiar with the Royal Academy as an abused body, as an exhibiting and honour-bestowing body, and it has elementary and entirely inadequate ideas of the society as a pensioning and eleemosynary body; but it knows absolutely nothing of the institution as an educating body, or Art university, whose pupils outnumber those of half a score of colleges at Oxford or Cambridge, and whom it educates in the most complex and difficult arts. Probably because the Academy trains its students without any cost to the public or themselves, and largely by means of the sacrifice of the time of men like the P.R.A., Sir John Millais, Mr. Alma Tadema, and others, the outside world neither knows, nor seems to care, what goes on in the schools whence, most of all, the society derives its title; on promoting and maintaining which it expends large sums, and where about two hundred students of both sexes work from day to day nearly all the year.

It is to be borne in mind that a youth entering a college at Oxford or Cambridge has already received education of a sort which directly leads to such literary training and honours as that academy has to bestow. A college is, in fact, a continuation of a school, and all its pupils have done, from learning the alphabet to degre-taking, is a sequence of studies in one hardly broken line. Not so is that preparation which alone opens the door of Burlington House. "Schooling" does not enable a man to draw, nor will it help him to paint or model; nor will matriculation in letters give him a lift while he masters the mechanics of the human skeleton and muscular system. Starting from the point of school-leaving, it will occupy much more of the time and energies of a youth to attain a studentship in the Royal Academy than if he had continued

his school work and attained the honours of the "little go." It will hardly be questioned by those who know anything about the matter, that the qualifications of a R.A. student, or one of his equals in a similar institution, including technical attainments of an extremely complex kind, are immeasurably rarer than those which insure passage of the so-called "little go." The length of time demanded by the respective achievements differs largely, to the disadvantage of the artists. Instead of relying on the hornbook of baby-

hood, the would-be painter must start afresh, and after years of training attain handicraft enough to enable him to draw well, before the Keeper of the Academy will look at him for a moment, and he has much more than drawing to master ere he is admitted to study in Burlington House.

In the February number of *The Art Journal* for last year, p. 44 and after, I gave a general account of the efforts made by painters and sculptors to found and maintain schools where they might draw from antique statues and living models, and, when it suited them, paint from "the life." On pages 86 and 87 I described some of the efforts made by artists for "erecting a building, and instructing the students." The renowned institution



*From a drawing from life by Miss Squire.*

which has flourished just a hundred and twenty years under the style of "The Royal Academy," owes not only its title (in the popular sense of the word), but its very existence, to a desire to establish a place, not only for the exhibition of pictures, but for the instruction of students also. Neither of the exhibiting corporations which preceded it made the least attempt to teach. Until the Academy schools were opened, any man who cared to draw and paint must needs apprentice himself, as Reynolds did under Hudson, and



William Hunt under Varley, as to a master, to whom he paid a more or less considerable premium, or he must obtain admittance to the St. Martin's Lane Drawing School, a privilege which was not granted to lads and tyros. All that apparatus of lectures by "eminent hands," a library, Visitors of high professional distinction, and instructions in anatomy and perspective, which the Academicians were bound to establish, and which, in a much-improved condition, still exists as the sole example of its kind in this country, was simply nowhere until the original "Academy" proper was solemnly "inaugurated" by Sir Joshua Reynolds on the 2nd of January, 1769.

This was the occasion of the delivery of the first of those most admirable "Discourses to the Students of the Royal Academy" which have ever since maintained their great renown. The schools were opened for the first time in rooms which had been built for Mr. Lamb, an auctioneer of note, in Pall Mall, "opposite Market Lane," adjacent to old Carlton House, and a little to the eastward of the site now filled by the United Service Club.

After Lamb these rooms were occupied by Mr. Dalton, the King's Librarian, as a picture and print gallery; he let them, at a good bargain, it is said, to the new Royal Academy; they were ultimately used by Christie the First. To this place Mr. Moser, the first Keeper of the Academy, and previously Keeper of the St. Martin's Lane School, removed those casts from the antique which had belonged to Thornhill, and were given to the last-named society by Hogarth. At a later date the casts with which the Duke of Richmond had furnished his drawing-school at Whitehall were transferred to the Academicians. No doubt these casts are comprised in the large collection of such examples now in use at Burlington House, and thus Academy students of to-day are found working from models which belonged to Thornhill and Hogarth, and were used by them, by Reynolds, Allan Ramsay, Zoffani, Cosway, Earlom, R. Wilson, and nearly all the eminent artists who have since been admitted to the

new schools.\* The first thing the R.A.'s did was to allow the old members of the St. Martin's Lane Society to use

the new schools without payment, and without that examination which was demanded of all others. The schools were limited to two, that of the "Antique" and "Life." The Painting School and the Perspective Class did not exist till some time after. The practice of copying ancient pictures was not adopted till the Directors of the British Institution, who had borrowed old pictures as examples for tyros, had for some years brought it into vogue about 1815. The first group of Visitors, *i.e.* R.A.'s, who took it in turns to attend the schools and instruct the students, were Carlini the sculptor, Catton, Cipriani, H. Dance, Hogarth's friend F. Hayman, P. Toms, the able drapery painter, whose skill we distinguish in many a noble portrait by Reynolds, B. West, R. Wilson, and F. Zuccarelli. Seventy-seven students were admitted in the first year. Among them were John Bacon, T. Banks, and J. Flaxman, sculptors; R. Cosway, F. Wheatley, W. Hamilton, P. Reinagle, J. Farington, and E. Edwards, painters. The last was the compiler of the "Anecdotes." The first gold medals were won by J. Bacon, Mauritius Lowe (the "wretchedly bad painter" on whose behalf Johnson interested Reynolds), and G. Gandon. J. Strutt, J. Flaxman, T. Hardwick, and three others obtained silver medals. On the distribution of these honours by the hand of Sir Joshua, December 11, 1769, the P.R.A. delivered the second of his "Discourses." Of the foundation or first students thirty-six were painters, ten sculptors, three architects, and four engravers. At this time (except a few early seasons), and until the Academy removed to Burlington House only a few years since, the limited space at command of the society



*From a drawing from a cast by Miss Minnie Cohen.*

\* In "Nollekens and his Times," ii., p. 305, is quoted a letter from John Deare, the sculptor, to his father, dated May 1, 1776, and containing the following notice of an interesting cast still in the Royal Academy schools:—"I have seen two men hanged, and one with his breast cut open, at Surgeons' Hall. The other being a fine subject, they took him to the Royal Academy, and covered him with plaster of Paris, after they had put him in the position of the Dying Gladiator." This cast still serves as an anatomical figure.

compelled suspension of all the schools, except that of the living model, during the months of the exhibitions. In 1771 the King admitted the Academy to rooms in his hereditary property at Somerset House,\* and on the 9th of January in that year the Secretary of the Academy published an advertisement in the daily journals as follows:—"Royal Academy, Somerset House. Notice is hereby given to the Members and Students, that the Academy is removed to Somerset House, and will open on Monday next, the 14th inst., at Five o'clock in the Afternoon."† John Deare, before named, wrote to his father ten days after the Academy opened:—"In my last I promised you a description of the Royal Academy. It is in Somerset House, Strand, formerly a palace. There is one large Room for the Plaster [Antique] Academy; one for the Life, where two men sit two hours each night, by turns, every week; a large Room, in which Lectures are given every Monday night, by Dr. Hunter on Anatomy, Wale on Perspective, Sir

Joshua Reynolds on Painting [this was once annually], and Thomas Sandby on Architecture; and among other apartments there is a choice Library. The plaster figures are placed on pedestals, that run on castors." It was in these rooms the successive Keepers and Visitors instructed the students till the body removed to the National Gallery in 1836. Here followed, as pupils, three-fourths of the eminent artists of the time. In the old Antique School Haydon met Wilkie, as the former vividly described the event in his "Autobiography." Cosway, McDowell, Phillip, Linnell, W. Hunt, Mulready, Turner, Northcote, Stothard, Lawrence, Hoppner, Edridge, Flaxman, Callcott, J. Ward, the Chalons, Jackson, Hilton, Leslie, Collins, Egg, Etty, Constable, Eastlake, Landseer, Maclise, Foley, and Hook, studied in Somerset House as pupils or as Visitors. A very large proportion of living and lately deceased artists of renown studied in the Trafalgar Square schools, in respect to which, and as regards those much more convenient apartments at Burlington Gardens the Academicians have erected entirely with their own funds, I do not intend to continue this historical retrospect.

I have sketched generally the nature and objects of an Academy student's work, and hinted at some of his difficulties. Of his instructors, the Keeper is the chief; the control of the establishment at large is with him, and he directs the studies of his pupils who are painters or sculptors until they pass from the Antique School to that of the living model, and generally as long as they remain in the Academy. The Keeper is a salaried officer, with a residence, and invariably a Royal Academician. The professional studies of the architects are otherwise directed. The Academy never flourished as a school for architects. The tests of studentship are decidedly severe, and designed to prove that the pupils of the Academy deserve their cost. That cost now amounts to not less than £6,000 every year, apart from the interest of the great sum of money which has been invested in the buildings which are shared between the schools and the exhibitions. I need not say that these advan-



From a drawing from life by W. Carter.

\* See a view of part of the exterior of this building on p. 44, *ante*; a view of the exhibition rooms in Pall Mall will be found on p. 45, *ante*.

† A few days later a newspaper stated:—"The Duke of Cumberland has given 100 guineas to the Royal Academy. This is laudable. Who will improve on the hint, and give 100 guineas to the starving poor?" The exhibitions continued to be held at the old rooms in Pall Mall till 1779. In 1780 the pictures

were shown for the first time in Chambers's then new building at Somerset House; of the gallery there the reader will find a view on p. 47, *ante*. Of the exterior, as it now exists, there is a view (erroneously called 'Old Somerset House') on p. 111, *ante*. The Government School of Design, precursor of the Department of Science and Art, occupied for several years, c. 1844-6, the Academy Rooms at Somerset House.



tages, and others attending them, are gratuitous, and have never cost the nation a farthing.

When the Academy proper was first opened, it comprised, as I have said, only the Antique and Life Schools. To these, in 1815, succeeded a class where tyros were instructed in the art of painting by copying ancient pictures. For a long time the curriculum for painters and sculptors remained in this condition; in truth, the system, about thirty or forty years ago, was hide-bound, narrow, and conventional. At the time of which I now speak, a state of things existed to which recent observations anent the Academy's teaching not unfairly applied, while the administration of the system was even more timid and strait than the curriculum itself. A certain amount of instruction was undoubtedly given in all the schools, but it is not ungrateful on the part of old Academy students like myself to say that it was, in some degree, of a poor quality, insufficient in quantity, energy, and sympathy, and defective in character and intelligence. In some respects the circumstances of the time, social, political, and national, were, or not long before had been, responsible for these shortcomings. The "old crusted Academician," a true Briton, was then supreme. Swift and cheap communications with other countries and abundance of advanced studies have, within the last thirty or forty years, made a great difference in British artistic matters. Before this time Academy students were very much their own instructors, and undoubtedly they taught each other a great deal. It must, however, not be concealed that the larger number of the good artists of their time issued from the comparatively restricted schools in Trafalgar Square, where "we Students" sat upon the hardest of benches in that which was alternately the Antique School of the Academy and the Sculpture Room of the exhibition, while our older comrades, who worked from the naked model, imperilled their health in the semi-asphyxiation of the Life School, which used to be held within the central dome (or "mustard pot") on the roof of the National Gallery. Here, in the summer evenings, we sweltered between the stoves and the sun, and in winter we had, as well as we could, to face the perils of transition from the torrid air of the schools, where the models often fainted, to the freezing atmosphere without. Asthmatical and venerable Academicians, such as Etty, whom I remember a constant Visitor in "the Life," knew only too well what that transition meant. Often have I heard the old man's tearing cough while, colour-box and palette in hand, he trotted to his quarters in Buckingham Street, where that kindly teapot he loved so well yielded nectar of relief for him. Mulready was a sight for the gods while tying a comforter round his neck on leaving the School; but the robust or less careful Maclise neglected precautions against the change.

The curriculum now employed in Burlington House will be best illustrated by a sketch of what a student must achieve while following Academic laws.

I give the conditions of studentship as regards painting only. A would-be student must produce a finished drawing in chalk, not less than two feet high, of an undraped antique statue; or, if he selects an injured figure such as the Theseus, his work must be accompanied by a head, hand, and foot, delineated of the size of life. With these he must submit drawings of a figure "anatomized," *i.e.* showing the bones and muscles in two distinct drawings. He will be a lucky or an exceptionally able fellow if he attains skill enough to satisfy the authorities with less than two years' hard

work. If approved, these drawings will procure admission for him to the Antique School as a Probationer, in which condition he must, within two months, prepare in the Academy a set of drawings in chalk from an undraped ancient statue, together with drawings of the same figure "anatomized," so as to show that he does really understand its construction as a piece of mechanism, and has not merely copied it as a drudge. If approved these drawings secure for their producer a three years' studentship. As the draughtsmanship now required is much higher than obtained of yore, so it demands more stringent studies.

While in this stage the student will produce drawings, thirty inches in height, from the antique of the character exhibited by Miss Minnie Cohen's "Venus of Milo," which illustrates these pages. It is a very excellent, but by no means rare, example of what Academy students are expected to produce. The reader who fairly appreciates this specimen will admit that it attests draughtsmanship which is no child's play, but a very learned, delicate, and conscientious technical achievement. This accomplished the student must successfully attend a course of thirteen lectures, of a highly practical kind, on perspective, and obtain a certificate of competency from the teacher. At the expiration of his first term of three years the student must submit to the Council a drawing of a figure from the life, a painting of a head from the life, a painting of a figure from the life, and a perspective drawing made in two days from a given subject. If these works are approved, and the pupil has attended one course of the appointed lectures, he is admitted for a second three years.

In order that a student may fulfil these stringent conditions, very great additions have been made to the curriculum during the Keepership of Mr. Pickersgill and the Presidency of Sir F. Leighton. When I was an Academy student no instruction was given in the beginning of painting. Lads taught each other, or, unaided, scrambled through innumerable failures to the attainment of some sort of technical power. How to set a palette, what pigments, vehicles, varnishes, brushes, and canvases to select, and how to employ them according to an intelligent, time-saving, and exact system, were matters I could not have learnt in the Academy. All this is altered; an entirely new element, called the Preliminary School of Painting, has been in vogue for many years and with astonishing benefits to its pupils. To obtain admittance to it the tyro must submit to the Keeper finished drawings of at least three statues or groups, and drawings as large as nature of a head, hand, and foot; he must likewise make, in twelve working hours, a time-drawing from a statue. Having done these things he will be not only a tolerably good draughtsman but a ready and intelligent one. In the Preliminary School a student is instructed in the purely technical details of painting, from how to hold his brushes to more recondite elements of glazing. He paints; first, in monochrome from casts; secondly, from still life and drapery admitting colour of a broad and simple character; thirdly, from portions of pictures; and fourthly, he (in order that drawing proper may not be neglected in this transitional stage) must make studies of heads or extremities from the living model. Miss Squire's drawing of a woman's head, now before the reader in a reduced version and a partially faithful condition, is an example of many capital instances I lately saw at the Academy. I could have chosen half a score works nearly as good as this. I was not less surprised than delighted with the studies in all these categories which were in hand during

repeated visits to the Preliminary School. Solid and searching work abounded there.

In order to pass from this atelier into the Upper School of Painting each student submits specimens of his work in all the four stages. Admitted to the Upper School he works in two classes, painting in full colours from the draped and the nude models severally on alternate days. Female students work from the draped model only and in a room of their own. As it was impossible to reproduce an example of what is done in the Upper School, the reader must take my word that it is workmanlike and artistic. We come now to the Life School, which is open daily for two hours in the evening, and to male students only. The reader has before him a sketch by Mr. Margetson, showing the students at work, a model sitting,

and Mr. Bosdet, the Curator, examining a drawing. The last of our illustrations faithfully reproduces an exercise made in the Life School by Mr. W. Carter. It speaks for itself as a result of the studies the Academy insists upon. I doubt if, in respect to their grace, finish, and completeness, any school of Art in Europe could supply a number of drawings of this nature, superior to those before us. The exhibition of similar works made in the Academy, and opened to the public last autumn, included life-sized studies of draped figures, designs in water colours, a design in monochrome for a figure picture, historical pictures, proper landscapes in oil, drawings from the life and the antique, architectural designs and drawings, models from the antique and life, and other works too numerous for mention. I forbear to



*The Life School. From a drawing by W. H. Margetson.*

cite the number of prizes offered by the R.A.'s to their students as the proofs of their liberality, or the value of their system; but I must not omit reference to the self-sacrifice of the Visitors, all R.A.'s, who attend by turns to teach in the Life School, and (the fees they receive being almost nominal) do so with generous love for Art alone. It may be questioned if the frequent changes of instructors is beneficial to the students. Much may be said for and against this practice, which, at any rate, is a potent safeguard against mannerism, and insures for the pupils the best counsel of painters so capable as Sir John Millais, Mr. Tadema, and Mr. Poynter. An institution which contains many artists so patriotic as those who in this manner spare portions of their well-earned leisure cannot be so unworthy of respect as its foes aver.

As the outcome of the studies here described, I am bound

to say that in respect to pure draughtsmanship, which is after all the highest aim of an Academy of Art, I never saw finer instances than the heads in chalk, nude figures, still-life paintings, and the models by sculptors, which were produced and shown at Burlington House in December last. That it might be possible to improve the curriculum in question, that Paris attracts a certain class of students, and that the Academy has many foes it would be impossible to deny. An entirely disinterested, voluntary, and not inexperienced witness, I am, nevertheless, glad of an opportunity for averring that it would have been well for those who relied on ancient history and imperfect opportunities to censure the teaching at Burlington House, if they had visited the schools they decried, which are here imperfectly illustrated.

F. G. STEPHENS.



## GRAY'S INN.



THE name, at least, of Gray's Inn is known very widely throughout that surely considerable part of the world where the English language is spoken, or that still wider portion where English literature is read. Men are aware of its existence as a place in London connected in some way with the law, and mixed up somehow or other with many of the great men in English thought or action, literature or history. There is also an idea, not without foundation, that there, as well as in the Temple and Lincoln's Inn, men prepare themselves for future eminence at the Bar by

eating a certain or uncertain number of dinners, which, not on the face of it very rational proceeding, is supposed to be the chief part of the law student's curriculum. How much of this is true, and why it is so, will appear as we go on.

Gray's Inn is very near the heart of modern London. Within a mile or so of it, in one direction or the other, are the Mansion House, Guildhall, St. Paul's, Temple Bar, Charing Cross, the British Museum, and the three great railway stations of King's Cross, St. Pancras, and Euston.

The chief entrance to Gray's Inn nowadays is by a gate in Holborn. This was made in Queen Elizabeth's time, about



*The Gate in Field Court.*

the end of the sixteenth century. Passing through this and going up a passage between the houses we come to a quadrangle known as South Square, but formerly as Holborn Court. The north of this is a block of buildings consisting mainly of the Hall, the Chapel, and the Library. Another passage conducts us to a large quadrangle called Gray's Inn Square.\* About two centuries ago there was a row of cham-

bers running east and west dividing this into two courts, the south, Middle, or, as it was afterwards called, Chapel Court, the north, Coney Court. The modern name of the place dates from 1793. Why it was called Coney Court it is hard to say. One can scarcely believe that at some remote period conies did actually burrow there, to be dug out and hunted by the gentlemen of the Inn in the intervals of legal study. I rather suspect some musty mediæval witticism as to the way in which the members of the Society were packed together, or the difficulty there was in catching them, or the under-

\* See "Gray's Inn, its History and Associations," by Mr. Douthwaite, the learned and courteous Librarian to the Society. To avoid frequent references let me here say that this work is my authority for nearly all facts relating to the past history of the Inn.

ground nature of their practices. Be that as it may, I regret the quaint old name, especially when I think of the colourless title that has succeeded.

At the north-east corner of the square a passage leads us through to a lane the west side of which is a row of houses called Verulam Buildings. The east side is the boundary wall of the inn. At the north-east corner is a gate once the chief entrance to the place. This was called the old gate. Here long ago you stepped out into a green English lane, that which is now Gray's Inn Road. An "immense elm" once stood here. It was famous as a sort of landmark. Nash, the Elizabethan dramatist and pamphleteer, in his satire, "Have With You to Saffron Walden," mentions it as such. The two gates have other connections with English literature. If you turn over the old volumes in some book-stall the chances are strong that you find on the title-page of

following a passage to the east, we come to Field Court, which is bounded to the north by the gardens. The entrance thereto (though no one does enter thereby, or could if he would, or perhaps ever has) is by an "elegant" iron gate made in 1723, and apparently for ever closed after it was made; a postern by the side of the big gate is occasionally used. The gate is hung on two pillars, each of which supports a griffin. This is the arms of the Inn. The heralds say he is "rampant," and he certainly looks it. To the south of Field Court there is another passage, also long closed, which leads into a collection of somewhat slummy and dirty houses called Fulwood's Rents. You enter Fulwood's Rents from Holborn, that is if you wish or are obliged to enter them at all. Probably the prospect from Field Court will suffice you; yet Mr. Fulwood was an Elizabethan gentleman, a contemporary of Shakspeare, and his "Rents" were once a fashionable residence. They

were also a sanctuary whither, I suppose, some of the more hardly pressed gentlemen of the Inn would betake themselves if a *Capias* or a *Latitat* happened to be "out" against them, for the law has never respected its own offspring. This privilege the Rents lost in 1697, but they had other attractions for years afterwards. They were in 1720 "a place of a good resort and taken up by coffee houses, ale houses, and houses of entertainment, by reason of its vicinity to Gray's Inn."

A passage takes us westward from Field Court to Gray's Inn Place, from which we can get southward to Holborn by Warwick Court, near where Warwick House stood. Still another gate leads westward to what used to be Red Lion Fields. There used to be once a "Bowling Green House" somewhere about here, but



Old House in Field Court.

some of them that copies "are to be had" at So-and-so's shop in Gray's Inn Gate; the gates, indeed, were as much consecrated to the trade as Paternoster Row is nowadays. Jacob Tonson, whose name meets us so often in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" as the chief publisher of the so-called Augustan Age of our literature, had shops in both of them. It was from the first of these that he issued by subscription the first edition of Pope's Homer. A much greater work was put forth from the new gate in the early years of James the First's reign. This was Bacon's "Two Books of the Proficiency and Advancement of Learning" (1605). It was published by Henry Tomes, who two years after issued a treatise of a very different character, an apology for a genuine, brutal, old English sport: "The Commendation of Cokes and Cocke-fighting, wherein is shewed that cocke-fighting was before the coming of Christ." By George Wilson.

Returning to the south end of Gray's Inn Square, and

a maze of streets now covers the spot. Passing northward we go between the garden on our right and the wall of the Inn on our left. In a little we come upon Raymond's Building—(Lord Raymond, 1673—1733, was Chief Justice of the King's Bench. He is best known to modern lawyers by his reports, 1694—1732. He was admitted member of the Inn when only nine years old)—which lies on our right. There is another gate leading into Theobald's Road, which forms the northern boundary of the Inn. This completes our survey. Just before we emerge into Theobald's Road, we pass on our right the chief or indeed, save from some of the houses, the only entrance to the Gardens; and here we must turn aside for a little.

Much has been written in praise of the Gardens\* of Gray's Inn. In 1623 a banished Londoner, resident at Venice, and

\* The references to the Gardens in English literature are collected by Mr. Douthwaite in one of his most interesting chapters.



wearied probably with the hot skies and uncongenial society of Italy, writes longingly to a friend in the Inn: "I hold your walks to be the pleasantest place about London, and that you have there the choicest society."

The "choicest society" was indeed a characteristic of the Gardens. They were, up to the last century, very much what the Park is now. Stow says, they "lie open to the air, and the enjoyment of a delightful prospect of the Fields. And this Garden hath been for many years much resorted unto by the gentry of both sexes." Pepys hied there sometimes "all alone, and with great pleasure seeing the fine ladies walk there," or again with his wife "to observe fashions of the ladies, because of my wife's making some clothes." Addison too makes Sir Roger de Coverley walk there, loving "to clear his pipes in good air, to make use of his own phrase."

Almost up to our own day the Gardens retained their fame. In his "Essays of Elia," Charles Lamb says of them, "They are still the best gardens of any of the Inns of Court—my beloved Temple not forgotten—have the greatest character, their aspect being altogether reverend and law-breathing." And to give but one more quotation, here is how the Gardens and their surroundings struck Hawthorne, who says in his English Note Books: "After leaving Lincoln's Inn, we looked at Gray's Inn, which is a great quiet domain, quadrangle beyond quadrangle, close beside Holborn, and a large space of green sward enclosed within it. It is very strange to find so much of ancient quietude right in the city's monster jaws—which yet the monster shall not eat up—right in its very belly, indeed, which yet, in all these ages, it shall not digest and convert into the same substance as the rest of its bustling streets." And yet notwithstanding all that has been said in their praise they present nowadays a somewhat dismal and woebegone look, as we gaze at them through the iron bars of the big gate. Parts have been sacrificed (reasonably enough, no doubt) to Mammon, in other words, the sites of Verulam Buildings and Raymond's Buildings were abstracted from them. It would be difficult now to mark off "Pannierman's Close" and the "Greene Court," and the "Walke against Mr. Collies' chambre," with all their abundance of elm-trees as recorded in the books of the Society *temp.* 1583.

The trees are few and small, "the gentry of both sexes" have long since deserted their ancient haunt. For most part of the year not a soul is to be seen therein. The turf and the

daisies indeed make a brave fight, but scarcely a brave show. All is carefully tended, I am willing to admit, but

"The canker galls the infants of the Spring,  
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed."

The green is smitten by the long succession of winter fogs, by the soot and grime which thousands of adjacent chimneys cease not night and day to pour forth. The Gardens lie, indeed, in the jaws of the monster, and though he cannot devour them, yet his poisonous breath robs them of their freshness and their beauty.

Even a century ago things were far different. "But one row of houses between me and Highgate and Hampstead," says Sir Samuel Romilly, writing from Gray's Inn Square in 1780. Two centuries before that the Inn was fairly in the

country. Holborn was a rural road; suburbs that are now integral parts of London were then country hamlets, and streams that now are carefully hid out of sight in foul and noisome sewers were then clear sparkling brooks. The student in the Inn was awakened by the blowing of horns and the baying of hounds as my Lord Berkeley and his company of servants in their "tawny coates" went forth on their hunting expeditions; through his open window came the scent of new-mown hay or the sound of shepherd's pipe and milkmaid's song; as he pondered of an evening after supper in the hall, a little absently it may be, over Littleton or Bracton or the year books, or attempted to fathom the perplexities of fines and double recoveries and writs of waste, and all the forgotten lore of the old feudal law, from the gardens there would fall on his delighted ear the song of the nightingale that on "yon

bloomy spray" warbled when "all the woods were still." Well, well, the Elizabethan student and many a generation of his successors had their "fine pates full of most fine dust" long years ago, the bricks and mortar stretch all round us for many a weary mile, and if Inn and garden are grimy and tarnished, yet let us be thankful that they still exist, and that some faint likeness of the past is still preserved to our own day.

The history of Gray's Inn is from certain points of view interesting enough; but to most of us a touch of weariness and dry-as-dust hangs over purely antiquarian notes. I wish, however, to say a word or two on that head. In the days when the Inn was not known by its present name, the ground where it now stands was the manor of Portpoole in



The Hall.

the Hundred of Ossulstone. This manor is not mentioned in Domesday Book, but if not existent at the Conquest it must have been erected soon after. It belonged to St. Paul's Cathedral, and was in the course of time leased out to the Greys of Wilton at a rent of a very moderate number of shillings. Many causes made a lease of this sort an almost absolute perpetuity, and the manor became, in course of time, identified with the house as "Greys In of Wilton," the town property and residence of the Greys. There are also traces of another family about the place, that of Chigwell, though what their rights therein exactly were is not certain; the Greys held part from them at the picturesque and inexpensive rent of "one red rose," which was rendered annually. They seem to have occupied some sort of position between the Greys and St. Paul's Church.

Perhaps the domain was even wider than it is now. It contained a dovecot and a windmill, and must have been a

populous busy colony. At a very early time, as early as the reign of Edward I., lawyers began to reside there; the reasons do not seem very far to seek: the place was quiet and countrylike, yet not far from town. It was complete within itself, and reputable as being under the charge of an old family. The lawyers having once got a footing soon came to occupy most of the Inn—you see lawyers are like rooks in other respects besides their interested clamours over trifles and their black attire; they are gregarious; they love to discuss cases, and they can only discuss them with their fellows. The outside world understands not their learning, and cares nothing for their cases, unless indeed it happens to be in the unfortunate position of one of the figure-heads known as plaintiff and defendant.

So the Society grew simply by a process of accretion, the elder members gradually acquired authority over the younger, and all became divided into ranks. Then the various Inns of



*The Screen in the Hall*

Court acquired the exclusive right of making barristers, that is of saying who were and who were not to have right of speech at Westminster. The next and final step was to acquire complete possession of the Inn. This passed from the Grey family by sale in 1505 to a number of feoffees, "some of whom were members of Gray's Inn and eminent lawyers." Then in 1516 the place was alienated to the Priory and Convent of Shene, though the Society held it from them at the rent of £6 13s. 4d. At the abolition of the monasteries this was paid to the Crown. After some vicissitudes the Crown sold the right, and the sum was paid till 1733, when it was commuted, since when the Inn is held without payment of rent to anybody.

The government of the Inn has not varied very much since its commencement. It may be described as a benevolent despotism. The despotism is simply this: the whole management and property of the Inn is vested in a body called the Benchers, or more correctly, the Masters of the Bench. In secret conclave, known as a pension, they make orders as to

the management of the property of the Inn and the general conduct of affairs. They are the members of the Inn of most repute and the best standing, and (presumably) the greatest wisdom. A new Benchers is made by the Masters choosing some one from the barristers of the Society. His appointment is for life unless he is disbenchers for some known violation of professional etiquette, which is of very rare occurrence indeed. The appointment is honourable but not of pecuniary advantage. The new Benchers pays a considerable sum on his elevation, and the only return he gets is a set of chambers in the Inn, and for this he must often wait many years. The other members of the Society are barristers and students; neither have any share in the government. As the Inns are to a considerable extent educational institutions, the mode of rule is probably the best that could be. I do not suppose that the affairs could be managed better than they are now.

If we compare Gray's Inn with its fellows several things strike us. Its membership is very much smaller than those



of the other Inns, only two or three students present themselves for admission each term. In a society like the Inner Temple (the fashionable Inn at present), they are to be numbered by the score. Of all the Inns it is the most remote from the Law Courts, and thus its library is not so convenient for consultation. Again, practising barristers do not have their chambers there. It is still true, as in Spenser's time, that it is in

"Those brickly towers,  
The which on Themmes brode aged back do ride,  
Where now the studious lawyers have their lowers."

In other words, and in plain prose, it is still in the Temple and Lincoln's Inn that practising barristers have, and must have, their chambers. I don't know if this was quite the same half-a-century ago. Mr. Phunky, the junior counsel for the defendant in the great case of *Bardell v. Pickwick*, had his chambers in Gray's Inn, but this was perhaps because he had not much to do. Mr. Perker, the solicitor in the cause, had also his chambers there, and it is still the fact that the chief business places in Gray's Inn are the offices of solicitors. It is perhaps more used for residential chambers than any other of the Inns, and this helps to give it a somewhat more retired character than the others. I may be prejudiced, but I cannot help thinking that more of romance does linger here than about any of the other great Inns of Court.

The Temple and Lincoln's Inn are too much devoted nowadays to pure business purposes to retain much of antique

charm. I do not disparage their noble history and mighty associations, but there seems to me a great deal of the sordid dust of the workshop about them. There is a touch of retirement, of being "out of it," about Gray's Inn, which has its own attraction. It is more a home than a workshop. It will not be supposed that all or many of those who reside in the Inn are members; were this so, probably I should be writing these lines within its precincts, but it is not so, nor has it been so for a long time. Nay, the rules of the Inn are only too impartial in such matters, and a member on taking rooms has no advantage over a stranger. I rather think that when once in, his rent is not raised, and he thus gets the benefit of any chance fluctuation in value. Of course those who stay in the place have the advantage of the proximity of the Library, and they no doubt enjoy a certain sentimental satisfaction as they reflect they live on their own ground, but the great majority of residents in the Inn are merely tenants of the Society. This is well known. In one of Mr. Besant's earlier novels, "My Little Girl,"—a charming work, with a great, almost lavish, amount of work in it, and some real notes of pathos sounding throughout—he makes a number of his men reside in the Inn. This always pleased me. I inferred therefrom that this eminent novelist of London life believed that some little touch of sentiment and romance yet lingered about the corners and old houses of the Inn.

FRANCIS WATT.

## A BALLADE OF CARDS.

SUGGESTED BY THE PICTURE OF 'HARD HIT,' PAINTED BY W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

TO soothe a mad king's fevered brain,  
(So runs the legend), cards were made,  
When Gringonneur for Charles insane  
"Diversly coloured" heart and spade,  
Diamond and club, the painted jade,  
The light-heeled jack, and beckoning  
Called to their royal cousin's aid,  
Puppets of knave, and queen, and king.

Grim fancy! that the playful train,  
The quaint grimacing cavalcade,  
Should wreak such ills where they obtain  
The victims to their sorry trade,  
The players cozened by the thing;  
Pasteboards supreme; to this they bring  
Both gallant buck, and roystering blade,  
Puppets of knave, and queen, and king.

From reckless play, what noble gain!  
One friend "hard hit," the rest afraid  
To show their pleasure at his pain,  
Such sympathy might well persuade  
The cards in garish heaps displayed  
To join with impish revelling,  
And jeer as all his fortunes fade,  
Puppets of knave, and queen, and king.

ENVOY.

Prince! after all, they are the shade,  
The type, of every earthly thing,  
And we, through all life's masquerade,  
Puppets of knave, and queen, and king.

GLEESON WHITE.

## BARYE.

THERE is not much doubt that Romanticism was neither a popular nor an official success. A good deal of money was made by some of its champions, no doubt. Hugo, for instance, died a millionaire; and Alexandre Dumas, though he left Paris for his death-bed at his son's villa at Dieppe, the richer by no more than a single napoleon for the forty years of hard work and extraordinary success which had passed since he quitted Villers-Cotterêts, had made and spent, or given away, at least a dozen fortunes. But Hugo was not less brilliant and acute as a business man than he was incomparable as a poet; and among his colleagues, such capacity was rare.

Romanticism, indeed, was more fruitful by far of great names than of great fortunes. Art was cheap, for one thing; and for another, buyers and patrons were less intelligent or less self-confident than they have since become. Corot was over forty before he sold a picture; and if we marvel that this was true, we have but to reflect that our own Constable was in his time a more abject failure than Corot in his, to marvel no longer. Corot, however, had money of his own, and could afford to wait; and at last the tide turned, and what with rich Americans and anxious dealers he could sell nobly more than he could do well.

The case of Honoré Daumier, the greatest caricaturist of the century, and one of the greatest draughtsmen that ever lived, was very much harder. He worked and produced as only a man of genius can; and when he could work and produce no more, he was so poor that Corot was glad to give him—and he was not too proud to accept—a house to live in, in whose absence he might, and probably would, have had to harbour in some charitable institution. Millet lived the life of a common peasant, and died when he was just beginning to get decent prices for his work. Dela-

croix, after thirty years of notoriety, was satisfied to sell his pictures for not thousands but hundreds of francs apiece. Gautier died a poor man. Berlioz lived by giving concerts (like Jullien) and writing articles in journals, and in the end was obliged to restrain himself from writing symphonies, lest he should be made bankrupt by the cost of getting them played. It was the same, or nearly, with scores of others. It is surprising, but not altogether disagreeable, to find that nobody thought the worse of them for their poverty. It was the time of the ascendancy of a commonplace and shopkeeping *bourgeoisie*; but it had not yet occurred to the popular

mind that to be a great artist a man must necessarily make vast sums of money. To cherish that illusion was reserved for a generation which believes itself artistic, which at least is passionately "aesthetic," and which is prepared to back its opinion to the extent of rewarding the composer of a burlesque opera with real estate to the value of hundreds sterling per annum, and of pricing the pictures of its favourite painters in solid thousands. These works, it is true, have yet to stand the test of time; but, after all, it matters little or nothing what posterity thinks of them. They are immortal now;



*Theseus and the Centaur Biscor. From the bronze by Antoine Barye.*

and that, with plenty of money, is as much as their authors—who are nothing if not reasonable—can desire.

Of course it would be a mistake to assume that what seems like failure, or comparative failure, is an earnest of immortal fame. No doubt it sometimes happens—as it happened with Corot and Constable—that an artist is some years ahead of his age: he has a new idea; it takes a certain time for his contemporaries to come up with him; they may or may not do so while he is alive, but when they do he is certain of his reward. This, however, is a consolation which, though it is



cherished by the many—who would find life intolerable without it—is reserved for the very few. One of these was Louis-

a clever boy: in that epoch of precocity, he would have been a monster had he not been promising beyond his years. At



*Panther and Stag. From a bronze by Antoine Barye.*

Antoine Barye. His difficulties were great; his success was never what it might and should have been. But in life he conquered opposition, made himself understood, was accepted at an approximation to his real value, and was not unduly honoured and esteemed; while in death his reputation is increasing year by year, and—in France and America, at least—he is fast nearing his proper place in popular esteem as the greatest sculptor of his generation.

The Romantic movement was the work of a number of men so young, they might with a certain fairness be described, in Lord Beaconsfield's phrase, as "inspired schoolboys." Hugo, the "enfant sublime" of Châteaubriand, is the archetype of the whole generation. He was famous almost ere he was out of his teens, and he had revolutionised the theory and practice of French verse, both dramatic and lyric, long before he was thirty years old. Barye was one of the elders of the group. He was born as early as 1795—sixteen years before Théophile Gautier, and seven years before Hugo and Dumas, eight before Berlioz, four before Delacroix, and one before Corot. Like the last, he was slow to develop, and like the last he seems to have taken no active or conspicuous part in the campaign of 1830. He was fully conscious of his strength; but, for one thing, he was not given to display, and, for another, his talent was not abnormally precocious. He began well, but he did not give the measure of his gift at starting. He had to wait long and work hard before he knew it himself: he was well on in life before his idea received its final and definite expression. Of course, however, he was

1883.

however, the classics on the Salon jury arose and struck a dreadful blow for the official faith. They were all honour-

chasse de Berri," where he learned the craft of working in metals, and laid the foundation of that knowledge of the art and mystery of casting in bronze, in which, at the time of his death, half a century after, he had no living equal. In 1827 he broke ground at the Salon with a couple of busts, and for nine years he was a regular exhibitor—his 'Ours,' his 'Tigre Dévorant un Crocodile,' and his 'Saint-Sébastien,' appearing in 1831; his 'Charles VI. dans la Forêt du Mans' and his 'Lion Étouffant un Boa' in 1833, when he gained a second-class medal; his 'Tigre' in 1835. His 'Lion' and his 'Groupe d'Animaux' were shown in 1836. In this last year,



*Prowling Tiger. From a bronze by Antoine Barye.*

however, the classics on the Salon jury arose and struck a dreadful blow for the official faith. They were all honour-

able men, and some of them—Ingres, Paul Delaroche, Horace Vernet, Schnetz, Heim, Guérin—were men of talent, and they did their worst upon Romanticism by excluding its champions from the exhibition. The 'Hamlet' of Eugène Delacroix was flung out; so was the work of Paul Huet, Marilhat, and the sculptor Préault; so was the 'Descente des Vaches' of Théodore Rousseau; and so were some of the bronzes of Barye. He was over forty years old, and in full possession of his talent and his art; but for fifteen years he was seen at the Salon no more. His work, like Rousseau's, was banned from the exhibition; and like Rousseau, who reappeared at the Salon in 1849, only a year before him, he had to live as best he could. He was anathema to the official world; he could get no commissions from the State, and he was compelled to devote himself to industrial art, and bend the genius that might have ennobled the public places of Paris with monuments of decorative and heroic sculpture to the production of paper weights, and chimney ornaments, and *surtouts de table*.

He was not averse from the study of the human figure; he was not by any means unskilled in its representation. But it was as an *animalier* that he made his reputation, and it is as an *animalier* that he will be remembered. The passion for wild beasts was innate in him. M. Claretie relates that while he was still the smallest of small boys, his favourite haunt was the Jardin des Plantes, where he would spend long hours before the cages, studying the expression and the gesture of their inmates, and drinking in the stories of one of the keepers—an old man who had taken a fancy to him, and would spin him yarns as long as ever he would listen. He was found there later on, in the first years of the Romantic movement, drawing and anatomizing and making measurements, with Eugène Delacroix for one of his fellow students; and after 1854, when his fortunes had improved, and his name as a great and serious artist had at last got disengaged from obscurity, he took the Natural History Course at the same place, and had many pupils, among them no less an artist than Auguste Rodin. His knowledge of wild nature, and the combination of inspiration and accomplishment with which he expressed that knowledge, stood him in good stead during the years of his banishment and disgrace. Where Rousseau suffered and fretted and failed, Barye succeeded after a fashion and grew famous. His function was the representation of great things in little, and he performed it in a way that made his nicknacks masterpieces of high Art. A past master in the *technique* of his art, a "bronzist" of unequalled tact and skill, he was also an inspired visionary and a severe and laborious stu-

dent of reality; so that, albeit designed for the decoration of chimney-pieces and side tables, his innumerable bronzes—his jaguars and lions, his bears and crocodiles and tigers—are touched with the heroic spirit, and produce an heroic effect. Not all are as good as he meant, and would have liked, them to be. They were done for "the trade," and a single model was the original of scores of casts; so that in the later examples, as was inevitable, the master's lines were somewhat weakened, his touches were blunted and enfeebled, the individual note lost some of its romance and potency and charm. But Barye was too learned and skilful and strong to suffer change to any considerable extent. The bluntest cast from his work is still instinct with genius, and may not unreasonably be preferred to the fire-new stuff of inferior men. The strength, the invention, the sympathy, the expression of character and life by which his animals are distinguished

are imperishable. Whatever he did, he did well; and he did it, too, on the lines and in the way of great art. "A candlestick," says Mr. Truman Bartlett, as quoted by a later critic, Mr. Henry Eckford, "was as seriously and successfully composed" by him "as if done by a Greek." This being the case, the secret of his enduring excellence is plain. The thousandth cast of the 'Venus of Milo' (say) would not be lacking altogether in the majesty of line, the purity of sentiment, the heroic dignity of style of the original. It is the same with Barye's bronzes. The earliest proofs are of course the best; but the artist and his art are vigorously apparent in the latest. They are thrice fortunate who possess an example of which the master himself



Charles VII. riding in Triumph. From the bronze by Antoine Barye.

could approve; but they are by no means to be pitied who have to be content with one which to his own eye would have seemed quite faulty and poor. Millet at second hand, in etching or engraving, is better than no Millet at all. How much better the copies of Barye, in which, however worn the mould, there must of necessity remain something of the master himself!

But success of this sort was not what Barye wanted. It was all very well to witch the world with noble chimney ornaments and extinguishers that a Greek might have designed. He would have liked to work on a more heroic scale, and to a loftier and a more enduring purpose. But officialism was, as I have said, against him; and his disappointments were many and severe. Once it was proposed to give him the Place de la Concorde, now peopled with allegories of the cities of France; but it was not thought fitting that the great square should be turned into "une succursale du Jardin des Plantes," and the project disappeared. Again, it was sug-



gested that he was the man to take in hand the vacant spaces on the bridge over against the *Chambre des Députés*; but, as before, the idea was opposed, and the scheme fell through. On a third occasion it was thought that he might with advantage be employed to complete the *Arc de Triomphe*; he was actually commissioned to produce his design; he produced it—a group of cannon and other emblems of war brooded over by a great eagle; it was cast aside, of course, and the place it would have filled so admirably was handed over, long years afterwards, to M. Falguière. One of his few commissions in the way of monumental sculpture was the 'Lion et Serpent' of 1833, which is one of the good things in the Tuileries Gardens; it was vigorously criticised, it produced an immense sensation, it had its share, no doubt, in the author's banishment from the Salon three years after. Yet another is the 'Lion au Repos,' but it dates from 1847, and by that time Barye's genius was beginning to be found out. He was the sculptor of the 'Roger et Angélique,' the 'Thésée Combattant le Minotaure,' the 'Sainte-Clotilde,' the 'Lion Vainqueur,' the famous *surtout de table* for the Duke d'Orléans, the 'Gaston de Foix,' the 'Général Bonaparte,' and a whole world of minor creations; and it was seen that the more use was made of him the better for France. From 1848 to 1851 he was Keeper of the Casts in the Louvre; he produced for the new *pavillons* of

that famous museum the four allegorical groups—'La Paix' and 'La Guerre,' 'La Force Protégeant le Travail,' and 'L'Ordre Compriment les Pervers,' which are esteemed his masterpieces; he executed an equestrian statue of Napoleon for the city of Ajaccio. He was responsible, too, for a bas-relief of the third Napoleon (on horseback, as a Roman), which was removed from its position, "au guichet du Carrousel," during the Franco-Prussian War, and has since been replaced by the 'Génie des Arts' of M. Antonin Mercié. This last effort of his appears to have had scarce any admirers; it is, indeed, the most notorious of his failures, which were few, and, with this one exception, unimportant. It was done when the artist was old and famous, and it seems to have been altogether unworthy of his genius. M. Claretie says that it

is "totalement manqué et d'un effet piteux." One can only regret that it was not destroyed with other and better things, in the course of the desperate and criminal reprisals attempted by the heroes of the Commune; for it is still in existence, and in the event of a certain change of government, which is by no means impossible, it would be once more given, we can imagine, to the light of day.

It was at the Salon of 1850 that Barye, then a man of fifty-five, made his reappearance. Five years after, at the Exposition Universelle, he was represented in the Fine Arts Section by one piece only, the 'Jaguar Dévorant un Lièvre,' of 1850, which had been bought by the State in plaster, and exhibited in 1852 in bronze. In the Industrial Arts Section, however, he exhibited a large selection of his bronzes, which

were put *hors concours*, and for which he was awarded the only medal of honour given in that particular class. He was also chosen to receive the Officer's Cross of the Legion of Honour, the riband of which he had received some two-and-twenty years before (1833) for the aforesaid group, the 'Lion Écrasant un Boa' of the Tuileries Gardens. From this time forth his life was easy enough. In 1861 he was on the jury appointed to sit in judgment on the painting and sculpture sent for admission to the London International; and in 1868 he was made a member of the Institute. He was at this time a man of seventy-three; he had broken ground



War. From the group by Antoine Barye.

at the Salon over half-a-century before; it would not have been surprising if the distinction had missed him altogether, as it missed so many of his great contemporaries—the painters of the 'Macbeth' and the 'Semeur,' the poet of 'Bragelonne' and 'Monte-Cristo,' the creator of Philippe Bridau and Cousin Pons, to name but these. As it was, however, he had still some years of life before him, for he was not to die until 1875. He had always been a good painter as well as a great artist in bronze. M. Claretie tells us that so great a master as Eugène Delacroix never lost a chance of copying, or trying to copy, a certain little water-colour of his—a tiger on the prowl in a desert landscape—which belonged to a common friend. "Jamais," said the painter of the 'Massacre de Scio' on one of these occasions, "non, ma parole, jamais je n'arriverai

comme Barye à tordre ainsi la queue d'un tigre;" and as there can be no doubt that he knew what he was talking about, so there can be none that he was probably right. Be this as it may, it is certain that Barye might have excelled in painting even as he excelled in sculpture. He was a pupil of Gros, as we have seen; in his studies of animals he approves himself to be a great and admirable draughtsman; in his landscape he is seen to be, alike in colour and sentiment, in some sort worthy of a place among the kings of the art. He was often at Fontainebleau, for he was intimate for many years with Millet and Rousseau; while to Corot he was so strongly attached that, as he himself lay dying, it was thought right to withhold from him the news that his old comrade, the incomparable artist, had preceded him in death, and that his other friend, the painter of the 'Angélus,' was not expected to recover. All three died that year; so that it may well be held a black year for the arts.

The sculpture of France has always been good of its kind. To say nothing of the nameless artists of the Middle Ages, it was illustrated during the Renaissance and after by such men as Jean Goujon and Pierre Puget; its history is that of Coysevox and the Coustous; it includes such admirable achievements in portraiture as the 'Rotrou' of Caffieri and the 'Voltaire' of Houdon; it gave employment to David d'Angers and Rude; in the present it counts among its practitioners not only accomplished and earnest craftsmen like MM. Falguière, Mercié, Cain, and Paul Dubois, but artists so vigorous and original as MM. Dalou and Rodin. In the hands of Barye, as in those of the master last named, it may be said to have reached a culmination. He was not a Romantic *et præterea nil*. The innovations on which he insisted, and whose discovery and introduction were visited upon him with such stupid severity, were not—as was the case with not a few of the contributions of some of the most distinguished among his co-workers—merely experimental and tentative. They were based upon a deep and searching study of reality, and they were designed and shaped in strict accordance with

the elementary and eternal canons of Art. In Barye's bronzes, as in Corot's pictures, the material is novel, the manner is personal, the sentiment is modern; but the treatment and the effect are classic, in the best and truest sense of the word. It has been said of him with some truth that he is a pupil of Rubens, with more that he derives from Michael Angelo, with more still that his real ancestors are the unknown masters of the Assyrian bas-reliefs, whom it is certain that he studied, and whose work has more in common with his own than intensity of life and poignancy and directness of expression. The examination of these suggestions need not here be attempted. It is enough that Barye is a very great artist, in whom inspiration and learning

were met, and whose influence has proved a factor of singular importance in the development of modern sculpture. It is perhaps a fault, it is certainly a misfortune, that he is represented in none of the English national collections. His influence could hardly fail of good; his example would work, one would think, like an inspiration on the general as well as the special public. One thinks with regret of the lions in Trafalgar Square and the lions in the Tuileries Gardens, and one cannot help wishing the impossible wish that the opportunity of Landseer and Marochetti had been Barye's. In America they are wiser. Over there the great sculptor



The 'Sitting Lion,' Tuileries Gardens. From the bronze by Antoine Barye.

is well and adequately represented—is better represented even than in France. It is the same with his companions in arms—with Corot, Millet, Rousseau, and Diaz. They have already found their place in history, and their achievement is already classic in the best sense of the word. Their best work has crossed the Atlantic, and is "owned" for the benefit of the people at large; and it seems not doubtful that in this way there is being developed a tradition which must one day have the happiest effect on American Art.

We are indebted to Messrs. Barbedienne, who have for a long period been associated with the reproduction of Barye's works, for permission to use the photographs from which the engravings to this article have been made. W. E. H.



## TEXTILE FABRICS AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.



Fig. 1.—Egyptian Tapestry.

allude of course to Dr. Bock, of Aix-la-Chapelle. With some few trifling exceptions the whole of this valuable series of specimens has been gathered together by him from every quarter of the world, where weaving has been practised, and his pen has, more than that of any other writer, given interest and prominence to their study. It will be our object in this and succeeding articles to allude to some of the principal features of importance in this collection from the designer's point of view, and to show how these examples of weaving may be made valuable to the modern manufacturer, by indicating the wealth of material that is here to hand, and by the many ways in which these masterpieces of Art in the past may be turned to profitable account at the present day.

We may, at the outset, disclaim any intention to investigate the history of weaving, or even to preserve any true historical sequence in our review of these collections.

We shall examine the designs also without special reference to the material, and without devoting much consideration to their possible antiquity. Our aim, in short, being rather to direct the attention of students and manufacturers to this, than to critically examine the specimens in the way Dr. Rock has done in his admirable catalogue.\* By this means we shall hope to escape from many of those difficulties and perplexities which beset the historical aspect of the subject, for the differences of opinion prevalent amongst

those who have made this question their study are indeed bewildering, and the task of reconciling the discrepancies and disentangling these conflicting statements is one which we must leave to experts.

It has become a maxim among recent designers that the fashion in all inferior materials follows that of silk; and, indeed, ever since silk has been known it has been reserved for the most splendid and precious fabrics, and has received the impress of the highest efforts of the artist's skill. Like so many of our most ancient arts, that of spinning and weaving silk would seem to have originated in China, whence it passed to India, and gradually made its way by the trade routes to the western world, to Greece and to Rome. We find at Kensington no traces of these most ancient silks, but we may figure to ourselves their general character by an inspection of the rich collection of Indian fabrics in another part of the Museum. The permanence of the arts of India has often been insisted upon, and Sir G. Birdwood points out that many of the passages in Homer seem almost to describe the Benares fabrics of the present day. He insists also upon the "traditional descent of the kincobs of Benares, through the looms of Babylon, and Tyre, and Alexandria, from designs and technical methods which probably, in pre-historic times, origi-

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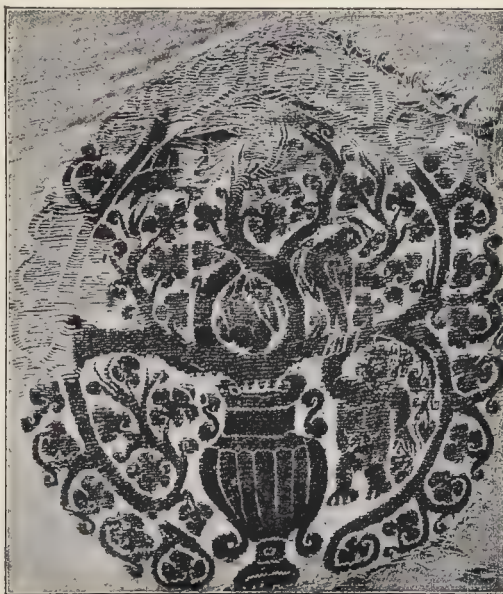


Fig. 2.—Egyptian Ornament for a Robe.

nated in India itself, and were known by the Hindus already in the times of the Code of Manu" (B C. 900).

But we have to view these collections from a far different

\* Catalogue of Textile Fabrics, by the Rev. Dr. Rock.

aspect. We would not even linger over the story of their derivation, though this branch of the subject is one which



Fig. 3.—Borders, Late Egyptian.

cannot be glanced at without interest. Dr. Bock has gathered his specimens from the most widely different quarters. He has brought together these treasures from many an ancient convent and sacristy, from the tombs of kings and warriors, from the palace and even from the cottage. The rich fabrics which form the robes of sovereigns descend in time to the humblest of their subjects, before they have completed their allotted usefulness, while formerly the gorgeous coronation robes of the monarch were dedicated by him to the Church, and figured as copes and vestments in the stately services of cathedral worship. A whole series of splendid examples of oriental weaving come to us from the tombs of Turkish princesses; the treasury of the church of St. Mary, at Dantzic, has yielded many fine specimens of ancient fabrics; but the bulk of the Kensington collection was amassed by Dr. Bock, and purchased from him in 1860; another portion was obtained from him in 1880; while a fine collection brought by him to this country in 1882 was secured for the museum at Manchester, to form the nucleus, it is hoped, of a series of examples which may serve as models to the manufacturers and designers of that city, in a similar way to the splendid textile museum at Mulhouse, which city possesses probably the finest collection of trade patterns in the world. It has long been the aim of the authorities at that Alsatian museum to obtain a specimen of every new fabric, as soon as it is placed on the market for sale; these, after being publicly exhibited in the museum for a month, are carefully preserved in a guard-book for reference. In this way the people of Mulhouse are regularly placed in possession of every matter of interest bearing upon their special branch of manufacture, and not only are the designs for all descriptions of cotton goods to be found here, but the richest and most costly silks figure side by side with the cheapest and meanest of cotton cloths destined for trade with the savage. Many of the pattern books carry us back to the last century, and it is curious in turning over the pages to find how the wheel of fashion goes round, and to note that the novelties of to-day are not really

as new as they seem, but are often enough the reproduction of designs which were the favourites with a former generation.

The collections at Kensington are constantly receiving new additions, and even as we write some fabrics of surpassing interest are being mounted in frames for public exhibition. These consist of some three hundred specimens of tapestry-woven and embroidered Egyptian textiles, recently taken from tombs on the banks of the Nile at Akhmîm, the ancient Panopolis. These examples of the workmanship of Egyptian weavers range over a period little short of seven hundred years, and show the successive influence of the Roman and Byzantine epochs, down to the decadence of Art under the Coptic Christians of the ninth and tenth centuries. They are for the most part in a wonderfully good state of preservation, the greater portion of them having been embedded in the dry sand for upwards of thirteen hundred years, and they throw much light upon a period of Art concerning which little is known with certainty. A notable fact connected with them is the utter absence of silk in any of the embroidery, and the large use of wool for the decoration of the flaxen textiles. Some of the ornament in wool or fine flax recalls the silken fabrics of Persia, of which it would almost seem to be an imitation. Among the collection there are but few examples of complete garments—the specimens appear for the most part to have been the ornamental portions of linen shrouds or cerements, which have been ruthlessly cut to pieces by the Arabs. The ornaments are mainly bands of tapestry work (*clavi*) and square or circular panels (*adjunctæ tabulæ*) sewn upon the linen tunic. The colours are often but little faded, and the designs can with a fair show of accuracy be referred to Greek, Byzantine, and Phœnician sources. Mr. Alan Cole, to whom we are indebted for an excellent critical catalogue of the collection, has shown great discrimination in his observations upon the various styles of ornament, and he points out a very curious fact, namely, that only in one single instance, the breast panel (No. 769), can any indication be found of the influence of early Egyptian Art. When we remember that all the specimens were undoubtedly produced by a people who were the direct descendants of the ancient

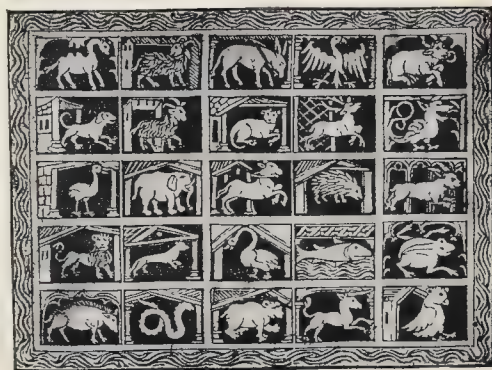


Fig. 4.—Venetian Design, A.D. 1485.

Egyptians and the inheritors of the original methods of working, it seems strange that we should have to point to the



almost complete extinction of the well-known typical forms of their art. It shows how susceptible the Copts must have been to the influence of changed modes of thought and new styles of ornament, and the period of Greek and later of Roman domination would seem to have obliterated all traces of the art, workmanship, and forms of ornament prevalent under the Pharaohs. In our present survey, much as we are tempted to linger over this section of this display, we are bound to admit that it has more claims upon the attention of the antiquarian and the student of ancient history or workmanship, than upon the consideration of the Art student and designer. Still we could select many motives of ornament well worthy of the manufacturer's notice, and the three specimens of this ancient workmanship which we have been enabled to reproduce will illustrate some of the chief points of interest in the collection.

The leaf-shaped design, Fig. 1, is doubtless an ornament for a linen robe; it is of woven tapestry in brown wool and yellow flax. Within the main outline are a series of smaller leaves, described by Mr. Cole as "ivy-leaves," whose stems enclose a vesica-shaped panel, in which are represented two ducks. The pointed oval panel, shown in Fig. 2, is also an ornament for a robe, and is very characteristic of the type of work found in this collection. It bears in the amphora-shaped vase, and in the treatment of the figures, strong evidence of Roman influence. The vine which springs from the vase, with its symmetrically arranged branches, among which are seen the hare and parrots, occurs again and again among these specimens. The figure to the right of the vase, which Mr. Cole conjectures to be a "bacchanal," has greater resemblance we think to an ape. In this, and even more strongly in some of the other examples, may be noticed the resemblance to the later Roman mosaic work; indeed some of these panels would seem to be intended as reproductions of the designs often found on the floors and walls of Pompeii. With reference to the motive of the ornament, the foliage springing from a vase, we shall have hereafter to call attention to an apparent revival of this treatment in Italian design, of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Our remaining illustration of this



Fig. 5.—Silk and Gold Tissue, Early Italian.

collection shows three of the narrow bands or borders, many of which are found here, some of them being extremely elabo-

rate in design. The upper band formed part of a robe composed of a material resembling rough towelling, having a



Fig. 6.—Tissue, Early Italian.

surface of looped threads. Mr. Cole has shown with much probability that this textile is the *gausapum*, mentioned in the eighth book of Pliny. The ornament is of woven tapestry in brown, blue, and red wools, and represents dancing women, alternated with a lion and an ibex. The animals in these ancient tapestries are depicted with singular skill and vigour, and recall the methods of treatment of the mediæval artists and the wood engravers of the fifteenth century. We have reproduced herewith a rare design (Fig. 4) from a work printed at Venice in 1485, in which a number of animal forms are brought together, and we shall have to recur again to the subject when we are dealing with the ornament of the Sicilian weavers.

The central band in Fig. 3, showing a waved vine-leaf and grape stem, worked in brown wool, is a good illustration of the type of work to be found in the narrow borders; and the third band, which is from the end of a rough towel cloth, gives some additional examples of the use of animals within a scroll-work border, in which debased forms of the acanthus are apparent; the tapestry work is of brown wool. In many of the specimens the woollen threads have vanished, but the flax has generally been preserved in a perfect state.

We now pass to a much later development of the weaver's art, as it flourished on the shores of the Mediterranean in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, in Sicily, in Spain, and in various parts of Italy. It is often a matter of extreme difficulty, even for those who have paid special attention to

the subject, to ascertain with any degree of certainty the place where many of these early fabrics were produced. The pattern which is almost the only guide (for the style of weaving was copied and reproduced in a most perfect manner in places as far apart as the Levant and Northern Italy) is not always a safe criterion, as many of these specimens will show, and we know so little with certainty concerning the special fabrics of Sicily and of Lucca, of Venice and Southern Spain, that it seems almost presumptuous to attempt a classification by localities. Our illustration (Fig. 5) represents one of those splendid silk and gold tissues of Early Italian workmanship, in which animals and birds are so ingeniously introduced. There is a species of heraldic treatment about these animal forms which admirably adapts them for decorative purposes. The scheme of ornament, in which exactly similar groups are reversed in position so as to balance on either side of a central line, is of Eastern origin, and was employed by the early weavers with the happiest effect. Much of the glory of the specimen before us is lost by the fading of the silk, and the want of lustre in the gold. Dr. Rock in his catalogue terms the couchant animals "dog-like creatures." We venture to think they must be leopards, which were frequently introduced into the Sicilian designs. Our illustrations (Figs. 6, 7) represent two of the most beautiful of the early diapered treatments of ornament, in which birds, animals, and foliage occur, but wherein the motive of sym-

metrical adjustment on either side of a central line has been disregarded. The branch of foliage which forms the canopy above the swan naient is drawn in a conventional

manner, recalling the treatment of the early stained glass, while the flowers and fruit beneath the swan are rendered in a far more naturalistic style. The rayed star is a device which is often found in work of this period. The beautiful example of silk and gold tissue, which forms the subject of our final illustration, is, we regret to say, in a somewhat fragmentary condition, and we should have to resort to piecing to obtain the complete pattern. The ornament here, which bears a striking resemblance to the specimen last described, is more fully conventionalised. The subject is somewhat difficult to explain: an eagle perched on a boat is attacking a chained dog or panther. There is abundant use of gold thread on a purple silk background; the representation of the water in which the boat floats is identical with that always employed by Chinese artists. No attempt is made to produce symmetrical grouping of the forms, but there is a boldness and vigour about the work, and a charm in the distribution of the ornament, which merit the most careful attention of the designer. We think that many features of the silken fabrics of this date might be studied with ad-

vantage by the calico-printer. There are a large quantity of them in the Museum collection.

GILBERT R. REDGRAVE.



Fig. 7.—Early Italian Silk and Gold Tissue.



## PATRIOTISM.

IT is both needful and fitting that the Nation should in Art, as in other departments, reckon up at the close of each year its gain and loss, and so have some tangible idea of how it stands as regards its future. In many respects the outlook of Art and Trade are singularly similar, and therefore it will not be surprising if the conclusions arrived at are all but identical. Those conclusions can this year hardly be better described than by quoting a remark made by the late Lord Mayor, at the distribution of prizes to the successful competitors in the Turners' Exhibition recently held at the Mansion House. The Company of Turners had offered numerous prizes for the best specimens of their craft, the competition to be open only to professional wood-turners. Here, then, was a chance for the British workman to assert himself, and to show his capabilities. But he quite failed to take advantage of the opportunity, and the result was summed up in the Lord Mayor's remark:—"I am sorry to see that most of the recipients of the awards are gentlemen bearing foreign names." The Lord Mayor was sorry and so are we; but our sorrow is becoming chronic, for not only in wood-turning, but in most other English crafts, gentlemen bearing foreign names carry off the cream of the awards.

Let us glance for a moment at trade. Enter a wholesale house and what do we find? Numberless varieties of goods actually parading the fact that they are of foreign origin. Does the tradesman object to them on this account? Not at all. Why should he? His customers are perfectly indifferent as to whether the article they buy of him is of British or foreign manufacture. Price is all in all to them. They hardly think of quality; the foreign article can be obtained for eleven-pence three-farthings, the English is ten per cent. dearer. That is sufficient. No patriotic spirit outweighs the extra ten per cent. No thought that their solitary purchase is one of many thousands all sending money out of this country into another, and so tending to pauperize the land and add to its financial burdens. Patriotism in these matters is, it is true, advancing slowly in the metropolis, but only to the extent of the "man at the club" refusing to eat foreign cheese, or his wife insisting upon having English butter. But in the provinces patriotism in this form has not spread, and amongst the working classes it has not been thought of.

No. The same singular apathy which deterred John Bull from competing at the Turners' Exhibition prevails here. He takes his part very cordially in the popular music-hall song of the present day, "The Germans are coming, O dear! O dear!" But it is only a huge joke to him. He welcomes the foreigner, drinks his lager beer, and puts him on a stool in his counting-house, where he can learn all the secrets of the business. Or else he conducts him over the dockyards and Woolwich Arsenal, and explains how all the big ships and the big guns are constructed. And all the time he goes on singing "The Germans are coming, O dear! O dear!" and discussing free trade, until one morning he wakes up and discovers that the ungrateful gentleman with the foreign name has taken away all his business.

And as it is in Commerce so it is in Art. In British Art, both creative and reproductive, gentlemen bearing foreign names play an important part.

Who ever heard of a foreigner buying a British picture? Where on the Continent can we find a single collection of the works of the school? In the Louvre one is quite startled when one comes across the three or four Constables which alone represent our country's Art in the French National Gallery. But the Englishman pays his £4,000 at Christie's for a Rosa Bonheur, or his £100 in one of the many foreign picture shops which abound in the streets of London for a worthless specimen of the Dusseldorf school, without a thought ever entering his head that had he spent his money upon a British picture he would probably have got quite as good money's worth, and certainly would have benefited one of his countrymen who very much needed it. No; patriotism is certainly slumbering; nor is this to be wondered at when we find even at the head-quarters of British Art the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest straining its provisions and purchasing a French-American picture.

And it is the same in every other department of Art, but in many of them it is rather the fault of the artists themselves than of the buying public. Take, for instance, the reproductive arts; who are the etchers who translate our pictures, and whose works are sold at the highest prices? With the single exception perhaps of Mr. Macbeth, they are foreign almost to a man—Waltner, Brunet-Debaines, Chauval, Flameng, even Mr. Haig is not an Englishman. Why is this? Because every student with an artistic bent must fly at the highest game. The profession of engraving is not considered so distinguished as that of a painter. It is, besides, thought to be a monotonous one, and so all these, in the aggregate very large sums which are paid to etchers, go over the water. We know for a fact at the present time that more than one publisher is in despair because he can find no etcher capable of reproducing a figure subject, and even the *Art Journal*, as its readers may see, has perforce to go abroad for many of its etched plates. And it is almost the same with wood-engraving.

The most popular and the most artistic of the modern automatic processes are, almost without exception, worked by gentlemen bearing foreign names. It is the boast of one French house that their sale of photogravure plates in London alone amounts to £20,000 a year. One of the best, if not the best typogravure process, in this country is in the hands of a German. Why should this be? Cannot such things come out of England? Process work has a great future, and yet how many fathers casting about for an occupation for their sons would dream of putting them to it? The gentlemen with foreign names only have to hold out their hands and we place our sovereigns and even our shillings in them. In Bond Street one gallery exhibits Russian pictures, another French, and another Dutch. An English painter would think the millennium had come if he had received one-third of the columns of puffery that has lately been showered upon a Russian artist.

The subject of "patriotism" is a large one, and space only allows us to glance at it here, but it has much to do with the future prosperity of British Art, and if this article causes a single five-pound note to be diverted from a foreign into an English pocket, it will not have altogether failed to bear fruit.

## REVIEWS.

**A** NEW SHAKESPEARE.—To judge by the first volume, the "HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE" (London: Blackie)



No. 1.—*Lance and his Dog.* Drawn by Gordon Browne.  
By permission of Messrs. Blackie.

is likely to be a favourite with the public. In the first place, the most popular actor of the time has done his best to show that Shakespeare was, as he puts it, "one of the most practical dramatists which the world has ever seen," by indicating the cuts which are necessary to fit him for performance; in the second, Mr. Frank Marshall contributes a number of superfluous notes and a set of prefaces which are more or less sentimental and unscholarly; and in the third, Mr. Gordon Browne is responsible for a series of pleasant, apt, and spirited illustrations. Mr. Irving's prefatory note, "Shakespeare as a Playwright," is by no means unamusing. He starts with the proposition that "with the mighty genius of the poet was united in a remarkable degree the capacity of writing plays intended to be acted as well as read;" and in support of his theory he adduces facts which prove beyond dispute—what, for the rest, is obvious without proof—that first and last the works of "one of the most practical dramatists which," etc., have never once been staged as they were written. This is the sort of backing of one's friends to which Falstaff

objected; and Mr. Irving is happier, perhaps, in apologising for what he calls "the employment of the sister arts of music and painting in the representation of Shakespeare" than in demonstrating the undemonstrable. A good sample of Mr. Frank Marshall's critical quality occurs in the introduction to *Love's Labour's Lost*, in which it is shown that Lyly's comedies were marked by a "laborious and sententious style of dialogue," by a "vulgarly paraded scholarship," by "utterly affected and unnatural sentiments," and by what is "essentially a false and unwholesome style of writing;" that "all these points were just of the nature which Queen Elizabeth could thoroughly appreciate;" and that Shakespeare, albeit "quite a young man," yet "feeling within himself the latent power of a great dramatist," and being naturally "more or less incensed at the ridiculous extravagance of the praise awarded" to the Euphuist, was so tormented by "the over-anxiety of a young writer to satirize one . . . whose superior he knew himself to be," that he completely ruined his own work, and fell head over heels into the very "tediousness and extravagance" he sought to ridicule. It was a bad beginning for one of the most practical dramatists which, etc.; but Mr. Marshall thinks it had its compensation. Shakespeare's satire, he opines, was "very effective." It was so effective, in fact, that "for some time conceits had their day," and that "by the time Shakespeare's genius had begun to mature he was able"—he of whom it was written that "a quibble was the Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it!"—"to discard such adventitious aid and ornament." Again, says Mr. Marshall pensively, "It is possible that when drawing the character of Proteus, Shakespeare had in his mind the disloyalty and ingratitude with which the young, handsome, high-born W. H.



No. 2.—*The Protestant's Joy.* By permission of Mr. Elliot Stock.

had treated him." Surely here is a case for a strict diet of Mr. Saintsbury's "Elizabethan Literature!" There is plenty



more to be had for the asking. It is better to turn at once to Mr. Gordon Browne's new set of pictures. They are a trifle scratchy in effect, and here and there they are touched with the spirit not of Shakespeare, but of Passionate-Brompton. But they are marked by an abundance of spirit and invention, and when they are comic they are often excellent. That one we have quoted (No. 1) is as good as any, but no better than a number more. There can be no doubt, indeed, that so far all the success of the adventure is with Mr. Gordon Browne.

"COMO AND ITALIAN LAKE-LAND" (London: W. H. Allen)

is the title of a book by the Rev. T. W. M. Lund, to which lovers of Art, intending at any time to make a tour in North Italy, will be glad to have their attention called. Its title does not properly describe the contents; for it deals not merely with the lake district, but with the cities and neighbourhood of Milan, Bergamo, Brescia, Saronno, Varallo, Novara, Vercelli, and others in Lombardy. The quantity of objects of artistic interest and of first-rate importance and beauty which this area contains is scarce suspected by the ordinary traveller in Italy. Mr. Lund's very readable book will open his eyes to the delights awaiting him in a region through which he has probably passed as fast as Italian trains would take him on his way to Venice, Florence, or Rome. Milan itself is far too little known. A day, or at the outside two, is the measure usually allotted to it; a fortnight

is really the shortest time in which its chief beauties can be seen cursorily even. If the volume in question turns aside a few lovers of Art to this relatively neglected district it will do a good work.

STREET BALLADS.—In "A CENTURY OF BALLADS" (London: Elliot Stock) Mr. John Ashton has produced a compilation as amusing in its way as any we have seen this year. In his introduction, which is mainly composed of quotations, he gives the "Nut-Brown Maid" and Skelton's "Ballad of the Scottish King" *in extenso*; and then, after a few re-

marks of no particular importance, he plunges into the Malebolge of street and highway literature. His reprints are grouped under nine heads: Social, Supernatural, Historical, Love, Drinking, Sea, Naval and Military, Sporting, and Local and Miscellaneous; and it is hard to say which is the most amusing. That his selection is fairly representative is not, perhaps, to be advanced; for he has quoted nothing which would call a blush to the cheek of youth. But it is representative enough to be both interesting and curious, and may be commended to all who care for what is quaint by sheer force of artlessness and (there is really no other word) stupidity. "Let me make the ballads of a nation," quoth

Fletcher of Saltoun, "and I care not who makes its laws." If Fletcher was anxious to produce such stuff as "The Suffolk Miracle," which may be compared with Bürger's "Lenore," his literary ambition was easily contented:—

"Part not true love, you rich  
Men then,  
But if they be right honest  
Men,  
Your Daughter's Love give  
them their way,  
For Love oft breeds their  
Life's decay."

Some there are, of course, which do not attain to this prodigious level: "The Bailiff's Daughter," for instance, and "The Leather Bottel," and "The Two Constant Lovers." But, as a rule, the chapman's Muse is but a poor lumpish creature. Mr. Ashton's list is too long for quotation; we may note, however, that it does not include either "The Banks of Sweet Dundee" or "The Foggy Dew;" either "The Spotted Cow" or "Higgson and Gibson and Johnson." It does, however, comprehend

such ware as "Barbara Allen's Cruelty" and "Mistress Arden," and "The Lowlands Low" and "The Welshman's Tragedy," with many more of the same incomparable type. Each ballad is headed by its picture, which, as Mr. Ashton notes, has usually nothing to do with the matter; so that the effect is complete. Our quotation (2) is of a less primitive cast than most of its companions, but it is unsophisticated enough. It illustrates a lyric called "The Protestant's Joy: or, An excellent New Song of the Glorious Coronation of King William and Queen Mary," sung (it is added obligingly) to the tune of "Grim King of the Ghosts."



No. 3.—Misery in Jerusalem. Drawn by Solomon J. Solomons.  
By permission of Messrs. Eluckie.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—The fashion of Christmas and New Year's Cards is somewhat on the wane. A good enough

Heywood Sumner, are very far from satisfactory—are proofs, indeed, how dreadfully unsuggestive good literature can sometimes be. Dr. Macaulay's "WONDERFUL STORIES OF DARING, ENTERPRISE, AND ADVENTURE" (London: Hodder and Stoughton), are well enough compiled; they would be better reading were it not for the pictures, which are mostly deplorably bad. Of "THE WILLOUGHBY CAPTAINS" (same publishers), we need only say that the story, by Mr. Talbot Reed, is honest, well meaning, and not unentertaining, and that the illustrations are by Mr. Alfred Pearce. Miss Doudney's "A SON OF



No. 4.—Reconnoitring. Drawn by Gordon Browne. By permission of Messrs. Blackie.

show is made by Messrs. Socke & Nathan (London: Jewin Crescent), who have succeeded, in their "Court Cards," in combining printing with embossing; the effect is pleasant, which alone is a subject for commendation with so hackneyed a subject. Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner exhibit several real novelties. They also publish this year children's books, principal amongst which is "CAPE TOWN DICKY," capably illustrated by Alice Havers and Ernest Wilson.

SOME CHRISTMAS BOOKS.—Perhaps the liveliest and most readable in Messrs. Blackie's lot is Mr. Manville Fenn's "DICK O' THE FENS," which is as good a story for boys as can well be imagined; the illustrations, which are the work of Mr. Frank Dadd, are not lacking in spirit, but are on the whole less taking than might have been expected. Mr. Henty's "BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE" and "FOR THE TEMPLE"—the latter a romance of the Siege of Jerusalem—are brisk and stirring work. The one is illustrated (No. 4) by Mr. Gordon Browne, with less, it may be, than his wonted felicity. The artist of the other is Mr. Solomon J. Solomons, whose work, as our quotation (No. 3) will show, while dramatic and pictorially effective, is perhaps a trifle heavy. Mr. Brooks's "CHIVALRIC DAYS" is not particularly amusing in itself; and the decoration, though the work of Messrs. Gordon Browne, Blair Leighton, and R. B. Birch, is only worthy of the wall. Mr. Ascott Hope's "SEVEN WISE SCHOLARS," the last on Messrs. Blackie's list, is, on the other hand, by no means bad reading, while the illustrations—as may be guessed from an example (No. 5), "The Magic Charwoman"—are in the artist's happiest vein of humorous invention. A new edition of Fouqué's immortal "UNDINE" is introduced by a learned yet lively introductory note by Julia Cartwright (London: Chapman & Hall); the illustrations, by Mr.

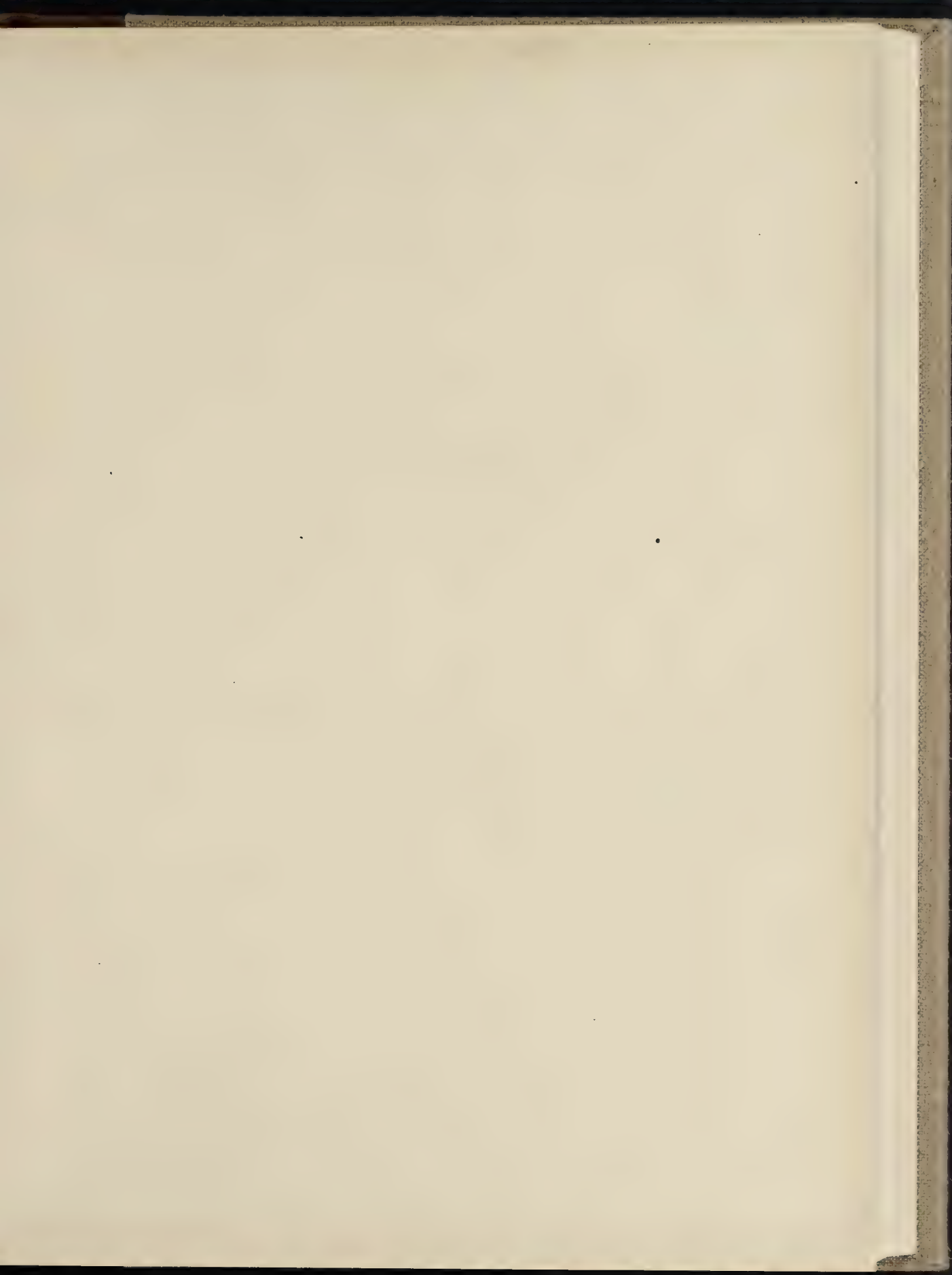
THE MORNING" (same publishers), has a pretty and taking frontispiece by G. H. Edwards, and may be described as good reading for girls of fifteen. The illustrations in "THE SUNDAY BOOK OF STORY AND PARABLE" (same publishers), are signed by names so eminent as W. Small, F. Walker,



No. 5.—The Magic Charwoman. Drawn by Gordon Browne. By permission of Messrs. Blackie.

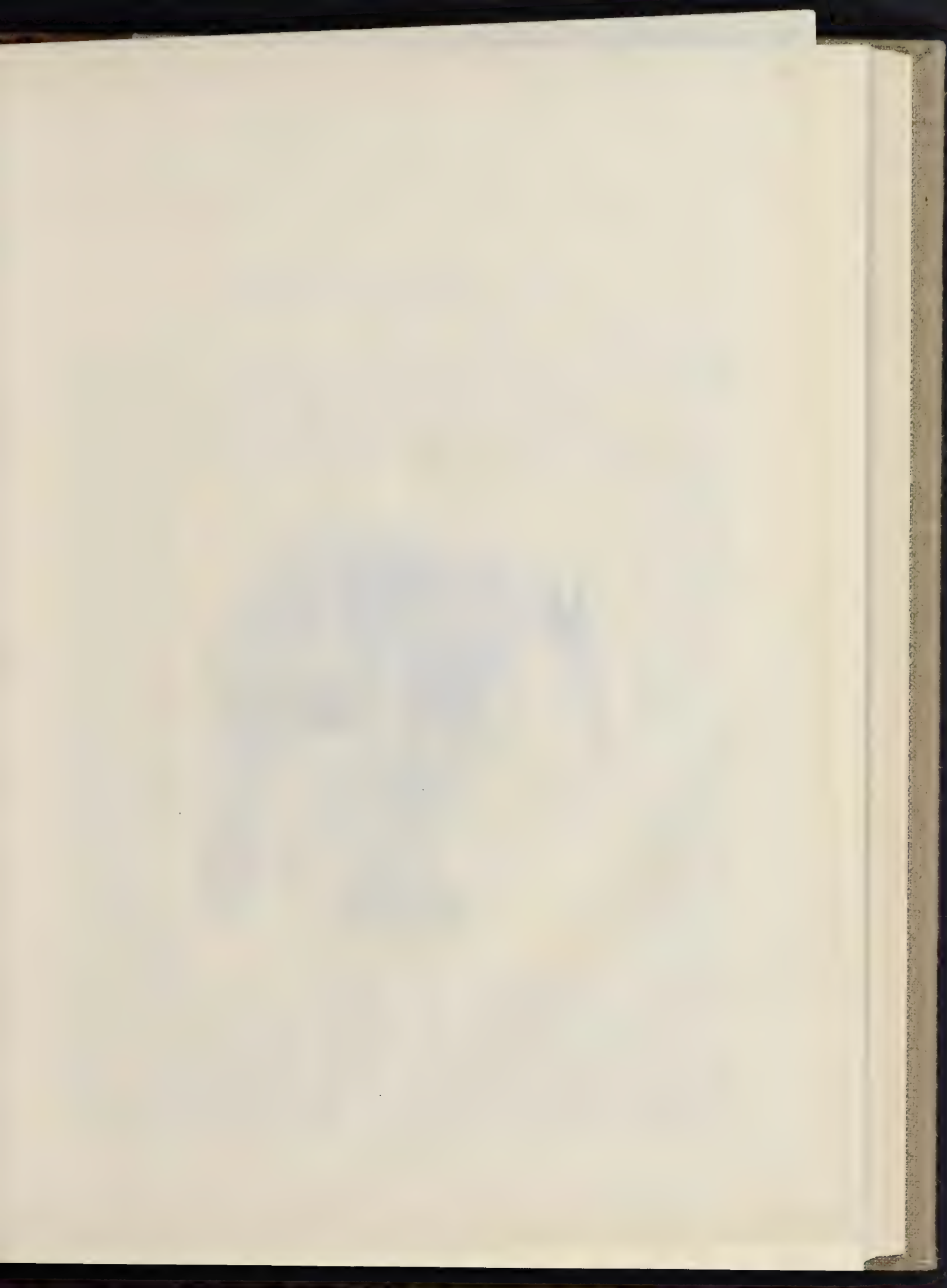
Fred Barnard, Phil Morris, among others; they have served their turn elsewhere, and no more need be said of them.

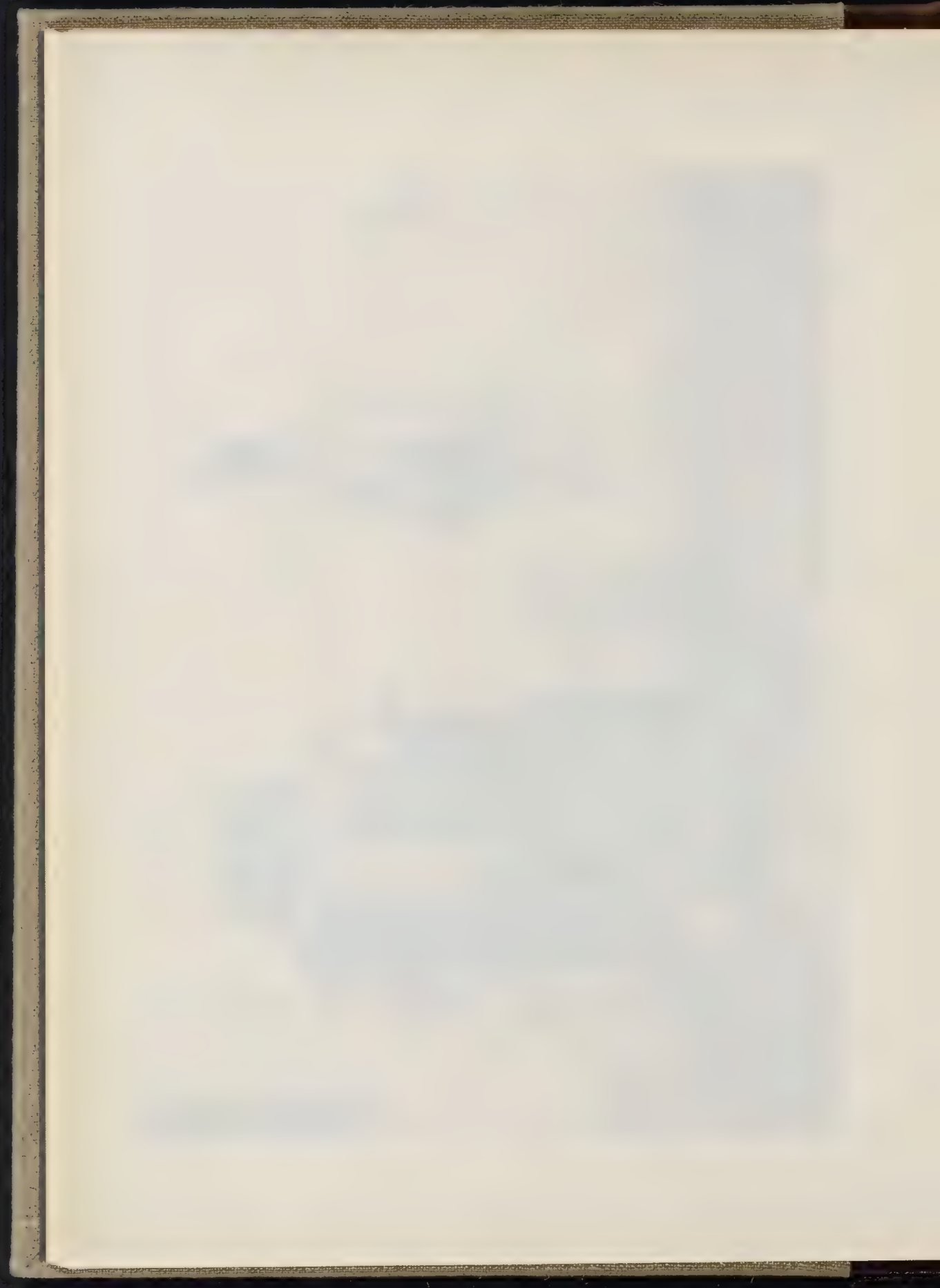














## SOME FRENCH HISTORIC DOGS.

"I will love thee to the death."

*Tennyson.*

OCCASIONALLY in the pages of history a line or two is given to some dog which has played a part in the annals of its time. It has in all likelihood done no heroically daring deed, except to have confidently followed its master through the frowns as well as the smiles of fortune. It is mostly royal dogs that are honoured with notice in the chronicles of their era, for the four-footed courtiers, as they dance attendance on their crowned owners, are brought forward into the "blaze of that fierce light which beats upon a throne."

Madame Royal's dog (see next page) began life at Versailles. It had a troubled career before it, because its mistress had her destiny cast in pitiless times, and her dog had to share with her the evil days which fell to her lot. Some historians hold that this dog belonged to her father, Lamar-tine says, in 1795, the guardians of the Temple allowed Madame Royal to walk in the gardens, where she was attended "by the only companion of her four years' imprisonment, the dog of her father, Louis XVI., which that prince had given into her charge when he went to the scaffold." The daily papers of the time mention that "a goat, which she had been permitted to rear, occupies her attention, and the tame animal follows her with fidelity. A dog is, above all, the inseparable companion of the young prisoner, and appears to be very much attached to her. 'Tis the King's dog, at present without a master, and which still appears to love him in his child." In the memoirs of the Duchess d'Angoulême, by Mrs. Romer, we read that "the little spaniel that had sported on the

terrace at Versailles, and which had shared her captivity in the Temple, and her exile at Vienna and Mittau, had survived to accompany her, the cherished associate of her way, into Prussian Poland." Being a little spaniel, it was most probably a Blenheim, dignified but docile, too small to attract undesirable attention in troubled times.

Before England had become the refuge of the French exiles, the faithful spaniel and its pensive mistress had been linked together by a strong chain of never-to-be-forgotten memories,

for the dog cheerfully shared all the strange vicissitudes of fortune with its royal owners. Madame de Tourzel tells us that as all other guards failed the Queen, this little dog became the sentinel "in her room, to warn her if the slightest noise was heard in it." It is marvellous how the dog survived the massacre at the Tuileries, while its mistress was enduring those seventeen hours of torture at the Assembly which "made her ever after old, and gave to her the gravity of years ere years themselves had come." While the mob despoiled the palace, the dog probably cowered indignant but helpless, by the ladies of the household. At any rate, by some happy

chance it survived that ghastly day, and lived to cheer its mistress in the Temple, shared her daily narrowing liberty, and her four years of lonesome captivity there.

Think what agonising scenes that little dog witnessed! It was with the Princess when Clery carried her fainting to her room after the King had uttered his last "adieu" to his heart-broken family. It saw the lovable little Dauphin torn from his maddened mother to be "thrown on a dunghill," to die the cruellest conceivable death of lingering torture.



*Marie Louise's Favourite.*

It crouched beside its young mistress as she lay sobbing in direful despair after her mother had been taken from her clinging, passionate embrace "to the sure enwinding arms of cool enfolding death." When Madame Elizabeth received the like summons one night to follow the authorities, the Blenheim was the only one of the royal household left to guard and console its trebly orphanised princess. Its big soft eyes must have looked woefully at its mistress, who, crushed by the weight of her sorrow, was indeed a much-shorn lamb, on whom the cruel winds of adversity blew with untempered fury. The dog, as we have seen, accompanied Madame Royal to Vienna when she was released from the Temple. It was possibly present at the quiet wedding at Mittau when its mistress became Duchess d'Angoulême, and followed the French exiled royalists from one country to another as they were driven in search of a resting-place. Carlyle says grandeur was all the parent Louis XV.'s daughter

span of life a dog enjoys, have survived till 1814, when its mistress for a brief space returned to her much-loved France. Likely, before they went to Hartwell, the little dog, which had grown feeble with age, failed and died. With it the Duchess lost a friend bound to her by years of uncomplaining service, her prison comrade, her sympathetic comforter—a faithful, unspoilt royal favourite.

The dogs that lived during the Reign of Terror, when families fled the country and the guillotine was being glutted with victims, must have suffered keenly. Some became outcasts, owing to the loss of home and friends; others, with dumb anguish, sorrowed over their masters' disappearance, their prolonged absence. In the picture of the murder of the Princess de Lamballe, by Gerard, a dog of this bloodthirsty period appears. It is a villainous-looking animal, but beneath its wiry coat beats a tender heart. Its eyes are the only ones which rest with pity on the Princess. Around her

on every side are triumphantly-fiendish faces. A little boy grasping his mother's dress with one hand, has covered his eyes with the other to shut out the murderous sight. The dog and the child alone do not gloat over this fairest victim of that bloody September massacre.

Robespierre had a black-and-white dog, a poodle most likely, for they have always been popular in France. Sanson, the executioner, mentions it in his memoirs, how, when he resolved even for one day "to get out of sight of the guillotine," he took his nieces to Clichy, and sat down to rest while they romped and gathered wild roses. A citizen and his dog came by, and helped the children to reach some high-growing flowers. They all came towards Sanson



*Madame Royal's Spaniel. A Prisoner in the Temple.*

ters had, but the next generation of the children of France were more fortunate in that respect. Knitted together by suffering and privation, no barrier of state intervened between members of the family of Louis XVI., and though the Dauphin and his sister had no other inheritance than their father and mother's love, they were endowed to the full with that. Madame Royal treasured every memory of her parents to the end of her saddened life. The anniversaries of their death, and that of her second mother, Madame Elizabeth, she always kept with prayer and fasting. When she came back from these painful vigils, seeing the shadow of sorrow deeper on her face than usual, the old dog would creep up to offer what consolation it could. She would fondle it, pleased to have one beside her who had known those for whom she grieved—the only kind heart that had been with her through the terrible days she spent when first rudely parted from them. This little Blenheim that had seen the beginning of the Revolution could not, owing to the short

laughing and chatting, the children and the dog on friendly terms. The citizen with palatable flattery complimented Sanson on the beauty of the little girls. One little maid, Mary, held up a nosegay which the citizen took and put in his coat. Sanson recognised Robespierre as the owner of the dog. "He then," says Sanson, "asked Mary her name, to remember her by when the flowers should fade. The poor child not only gave her Christian name, but added the other, whereupon Robespierre's face instantly changed. 'You are —?' he said to me in a dry, haughty voice. I bowed. He struggled against a repulsion he could not master. At length he bent down, kissed the children very tenderly, called his dog, and went away without looking at me." When he met Sanson again the poodle that had gambolled beside him so gaily was yearning in vain for its master's return. As the executioner cut Robespierre's hair previous to execution, and compassionately bound his shattered jaw, we wonder did the citizen "who owned a black-and-white dog" remember the



field bordered by roses, and the confiding little lassies whose name he recoiled from, as it recalled their uncle's ghastly profession and the bloody guillotine?

In these gruesome Sanson memoirs another dog of this period thrusts itself into record. It belonged to a deserter, Notter. Sanson says, "The animal was much attached to its master, and was the cause of his detection and arrest. The dog followed him to prison, and remained at the door until the carts came out of the yard. It recognised its master, and barking with joy followed us to the Place du Trône. When the soldier alighted he patted the poor beast, and asked several persons to take and keep it, but no one dared. When the time for separation came the dog would not leave its master, but followed him up to the platform. One of the men threw it down, but the dog rushed up the steps again and began to howl dismally, whereupon a gendarme pinned it with his bayonet. Strange to say, the people who could stand and see Christians murdered, took the dog's part. Stones were aimed at the gendarme, and he narrowly escaped with his life. A workman took up the dog and carried it away." Poor faithful tyke! happily ignorant its presence had betrayed its master. They seemed kinder to animals than human beings at this sanguinary period, so the deserter's ragamuffin little dog may have been fed during its anxious waiting. The master inside the prison probably blamed his canine comrade, but when he saw it dancing for joy before him, he doubtless forgave it its unconscious error, and touched by its fidelity, lavished his last caresses upon it. We trust it was of the versatile French character, and settled into its new life with the workman without much grieving; but it followed Notter so well, we fear its honest heart would not be easily won from its allegiance. Maybe the gendarme's bayonet would have been the kindest thrust of all, the best panacea for its ills. Sanson casually mentions twenty-three men and four women were beheaded along with "Notter, who had a dog," but the purpose-like cur with the shrewd face, willing to go to death with its master, was the hero of that day's work.

Marie Louise's dog was a slim Italian greyhound, and as far as she was concerned, it proved to be a very winsome bit of dog flesh. It twined itself into her affections by its graceful ways. She had her other pets, her singing birds and her parrot in her boudoir in Vienna, a room where, we read, there was "scarcely a thing, down to the carpet on the floor, which was not the work of some loved hand." Madame Junot

says, when the Archduchess became Empress, she had to leave her fawn-coloured favourite behind her at Vienna. In the memoir of the Empress Marie Louise by Saint Arnaud, he says it was at Munich "she was compelled to separate from a little dog she loved dearly, which the Countess (Lazansky) had to take back to Vienna with her." The reason of this was that Napoleon did not like dogs. Madame Junot says, "the Emperor used to be annoyed by Josephine's favourite pet dogs, with Fortuné at their head." The Empress cried bitterly when she found the plaintive-faced little hound had to return with her grand mistress. Every one was anxious to swell the train of this new empress. She longed to keep her coaxing little friend beside her, because she knew it alone cared to be with her, not because she was wife of the man who had so much of Europe in his grasp,



*The Deserter's Dog waiting at the Prison Door.*

but simply because it worshipped her from the depth of its true little heart. "It was a cruel separation," writes Madame Junot, "and the Empress and her favourite parted with a duo of complaint." "The acquisition of a colossal empire did not console the sovereign for the loss of a little dog," says another historian.

It is satisfactory to know that the timid, shrinking hound was not long parted from the Empress. Berthier told Napoleon of Marie Louise's tears over leaving her dog, her feathered friends, her room made dear by cherished association, and Napoleon prepared a delectable surprise for his wife, a strategy to win her love. Leading her from the balcony of the Tuileries, where he had presented her to the people who had thronged below, he led her, in wonderment as to her destination, up a dimly-lighted corridor. A woe-begone greyhound had been sitting in a room there forlorn

and puzzled till it heard a step it knew, and whining with impatience, sprang out when Napoleon opened the door. The phlegmatic Empress greeted her recovered pet with effusion. She knew its adoration was genuine. The fickle multitude that cheered her might turn on her as they had turned on her grand-aunt, the Queen of France; but this four-legged courtier was genuine and staunch. In the room where her trusty favourite awaited her, Marie Louise found her birds, her music, "in fact, every article was there, and placed in the room in the same manner as she had left them on quitting her paternal roof." Napoleon was well pleased with the delight his kindly thoughtfulness gave the Empress, and maybe honoured the overjoyed hound with some notice. Four years after this the dog left the Tuileries with the Empress and her son. It returned to Vienna with her, loving her as truly as a pensioner and a prisoner at her

father's court as when she was Empress over a powerful nation.

These historic dogs of France were, you see, no time-servers. They took but little heed of reverse of fortune or change of dynasty, well content if allowed to attend their owners in prison or palace, to the throne or the scaffold. Lord Bacon says, "Take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man who to him is instead of a God." A dog has no wish to command. *Ich dien* is their motto, and more willing, easily remunerated servants it is impossible to find. Their fidelity is proverbial, their constancy is not to be bought. If there is a life beyond this for them as well as their masters, they will not only love them "to the death" here, but "out beyond into the dream to come."

EVE BLANTYRE SIMPSON.

## TEXTILE FABRICS AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.\*

IT will be our aim in the present series of articles, not only to illustrate certain of the most decorative specimens of weaving and embroidery in the Museum collections, but also, if possible, to indicate the method in which they may be approached for the purpose of study and to point out their value to the manufacturer. In our previous article we dealt with some of the more ancient examples. We now pass to the consideration of a group of rich and well-preserved fabrics which came from the tombs of certain Turkish princesses, many of which textiles, from the evidence of their style and workmanship, would appear to have been produced in Constantinople, or in that neighbourhood, about the close of the sixteenth century. In many cases the children's dresses, made all pretty much after one pattern, have been obtained entire. The repeat of the characteristic enclosing form, seen in Fig. 9, is one of the most remarkable features of this series of textiles. In all of them we have a large use of gold thread

and a scale of design more adapted to hangings and large objects, than to the dresses of young children. Our illustration, Fig. 9, is, as already stated, typical of the majority of these specimens as respects its enclosing forms, but the floral enrichments vary very greatly. In no case do we find that either figures or animals have been introduced, as this would, of course, be contrary to the commands of the Prophet. The dresses would appear to have been placed above the coffins or monuments, and to have been partly covered, as some portions of the fabrics have been so well preserved that the original colouring has remained almost unchanged. Nothing is known concerning the way in which they came into the hands of the gentleman from whom they were purchased; in all probability they were obtained surreptitiously from some long undisturbed royal sepulchres at Broussa. Some of these fabrics are distinctly Italian, both in design and also in the method of execution, but the large majority are undoubtedly of Levantine origin. The whole series merits most careful study, and includes some of the best and most ornate materials in the



Fig. 8.—Silk Damask, Tulip Pattern.

\* Continued from page 28.



Museum collection. Our illustrations will serve to present a general idea of the richness and variety of these fabrics; they



Fig. 9.—Silk Damask from Constantinople.

nearly all of them consist of a cotton warp with a liberal use of gold and silver thread. We have endeavoured to obtain a complete repeat of each pattern, but this is sometimes difficult owing to the number of small seams employed in making up the children's dresses. Certain of the garments are also embroidered up the front with a pattern of cross bars of silver thread.

This collection is also worthy of attention owing to the graceful adaptation of certain well-known flowers, the pink, the tulip, etc., to fill the spaces which form the groundwork of the designs. It is not until comparatively late in the history of ornament, as applied to textiles, that we find the rigid enclosing forms dividing up the field or ground of the fabric into a series of symmetrically disposed spaces. The distribution of a number of similar repeats, without what may be strictly termed a limiting border or framework, is of much earlier origin, and is at the root, of course, of every ornamental treatment of woven fabrics. The double ogival form which is found so frequently in this group of materials is very characteristic of the East, but does not, we think, occur in the earlier art of Persia or Byzantium, and must be due therefore to Saracenic influences. The plan of introducing the ornament in medallions was adopted by the Saracens from the Sassanian weavers, and is frequently to be noticed in the more ancient examples of Mohammedan Art. Mr. Lane-Poole, in his recently published handbook of Egypto-Saracenic Art, points out that the chief weavers of the splendid fabrics of the Fatimis "were Copts, and to their influence may be ascribed the introduction of figures of animals and portraits of heroes and princes, a practice against the spirit of Mohammedan Art, but quite in accordance with the traditions of the decorative work of the Lower Empire." He tells us further that "the employment of Christians to weave such unorthodox designs

1888.

as beasts, and even human beings, however, was in itself a salve to the Muslim conscience; for the Christian weaver and not the Mohammedan wearer might be expected to receive the allotted punishment: "namely, that of being ordered on the Day of Judgment "to find a soul for their portraits, or else to be dragged on their faces to hell." But for some such explanation as this, it would be difficult to understand how the fine textiles we described in our former article and the highly characteristic designs with birds and animals could be ascribed to Mohammedan artists. Our illustration, Fig. 8, is reduced from one of the richest of these dresses. The colours in the original are on a groundwork of twilled gold thread; the tulips, arranged on an undulating line, so as to form rows of flowers pointing alternately to right and left, are in crimson silk, the gold work of the ground being so skilfully invrought as to develop the pinks and corn-flowers enclosed within the framework of the tulip. The plan of making the outline of the palm, the tulip, or the Indian pine in the case of the shawl pattern, the enclosing form for ornaments within it on a smaller scale is essentially Oriental, and may be studied in many of these textiles, where the idea has been worked out with the happiest effect. The fabric from which our illustration is taken is somewhat large in pattern for a dress material (about double the scale of the reproduction), and the design is, we think, improved in the reduction. The collection of silks, of which this forms a part, affords many useful hints to the calico-printer, who is called upon to supply the Eastern markets. Nothing could be worse in taste, more garish, more atrocious in



Fig. 10.—Silk Damask.

general design and colouring, than the majority of the cheap calico prints sent out by the mile from Lancashire in supposed

accord with Oriental taste. Nothing that we find at South Kensington or among the admirable cotton goods in the



Fig. 11.—*Oriental Silk Damask with Pomegranates.*

Indian section warrants the selection of these gaudy and vulgar patterns, and we venture to think that native purchasers would willingly receive from Europe and pay good prices for more harmonious and artistic designs. When we come to analyse the motives of this ornament we find comparatively few elements combined in an endless variety of pleasing devices. The corn-flower, the pink, and the tulip can be recognised in every one of them, with the rose, its buds and leaves. The undulating line, composed of semicircular convolutions to right or left, forms in nearly every case the enclosing lines or the framework of the ornament. When these undulations, instead of being parallel as they are in Figs. 8 and 10, are opposed, they produce the beautiful panel treatment seen in Figs. 9 and 11. Several different styles of the pattern we have illustrated in Fig. 9 are seen in the Museum. The crescent filled with stars and the cusped enrichments which surround the central ornament are of Indian derivation. The scroll-work of pinks and tulips in the enclosing forms, and even the ring tying together the sides of the border, which when the pattern is read in a reverse direction becomes a crown, are all survivals of well-known typical forms. The silken fabric which we illustrate in Fig. 11 does not form a part of this Turkish collection, and has been but very recently acquired; we have included it here as it belongs most unmistakably to this same group of materials; the scale has been reduced to about one-quarter the size of the original. The groundwork in this case is of crimson silk, and the flowers and borders are of gold thread. The entire design is one of great richness and beauty, enhanced by the sparing use of blue for the veins and markings on the flowers and borders, and of green for the foliage. Two other characteristic specimens of the ornament of these Turkish

robes are seen in Figs. 10 and 12; the former presents us with a lavish use of gold thread and some beautifully conventionalised flowers and foliage, somewhat reminding us of the Chinese decorative embroidery, while the latter is a pleasing diaper of the rose, the tulip, and the pink. In all of this ornament we are forcibly reminded of the details to be found on the painted Persian and Anatolian faience, and we may notice in every case the admirable balance of the parts and the skill with which the ornament is distributed.

Perhaps the richest and most beautiful section of the South Kensington collection is that which includes the embroideries; but here, though we find much to admire and to illustrate from the artist's point of view, we find less to attract the designer for general manufactures. Some of the appliqué work, in which coloured velvets are cut out into patterns and sewn on to a groundwork of a different tint, edged in many cases with gold thread, presents valuable motives and suggestions for printed fabrics; and as greater freedom of treatment in scroll-work and in the representation of curved forms becomes possible in work of this character than in the woven patterns or even in the needlework, we think that a selection from this portion of the collection should find a place in our pages. Many of the finest examples of the appliqué work which were intended for church hangings and for wall decoration are upon a very large scale and scarcely permit of the necessary reduction to render them suitable for illustration. The necessity for a repeat of small forms capable of being translated by the loom vanishes, and the designer has free scope for his fancy. We have selected a beautiful little border of this kind of work, probably intended for an altar-frontal for lenten use (Fig. 14). The ornament is of yellow satin sewn on to a ground of black



Fig. 12.—*Silk Damask with diaper treatment of flowers.*

satin; the skull included in the design has been unfortunately destroyed.



The Kensington collections, varied as they are, do not contain many examples of the early block-printing on linen, which have been regarded by some as the precursors of the art of typography. Whether or not work of this kind may have suggested to the Flemish or German printers the possibility of producing books by means of wood blocks, such as were undoubtedly employed at a very early date for the decoration of linen cloth, we cannot now discuss, but the example which forms the subject of our illustration, Fig. 13, is a very early instance of a printed linen fabric. It is, we regret to say, a mere fragment, insufficient even by ingenious piecing to furnish the entire design, but the motive of the ornament is, we think, an Oriental one, and many of the most ancient of these block-printed linens are of this character. Work of this nature appears to have been introduced into Europe about the time of the Crusades, and this fact, coupled with the oriental motive which seems to pervade much of the ornament, strengthens the opinion which has been pronounced in favour of an Eastern derivation for this mode of decoration. This kind of enrichment was by no means confined to cheap and common fabrics of linen and cotton, but it was frequently employed also for silks. There is an example in the museum of a figured silk, having a superimposed printed design heightened with gold. The inventories of some of the churches in Mediæval times make mention of vestments of linen, and it is supposed that these may have been intended for use by priests called upon to administer to sick persons suffering from infectious diseases, or they may have been worn during the visitations of the plague, and it is possible that these linen vestments may have been decorated by simple block-printing similar to that shown in our illustration. Though in some demand in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries,

this printing appears to have fallen into disuse, but it was undoubtedly the forerunner of our vast English industry of calico-



Fig. 13.—Linen with Block-printed Pattern.

printing, and it will be looked upon with interest on this account.

GILBERT R. REDGRAVE.



Fig. 14.—Satin Appliqué Embroidery.

### 'HO! HO! OLD NOLL!'

WE present our readers this month with an etching of another picture from Mr. Humphrey Roberts's distinguished collection of pictures. Mr. Pettie's Cavaliers have paused in a game of bowls to amuse their ample leisure and satisfy the human necessity of scorning men and things, by drawing an emphatic likeness of the Lord Protector. The artistic genius of the group—a decidedly pretty fellow, so sure of his own person that he can afford to lay particular stress upon the warts of the Puritan—has the good fortune of sympathetic critics. The profile of the dashing gentleman in the cloak, the *profile perdu* of the draughtsman, and the back of the man who is so well relieved against the bright

blankness of the wall, all express laughter of the open-hearted and happy kind that men enjoy at the expense of a brother. In the matter of composition the present etching shows Mr. Pettie's characteristic practice of setting his figures in the pleasant repose of blank spaces. He was one of the first who relieved the congestion of English conventional composition by letting in a little air and making a little room for peace. Since then the school of Fortuny has returned to the way of multitudinous fulness of arrangement, but not to the stupid fulness of the old convention. This picture was a great favourite at the recent Manchester Exhibition, where the artist's reputation received a considerable increase.



No. 1.—*The Creation, from a Kodsuka dated 1804.*

## NOTES ON JAPAN AND ITS ART WARES.\*



No. 2.—*Mask of Ousoume, from the Gilbertson Collection.*

THE history of Japan, as represented in Art, will form the subject of this article.† It is surprising to me that the fascinating surroundings of the history of that country have not laid hold of Western writers more than they have. The embarkation, not thirty years ago, of Sir Rutherford Alcock on his mission to Japan reads like a fairy tale. His futile endeavours, although he had for a long period been resident but three days' sail from its coast, to discover anything about the land whither he was bound: his even having to cast about for information in the pages of Marco Polo, with, as a result, this much only, that there was a cluster of isles on the farthest verge of the horizon, inhabited by a race at once grotesque and savage: and then to find them with a dynasty extending in unbroken line into centuries before our Christian era, and Art of every kind dating a thousand years back—an Art of such an exceptionally high standard that every civilised nation at once rushed in to copy and benefit by it: all this, in these days when we imagine we know everything about everybody, should be a perfect God-send for the host of writers eager for a subject: and yet the text-books upon it may be numbered on one's fingers, and no two of them are agreed upon the majority of their facts.

The Japanese themselves are very proud of their history. Few nations are so completely instructed in it; their children are taught it thoroughly, their artists derive their subjects in a great measure from it, and their stage is occupied almost entirely with dramas founded

upon it. This may well be, for it is a continuous record of scenes of heroism and chivalry, of the most fascinating character, especially when it is studied in connection with the multitudinous illustrations which are readily obtainable upon it.

Brevity must be my aim, but this is hardly possible when it is absolutely necessary to go back to the Creation, and the country's authentic history dates as old as our own.

The Creation was, according to tradition, brought about in this wise. In the dim ages of the past there existed a Trinity who dwelt in space. Later came other deities (Kami), with separate existences, and after seven generations begotten from them, the creation, which was confined to Japan, was decided on, and carried through in six stages, almost similar to those in our Pentateuch, the work being delegated to Isanaghi\* and his sister, Isanami.† From the goddess sprang certain terrestrial deities, amongst whom were Ama-té-rasu, the beautiful goddess of the sun, Isukoyumi, the goddess of the moon, and Susanô, god of the wind. A story which finds frequent illustration in Japanese Art is that of the quarrel between Ama-té-rasu and her brother, and her



No. 3.—*Ama-té-rasu being enticed from the cave.*

consequent retirement to a cave, whence she was inveigled

\* Continued from page 9.

† I was in doubt at first whether a survey of the people themselves did not claim priority of attention, but I found that as a preliminary to understanding them some knowledge of their history and religion was a necessity.

\* At the head of this article will be seen a fanciful representation of the Creation, dated 1804.

† These and most other Japanese names vary in their spelling in every volume dealing with the subject.



by the dancing of a goddess, variously named Okamé, Ouzoumé, or Uzumé. It is narrated at length in Griffis's



No. 4.—Tatsibana leaping into the sea.

"Mikado's Empire," and Reed's "Japan," and is one of the fairy stories recently published in a delightfully illustrated form as a child's book under the title of "Yamata-no-Orochi,"\* from which we take our reproduction. Masks of the fair dancer are to be found in every curio shop. We give an illustration of one. The features upon these masks are always similar, and have been handed down for centuries—a narrow forehead adorned with imperial spots of sable, puffed out cheeks, dimpled chin, and laughing countenance. One of them is usually to be seen in every Japanese house. In her full-length figures, she usually carries in her hands a bundle of reeds and a dart bound round with herbs and little bells. Many ancient customs still exist which originated in this quarrel, notably the *gôhei*, or branches adorned with bits of silk and paper, which are hung in all Shinto places of worship, the drum upon which Ouzoumé danced, and the cocks who now inhabit the precincts of the temple, and which were then engaged to attract Ama-térasu's attention by crowing in concert. So too the cord of rice straw, which keeps away the visits of evil spirits, and the sacred burnished circular mirror wherein the goddess beheld her likeness, and which is the origin of the round mirror of metal which Japanese women still use as their only looking-glass. The dancing of Ouzoumé before the cavern is imitated in the pantomimic dance still practised in every Japanese village. Another frequent subject for illustration is Susanô killing the eight-headed dragon after he had induced him to partake of saké set in eight jars. His exploit is depicted upon the bank notes of the country. A sword which he found in the tail of the dragon is one of the three sacred emblems in the imperial regalia. He was the father of Daikoku, the god of Good Fortune, of whom more anon.

From the issue of these and other divinities was the whole of Japan overspread, the dynasty of the Mikado being in direct descent from the Goddess of the sun. The Japanese

era dates from Zimmou or Jimmo, the earliest of the Mikados respecting whom there is any probable data. He came to the throne B.C. 660. A scene in his life furnishes a subject for one of the national bank notes. To the Mikados the goddess entrusted the three emblems of imperial power, the sacred mirror, the sword of justice just mentioned, and jewel. These are still in existence.

I must now leave for a time the mythology of Japan, which, remarks Mr. Griffis, "like that of Greece, is full of beauty, pathos, poetic fancy, charming story, and valorous exploit. Like that, it forms the soil of the national Art, whether expressed in bronze, porcelain, colours, poetry, song, picture, dance, pantomime, or romance. It is the doctrinal basis of the ancient and indigenous religion, called *Kami-no-nichi* or *Shinto*, i.e. the way or doctrine of the gods."

Until the end of the third century of our era little is with certainty known of the history of Japan; the Mikado was, however, gradually assuming kingly rather than tribal sway, and below him feudalism was growing up.

Amongst the personages of this period (which may still be called legendary) who figure in Art is Yamato-Daké, whose struggle with the giant Idzoumo is an oft-told tale. It was his wife, the lovely Tatsibana Himé, who died by leaping into the sea to appease the sea-god and to save her husband (see Illustration). So, too, a personage who has been effigied again and again in Japanese Art ever since it existed is the Empress Jingô, whose wonderful exploits are told, at length, by Griffis ("Mikado's Empire," p. 75). In the collection of pictures, images, and dolls which, on the 5th of May in every year in Japanese households, teach the children the deeds of national heroes and instil into them laudable examples, the Empress is placed among the male warriors. Another favourite subject of the artists is a group consisting of a snowy-bearded man, Také-no-uchi, her minister, in civil dress, the child of the Empress in his arms, the mother standing by in martial robes. This child, Ôjin, or Hachisman, afterwards a great warrior, was deified as the god of war, and is worshipped, especially by soldiers, even to-day; he is usually depicted with a horrible scowling countenance, holding, with arms akimbo, a broad two-edged sword. Hadésu, ambassador to the Corea, A.D. 545, killing the tiger which had destroyed his daughter (Illustration No. 5), is also a frequent subject



No. 5.—Hadésu (Kashiwa-déno Omi Hadésu), Ambassador to the Corea in 545, killing the tiger which had devoured his little daughter. From an Ivory in the Gilbertson Collection.

with artists (for particulars see Anderson's British Museum Catalogue, p. 391).

\* Kobunsha's Japanese Fairy Tale Series.

The interval between the third and the twelfth centuries\* was specially notable for the introduction of Chinese writing, the philosophy of Confucius, Buddhism, and Art, and the retirement of the Mikado from public life owing to the rise of noble families who usurped the power, obtained possession of all civil and military offices, and rendered him inaccessible to his people.



No. 6.—*Kojima writing on the Cherry Tree.*

The first of these families to come to the front was that of Fujiwara, in the seventh century. It still holds the foremost place amongst the nobility of Japan, ninety-five out of the one hundred and fifty-five noble families being of that name and descent.

It was not likely that the reins of power would be allowed to remain uncontested in the hands of any individual or clan, and the Sugawara, Taira,† and Minamoto families, in the centuries to come, strove for, and in succession secured, the pride of place.



No. 7.—*Nitta throwing his sword into the sea. From a Pouch Ornament in the Author's possession.*

Their struggles for supremacy fill the pages of Japanese history for nearly five centuries. The men during this period, whose exploits find the most frequent exposition in Art, are Kiyo-mori, a Taira who long terrorised Japan, and subdued the Sugawaras and Minamotos, only to suffer defeat in turn at their hands. Yoshitomo, a Minamoto, his rival, was treacherously murdered. The flight of Yoshitomo's beautiful concubine, Tokiwa, is one of the most frequently treated subjects in Japanese Art. She is usually depicted toiling through the snow, with a baby at her breast, and two children, one carrying his father's sword, at her side. The baby was Yoshitsuné; he lived to be the "Bayard of Japan," and to earn the most famous name in the nation's history for his prowess. His elder brother, Yoritomo, also grew up to be a great general, and in reality, if not in name, ruler of all Japan (Mons. Gonse calls him the Napoleon of Japan). The exploits of the two occur over and over again in Art: for instance, Yoritomo secreting himself in a hollow tree after his defeat at Ishi Bashi Yama; Yoshitsuné's learning to fence from the Tengus; his fight with Benkei on Gôjô Bridge (see Illustration No. 8), as to which note the astonishment of Benkei at the agility of the youthful Yoshitsuné, who leaps so far into the air above the bridge as to be almost invisible.‡ No collection can be looked over

\* Workers in metals and stuffs were introduced about the sixth century from Corea.

† The "Historic Romance of the Taira" is one of the most popular of the many works of fiction in Japan.

without coming across half-a-dozen episodes in the life of the two last-named, who, after their combat, became inseparable friends.

After numerous defeats, the brothers Yoritomo and Yoshitsuné were victorious over Kiyo-mori, who saved himself by death (in 1181) from seeing his family dragged from power, his last wish being that Yoritomo's head should hang on his tomb. Four years later, in a naval contest, the Tairas were utterly defeated, and by sea and land every effort was made to exterminate them.

I must dwell a little longer upon this period, for then it was that the dual government, which has puzzled so many modern writers on Japan, became an actuality. Yoritomo after his successes founded a city at Kamakura, on the bay of Tokio, which he made his capital. Whilst leaving the government nominally in the hands of the Mikado at Kiôto, he actually assumed the reins of power at Kamakura, and established a military government, which lasted until a score of years ago. It was called *bakufu*, or curtain government, because of the curtain (*baku*), often to be met with in illustrations, which surrounded the commander's tent. He was the first Shôgun.§ His fame was tarnished by his treatment of his brother Yoshitsuné, of whom he was jealous. He is said to have caused his death when only thirty years old.

The reproduction (No. 10), from a rather indifferent photograph, is given to show the present condition of what was once the enormous city of Kamakura. Nothing now remains but a few temples surrounded by groves of magnificent trees.

A division of the people into civil and military classes about this period had a most unfortunate effect upon the future of the country; the former, which may be termed the agricultural element, and comprised the larger portion of the population, continued for centuries in the same condition of semi-civilisation; the latter became a clan which ever since has occupied the entire field of arms, learning, and intellect. Under their title of *Samurai* we shall have to deal with them at length when we come to the chapter on the Japanese as individuals.



No. 8.—*Benkei and Yoshitsuné fighting on Gôjô Bridge.*

Griffis points, in his account of this date, to a Japanese proverb, "There is no seed to a great man," as being exemplified over and over again in the history of Japan. It



No. 9.—*Yoshitsuné at the battle of Yashima.*

occurred in this instance. Yoritomo's descendants had no

‡ These and other illustrations are purposely taken from small objects, so that as many as possible may be given in each article.

§ This appointment, Sei-i Tai Shôgun (Barbarian-subjugating Great General), was the highest honour conferred by the Mikado. It was afterwards, until 1868, appropriated by various families.



stamina, and soon became the puppets of the Hōjō family, who for a century and a half tyrannised over the country and sucked the life blood out of the people. They even banished the Mikado. Two episodes of this period, of which I give illustrations, are great favourites with artists, and are also to be found on the national bank notes: Kojima, a faithful adherent of the Mikado Go-Daigo, writing on a cherry-tree which his captive lord was to pass a stanza bidding him live in hope; the other, Nitta Yoshisada, casting his sword into the sea as a prayer-offering to the gods, that the waves might recede and permit his army to cross, in order to engage the Hōjōs. Need I add that his request was granted. The battle which followed resulted in the overthrow of the usurper's power and the restoration of the Emperor, A.D. 1333.

But merit did not meet with its reward, for Nitta and Kusunoki Masashigé—the latter one of the noblest names in Japanese history—found themselves supplanted by one Ashi-

arms or his fortress. Such an artist working with the sole idea of doing his best to please his lord, in want for nothing, having ample time at his disposal, and full of natural ability, was bound to produce results having originality and individuality; and this would be even more noticeable in after years in the products of succeeding generations, when the skill had become as it were hereditary, and the worker was the possessor of all the secrets and methods of his ancestors. Although during a long period war was the rule and peace the exception, the arts made continuous and steady progress. Naturally, at a time when education was neglected and everyone carried his life in his hand, it could only be here and there that this occurred. But warfare itself stimulated some professions—for instance, the manufacture and adornment of armour; when the owner's life depended upon the trustworthiness of his blade, every effort was made to render it as perfect as possible; so we find the sword-makers

now attaining to a proficiency which has never been excelled by any other nation in the world. The religious houses, save and except during the persecutions of Nobunaga, afforded a retreat where the arts could be followed in peace and quietness, though they too were ready to arm themselves and fight whenever occasion required. The service and adornments of the temple called for paintings on silk (*kakemono*), sculpture, bronzes, altar furniture, lacquer, and goldsmiths' work. The secret processes by which many marvellous Art products were then brought about, such, for instance, as the ancient *cloisonné* enamel and violet lacquer, have never been divulged, and have died with the extinc-



No. 10.—Shinto Temple at Kamakura.

kaga, a consummate villain, who embroiled all parties, gave Japan a "War of the Roses," tilled the soil for feudalism, abandoned the land for two centuries and a half to slaughter, ignorance, and paralysis of national progress.\* He did not assume the Shōgunate himself, but he set up a rival Emperor, and in 1336 commenced a conflict between the northern and southern dynasties, which lasted for fifty-six years. He himself died in 1356, but his family ruled as Shōguns till 1573.

The precincts of the court at Kiōto and of the Shōgun at Kamakura were naturally the quarters where artists first congregated. But the very causes which were at work to keep these as centres resulted in the spread of Art knowledge. A Daimiō, who perforce had to spend six months of the year at the court, naturally aped at his distant home the fashion of the capital, and would probably take back in his train a worker in metal, or in lacquer, who could adorn for him his

tion of the families who excelled in them.

In the British Museum Catalogue of the paintings purchased from Dr. Anderson will be found complete descriptions of the various schools of painters which arose in this way; but the work has yet to be published outside of Japan, which will give to the world similar information with respect to the workers in the other branches of Art.

The notables of the Ashikaga family who find a place in Art were Yoshimitsu (1368–1393) and Yoshimasa (1449–1471), who introduced the political reunions, still kept up under the name of Cha-no-yu, or teas, as well as dancing and theatres. Both were artists themselves, and the latter encouraged painting and lacquer manufacturing. His reign was perhaps the most brilliant in Japanese history from an Art standpoint. In it flourished Sesshiū (1421–1507), Kano Masanobu, Kano Motonobu (1476–1559),—founders of schools bearing their names—Ja-sokri (1469–1487), Shiūbun, the Gotōs, the Yōsetsus, Shiūgetsū, the Sōjōs.

\* Griffis's "Mikado's Empire," p. 185.

It was near the close of the Ashikaga rule, probably in 1542, that Japan was discovered by Europeans. The nation was not then antagonistic to the foreign element, and both it and its religion were welcomed. The Dutch were the first to avail themselves of this opening for commerce, and for nearly two centuries they monopolised it.



No. 11.—Badge of Tokugawa family.

What may be termed the modern period came in with Ota Nobunaga, a Taira, whose military dictatorship bridged over the interval between the expiring power of the Ashikagas and the strong government of the Tokugawas. He and Hidéyoshi (better known as Taikō-Sama) paved the way for the constitutional rule of the Tokugawas.

Nobunaga came to the front about 1542, taking the side of Ashikaga Yoshiaki until he quarrelled with him in 1566, deposed him, and brought to an end the rule of this family, which had lasted over a span of two hundred and fifty years. He was fortunate in having generals of great capacity under him, by whose aid he obtained supremacy, not only over the greater portion of the empire but over the Mikado himself. His death



No. 12.—Imperial Badge of Japan.

resulted from a joke, he having put one of his officers' heads under his arm and made a drum of it, an insult which was never forgotten by the offended one, who soon after brought about an émeute in which to save himself from capture Nobunaga set fire to the temple in which he was, and committed *hara-kiri*, or "happy despatch."

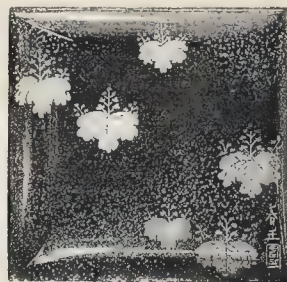
Hidéyoshi, who followed Nobunaga, solidified the empire, encouraged military enterprise, and intellectual, commercial, and artistic activity. He especially fostered the Ceramic industry.

We now arrive at the man who stood foremost among men, who was a legislator as well as a warrior, who could win a victory and garner the fruits of it, Tokogawa Iyéyasū, the hero of Sékigahara, the most decisive battle in Japanese history the creator of the perfected dual system of government and of feudalism, and the founder of Yedo.\* After the death of Hidéyoshi, differences arising amongst the governors of the provinces as well as jealousy of himself, he encountered and defeated them, and their army, 180,000 strong, in the battle just named. The result was the accession of his (the Tokugawa) family to power, the hereditary possession of the Shōgunate and the isolation of Japan from all the world, during a period of two hundred and sixty-eight years. Yedo became in effect the capital of Japan, and peace was the rule for centuries. Iyéyasū was made Shōgun in 1603. The title

Tai-kun (Tycoon, or Great Prince), was assumed only by the last three Shōguns of the Tokugawas.

Wares made for, or under the patronage of, the Tokugawa family, may be recognised by their bearing the family badge (Illustration No. 11), three mallow leaves, their points meeting in the centre of a circle. Those made for the Mikado have the *kirimon*, three leaves and flowers of the *Paulownia imperialis* (Illustration No. 12). The family or court badge is distinguished by the flowers having five and three instead of seven and five buds in the flowers. The Imperial badge of Japan (Illustration No. 12) is a very conventional rendering of the chrysanthemum.

As a natural result of peace and quietness the arts in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries flourished to an extraordinary degree; not a single branch of them but advanced year by year, until shortly after the commencement of the present century, when a decadence set in, as the result of excessive luxury. The policy of isolation from other nations, much as it injured the country, was nothing less than a



No. 13.—Lacquer Box with Mikado's Crest. From Gonse's "L'Art Japonais."

blessing to its Art, which continued to be pure, individual, and unmechanical. We have little here to do with what it was that brought about the ruin in a few months of a power which appeared likely to last for centuries yet to come. The rest of the world is the richer for the result of the events of 1868. The pauperising of the ancient families, by the confiscation of their lands to such an extent that princes and landed proprietors by thousands now keep body and soul together by picking tea, making paper, or digging the mud of rice-fields once their own, was naturally followed by all their much-prized treasures flooding the markets and being scattered throughout the length and breadth of the world. As in many a Western revolution, things of untold value were destroyed and melted down for the gold or silver they contained. Patriots are now discovering that their country no longer contains the finest specimens of its arts, and many are using their best endeavours to repurchase and carry many back again.

MARCUS B. HUISE.

\* Griffin, "Mikado's Empire."



## EDOARDO DALBONO.

"THE great difficulty with which we Neapolitan painters have to contend," one of the most eminent of these said to me a while ago, "is the vivid natural colouring of our superb bay. Even dwellers in the northern parts of Italy are apt to think our productions untrue to life, and hence how much more so you who abide in the foggy north, where the sun does not bring out effects with the untempered crudeness it does with us." These words are indeed most true, and herein may perhaps lie the reason why that vigorous and most active school of painters which modern Naples has evoked, has not at present found sufficient recognition north of the Alps. Among these painters Edoardo Dalbono takes a leading place.

His father was in comfortable circumstances, and hence the son enjoyed a good early education. For a pencil he had an early love, and already at four years old he would willingly spend the whole day at home, scribbling down rough sketches of whatever he saw pass before him from the window. These precocious tendencies became from day to day a very passion, and after a while all other studies were a little neglected by Edoardo in order that he might not cease from sketching figures, faces, trees, houses, in a word, whatever his eye rested upon.

In 1852, when he was eight years old, his mother, desiring to revisit her relations, the parents and son went for a while to Rome. Here the father, already familiar to artists by his writings on Art, frequented the studios of the leading painters, taking with him his little boy. They also, of course, visited the churches and galleries, and Edoardo was in the seventh heaven of bliss to find himself in that wondrous city of Art and History, of which, child though he was, he sufficiently understood the importance. It was in Rome that his father gave him his first drawing master. Signor Marchetti, at the probation lesson, placed before Edoardo a difficult design to copy, and was so entirely amazed at the lad's aptitude and skill that with his own hand he wrote under the drawing his sincere congratulations and cordial prophecies of his pupil's success. All the other Roman artists were equally astounded at the precocious genius of this little Neapolitan.

This Roman sojourn lasted about a year. On his return Edoardo had two masters, Romei and De Lia, one to teach him landscape, the other to instruct him in figure drawing.

His father, however, was a pronounced antagonist to the academical methods, and held the views, then novel, now generally accepted, that the student must work from nature direct. On this account he himself would take the boy to the most picturesque spots in the neighbouring country or on the sea-shore, saying to him, "Now let us see what you can do; but mind, if I see you have no real talent, I shall break all your brushes." At home he was led to copy from plaster casts and models. The studious activity of Edoardo in these early years is almost phenomenal, for besides Art he was induced to study music by his uncle, under whose tuition he reached considerable excellence while a mere boy. When he was fifteen Edoardo painted some small pictures to illustrate the works of his father, among these one dealing with the witches of Benevento, a knight being carried off by nymphs

into a wood, a little work that had such considerable merits as to induce a friend to commission him to paint several small canvases on national themes. At seventeen years of age he first exhibited. The subject was 'St. Louis at Vincennes.' The king is sitting under the shade of giant oaks, according justice and listening to the complaints of his subjects. At the annual Neapolitan Exhibition this work carried off the silver medal, while a study of a windmill after nature obtained honourable mention.

In 1862 Dalbono made the first sketch for his famous picture, 'The Excommunication of King Manfred,' a sketch he placed before the commission that was adjudging upon a prize for historical painting offered by the

Municipality of Naples. Manfred, King of Sicily, son of the Emperor Frederick II. of Germany, is a figure that seems from all times to have exercised a strong fascination over Italian poets, romance writers, and painters. Who does not recall Dante's splendid description (*Purg.* 3, 112 *et seq.*) of how Manfred in person relates to his visitor the details of his lineage, his death at the great decisive battle of Benevento, his dishonourable burial, due to the fact that he died in "contumacy of Holy Mother Church"? In this picture Manfred and his court are making merry upon an upper terrace that commands the church towers and roofs of the city of Barletta, whose spires and roofs stand out sharp against this early morning sky. Pans of burning pitch placed upon iron tripods illuminate the foreground, and



*Neapolitan Woman of the People.*

bring out to view the beautiful women that surround the King's arm-chair, the tambourines, lutes, sweet flowers



*Neapolitan Lady.*

that carelessly strew the terrace. Doves, those emblems of peace, swirl round the tower of the church that proved itself more often the foe than the friend to concord. Upon this fair scene enters a lugubrious interruption of a company of white-clad monks. They rest with bent knees upon the steps that lead to the terrace, their inverted torches sending up a lurid smoke, while six others, superiors in rank, no doubt, enter upon the terrace itself, and kneel with inverted torches and with the cross touching the ground, in front of the royal seat. A seventh holds in his hand a brief from which he reads and hurls at Manfred the sentence of Holy Mother Church. The King has arisen to his feet and with proud disdain depicted in his countenance looks his enemy full in the face. His men courtiers crowd around his chair with varying expressions of contempt, anger, or indifference. The women are mostly afraid, as well they may be, at the advent of such grim skeletons at their feast, for these men, in their white hoods and cowls, present a ghastly aspect amid all the brightness and colour of the thirteenth-century garments, and the loveliness of this nature. Such is the finished picture, of which the sketch already showed the full power and excited universal admiration, both for the vivacity with which it was conceived and the gorgeousness of its colouring.

Morelli, who was president of the municipal commission, could not credit that the author of this powerful design, who had conceived an historic moment with so much artistic and dramatic insight, could be a mere lad. He sent for Dalbono and said to him, "Write down for me what it was you wished to do in this sketch, and also tell me what documents put you upon the track." Two days after the young artist presented to the elder a mass of papers on which were jotted down all the artistic and literary researches he had made for his theme. Morelli was much pleased with this diligence, that appealed to him strongly, as he too does not work from mere fantasy, like too many artists, but assures himself of his facts. "Bravo! well done," he said; "you deserve to have entrusted to you the execution of this picture, but, my good fellow, you are too much of a boy to carry through the working out of such a task. Study, study, go ahead, but don't try such executions at present." The words of Morelli were those of a great artist who knew but too well the difficulties that stood in the way of accomplishing such a work, but naturally they hurt the young man a little at the time. However, he did not resent them, nay, indeed he took the advice to study yet more well to heart. In reply he said, "I knew well that I must still study," and he set himself to do so in earnest. A short while after Prince Colonna commissioned Dalbono to execute for him this very sketch, and after a year and a half it was exposed to public view at the Annual Promotrice Exhibition of Naples. Its exhibition was an artistic event, and there arose two factions of admirers and detractors, who fought in written and printed speech as to its merits and demerits. Day by day, however, the army of admirers gained upon that of the detractors, and the work became a popular favourite. The same thing was repeated at other Italian exhibitions, where it was honoured with the first gold medals.

When Morelli saw the finished work he was immensely impressed by it, and from that day took the most vivid interest in Dalbono, and was henceforward liberal of advice and sympathy for his younger rival. A great artistic power in Naples, he was able to protect the works of Dalbono and to be to him a valuable friend. He was delighted, he said,



*Fishing off Naples.*

that his advice to study, study, should have had so splendid a result.



But while Dalbono's artistic career was thus progressing on the high seas with sails full spread, his material interests were advancing but ill. He was tasting poverty of the bitterest kind. In those times Art at Naples gave its votaries little or nothing to live upon, and Dalbono had unfortunately not only fallen in love but married, and was already the father of several children. Illness, death, trouble, had taken up their abode in his house; the almost inevitable consequences of the imprudent step of an early marriage upon no means. For Dalbono's father, though comfortably off, had warned his son that his means were not such as would allow him to support two establishments. He had very naturally set his face against a boyish marriage, telling Edoardo that he had hoped to find in him a true artist who wedded his profession before all else. If, therefore, he persisted in his foolish resolve he might and must live as best he could. The son was forced to do so, and he tells to-day how he learnt to know *par force* intimately all the shady sides of a Bohemian life. He asserts, however, that his domestic troubles did not react upon his artistic faculties, a statement we take leave to call into question, seeing how he was forced to paint "pot boilers" for a living, and to spend hours, that might have been devoted to the production of works like the 'Manfred,' to the illustration of books and newspapers; work that was ill paid, as were also his pictures, sold to a dealer of the third rank for almost nothing. It is but just, however, to add that it was during this period of really frightful poverty and anxiety that he brought before the public his equally noted picture of the 'Island of the Sirens,' that aroused fierce controversies just as the 'Manfred' had done. It was, if possible, a yet more dramatic presentation of an old-world fable. The Sirens are at home in the gulf of Naples, we feel this painter has seen them, has listened to their seductive song; there is an originality, a truth about this mode of presentation that strikes the beholder with wonder and admiration. The scene shows a pre-

cipitous wall of rock dipping down into a translucent southern sea. Two ships of antique build enter the narrow defile guarded by this natural wall. The ocean is shallow here; we recognise this from the ships that draw little water, we see it from the fact that here a narrow strip of sandy beach rises to the surface. It is strewn with dead men's bones, skulls, and ribs, ominous warnings to the intrepid mariners that man



*A Neapolitan Peasant.*

these vessels. But no, they do not regard the human bones, heed not this warning. They only behold stretched upon the beach, in seductive, alluring attitudes, three fair women, who by voice and gesture are tempting them to advance. And advance they do; they throw themselves from the mast-head, they crowd the sides of the ship, one pushes away another to be first on the scene, to embrace these lovely seducers. The

spectator himself is carried away by the hot ardour of these warriors, the beauty of these women.

The work may be called the synthesis of Dalbono's careful, profound studies of marine nature. He paints the Sirens as emblems of that voluptuousness and ferocity which seems the keynote of ocean. No one understands better than Dalbono the sea's murderous beauty; no one comprehends it better than he in its placidity and anger, its fatal fascinations; and all this seems adumbrated in this picture. Here is the beauty that sucks man's very life's blood and yet remains beauty all the same.

While this work was exciting public criticism its author was suffering much domestic anxiety from the continued and grave illness of his wife. The doctors recommended a constant change of air, and thus the family were kept moving from the country slopes of Vesuvius to the sea-shore of Margellina. At last the latter air seemed to have the desired effect, and a halt was made by the sea-shore, a halt that was

to prove of great importance in Dalbono's artistic development. He could not while living thus restlessly paint pictures, but he could sketch, and while living close to the sea-shore he painted a number of studies which were truly important. The ever-lovely bay opened out to him all its secrets of beauty, its strangest combinations of colour and atmospheric effects, its movements, its transparencies, its ever-varying phases of mood and manner. To the sea Dalbono dedicated days and hours of the most patient, together with the most passionate, study. His sketches proved a collection of perfectly novel artistic discoveries which made him more and more famous in the Art world. Even painters bought his blocks, so new, so useful were they. They embraced every phase of the Neapolitan atmosphere and life, including the most lovely and the most repulsive types of that strange population—old sailors, weather-worn and wind-dried; youthful forms, graceful and like bits of living bronze; bodies so well made it is difficult to believe they are not Greek sculptures come to life; women fair,



*In the Harbour of Naples.*

dark, yellow, white, and brown; in a word, types of that seething, over-populated corner of Southern Italy where all-levelling civilisation has not yet set its seal.

In 'Manfred' he had painted the picture that represented historical legend, in the 'Sirens' he had depicted fantastic legend, in the 'Voto alla Madonna del Carmine' he may be said to have brought out to view the poetical reality of the people. These, his three most important pictures, are three different interpretations of Art, three different formulas. It is hard to say in which he has been most successful, in which he has shown himself most a poet. In this 'Voto alla Madonna del Carmine' may be found the synthesis of Neapolitan life in fable and in reality.

Returned to Naples, he once more set to work industriously, producing among other pictures his well-known 'Fishermen,' 'A Calm in the Bay of Naples,' 'Love in a Balcony,' 'Autumn Clouds,' etc., etc., works many of which found their way into the private galleries of France and America. In all we find that rich colouring, that spontaneity of attitude and move-

ment, which distinguishes the Neapolitan character, that Naples where the very houses seem to breathe colour, and deck themselves out in gay tints, blue, yellow, green, red, and motley. The sea of Naples and Naples women are Dalbono's strong points. The latter he produced with potent touches in all their distinct peculiarity. For the Naples woman is quite a type apart from other Italians. She is *voyante*, her form is much developed; she combines Eastern luxuriousness with Greek severity in quite a curious manner, that must be seen to be understood. Her full rich lips, her passionate eyes tell that she loves luxury and gaiety, and nevertheless there is about her a softness, an abandonment, an indolence, that makes us scarcely prepared to find her so energetic and quivering with life. We reproduce some sketches by this master in which he has jotted down a few types of this fascinating womanhood, but black and white can give but a faint notion of an artist who revels in colour, and for whom colour is life and breath. Life, light, laughter, might form a brief alliterative word sketch of Dalbono.

HELEN ZIMMERN.



## THE SEINE: AS A PAINTING GROUND.\*

IF the voyage on the quiet wooded waters of the Upper Seine passes like a dream, the awakening begins at Rouen. You may almost go to sleep during the lazy descent of the higher stream, but on the tidal river you must keep your wits about you, for you are nearing the sea, and the navigation becomes a serious matter. Not for nothing does the tide come daily from the sea to Rouen. A maritime feeling affects the inhabitants, a maritime business crowds the quays with sailors and merchants, and churns up the river with the commotion of steam ferries and powerful snorting tugs. A hundred large ships go or come, load or unload beside the warehouses. The air is filled with the shrieking of whistles, the rattling of chains, and the yells of foreign crews. Lighthouses and a service of pilots guide the big ships from point to point, reach by reach, from Havre to the commercial centre of Normandy. Naturally the river

is more affected than the population on its banks. Chalk cliffs look down on Rouen as on the Andelys, and poplared islets are mirrored in the stream, but it is a broader, swifter, dirtier stream that ebbs from Rouen between steep banks of mud. The traces of force are everywhere visible—in the strength of wood piles and sea walls, and, where there are none, in the torn and scooped-out state of the banks. If you attempt to row across the river you will soon find out the strength of the current. The last bridge crosses at Rouen, and so boats become more than a luxury, and the management of them in so wide a tidal river a matter of some importance. Once away from Rouen, however, you bid good-bye to civilisation, if you do not find peacefulness. The river flows through comparative solitude in most places. Big forests stretch back behind the heights on one side, and thinly populated plains face them. All the life is on the river. The bore breaks in



No. 5.—Low Tide: Evening.

rudely upon the silence twice a day, and, if the country is quiet, the river at least is a highway.

A service of steamers affords some means of transit to those who object to the scanty accommodation of small centre-board yachts. The *Furet* and the *Chamois*, boats about the size of those employed on the Thames, used to run in summer from Rouen to Havre. The last time that I needed their services, about two or three years ago, I found that one had burst its boiler, while the other had been seized for debt almost on the same day. Distances are great, and one may thus be left in the lurch very uncomfortably; moreover, the train only touches the river at Duclair and Caudebec. House-boats would be dangerous as well as useless on account of the bore, the traffic, the unusual force of the tide, and the absence of a chain gang such as there is on the Upper Seine. Stone-

carrying and like traffic are carried on by a sort of sailing smack or cutter named "Gribaine." The splendid screw tugs, called "Abeilles," which come up on the tide with a tail of ships, barques, brigs or schooners, only deal with such lofty game, and are too expensive as well as too business-like to serve the fantasies of artists. However, if one gets on board the steamer at Havre, one can catch a lightning glimpse of the river during the six or seven hours that it takes to reach Rouen. The scene from the deck of the steamer is very fine, if one approaches Rouen and the outlying islands towards the close of a warm day. The rich browns and olive-greens of the slopes near at hand shade off into depths of atmosphere which gradually absorb the colours of hills, islands, cliffs, and their indistinguishable reflections into a soft mystery of heavenly blue. The prow of the boat seems to rush into a shoreless void of sky and ethereal shadow.

\* Continued from page 4.

La Bouille is the first place of note below Rouen. Several stately islands lie between the two, and the river just above La Bouille widens into a sort of lake, called the "Grande Couronne." The hills recede here, leaving the shores low and wooded, so that the reach is excellently suited for sailing matches. At La Bouille the hills approach again on one side, and, as at Hastings, almost shoulder the little village into the water, leaving room for no more than a long quay or street. Altogether the place is too confined for comfort unless one has a boat. Without it one feels forced to be always climbing the hills at the back, from which point

shores, and twisted roots and branches hung over the stream. Beautiful bays varied the line of the bank, and tree-covered promontories pushed out long spikes or rams of mud and gravel into the water. No inn existed there, and so during our stay we slept on our boats. The houses of the village are almost huts and the people very simple. When we first landed, queerly dressed and wearing knives, we found it difficult to get a word out of anybody. In a short interview with some sort of village functionary, not altogether untravelled, we diplomatically displayed passports and our painting materials. After this the people were very

friendly, and it appeared, though it is hardly credible, that we were at first mistaken for some novel kind of pirates or marauders. We could not help thinking of the Norse pirates who did once come up the river, and we concluded that they had a poor time of it, with no friendly person to tell them where to take the appalling bore that must have existed before the days of embankments. A long line of hills stretches between Yville and Jumièges, with perhaps the finest chalk precipices on the Seine. Bare undulating slopes cap the cliffs, while a large forest stands on the plateau behind and wooded chines make their way down to the water. Where these heights end or deviate from the course of the river you come on a ferry serving the road to Jumièges. Thence you pass through a comparatively flat country to Caudebec, taking the pleasant inn at La Meilleraie on the way. Nor can you avoid, what has been often found less desirable by navigators, a fearful spot called "Les Meules," where the bore rages unmercifully among the débris of many hundred yards of broken reclamation dyke. Caudebec boasts of a magnificent church, a few quaint old streets, and nothing further that I could see. Between Caudebec and Villequier rocks and small bays



No. 6.—Above La Bouille.

Illustration No. 6 was taken. Several bowery islands, the last on the Seine as far as I can remember, lie between La Bouille and Duclair, a place about as far from La Bouille as La Bouille is from Rouen, and that may be twelve miles. The scenery at Duclair is not particularly striking, but on the opposite side farther down, Yville, one of the most attractive spots on the Seine, is to be found. You might pass Yville without seeing it, so completely is it buried in woods and orchards, which come down to the water's edge. We found the banks in a perfectly natural condition untouched by the works of man. In some places grass grew to the edge of the steep

with beaches appear for the first time, and give the coast on this side something of the look of a sea loch. The hills above the beach are covered with splendid woods down to the very shore. At Villequier one feels near the sea; the place teems with pilots and other maritime figures. Azier, some miles farther, a picturesque village under ochre cliffs, is a charming place to paint; the river becomes broad here, and on occasion very rough. We gave a pilot who wished to pick up a ship at Quillebeuf a lift from Villequier, and in spite of his local knowledge and his strong wish to go on, he obliged us to turn tail to the storm at Azier. Many ships lie at anchor between



Azier and Quillebeuf, and everything heralds the approach of the sea. At Quillebeuf, indeed, the estuary opens out, and one sees the channel meandering through vast marshes, the hills on either side being miles apart. Tancarville dominates the heights opposite Quillebeuf, though some miles farther down. Such is the sequence of places in descending the stream, and I will now speak of more interesting matters.

It was off the first island below La Bouille that I made the acquaintance of the bore. Before that we had only experienced an ordinary advance of the tide called an "arrivée," that is, a sudden mount of about ten feet in the level of the water, caused by the arrival of a long wave. When this wave becomes so short and steep as to break it is said to "barrer." The owner of the boat, the only man among us who knew the river, dropped our anchor in a good place under the island

without saying anything about the bore. We were sitting gay and unexpectant at luncheon when I observed the countenance of the person facing me to become transfixed with astonishment. A dreadful crash shook the solitude around us. I turned and saw that a huge wave had broken on the spit of the island some fifty yards in front of us, and was now shooting away across the river and hammering on the opposite shores. Almost immediately we were lifted up to the level of the high mud banks under which we were lying, and were hurled violently backwards as far as our chain would allow. The spit of the island averted the breaking wave and permitted us to ride out the "flot" in safety. In navigating the river it is essential to know the points where the bore may be taken, as well as the approved manner of preparing for the encounter. Carelessness or igno-



No. 7.—*Fumées.*

rance about these matters have caused many fatal accidents. Between Villequier and Quillebeuf, for instance, no place is reputed entirely safe. On one occasion we had got as far as Azier when the wind fell and our little yacht drifted but slowly with the ebb. Shouting and gesticulating sailors on the large vessels at anchor here reminded us of our danger. Some leaned over and bawled out the unwelcome advice that we should run our boat ashore, jump out, and abandon her. As the owner had just built her to his own design, he naturally hesitated about making such a sacrifice. Accordingly one man towed her in the dingy while another worked a large scull over the counter. By this help we got to Quillebeuf with five minutes to spare in which to make our preparations to "master the event." It was no slight danger that we escaped. The bore in ordinary times is eight

or ten feet high, and at the equinoxes it has been known, in bad places, to reach a height of fifteen feet. Several great breaking waves lead the way; they are followed by a confused and tossing sea, after which a steady current sets in of terrible quickness. I have seen a large steam-ship making little or no headway against it. A steamer encountering the bore is a sight worth seeing. The first wave makes a clean sweep of her decks, and then she begins to kick and plunge like one of Buffalo Bill's bucking horses. The bore is the more imposing that it comes up foaming and roaring through a fertile champaign country, in which people are engaged in field labour. On the quiet afternoon of a summer day, in the midst of a tranquil and drowsy scene, the tall trees reflect in the still water, when of a sudden all becomes noise, turmoil, and confusion. The effect is most formidable in places called

"trous," where the land has been scooped out into a kind of bay by the violence of the water. That at Yville, though no more than fifty yards across, suits the purpose of the curious observer. It is almost a classic-looking pool at quiet moments. You may lie all the afternoon looking through the trees, or painting nymphs bathing in a most congenial spot. All at once a roar comes from behind the point, and a vast white wave sweeps like an express train across the river. In an instant the gravel banks are swallowed up as the advancing torrent bursts with terrific fracas into the tranquil pool. Then in a few minutes the former peacefulness is restored, to last until the hour comes round for another troubling of the water. Illustration No. 8 is meant to show this furious irruption of a stormy sea. Many changes take place in the bore. Long ago it used to be much worse, and quite lately again it was better than it is at present. Recent retrogression is probably due to changes induced by storms in the bed of the estuary, while the general improvement comes from the extensive engineering works constantly going on in the channel. The Seine used to swell out to great widths in many places,

and was of very unequal depth. For instance, the water covered the flat plain in front of Caudebec quay, and almost reached the forest. In fact in many places the Seine was a mile or two wide.

Tancarville, Yville, and Azier we tried in turn as places to settle in and paint, and Azier excepted, I recommend none of them. Tancarville is perhaps the biggest fraud of all, yet it is lovely beyond the common. The vast ruins are wrapped in rank luxuriance of vegetation. Beautiful gorges and a variety of cliff, wood, plain, and stream embellish the neighbourhood. One reaches it from the main river by a winding creek; no quays, buildings or formal roads disfigure its wild and abandoned beauty. It is difficult to live there, at any rate in summer. I attempted to sleep the first night on board one of our centre-boards in the creek, but passed my time, in spite of a light, continually engaged in conflict with swarms of rats. For the next three weeks I shared a table with a friend in the drinking room of an auberge. Even in this dismal hole we were usually awake by courteous proposals to partake of "la goutte." Tancarville stands at the point of a wooded



No. 8.—The Bore.

bluff which sticks out into the midst of the bottomless marshes at the top of the estuary. A thin coating of rich soil rests like a scum on the surface wrinkled with creeks of water and unfathomable mud. For miles the Marais Vernier stretches in front of the point, so wide that the hills on the opposite coast are blue in the distance. The heavy air hums with strange and monstrous flies; the ground swarms with creeping things bred in the fathomless slime. Ever and again some one rose in the morning, his eyes closed with poisonous stings and his head swollen and distended with the venomous bites of insects. The people, lame with rheumatisms and pale with continual fever, were feeble and half blind. The population changed every five years, and no one considered Tancarville as his home. It would speedily have been my grave had I stayed on. As it was it took me years, and much quinine, Burgundy, and garlic soup, to get rid of the fever I caught there. As I should have drunk the Burgundy anyway, I owe no good to the visit except two bad sketches and a heroic power of eating garlic. Yville can be reached comfortably from Duclair, so one has no occasion to play the martyr there. Rouen,

Havre, Caudebec, can also be visited by train, and the celebrated Abbey of Jumièges by train and coach from Duclair.

Illustration No. 7 shows the ordinary unidealised aspect of the ruin, which with all due respect for Turner is quite invisible from the river.

Two or three miles below Rouen the painter finds advantages. At Croisset, where Gustave Flaubert lived, both hills and islands are fine. One of the most stately islands on the Seine towers up at Dieppedalle, and on the flat side opposite the two places picturesque groups of smelt fishers may be seen toiling at the proper season. The first illustration shows the river at Dieppedalle Ferry. I have often lived in a friend's house quite by itself on this solitary side of the river. I remember sitting there on a magical spring night when, after the warning boom of a deep bass whistle, a huge white steamer drew out its interminable length from behind an island into the moonlight like some grey fantastic monster come up out of the sea. The ruddy glow from the funnels seemed fiery breath, the lights seemed eyes, and the pulse of the engines the throb of vast and mighty lungs. Contrasts of this sort give point to the life of the Lower Seine.

R. A. M. STEVENSON.



## A ROYAL MAUSOLEUM.

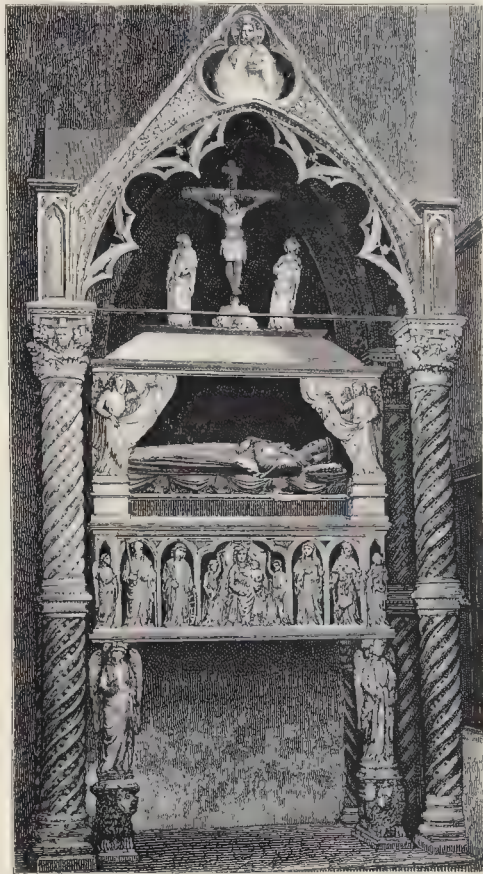
ROBERT, King of Naples, died in January, 1343. One thing alone troubled his last moments, this was the state in which he must leave his family and kingdom. He had had two children; the elder died young, and the second, Charles, Duke of Calabria, left only two daughters, Joan and Mary. Carobert, King of Hungary, who had claims to the kingdom of Naples as the heir of Charles Martel, Robert's elder brother, had two sons. Pope John XXI., who had decided in favour of Robert, proposed a marriage between these royal houses—that the Princess Joan should wed Andrew, the second son. This marriage between the two cousins was celebrated with great magnificence at Naples in 1333. Andrew was six, and Joan nine years old. Andrew's nurse and his tutor, Friar Robert, and several other Hungarians, were left to look after him. It was thought that being brought up together their tastes would assimilate, and they would become fond of one another; but, as it might have been expected, it happened otherwise; the antipathy that Joan showed for Andrew was soon remarked, and auspiciously contrived as this union might seem, it proved eventually the source of civil war and calamity for a hundred and fifty years. The Neapolitans were polite, luxurious, and fond of display; the Hungarians, on the contrary, were vulgar, churlish, and opposed to luxury and pleasure, and were looked upon at Naples as barbarians. Add to this, Andrew and his courtiers exaggerated their rights to the kingdom of Naples. Joan's friends ridiculed their assertions, and maintained that Andrew could only reign as husband of his queen. Robert saw with grief these contests, and the presentiments they raised in his heart clouded his last moments. By his will he made Joan, his grand-daughter, his heir; and as he saw that his kingdom would be rent asunder by dissensions if such an insolent boor as Andrew was at the head of the Government, he made his nobles promise to acknowledge Joan alone as

Queen, and that her husband should only retain the title of Prince Consort.

Robert was buried behind the altar in the church of Santa Chiara—a noble tomb, but so hidden by the altar that it is seen to little advantage; he is represented recumbent, a crown upon his head, but barefooted, and with a Franciscan robe, which he wore for eighteen days before his death: above he is represented throned and in royal robes. It was

King Robert who had commissioned Masuccio II. to build the church of Santa Chiara, which in magnificence and size was not equalled by any church of its day in Italy. Perkins, in his work upon Italian sculptors, tells us "there seems no reason to doubt the truth of this story, but it is not easy to believe that he sculptured the Angevine monuments within its walls, as their character bespeaks a Tuscan influence, under which, as far as we know, Masuccio never came. Several Tuscan artists resided at Naples in the course of the fourteenth century, and it is natural to suppose that they with their scholars sculptured all such. Each monument consists of a Gothic canopy supported upon columns, beneath which stands a sarcophagus with a sepulchral effigy exposed to view by curtain-drawing angels. The figures in some of the bas-reliefs are relieved against a dark blue background studded with gilded lilies, and have their hair, robe borders, and accessories picked out with gold." It was by Boccaccio's advice that Robert sent for Giotto to cover the interior of the church with frescoes, and both sculp-

tors and architects working there at the same time must have come within his influence. To-day the only remnant that remains of Giotto's frescoes is 'La Madonna delle Grazie,' a small picture suspended from one of the pillars and covered with silver offerings. In 1730 the frescoes of Giotto were covered with white stucco, and the interior of the church ruined in every way by barbarous so-called restoration.



*Tomb of Maria, Duchess of Durazzo, Sister of Queen Joan.*

Petrarch made the following epitaph on King Robert:—  
"Here lies the body of King Robert, his soul is in heaven.



*Tomb of Queen Joan.*

He was the glory of kings, the honour of his age, the chief of warriors, and the best of men; skilful in the art of war, he loved peace. If he had lived longer, Jerusalem and Sicily under his standard would have shaken off the yoke of the barbarians and driven out the tyrants. These two kingdoms have lost their hope in losing their king. His genius equalled his valour; he unravelled the holy mysteries, he read the events of Heaven; he understood the virtues of plants, all nature was open before him; the muses and the arts mourn their protector; nothing was kinder than his manner, his heart was the temple of patience. All the virtues lie buried in his tomb; no one can praise him as he deserves, but Fame shall make him immortal."

Petrarch had reason to regret such an ardent admirer of his works, and one who had conferred so many favours upon him. Before Petrarch was crowned with laurels at Rome he went to Naples and voluntarily submitted to be examined by King Robert, who gave him a diploma setting forth his title to the honour about to be conferred upon him by the Roman Senate; and it was only King Robert's great age that prevented him from going to Rome and placing the crown himself upon Petrarch's head. Boccaccio said of him, "He is the wisest king that has reigned since Solomon." But Robert seems not to have pleased Dante, for Dante treats him as a royal wit and nothing more—

"E fate re di tal ch'è da sermone."  
("And of the fluent phrase-maker make your king.")

*Parad., Can. viii., 147.*

Joan seemed born for the happiness of the people that Providence had submitted to her. Nature had lavished all her gifts upon her; all the graces of her sex were united in her person; intelligent far beyond her years, the Neapolitans looked forward to the happiest of reigns; but called to govern a large kingdom, when all have need of a wise counsellor,

beguiled by flatteries, led astray by her heart, Joan fell into the many pitfalls that surround a throne; disorders grew and multiplied, and her people, though they continued to love her, were kept in tears during her entire reign over the misfortunes of their Queen and their country.

No sooner was King Robert buried than Naples resounded with the names of Joan and Andrew. A letter written from Naples at that time by Petrarch to the Cardinal Colonna, gives a graphic description of the unhappy state of affairs. The Pope claimed the government of Naples during Joan's minority, and sent Petrarch to assert his rights and inform himself of what was passing at the Court, and he writes as follows:—"I arrived at Naples the 11th October. Heavens! what a change has the death of one man produced in this place; no one would know it now. Religion, justice, trust are banished. In the place of a king so good, so just, and so pious, a little monk, fat, rosy, bare-footed, with a shaven head, and half covered with a dirty mantle, bent by his pocrisy more than age, lost in debauchery, proud of his poverty, and



*Tomb of Charles the Illustrious, Duke of Calabria.*

still prouder of the gold he has amassed—this man holds the reins of this staggering empire. The name of this man is



Brother Robert; he is an Hungarian Cordelier, and preceptor of Prince Andrew, whom he entirely governs. I have presented to him the order of the Sovereign Pontiff and your just demands. He behaved with an insolence I cannot describe," etc., etc.

Petrarch was much honoured by Queen Joan, who loved letters and wished to attach him to her. She made him her chaplain and clerk in writing, as King Robert had done. Both Petrarch and Boccaccio were always devoted to her, and held her in great esteem; even when the rest of the world turned against the Queen, they believed in her.

Petrarch describes Queen Joan at this time as easily influenced, disposed to gallantry, and very much in the power of her governess (the Catanese), an old woman whose origin was from the dregs of the people. This woman was handsome, insinuating, and had found out the art of pleasing both the wives of King Robert and the Duchess of Calabria, the mother of Joan, who entrusted her with the education of her daughter. The Catanese and her friends did everything in their power to oppose Prince Andrew, that his authority and that of the Hungarians might not be confirmed; and they, on their part, aimed at the destruction of the Catanese and her cabal.

The Hungarians, by their insolence, ended in estranging the nobility, who retired either to their estates or joined the Prince of Tarento in his expedition to the East. Friar Robert, foreseeing this exodus of the nobility, had sent and solicited Lewis, King of Hungary, elder brother of Andrew, to come and take possession of the kingdom as his by inheritance from his grandfather; but Lewis preferred his brother should be crowned king, and sent an ambassador to the Pope at Avignon to solicit the same; but before the ambassador had left Avignon, Joan had already been solemnly crowned Queen at Naples by Cardinal Amerigo, sent by the Pope, Clement VI., in August, 1344. In the month of September the Court went to Aversa, a small town beautifully situated between Naples and Capua. One night when Andrew was in the Queen's room he was hastily sum-

moned as for affairs of great importance, and told a courier had arrived from Naples with dispatches. No sooner was he in the adjoining gallery, and the door of the Queen's apartment closed, than the conspirators fell upon him with fury. One of them muffled him with gloves to smother his cries; others threw a cord with a running knot round his neck, and hung him by it upon a balcony, etc.; in fact, having exercised all sorts of cruelty and abuse on his body, they let him fall into the garden.

Queen Joan was suspected of being concerned in this shocking assassination; some even accused her of having inspired and directed the plot down to its smallest details; that she even wove the rope of gold thread with which Andrew was strangled; but other historians justify her from having

had any part in it, and what should dispel every shadow of doubt is that her innocence was unanimously acknowledged by the Court of Rome. Neither did Petrarch or Boccaccio believe her culpable. Joan at once returned to Naples, summoned the faithful followers of her grandfather, King Robert, took counsel of Count Ugo del Balzo, and gave him authority to punish severely any he should find implicated in the crime. He had two gentlemen of the bedchamber of King Andrew put to death by

torture. Also the Catanese, with her son and niece: the two latter had their flesh torn off with red-hot irons; the Catanese could not support the agonies of the torture, and died before she got to the place of execution.

The King of Hungary considered the Queen and the two Princes, his cousins, the real authors of his brother's murder, and finding that neither Pope nor Tribune would act in this affair, he determined to go himself with an army into Naples. To impress the more terror, he had a black standard carried before him, on which was painted the strangled figure of his brother Andrew. When it was known at Naples that he was determined to avenge his brother's death, every one judged it necessary for the Queen to take measures to defend herself, and that the first thing for her to do was to take a



*Tomb of the Merlino family.*

husband; and Robert, Prince of Tarento, who had come to Naples to visit her, proposed Louis, his second brother, which was gladly assented to, and the ceremony was performed at once, without waiting for the Pope's permission. Joan is said to have been very much in love with Louis before her husband's death, and that her admiration for Louis, who was "beautiful as the day," increased the aversion she already felt towards Andrew.

The fame of the power and strength of the King of Hungary and the feebleness of character of the Queen's new husband, took the spirit out of the people, and the King of Hungary had already arrived in Italy before anybody was anything like ready to oppose him. The Queen then summoned a general Parliament, and said she had decided to leave the kingdom and go to Avignon for two reasons, the one to prove her innocence to Christ's vicar on earth, as it had been already manifested to God in heaven, the other to make known to the world that she did not wish her people to be afflicted and punished through her. She sailed with her husband for Provence on the 15th January, 1348.

One of the King of Hungary's first acts, after entering Naples, was to send for the Duke of Durazzo and ask him to show him the window from which his brother Andrew had been thrown; the Duke replying he did not know, the King had him seized and decapitated on the spot. So died the husband of Maria, sister of Queen Joan; he left four daughters, of whom Agnesa and Clemenza are buried in one tomb at Santa Chiara.

The King was soon driven from Naples by the plague, known in history as the plague of Florence. The terror and desolation which it caused throughout Italy suspended all political hatreds and wars, and King Lewis returned to Hungary. The Neapolitans at once wrote and besought Joan to return and take possession of her crown; but Joan had not the necessary funds for such an undertaking, and her need was so great that she was obliged first to sell the town of Avignon to the Pope for eighty thousand florins, and this sum not being sufficient, she pawned her jewels; she then fitted out ten galleys, and with her husband embarked from Marseilles and shortly arrived at Naples. All the city came out to meet them. The Queen offered to pay the King of Hungary an indemnity, but he replied that he had only taken possession of the kingdom to avenge his brother's death, and that now he desired neither money or the kingdom.

In 1362 King Louis died of fever; he left no children. Queen Joan lost all her children early in life. The son by her first husband and the two daughters by her second died in infancy. The tomb of which we give an engraving was set up in memory of one of her infant daughters, and Perkins particularly calls attention to it, so chaste is it in style: "The infant wrapped in swaddling clothes is borne to Heaven by two angels. Their type of face and cast of drapery is decidedly Giottesque; the simple trust expressed in the child's face and attitude is such as the great painter would not have disowned." It is as perfect a memorial as could be. About this time also died Maria, Duchess of Durazzo, sister of the Queen, and she was buried in the church of Santa Chiara. Her tomb is one of the most beautiful of all, the spiral columns

being particularly graceful; the figures in the bas-relief upon it are of white marble set against a black background.

In 1363 Joan took as third husband the Infante di Majorca, called James of Aragon. This marriage was not a very happy one, and the Duke only lived a short time. The Queen then remained a widow for several years, and governed with such prudence that she acquired the name of the wisest queen who ever sat upon a throne, for which reason it is stated that she resolved not to tempt fortune again by taking another husband. But she did not adhere to this, but married for a fourth husband Otho, Duke of Brunswick, Prince of the German Empire.

In 1378 the famous schism took place between the Pope Urban VI. at Rome and Clement VII. at Avignon. The latter was protected by Queen Joan. All the rest of Italy sided with Urban VI., and Joan's

partisanship for Clement made her many enemies. The aged Lewis, hearing Urban VI. had excommunicated and deposed Joan, charged Charles II., Duke of Durazzo, to execute the sentence. Joan, hearing that the Pope had crowned Charles King of Naples, turned to the King of France for help, but he was at too great a distance for assistance from him to arrive in time. Charles met with no resistance, and entered Naples on the 11th July, 1381, and proclaimed himself King under the title of Charles III.; the Queen, who could not arm a single person in her defence, was obliged to surrender to him, and after detaining her nine months in prison, he caused her to be smothered under a feather bed. Giannone tells us she was buried in the church of Santa Chiara, between the tomb of her father and the door of the sacristy.



*Tomb of Infant Daughter of Queen Joan.*





Gray, from the north-east.

## A SUMMER VOYAGE.

IT would be hard to imagine a more delightful way of spending a summer holiday than that described by Mr. Hamerton in "The Saône" (London: Seeley & Co.). The essentials are a boat and a river. One takes the former to the source of the latter, and voyages down to its mouth, or thereabouts. The expedition becomes almost ideal when, as in this case, author and artist—Mr. Hamerton and Mr. Pennell—can journey and work together. The advantage, however, is on the side of the author. He can set down all the strong language to his companion and keep the appropriate reflections for himself, as *Cigarette* accused Mr. R. L. Stevenson of doing in "An Inland Voyage." Those voyagers earned health and happiness in a much humbler way. They paddled their own canoes; but Mr. Hamerton progressed in a lordly *berrichon* with quite a number of people, including his "young friend Mr. Pennell," a Captain, a Patron, a Pilot, a useful little donkey "with fine intelligent eyes," and a no less useful and intelligent donkey-boy. The story of this summer voyage is told in a series of letters addressed to Mr. Seeley. Difficulties presented themselves from the start. From Lyons up to Chalon the Saône is as navigable and as civilised as the Thames from Putney to Hampton, but above Chalon it is different. In those upper reaches one finds no hotel accommodation, and sailing is almost impossible. Mr. Hamerton first intended to hire a steam launch, but after several attempts he was compelled to relinquish the idea. Nobody possessed such an article. He then discovered that his own yacht, the *Arar*, might serve, treated as a canal boat, and drawn in the ordinary way by a horse on the towing path. At this point uprose a "contractor for water transport," who immediately threw cold water on the scheme, pointing out in measured terms that the man with the horse would have to seek a lodging for himself and the beast each evening, which would entail a myriad of inconveniences.

"Now what I should suggest," continued the contractor, "is that Mr. Hamerton should rent a *berrichon* and take its owner and a pilot for his crew," adding, as an afterthought, that "the men could tow the boat at times if the donkey were tired."

The contractor for water transport proved irresistible. Tents, for the accommodation of the voyagers, could easily be erected upon the *berrichon*, which is a very narrow boat

about eighty feet in length, built expressly for the canals. The next step was to procure one. That proved no easy matter, as Mr. Hamerton was particular. At last an owner was found who possessed neither wife nor child, and him they engaged. The donkey slept in a little hut in the centre of the boat, and at the stern was a poop cabin with two berths for the men. The tents where the author and artist dwelt may be seen in the illustration we give of "Coming down behind steamer." The Smoke Abatement Association



"Coming down behind steamer."

is evidently not known on the Saône. In front of the donkey's house a quarter-deck was erected, from which the travellers

sketched, and night by night watched the river grow broader and broader, and the shores more and more mysterious and remote as the twilight deepened. At Chalon Mr. Pennell left the party, and Mr. Hamerton performed the rest of the journey in his own boat, the *Arar*. The letters give a charmingly vivid account of the lazy river-side life through which they drifted, and the incidents of each day, including the quarrels between Patron (who also acted as cook) and the Pilot. This latter was a big, broad-shouldered man who had a way of calling strangers by whom they drifted, "Papa." They passed one man in the middle of the river who was scooping sand into a boat at anchor. He and the Pilot at once entered into conversation, which lasted till they could hear each other no longer. "It was a curiously friendly bit of talk," Mr. Hamerton adds, "about the hardships of life and the wisdom of enduring them with patience." This is one of the charms of drifting down a river. Here one minute and gone the next, one has no time to get bored, and is actually conscious of an affection for these fellow-voyagers who disappear almost before they are known. The book is illustrated with a hundred and two original drawings by Mr. Pennell; twenty-four



*Mâcon, from the Railway Bridge.*

drawings in ink by Mr. Pennell, from originals by Mr. Hamerton; and three in ink by Mr. Hamerton, from originals by Mr. Jules Chevrier and Mr. J. P. Petitt. It would be hard to praise too highly the finish and the delicacy of Mr. Pennell's drawings. Few rivers can rejoice in such an artistic panorama of their scenery and characteristics. Less praise must be accorded to the manner in which the illustrations are reproduced and printed. Many of them would have been better with less reduction. All suffer

considerably from the process employed. 'Mâcon, from the Railway Bridge,' by Mr. Pennell, after Mr. Hamerton, with its small compass and immense amount of detail, is a study in itself. "The Saône" is a delightful

book, and makes one long to go drifting down some quiet river on one's own account. But adventures are not only for the adventurous. "You may paddle all day long," says Mr. Stevenson, "but it is only when you come back at nightfall, and look in at the familiar room, that you find Love and Death awaiting you beside the stove; and the most beautiful adventures are not those we go to seek."

C. L. HIND.

## A MEMORIAL CATALOGUE.

ILLUSTRATED catalogues are one of the signs of the time. No collection of pictures, however transitory or insignificant, but does not as a rule leave behind it a "memorial" not only of the titles of all, but of the appearance of some of its items. But as there are little and great wines, so there are little and great catalogues, and the former are no more to be confused with the magnificent records of the collections of a Dutuit, a Wilson, or a Rothschild, than "ordinaire" with Château-Margaux. The "Memorial Catalogue of the French and Dutch Loan Collection," which formed a principal feature of the Edinburgh International Exhibition of 1886, belongs, if regarded as a catalogue only, to the higher class—to the aristocracy of illustrated catalogues. But this, though a catalogue, is much more than a catalogue. In the illustrations it gives a view, broad, but limited of course by the conditions of the collection which it memorializes, of the landscape art of France in the last half century, with some notes of its figure art also, as well as a fair view of the landscape and other art of Holland, or rather of the Netherlands, for under the Dutch school we find enrolled the names of Baron Leys and Clays. In the letterpress the whole collection is taken as the outcome of the Romantic movement of the beginning of the century, and the development of that movement into Realism. Regarded from this point of view, artists of such different individualities as Courbet and Corot, Delacroix and Millet, Israëls and Mathijs Maris, Rousseau and Fantin-Latour, Leys and Mesdag, not to mention one or two still more restive pairs, are treated as sharers in one great movement.

Much of the Art criticism of the present day is so restricted in its field, confining itself to "exhaustive" studies of particular artists, to *minutiae of technique*, to microscopic examination, and elaborate analysis of work that is often insignificant in itself, that it is refreshing to find some one who, like Mr. W. E. Henley, can stand off some distance from his subject and attempt an historical survey of a period; especially a period which touches our own. His note on Romanticism is comprehensive, it deals with its beginnings in literature, especially in the works of Scott and Byron; it traces its influence in France, not only in painters like Géricault and Delacroix, but in the music of Berlioz and the poems in prose and verse of Victor Hugo. That Realism should have followed in the wake of Romanticism will appear necessary when we consider what the latter was. It was a revolt, a movement of liberation. Of all the faculties of the human mind it was imagination that felt most the fetters of academic and classical convention, and therefore it is not surprising that imagination was the first to attempt to regain its liberty, and claim its right to express its conceptions in the shapes in which they presented themselves, and not in the shapes of Pheidias or David, or any other artist, past or present. The same principles applied to the rendering of nature produced Realism; not what any one else saw, but what the artist saw himself was what he wanted to paint. To do this was more difficult in France perhaps than England; the splendid conventions of Claude and Poussin were all potent in the country of their birth, where men had never learnt to



sympathise with, or imitate the humbler and more domestic landscape of Holland. No Frenchman had ever yet painted France as he saw it, and this was what they wanted to do, and what Paul Huet (and others perhaps) manfully tried to do without a guide, but they wanted assistance badly. No wonder then that they hailed with delight and admiration the 'Hay Wain' and 'White Horse' of Constable. By finding out how to paint England as she is, he did much to teach Frenchmen how to paint France. Nevertheless it is quite possible to overrate the influence of Constable—Mr. Henley appears inclined to do so, and it is perhaps allowable in such

a general view as he takes of so large a movement that he should do so, but in the interest of Constable's own reputation it is well to be careful not to provoke a reaction. As a primary force Constable was no doubt very influential, but he was only one of many forces which went to the making of such painters as Corot, or even such as Daubigny. Mr. Henley himself cannot find any trace of the influence of Constable in the landscapes of M. Alphonse Legros, and it would puzzle most people to discover such a trace in the works of many others of the artists represented in this catalogue. Nor would it be fair to Mr. Henley to say that he leads his readers

to expect they should do so; his contention is that all, or nearly all, of the artists in question have eventually been influenced by a movement of which Constable was one of the prime and most powerful initiators, and so far all reasonable-minded persons will be content to go with him. On this theme he has composed an essay of much force of thought and eloquence of diction. His interest in the Art of France extends to its literature, and we are frequently reminded, as we read the well-poised, resonant, and sparkling sentences, of a style which is more frequently to be met with on the other side of the Channel, a style glowing with something of the enthusiasm of "cette grande génération de Mille-huit-

cent-trente." His description of Napoleon's attitude towards Art is admirably put. He was "a despot first and an artist afterwards," says Mr. Henley, and adds, "That as he boasted, he would have made Corneille a Senator is possible, that he would first of all have muzzled him is absolutely certain;" and if we make another quotation from the same neighbourhood it is not because we wish to single out this part of the essay for special praise, but to show that though an ardent champion of Romanticism, Mr. Henley is not blind to the merits of what he calls the "classic convention." Even Ingres might have been satisfied with the following enumeration

of its qualities. "Plainly its qualities are dignity of style, lucidity in expression, reticence and elevation of sentiment; plainly it necessitates the cult of elegance of form, and the attainment of a masterly sobriety of method; plainly it is incompatible with the mannerisms which are offensive because they are merely personal."

Besides the Note on Romanticism, the catalogue contains a short biographical notice of each of the painters, also by Mr. Henley. The most interesting are those of Corot, Rousseau, Delacroix, Diaz, Courbet, and Millet. The last is too short, but the author has shown his sympathetic admiration for this great artist



Knitting. By Millet.

before, and had perhaps a disinclination to quote from or repeat himself; of the rest we prefer the Courbet. The strong merits and strong defects of that eccentric artist are both drawn with a firm hand. The little article also contains one of the best of Mr. Henley's sayings; it is underlined in the following passage: "He believed himself to lack imagination and prided himself on the want; derided poetry even while he unconsciously rose to it; glibed at the wiseacres who, never having seen an angel, were yet prepared to paint one; nor ever realised that (of the two flights of fancy) *it is no easier to see a Courbet than to imagine an angel.*" This is true, and it is also true that it

is as difficult to "see" the essential truth and beauty of an



*The Grandfather. By Israel.*

ordinary landscape as it is to imagine the Gardens of Paradise. In every common sight there is a world of beauty hidden, and it is in the aim to express this inner beauty that the main distinction lies between the old landscape of Claude and the Poussins and the modern one of Constable and Rousseau. Fancy and imagination are not perhaps the right terms to apply to this faculty for which "imaginative insight" is a long and cumbersome periphrasis, but we must use them till we get a better.

Something like this quality is needed for a good etching after a picture, only here the sympathy and the gift of interpretation are applied to man's work. There is much of this quality in the work of M. Philip Zilcken, who has etched Israel's 'Sleeping Child' beautifully, and has other plates of much merit after the Maris' (Jacobus and Mathijs), Mauve, Corot, and Dupré; but the chief honours in the illustration of this volume are due to Mr. William Hole, who has contributed eight etchings

and a number of sketches. Mr. Hole is one of those modern artists who, though quite capable of producing fine original work of their own, find pleasure in interpreting that of others. Such a perfect rendering of the style and touch of a master as his little etching after Corot's 'An Evening in Normandy' is not often seen. Corot's low scale of colour favours reproduction in black and white so far that there are fewer problems of translation of colour into monochrome, but his subtle gradations of tone, his filmy foliage, his luminous air, present perhaps equal difficulties to the etcher. The stormy valley of Rousseau's 'Hunt,' with its silver birches sparkling against the dark hill, the capricious chiaroscuro and colour of Monticelli, the glamour of Diaz, the fine draughtsmanship of Jacque, not to refer to other plates, demand varieties of resource which would tax the powers of the finest etchers, and Mr. Hole has shown himself equal to each occasion. One of his sketches we present here is after a chalk drawing by Millet, of a mother teaching her child to knit, but in this Mr. Hole's perfect draughtsmanship and his knowledge of the effect of line are at least sufficiently visible. Our other illustrations are M. Zilcken's clever sketch after a scene on the Thames, by Daubigny, and 'The Grandfather,' by Israel, an old man with a child in his arms.

But a few years ago one would have said that such a volume as this could have been produced only in France. The beauty of its paper, type, and initial letters, the careful setting of the title-page in black and red, and its finely-designed publisher's device—the treatment, in a word, of the book as a production of a special branch of the Fine Arts, could not have been matched out of France some little while since, could not be much excelled anywhere now. The scheme of the title-page is perhaps too bold for the size of the sheet, the device is perhaps somewhat too prominent; but apart altogether from the quality of the text and the illustrations, this catalogue is a thing of beauty, upon which Messrs. Constable, of the University Press of Edinburgh, may well be congratulated. But



*Coast Scene. By Daubigny.*

it is not better than might have been expected of the publishers of "Quasi Cursors."

COSMO MONKHOUSE.



## THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—It is no reproach to the fine collection of English work at the Grosvenor Gallery that some of the paintings have been exhibited lately. Nor is it of vital importance that portraiture is slightly represented, while our little school of large figure-painting is hardly seen at all: we have seen examples of the first here and everywhere, and the second has never really taken root in England. Some idea, too, may be gained of the chief figure-painters: enough, at least, to justify the historical title of the exhibition, "A Century of British Art." The period chosen lies between 1737 and 1837, and thus embraces the school of anecdotic painters from Hogarth to Mulready, as well as the line of splendid portrait-painters who worked in the last century. Nothing very considerable comes from the brush of Reynolds; but his 'Princess Sobieski' is agreeable in colour, the 'Portrait of a Youth with a Dog' is quite characteristic of his style and technique, and the 'Mrs. Thrale and her Daughter' is an example of his excellent grouping. One sees more of Gainsborough; and if the showy, full-length 'Portrait of Julia, born Howard, Wife of the Ninth Lord Petre,' belies his reputation for refined colour, for elegant workmanship, and for unaffected facial expression, it is quite otherwise with some smaller works. The 'Nancy Parsons,' for instance, is charmingly natural, and quite in keeping with the reputed character of the sitter; while the 'Portrait of a Lady,' hard by, is an exquisitely elegant sketch in Gainsborough's liveliest style. Lawrence is well shown in his dark, pompous, full-length 'The Hon. Mary Frederica Seaforth,' and there are several good Romneys, amongst which the 'Lady in a Blue Dress' is, we think, remarkable in a suavity of colour quite unusual with this somewhat harsh painter. A portrait of Turner, in the East Gallery, painted by himself at about the age of twenty-five, is sure to attract attention, in spite of its unconvincing air of conventionality.

Allan Ramsay, Raeburn, Opie, Wilkie, and Aikman are also among the portrait-painters. Hogarth's practice of almost every branch of Art that bears at all on nature, is shown in an array of twenty-five canvases. One, a 'View in St. James's Park,' is a landscape, stiff and dark, yet not unnatural; another, 'David Garrick as Richard III.,' a life-size figure-picture with full accessories, gives little idea of Garrick whether as an actor or as a private person, as it only shows a theatrical expression arrested and stiffened, like an instantaneous photograph of something in motion. Among the master's many portraits are the 'Garrick and his Wife,' the 'Mrs. Hogarth,' and the 'Peg Woffington.' None of the smaller figure-pictures of life and incident quite reach Hogarth's highest level of technique: 'The Lady's Last Stake,' and 'Monamy showing a Picture,' are about the best and the most complete. Nothing has been so popular in England as these pictures with a story, and artists have generally thought it quite superfluous to add to the fascinations of a "subject" any of the artistic merit of the original Dutch exemplars of the *genre*. In this class we need only touch on Mulready's 'Widow,' which in its pleasant warm colour and its careful but not

niggled workmanship is an unusually fine specimen of the programme picture. Here the artistic qualities heighten rather than destroy the piquancy of the incident, and enhance the effect of truth and *finesse* in looks and gestures.

The Grosvenor enables one to take a sort of bird's-eye view of the various paths and tendencies of English landscape. Hogarth, while he followed the naturalism of the Dutch and the Flemings in his figure-pictures, gave hints in his landscape that he also appreciated their realism in treating open-air subjects, as the 'View in St. James's Park' will serve to show. This ideal of landscape has never since been entirely abandoned in England. The only important example here of Gainsborough's practice in this branch of Art, 'The Cottage Door,' is in a conventional style; but Wilkie's small canvas, entitled 'Wilkie's Home,' is a picture exactly like some of Gainsborough's realistic work. Richard Wilson once was called the Father of English Landscape, only because his original and triumphant appropriation of the glories of the classic convention for a moment overshadowed the less decorative ideal; since then, both schools have gone on side by side. Constable and the Norwich School have become famous for open-air effect and natural composition; Turner, Thomson of Duddingstone, and others have carried on the classical tradition; many seem to have practised both styles, together or separately—notably Turner. In this very exhibition are his little 'Mouth of the Thames,' a canvas fine in colour, solid in workmanship, and built on a true unity of realistic effect; then, a large picture on thoroughly classic lines of composition, the 'Vintage at Macon,' and, finally, 'The Wreck of the *Minotaur*,' an invention of his own, full of ingenuities of composition and handling, and certainly neither natural nor classic. Wilson appears in full magnificence in his large 'View of the Tiber:' it has the gorgeous colouring of a Titian, and shows a freedom quite unlike the habits of the classic schools; with, too, a mystery of envelopment broader, more romantic, and less bound to common nature than was the colour principle of Constable. Wilson and Thomson at times amplified the classic convention, while depriving it of elegance, and, better than Turner, succeeded in giving a foretaste of the *romantique* amelioration which the Frenchmen of 1830 grafted on the return to nature made by Constable. But this return to nature was required—was indeed inevitable. Without it the two schools would have remained, one outworn, the other incomplete. We have only to turn to the Constables to see that no one, not even Crome and Cotman, pushed quite so far in the direction of expressing hitherto neglected aspects of nature. The large 'Hadleigh Castle' best shows this energy and originality: in 'Arundel Castle and Mill,' the last picture he painted, he attempted too much, and fell into spottiness and lack of value; while in the larger picture the shadows receive a true top-light from the sky, natural forms and arrangements are respected, and air, sky, and distance have never before been painted as here—that is, as essential points of a true effect. Some of the Cromes are very fine, but none of them are very personal or "advanced." 'The Beaters,' though a most noble picture, strikes

one as quite Dutch; 'A Barge with Fishermen and Wounded Soldiers' and 'A Cottage and Trees' come nearer to the real Crome, but in spite of their lovely colour they are more conventional than the 'Hadleigh Castle.' We may say much the same, only with more emphasis, of several examples of Stark, Vincent, Nasmyth, and others. We have not space to speak of interesting landscape work, by Morland, Thomson, Callcott, Cotman, De Wint, Copley Fielding, Sir G. Beaumont, Collins, Linnell, Bonington, or of the many notable Turners, Constables, Cromes, and Wilsons here collected, in addition to those already mentioned. We cannot, however, conclude without speaking of a Wilson in the Vestibule, a 'View of La Riccia.' The rocks and figures on the right hand make a somewhat shoddy piece of conventionalism; but, on the left, an avenue, with a gleam of sunlight at the end, is wrapt in a broad mystery of chiaroscuro which shows a romantic quality never attained by the purely classic schools.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY: SCULPTURE AND BRONZES.—Public opinion may perhaps be divided as to whether or no the Academicians have been well advised in the new departure they have this year instituted, in adding to their Winter Exhibition a collection of sculpture and bronzes; but no true lover of all that is best and noblest in Art workmanship will be disposed to cavil at the decision which has resulted in the formation of such a collection as that which occupies the Water-Colour Room. Thanks to the liberality of such collectors as Mr. C. Drury Fortnum, Mr. Salting, the Earl of Wemyss, Sir Charles Robinson, and Mr. Heseltine, here is such a series of masterpieces of Italian Art as no public museum in Europe could rival, and as, we are bound to admit, far surpasses our most sanguine anticipations. In certain directions, it is true, the representation is somewhat scanty, but even here the numerical weakness is atoned for by the high excellence of the examples shown. Take, for instance, the Della Robbia ware, of which there are but four specimens; and it is found that the lovely tabernacle, enshrining the 'Virgin and Child' (No. 12), attributed to Andrea, but bearing many indications of the hand of Luca, leaves little to be desired. Another example of the same master, also a 'Virgin and Child' (No. 11), belonging to Mr. Holman Hunt, is marvellously beautiful in design and workmanship. Perhaps, however, the grandest works in the gallery are the two examples of Michelangelo: the marble roundel (No. 38), the property of the Academy, and the fine terra cotta of the 'Dead Christ' (C. 2), contributed by Sir Charles Robinson: the former, a bas-relief, unfinished, of the 'Virgin and Child, with St. John.'

It is always a pleasure to see the graceful 'St. Cecilia' (No. 28) belonging to the Earl of Wemyss, which is generally attributed to Donatello, but which to us has more of the sweetness and refinement of the work of Desiderio; it may here be readily compared with Mr. Fortnum's *stacciato* 'Virgin and Child' (No. 34), an unfinished work which must surely be ascribed also to the latter master. It is quite natural that works which bear so many of the more easily read features of the hand of Donatello should be claimed for him; but, though we feel little doubt as to the authenticity of Mr. Henry Vaughan's lovely bas-relief (No. 36), we are inclined to assign Mrs. F. P. Cockerell's 'Virgin and Child' (No. 43), a replica of which, in *gesso duro*, belonging to the Earl of Wemyss (No. 24), occurs some numbers earlier in the present collection, to Desiderio.

The inkstand which forms the central feature in Mr. Fortnum's case, formerly the property of Mr. Uzielli, is a fine example of the School of Padua, probably by Andrea Briosco; the statuette of Pegasus recalls the Sforza statue by Leonardo da Vinci, from a study of which it has been probably cast. Herein, too, should be remarked a beautiful circular candlestick of the Paduan School—the finest candlestick we have ever seen; and, rather badly placed at the back of the case, two exquisite works by Peter Vischer. These last, which are signed with the initials and emblems of the master, have been pronounced to be the grandest productions of the German School. In another of Mr. Fortnum's cases the central place is occupied by Leoni's medal of Michelangelo, and a portrait medallion in wax, taken by Leoni from the life in 1562. The latter was discovered some years ago in England, and was presented to Mr. Fortnum by the lady to whom it belonged, a few days before her death. Among the finest works in Case A are the bronze statuette of 'St. John the Baptist' (No. 20), perhaps the work of Donatello, or the elder Lombardi; the two companion statuettes (Nos. 5 and 16) by Lorenzo Ghiberti; the bas-relief of 'The Deposition,' which appears to be cast from the study for Donatello's famous altar-piece at Padua; and the graceful 'Venus at the Bath' (No. 8), by Gianbologna. In Case C, contributed by Sir Charles Robinson, we specially admire the marble bust of a boy, 'St. John the Baptist,' which has the undoubted attributes of the work of Donatello, and Ghiberti's lovely circular terra-cotta bas-relief, 'Virgin and Child, surrounded by Angels.' Among the objects in Case D is a small copy of the colossal 'Gattamelata' at Padua in contemporary bronze. Case G, which contains objects lent by Mr. Salting, has a bronze model for a fountain, somewhat badly displayed, but of great beauty and merit, and the statuette of Neptune which is on very good grounds ascribed to Cellini. In another of Mr. Salting's cases are two sphinxes, replicas of those at the base of the paschal candlestick made by Riccio for the church of St. Antonio at Padua.

The medals and plaques are incomparably fine. Here, again, Mr. Fortnum is one of the chief lenders, and, in Case L, he shows no less than sixty-four specimens. The plaquette (No. 2), attributed to Mino da Fiesole, is interesting as being identical in design with the bas-relief in *gesso duro* (No. 4) ascribed by Mr. Boehm to Alessandro di Settignano. Another (No. 17), an ornament for a sword-hilt, a replica of which is shown by Mr. Salting (I. 74), is a companion design to a bronze at South Kensington. Mr. Fortnum has many fine examples of the work of Briosco and Giovanni delle Corniole. We note that a design by the latter master (No. 32), which is described as 'Ariadne in the Island of Naxos,' is the same in subject as the niello, attributed to Francia, which we engraved last year. In Case M we have specially remarked the fine silver medal of Lucrezia Borgia, No. 6, the bronze medal of Agostino da Udine, and that of Matthias Corvinus. Mr. Whitworth Greene contributes a beautiful series of female portrait medals and some fine plaquettes.

Among the rarest of the medals are those shown by Mr. Salting, to the number of seventy-seven, in Case I:—the wonderful series by Pisano, that of Niccolò Piccinino being the finest known specimen; the magnificent medals by Matteo da Pasti of Isotta da Rimini; an entire tray of Sperandios; the bronze medal of Lorenzo de' Medici by A. del Pollaiuolo, which commemorated the conspiracy of the Pazzi; the unique plaquette ascribed to Leopardi (No. 63), and the three Mohammeds by Costanzo, Bellini, and Bertoldo di Giovanni.



## ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

**PERSONAL.**—M. Élie Delaunay has been commissioned to decorate the walls and ceiling of the great staircase in the Paris Hôtel de Ville. Sir John Millais has painted a large and important landscape, on a *motif* seen and studied in Scotland. Mr. Holman Hunt has been elected a member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. Mr. W. E. Henley has arranged to follow up his Memorial Catalogue of the Hamilton Bruce Collection of French and Dutch Painters with a critical and biographical study of John Constable, R.A., to be printed by Messrs. T. and A. Constable, at the University Press, Edinburgh. A number of "Shakespeare's Heroines" have been painted for exhibition and reproduction for the proprietors of *The Graphic*: Mr. Prinsep has done the 'Mariana,' Mr. Macbeth the 'Rosalind,' Mr. Waterhouse the 'Cleopatra,' Mr. Long the 'Katharine,' Mr. Leslie the 'Anne Page,' Mr. Tadema the 'Portia' of *The Merchant of Venice*, Mr. W. B. Richmond the 'Joan of Arc,' Mr. Topham the 'Isabella,' Mr. Morris the 'Audrey,' Mr. Frank Dicksee the 'Beatrice,' Mr. Goodall the 'Miranda,' the President the 'Desdemona,' Mr. Fildes the 'Jessica,' Mr. Poynter the 'Cressida,' Mrs. Tadema the 'Queen Katherine,' Mr. Blair Leighton the 'Olivia,' and Messrs. Marcus Stone, Perugini, Yeames, Schmalz, and Calderon, the 'Ophelia,' the 'Sylvia,' the 'Cordelia,' the 'Imogen,' and the 'Juliet.' Mr. Quaritch is publishing an English version, revised and enlarged, of Dr. Lippmann's "Italian Wood Engraving in the Fifteenth Century." For the coming Salon M. Lefebvre is painting an 'Eve,' M. Gérôme a 'Poète' with Venus and a bevy of nymphs, M. Henner a Saint-Sébastien, and M. Carolus Duran a portrait of Mr. Vanderbilt. M. Chapu is to be the sculptor of the Millet Monument at Cherbourg. M. Meissonier, whose thumb is all right again, has painted a big water colour and a picture in oils—both for England. MM. Besnard and Clairin, the painters, and the sculptors, MM. Boucher and Auguste Rodin, have received the riband of the Legion of Honour.

**THE ROYAL ACADEMY ART SCHOOLS.**—The chief prize-winners of 1887 are as follows:—Mr. A. T. Nowell, gold medal and travelling studentship (£200) for historical painting, also the Turner gold medal and scholarship (£50) for landscape painting. Mr. W. E. R. Stephens (£40), for a design for the decoration of a public building. Mr. A. B. Sykes, silver medal and prize (£25) for a cartoon of a draped figure. Mr. W. F. Little, the Armitage prize (£30) and bronze medal for a design in monochrome for a figure picture. Mr. C. T. Rudkin (£50), for six drawings of a figure from life. Miss Lydia King (£10), for a drawing of a statue or group. Mr. G. J. Frampton, gold medal and travelling studentship (£200), for a composition in sculpture. Mr. W. G. John (£50), for three models of a figure from life, also (£30) for a model of a design. Mr. R. W. Schultz, gold medal and travelling studentship (£200) for a design in architecture. Mr. W. Leck (£25), for a set of architectural designs.

**MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES.**—Mr. Jesse Haworth has presented to the British Museum what is held to be the oldest piece of woodwork in existence: the throne, that is, of Queen Hatasu, who belonged to the Eighteenth Dynasty, and flourished some 1600 years B.C. Mr. Watts has given a replica, painted by himself, of his 'Love and Death,' to the City of Manchester. Monti's notorious 'Veiled Lady' has been presented by Mr. W. Schaus to the Metropolitan Museum, New York. The Solari Collection of blocks—some three thousand numbers strong, and illustrating the typography of between two and three centuries—has been purchased from the Galerie Estense, Modena. An example of the Antwerp painter, Theodore Boeyermans, has been presented to the Musée Communal, Brussels; to the Musée Royal, in the same city, a large and important canvas painted by Jordaens and Adrian Van Utrecht. A superb bas-relief of Jupiter, Hercules, and a third divinity, has been added to the Capitoline Museum, Rome. M. Jan Van Beers has presented his 'Peter Bénéit' to the Musée Moderne, Antwerp. Auguste de Chatillon's portrait of the *romantique* publisher, Renduel, has been added to the Musée Carnavalet.

**OBITUARY.**—The death is announced of the landscape-painter Becker, of Düsseldorf: of the eminent expert, Charles Pillet, well known to frequenters of the Hôtel Drouot and to readers of the *Figaro*, the *Débats*, and the *Courrier de l'Art*; of the historical painter, Louis Gallait, the sometime chief of the Belgian school: of the portrait, *genre* and still-life painter, Auguste Legras, a pupil of Ary Scheffer: of the Austrian landscape-painter, Schweninger: of Henri Évrard, professor of painting at the Brussels Royal Academy: of Léon Fauré, professor of painting at the Toulouse École des Beaux-Arts: of George Christie, the famous auctioneer and valuer: of the distinguished animal and still-life painter, Théophile Rousseau, a pupil of Gros and Bertin: of the admired painter François Bonvin: of the sculptor, Giovanni Battista Amendola: of Victor Gay, the archæologist and antiquary: and of the draughtsman, Marcelin, founder and editor of a famous print, *La Vie Parisienne*.

**NEW PRINTS.**—One of the best of the younger school of French painters was the late Ulysse Butin. He was a close and faithful student of nature; his talent was robust and sincere in kind; his expression was marked by a fine combination of breadth with accomplishment; he was by no means lacking in the master quality of style. His last picture, the 'Mise à Flot d'un Canot de Sauvetage,' presents, with great simplicity and directness, and a rare contempt for mere rhetoric, a moving dramatic incident seen against a background of singular vivacity and freshness. It has been admirably etched for the 'Librairie de l'Art' (Paris: Rouam), by M. Daniel Mordant, whose hand is perhaps the strongest, as his sympathy is probably the largest and his point the most intelligent and adroit, of the younger masters of the art. In effect the plate is finely decorative; in execution it is touched

with equal energy and delicacy; it is, so far, M. Mordant's best work—and that is saying much.

**A NEW THING IN BOYS' BOOKS.**—Of making books for boys there is no end; and the worst is, all are made on the same pattern. To M. Ernest d'Hervilly is due the credit of having struck out a new line. His "AVENTURES D'UN PETIT GARÇON PRÉHISTORIQUE EN FRANCE" (Paris: Librairie Mondaine), is, so far as we know, an absolute novelty. His hero, Crek, is a boy of the Stone Age; and Crek's adventures are such as might have fallen to the lot of any youngster who had the good or ill luck to be born some tens of thousands of years back. What they are it is not for us to say; neither shall we take it on ourselves to do more than hint at the terrific quality of the facts and appearances among which his fortunes are cast. We shall but note that M. d'Hervilly tells his story with great spirit, and wears his erudition far lighter than, for instance, M. Jules Verne. His narrative of the life of them that dwelled in caves, indeed, is fascinating reading: one begins the book, it may be, a little unwillingly, but, having begun, one goes on without a check until the end. A great and important feature in the work is the illustrations, which are the work of M. Félix Régamey. In execution they are uncommonly spirited and suggestive, and they are at once imaginative and learned in design. M. Régamey has utilised his materials with such admirable adroitness that his results produce the effect of having been studied from nature. There are thousands of boys—and girls, too, for that matter—to whom this romance of primitive man would be, we take it, a perfect godsend. It is written in elegant French; it is full of information and suggestion; it should be as popular in England as at home.

**GIFT BOOKS.**—Miss Jane Lemann's contribution to "KING DIDDLE" (Arrowsmith: Bristol) gives us a new thing in children—something that is neither Caldecott nor Miss Greenaway, but is all the same as graceful and charming and original as need be. In "LIONEL'S LEGENDS" (London: Cassell), by Walter Crane, there is an abundance of fancy and humour; the 'Pot and Kettle,' indeed, the 'Spade and the Hose,' the 'Little London Black,' also the Animated Ironmongery—to name but these—are as good as ever Mr. Crane has done. Miss Dealy's children are always quaint and pretty; many of those she has drawn for Miss Wilson's "CHILDREN'S PRAYERS" (London: Eyre and Spottiswoode), are very nice indeed. Mr. Herbert Sweetland's account of "TOM'S ADVENTURE IN SEARCH OF SHADOWLAND" (London: Unwin), is paved with good intentions; so are the designs of Messrs. Overend, Dollman, and Ch. Homère. The fitness for "juvenile performers" of "QUEEN ILOVEYOU'S FIVE O'CLOCK TEA" (London: Murby), Miss Osborne's "Fairy Kindergarten Cantata," with music by Mr. Thos. Murby, is not immediately apparent. The lady's verse, however, is usually neat and fluent; Mr. Murby's melodies are tuneful; the effect in action might be the reverse of discomforting. Miss Estes's "NATURE AND ART" (London: Sonnenschein) is a gift-book of American origin; pictures and text are both of a certain age, the paper is smooth and shiny, the covers are beautiful, the general effect is that of (say) a new Brussels carpet. Mr. Mack's "TREASURES OF ART AND SONG" (London: Griffith), is composed of verses by Graham Tomson, Mrs. Nesbit, Geo. Clausen, May Kendal, T. B. Aldrich, Austin Dobson, Lord

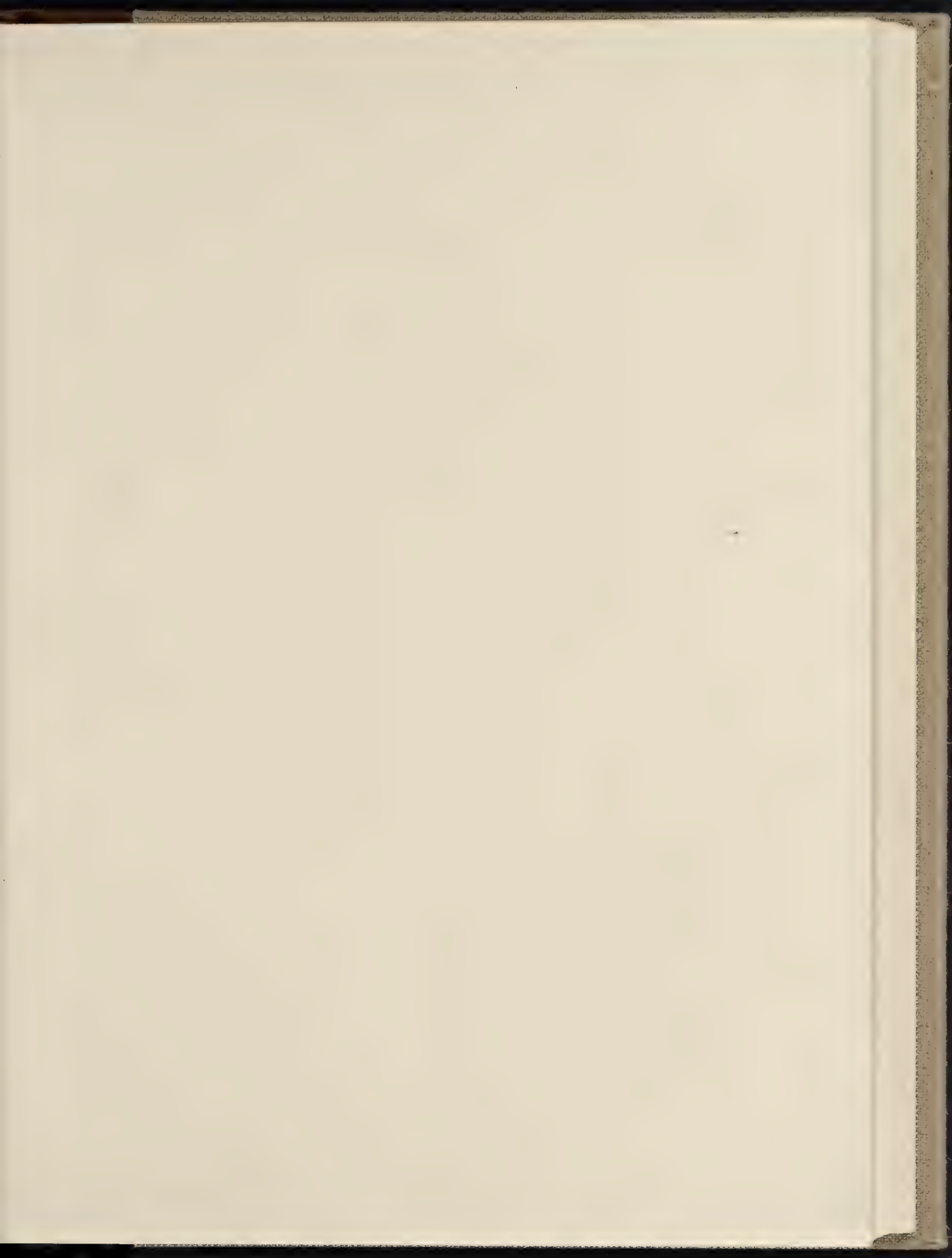
Tennyson, and others, and designs by Miss Gow, Miss Mack, the Editor, Margaret Dicksee, Percy Tarrant, Geo. Clausen, and Fred Hine; it is quite good of its kind.

**FURNITURE.**—The first volume of M. Henri Havard's "DICTIONNAIRE DE L'AMEUBLEMENT ET DE LA DÉCORATION" (Paris: Quantin) extends from "Abaisse" and "Abaque" to "Cypres" and "Cytise." It is composed of 543 pages, or 1,086 columns, quarto, exclusive of the author's preface; contains as many as 803 cuts, in the text and out of it; and is as full of reading as an egg is full of meat. M. Havard deals with his subject only under its national aspect, but his work, so far as it goes, appears to be exhaustive. As there are still five volumes to come, we shall say no more of the book just now.

**DICKENSIANA.**—The first series of Mr. Fred Barnard's intelligent and amusing "CHARACTER SKETCHES FROM DICKENS" (London: Cassell), has been for some years out of print. It comprehends the best of Mr. Barnard's works in this direction:—the "Bill Sikes," the excellent "Mrs. Gamp," the admirable "Jingle," to name but these; and as the price of it has long been twice or thrice as high as at the beginning, it has been, to those so fortunate as to include it in their belongings, a possession of a certain mark. To them its reissue, at a guinea, as before, will no doubt prove a blow; as to the rest of the Dickensian world it must appear in the light of a kind of benefit.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—Like the author's other compilations, the "PARIS" (London: Smith, Elder & Co.) and the "DAYS NEAR PARIS" (same publishers) of Mr. Augustus Hare teem with errors, but (for those who like their literature in snippets) are by no means bad reading. The "TUSCAN STUDIES AND SKETCHES" (London: Unwin) of Leader Scott are well meant and well done; they are not, of course, for specialists; they are designed for popular reading, and they should certainly fulfil their mission. Mr. Tirebuck's "GREAT MINDS IN ART" (London: Unwin) sets forth, in English which may fairly be described as personal, the writer's idea of a sort of double quadrilateral of genius—Doré, Dürer, Raphael, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Wilson, Landseer, and Wilkie, to wit. "As personalities," he says, in his fine Ruskinian way, "they were eight in number, but as artists they were virtually one." What he means exactly, and how he works out his theory that these eight "may be regarded as the eight parts of speech in the one great language of pictorial art" (that "infatuating cause of indefinite ecstasy"), and proves to himself the connection between Doré and Velasquez (for instance), it is not for us to say. The "JOHANNES BRAHMS" (same publisher) of Dr. Hermann Deiters, Englished (fairly well) by Rosa Newmarch, and edited, with a preface, by Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland, is certainly enthusiastic and emphatic, and appears to have the arithmetical virtue of exactness as well; to the layman it is also profoundly dull. A new edition, enlarged, of Professor Church's "COLOUR" (London: Cassell) may be cordially recommended. The fourth volume of Mr. Hamilton's collection of "PARODIES" (London: Reeves and Turner), is made up, like its predecessors, of some few good examples and a mass of mere rubbish. The "FROM PHARAOH TO FELLAH" (London: Wells Gardner), of Mr. Moberly Bell, is brightly written, well illustrated (by George Montbard), and neatly produced; it is quite worth having.







THE LILY OF THE VALLEY









## J. S. SARGENT.

M<sup>R</sup>. JOHN S. SARGENT betrays very slightly in his painting his American descent, unless by a pronounced respect for technique and a certain absence of the spirit of poetical reverie. The typical American carries

to quite dangerous length his smart readiness in learning his craft, and his native contempt for the cult of any beauty due to association. This is scarcely surprising when we think that most Americans who come to study in Europe are full-grown men, who have never learnt what emotions people demand from Art, or to what purposes it can be and has been applied. Art occupies no real place in the life of many classes in London or Liverpool. It cannot be different in New York. How far removed then from its influence must be the inhabitants of remoter towns? They have been brought up, for the most part, under conditions quite incompatible with a natural and unconscious familiarity with beautiful and appropriate decoration. They have not lived among pictures as part of the ordinary furniture of life, and if they have ever seen good ones

it has been on a sight-seeing trip to some public gallery. No candid person so reared can pretend to understand any other uses of paintings than to procure a shock of surprise by deception, or to serve as an easily consulted dictionary

of past costumes and foreign habits; still less can he conceive the view taken of pictures, statues, and ornamentation by those to whom they are as the bread of life. This state of mind neither prevents the growth of a strong interest in actual

life nor interferes with the development of keen perceptive powers; it merely precludes the genesis of any personal views or deep-seated feelings about Art. There are many people who would say that such a lack of training is the best preparation for an artist. They will contend that an unpreoccupied mind, like a town empty of a garrison, is easily taken by storm. But can any mind, unless an idiot's, ever be unpreoccupied? It is as if you took peasants from the gossip and bargaining of the market, and teaching them grammar, parsing, and composition, forthwith set them up in the business of literature. They would doubtless continue to feel and think as they did before, and would be more fitted to astonish and disgust than to interest or charm the educated. So, many Americans and, we may add, many modern painters, writers, and mu-

sicians of every country, though they feel a profound respect for the evident difficulties of technique, nevertheless undervalue refinement of idea and the poetical force of associations. They are capable of treating subjects surrounded with a halo



*Mrs. W. Playfair.*

of romance by the ugly lines, cheap colour, and commonplace *ensemble* of a style utterly devoid of elevation. They are without the decorative feeling for appropriateness in workmanship, and seem to forget the whole *raison d'être* of a picture.

Now in virtue of his birth only can Mr. Sargent be called an American. Brought up in France and Italy by parents in easy circumstances, he grew up amongst artistic influences, and, more than most painters, he possesses the quality of good taste. Not only by looking, but by copying, he became familiar with the works of the Venetians and other painters before he began his professional training as one of the first pupils who came to the studio of M. Carolus Duran. Here he showed himself American rather than English by a practical common sense and a reasonable docility which led him to put himself in reality, and not in name only, into the position of a pupil. He had none of the obstinacy which leads some Englishmen to think they know more than their professor. These false pupils fear the loss of an originality which they may never have possessed, and which, unless they acquire facility of expression, must remain for ever unrevealed to the world. A vague feeling of originality which cannot be expressed is a very doubtful possession, and may only consist in ignorance of what can be done with paint. People who have never seriously grappled with Art fail to realise how much the strangeness of certain works is involuntary, and arises from the inability of the authors to make them correspond to their intentions. Anyhow it cannot but be good practice to learn to keep to an *ensemble* of a certain kind, even if it be not of one's own discovery. Thus the artist acquires facility, certainty, and a standard with which to gauge success when he would realise an intention of his own. The science of observing nature is perhaps more easily taught than the application of the principles of Art, and some smattering of it is necessary before a painter can know his own mind. Mr. Sargent devoted himself to the routine of the studio without seeking to appear original. I do not remember that he was considered in any way other than an excellent and conscientious student for some years. Only in one or two small sketches which he showed us, or in an occasional rapid portrait of a fellow-student, could other than his intimate friends foresee any especial aptitude of vision or evidence of personal feeling for Art. He made, however, a none the less rapid advance in technique, and owed to this proficiency the advantage of being especially remarked by the master. He was chosen with three other pupils to accompany M. Carolus Duran in a voyage to the South, and to assist in collecting materials for the decoration of the Luxembourg ceiling.

Generally speaking, Mr. Sargent stuck closely to Paris in his early student days. He was from the first a convinced figure painter, and did not, like so many, embarrass himself by the pursuit of landscape.

Looking at Mr. Sargent's well-known works of later years no one can doubt that, whatever the tendency of his course of study, he has emerged from it thoroughly himself and thoroughly original. His faculty of seeing remains fresh and delicate. His predilections for certain schemes of colour, for certain allusions to past art in his style are evident, and have only been confined by training within the bonds of harmony. The first work to receive general notice was his spirited portrait of Mr. Carolus Duran. The young painter is already revealed with his personal taste and tendencies in this

graceful canvas. Based on the same science of nature, on the same logic of vision, as his master's work, it already differs not only in brushwork but in the general qualities of feeling and taste. It is conceived in a less militant and magisterial vein of style and ornament. As a rendering not only of the structure of the sitter but of his air and manner, it equals any portrait that Mr. Sargent has since done, although it may scarcely reach the pitch of bravura attained in the execution of later work. The exhibition of this portrait, in company with other important pictures, at The Fine Art Society's galleries, was Mr. Sargent's introduction to England. On this occasion his large sketch 'El Jaleo' excited much attention and some dispute. It is beyond question an amazing *tour de force*, even if it is nothing more. No person who could not paint directly and very swiftly, who could not do without processes and mechanical dependence on a model, could have realised so vivid an impression of mad abandonment to the dance. The dashing and impetuous brushing of 'El Jaleo' contrasted admirably with the refined repose and exquisite finish of the portrait of a young American lady, which hung on the opposite wall. Mr. Henry James, in his able article on the painter in a late number of *The Century Magazine*, gave high and deserved praise to this picture. The picture was calculated indeed to please every one, and to satisfy by its reticence even those critics who dislike what they call an obtrusive display of an artist's skill in workmanship.

These comparatively early works, especially the last, show Mr. Sargent's remarkable power as a draughtsman. One may say vaguely of many very different artists that they are draughtsmen, and it imports to know in what sense the remark is understood. Two among the elements of drawing appear particularly important—proportion and expression. There is a drawing by which, through trouble and measurement, things are at last got into their right places. This system buys at any price the accuracy that can be attained by surveying, and would be unimpeachable if Art appealed to reason and not at all to the feelings, if its object was wholly to instruct and not at all to please. But by the laboriousness of this method the quality of the painting and colour is liable to be deteriorated by its slowness, the enthusiasm of the artist has time to grow cold, and by the neutral aspect of the results the public are less likely to divine the spirit of the painter. Moreover the sort of engineering accuracy aimed at requires a kind of study to be appreciated that no spectator is willing or qualified to afford. In Art it is not being but seeming which contents. In drawing with the point we all know certain styles in which the lines, whether correct or not, are far from expressionless; and we admire the piquant sentiment of form conveyed by a great caricaturist more than the tame contours and correct proportions of a prize drawing. When the work comes to be executed with a brush, interior drawing or modelling goes on at the same time as the determination of silhouettes. Thus while fixing proportions and contours, the brush can also graduate the colour so as to simulate the changes of plane. Here there is manifestly ample room for an expressive workmanship, for a treatment that shall add as much to the dry accuracies of form and colour as the *débit* of an actor adds to the meaning of words. In this art of brushwork Mr. Sargent is a master both by natural taste and by intelligent study of great models. With his supple lively touch, now forcible, now delicate, now, as it were, *legato*, and now *staccato*, he can so caress the surfaces of changing planes, so swamp



and reveal the contours of objects, and so subtly gradate passages of light, that he can give, besides a mere account of shapes, a commentary of his own about their sentiment or character. By the way in which they are touched in, the expression of objects can be emphasized or transformed so as to give them dignity, soft beauty, nervous grace, solid majesty—in fact, so as to give them a character suitable to the *ensemble* of which they are to form a part. A hand, for instance, can

be made to suggest action, whether languid or energetic, and an apparently empty space can be peopled with mysterious hints of half-defined objects. We cannot go into all the devices by which handling can heighten effect, such as the direction, accent, sweep, and swing of the strokes, the juxtaposition of soft and sharp, the contrast of thin and thick colour, and the opposition of flat and of vibrating surfaces. Every one, however, feels the magic of the shapely strokes and vague smudges which, in the work of great artists like Rembrandt and Corot, reveal not only an object but an artist's conception of it, as bold, violent, graceful, or almost intangible. Some people, however, are as suspicious of what they call cleverness as an old woman of Latin. They fear to mistake eloquence for humbug, and they cannot tell the difference between a

style which is an artistic exposition of the painter's feelings and one which is no more than a parrot-like repetition of a manner. Only two colourable arguments can be brought forward for that perfectly smooth, unappealing, almost dumb style of handling which we see, let us say, in some of Raphael's works. One argument asserts that no "facture" is visible in nature. This can have little weight with the artist, who must be aware that he never sees nature in a gilt frame, flat as a pancake and coloured instead of lit

up. The other and the better argument urges that artists would do well to acquire such witchery, such harmony, such flow in the lines and masses of their pictures that, as in Raphael's work, extra art in execution would be a superfluous gilding of the lily. But this aim would overthrow realism, and is entirely incompatible with modern tendencies. Even Raphael himself in his successful portraits, that is, in a field where he could not play fast and loose with facts, found it

advisable to employ a marked and masculine handling.

What has just been said may have been shown towards which class of Art in the past Mr. Sargent's sympathies most decidedly lean. If we call the movement, of which he is one of the leaders, a revolution in technical methods, we shall give too narrow a view of its scope and aims. It is primarily a return to style in Art, an aspiration towards a somewhat new, but legitimately pictorial style of painting. Style, of course, shows itself most potently in technique, though it also reacts necessarily on the nature of the matter treated. To say shortly, and yet with some truth, wherein the aims of certain modern men mainly differ from those of the painters who preceded them is by no means easy. It seems to me that a hint may be given by stating that nowadays artists wish to depend less than their fathers did on those elements of



Mrs. White.

interest, which would remain, however badly a picture were painted. I will give two proofs, or instances, that there is much besides painting in a picture. First, let us take Mr. Frith's admirable illustrations of contemporary life, which have brought him so deserved a renown. It would be absurd to deny that they are wonderfully clever and full of interest, but strictly speaking they have little to do with the art of painting. No one cares for the painting in them; it might be worse, it might be better, without affecting their utility,

which would survive the worst possible reproduction. They are as necessary and as interesting to those who like them



Sketch for the Picture 'Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose.'

as blue books and exciting telegrams to the man of affairs, but they are no more the art of painting than those are the art of literature. Secondly, let us consider the fact that many people have expected that the science of photography would render unnecessary the art of painting. This, at least, proves how many people are to be found who have never felt the slightest craving for an art in form and colour, analogous to those in sound and words. To poke into the vilest and most wooden engraving of an *interesting* picture will please some people better than abandoning themselves to the nameless influences of Rembrandt's profound chiaroscuro, of Veronese's stately breadth of light, or of Rubens's stimulating and triumphant flourish, if these qualities happen to be applied to a common still life, or to a commoner fat woman. Such people do not care a rap for painting. The subject alone pleases them, and all that elevating part of plastic art which coincides with the effect of a pure symphony in music is utterly thrown away upon them. Many of the old masters supplied pabulum for every one; they were widely and profoundly human, and they content both the sightseer and the connoisseur. But these masters, Rembrandt, Rubens, and others, receive no particular worship from the modern renovators of style. It is not that men of feeling and ability among them, such as Mr. Sargent, by any means despise taste, tradition, and cultivation. On the contrary, their comprehension of certain masters is most intimate. Veronese, Tintoret, Titian, F. Hals, and above all Velasquez are their classic models.

Mr. Sargent's painting is strict painting, as Bach's fugues are strict music. He deals with nothing symbolical and with nothing sensational. He relies on nothing which may suggest to the mind a poetry which is not visible. The beauty of light playing on the varied surfaces of things, that is his matter. Form must be expressed as light expresses it, or veiled as light veils it, and colour must be gradated and harmonized on no other system than the natural method of light. We have seen in his work that his brain is prompt to guide his hand in laying splashes of pigment of the wished-for tone in the wished-for place. His canvas thus presents a surface without a break in the continuity of effect, without gaps or holes in the envelope of air, a surface, too, of sparkling brio and variety, on which the supple touches play and intertwine in a marvellously elegant manner. This or that

dash or blot will be found, at the right focus, to give excellent expression to some shape or change of plane, and that in so rapid and certain a way as to take the eye by storm. When labour, correction, and retouching become necessary, Mr. Sargent always tries to destroy the painful evidences of toil or fumbling. In rare passages where success in this task would necessitate a lie or an awkwardness, he sometimes chooses the latter, and then the grace of his general ensemble may be particularly felt. Not merely a machine-like accuracy of eye, and a docile, nimble hand, but also a fine taste in form, colour, and ornamentation, are necessary for an artist who would emulate the beautiful workmanship of such portraits as, 'The Misses Vickers,' 'Mrs. White,' 'Mrs. Vickers,' 'Lady Playfair,' and 'Mrs. W. Playfair.'

These portraits and others have been exhibited at the Academy and Grosvenor during the last two or three years. Of the 'Mrs. White,' and the 'Mrs. W. Playfair,' we give reproductions on the pages of this article. A glance at the 'Mrs. White' will reveal something of Mr. Sargent's speaking and eloquent workmanship. It will show, too, that large and noble disposition of a picture which we admire so much in the old masters. The canvas is admirably filled, the quantities of tranquil space, and crowded clamorous space, are tastefully balanced, and the accessories stand in most harmonious relations to the figure. The wavering silhouette of the figure, now firmly detached from, and now sliding off into its surroundings, may be followed with pleasure even if held upside down. It falls into a perfect scheme of decorative effect, and yet it relieves from its environment with all the consistency and variety of truth. The rapid sketch which we give of a lady leaning forward and strongly lit up effectively displays Mr. Sargent's swift and sure grasp of essential facts, and the extraordinary *verve* and dexterity of his method. A large canvas, showing the three Misses Vickers, which was exhibited in the Salon, and which afterwards figured in the Academy of 1886, deserves, owing to similar quantities of rapid dexterity, witty suggestion of form, and fervid singleness of impression, to be called a sketch-picture. I am well aware that it proved a hard nut to crack for many,



Sketch for the Picture 'Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose.'

that something in its colour, in the novelty and audacity of its handling, or in the somewhat morbid intensity imparted to



the figures, made it repellent to the crowd. For myself I must admit feeling something of the sort at a first glance. Afterwards the power and grip of the thing held me spellbound, and I was constantly coming back to put myself under the potent stimulant of its influence. When we come to 'Mrs. Playfair' we come, in my opinion, to the best of Mr. Sargent's portraits. Anything more subtle and more true than the play of light over the surfaces of the flesh and dress it would be difficult to conceive. The nervous force of the hand half hidden, the aptness of folds and detail, and the soft shimmer of silks and satins, were but superficial beauties in a piece of finished modelling that might be studied from end to end without fear of finding a single instance of hardness, arbitrary colouring, or meaningless smoothness. Nothing eccentric in the handling shocked one's belief in the genuineness of the inspiration; nothing over-systematic froze one's delight in its spontaneity, appropriateness, and infinite variety. When this picture obtains the mellowing skin of age it will come as near to a Velasquez in the quality of its technique as the work of any man living. A portrait of this sort lays itself open to very little adverse criticism, even from those who do not sympathise with the painter's style. It is too complete in all the qualities which underlie painting—in drawing, modelling, composition, aerial truth of tone, decorative effect of colour, subordination of accessories, and the like. Its modest but unassailable attitude of strength does not quite belong to all the portraits which have come between it and the 'Carolus Duran' or the 'Young American Lady.' The fact is that Mr. Sargent has not been standing still. He has made many a perilous excursion into new realms of difficulty, and it has sometimes cost him an effort to cover his retreat with honour. In 'Mrs. Playfair' he shows that he has conquered the fresh country, and his sway over the broader empire of Art is now as easy and masterful as it was over the more confined. No one who looks at the pictures of the two epochs can fail to see in both the same finish, sureness, and complete realization of the intention, while some will doubtless recognise that the intention of the picture of last year is by far the nobler.

To Mr. Sargent's ingenuity in suggesting motion we have

already alluded in speaking of 'El Jaleo.' The portrait, or rather subject picture, of Mr. R. L. Stevenson and Mrs. Stevenson, which was hung in the New English Art Club, also contained a feat of the sort. Though no very good likeness of Mr. Stevenson's face, it hit him off in the act of walking to admiration. Mr. Sargent lights upon a device for rendering such intangible things by a sort of technical inspiration, and if in doing so he hurtles facts a little rudely, we must remember that Art is made of make-shifts and make-believes.

A phase of Mr. Sargent's talent is hardly fully brought out in portraiture, or, at least, it is seen in subordination to other interests. This is his power of investing scenes with artistic sentiment by a vivid and original manner of treating effects of lights. I have long wished to see him deal with romantic and fantastic figure subjects, for which I believe him to be still better organized than for portraiture. The success of

'Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose,' at the Academy, may probably lead him farther on in this direction. There is nothing more charming and nothing more suited to the spirit of the age than a fantastic subject treated on a basis of realism. 'Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose,' was fantastic enough in some ways; indeed, one of its great merits lay in the strange unlikeness to anybody else's work. But it was primarily a decorative picture in spite of its conformity to actual truth. 'El Jaleo' dealt with a curious effect of light, but it smelt somewhat of the arrogance and intemperance of youth. I have seen a sketch, a mere note of the interior of a



*Sketch of a Lady.*

cellar with naked figures turning a wine-press, that exactly demonstrates Mr. Sargent's wonderful power of suggesting a mysterious sentiment by light. The vicious tones of the wine stains on the floor and wall, the glimmer of light on bare flesh standing out sharply from the dim swimming atmosphere, and the threatening bulk of the wine-press reaching its arms into the darkness, all combined to produce the aspect of some hideous underground torture-chamber. It is in such scenes that Mr. Sargent should seek the poetical expression of his way of seeing. No one could compete with him in treating the mystery of real light and shadow, wrapping figures in a half gloom.

R. A. M. STEVENSON.



No. 1.—*The Gods of Good Fortune after a night's revelling. From a Pouch Ornament in the Author's Collection.*

## NOTES ON JAPAN AND ITS ART WARES.\*

THERE is no nation under the sun whose Art has not been materially influenced and assisted by its religion, and this has undoubtedly been the case with Japan, in spite of its people not being highly endued with what has been termed "the religious faculty."

It will not do to believe the travelled Japanese of the present day whose recollection only extends to a date posterior to the recent Revolution, when a blow was struck at all religious supremacy, and who considers it the correct thing in the Western world to sneer at faith and to ape the sceptic. It will not do, for everything points to the contrary, and shows that to religion Japan owes the greater portion of its Art.

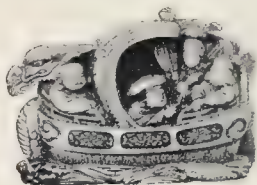
The religions of Japan are so intricate and complex that it will be impossible for us to wander into a discussion of their mysteries. Herr Rein considers that no side of Japanese national life is so difficult for foreigners to appreciate, for although the religious instinct manifests itself in temples,

idols, sacrifices, ceremonies and processions, in prayer and preaching, a scarcely intelligible indolence and ignorance prevent the attainment of much information on the subject. Only those who have the time and critical skill to search deeply, and receding

in almost every house memorial tablets of dead members of the family may be seen, who immediately on their decease become beings to whom prayer may be offered; and this really constitutes nearly the whole of the ancient religion of the country. Until the introduction of Buddhism in the sixth century it had no name, but it was shortly afterwards termed Shintō, or Kami-no-michi, *i.e.* Doctrine of the Gods. "Shin" being the Chinese, and "Kami" the Japanese equivalent for a spirit, and "tō" and "no-michi" for doctrine.

Shintōism can hardly be said to have a definite creed or moral code. Dr. Dresser in his "Japan" considers that the whole faith may be summed up in the text from our Bible, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," and to this is due that thoroughness which is characteristic of all its art and other workmanship in the past. Shintōism has influenced Art to a far less degree than its companion religion Buddhism, for it advocates simplicity of worship and life, and absence of decoration and adornment; it worships no images, and limits its sacred colours to red and white.

The Torii, or double T-shaped gateways, are the principal external signs marking the entrances to its temples. Pictures



No. 2.—*The Treasure Ship, from a Netsuke in the Gilbertson Collection.*

from present ideas bury themselves in the old written traditions, can unearth the mysteries which lie beneath accumulations of centuries.

The most complete account of the varied religions of Japan is to be found in the introduction to Murray's Handbook to Japan, but unfortunately this volume is not now purchasable out of that country.

Shortly, the religions of Japan are as follows.

The earliest worship, undoubtedly, was that of the heavenly bodies, wind, fire, thunder, and even the mountain streams and woods. As to most of these I touched in my first article (see page 5) and they need be dwelt upon no further here than to say that in one form or another their worship still exists. Following this came the deification of the illustrious dead and of ancestors, and this is still continued, for



No. 3.—*Shaka. From a Wood Carving in the Author's Collection.*

of these erections are to be found in almost every illustrated book upon Japan. One will be seen in the distance in the Illustration

\* Continued from page 44.



No. 10 (p. 43), in the second article, and upon the left of the lowest compartment but one of the medicine box, Illustration



No. 4.—*Kwan-non*, from a *Sword-guard* in the *Gilbertson Collection*.

No. 8 (p. 8, Article I.). They were supposed to have been originally used for rests for the sacred cocks which ushered in the morn, but this idea is no longer adhered to. Apropos of this, frequent representations of the cock which abounds round Shintō temples are to be found in Japanese Art. One often depicts him seated upon the drum which summons the faithful to service. The interior of the temples usually only contain, (1) a metal mirror, emblem of divine splendour, probably of the sun; (2) gohei (imperial gifts), strips of white paper, often gilt on the edges, cut out of one piece and attached to a wand; upon these the Kami or spirit rests;\* (3) a ball of rock crystal, emblem of the purity of the Kami; (4) two vases of pottery or porcelain, holding boughs of the evergreen Sakaki. No lacquer or metal ornament is supposed to be allowed. At home, a small dais, Kami-dana, raised above and apart from the rest of the room, represents the family altar; upon this stands a wooden shrine like a temple, as well as a vase, in which each morning a sprig of evergreen and a little rice and cake are placed, as offerings to the god by the faithful. Each evening a lighted lamp is also so disposed. It will thus be seen that this religion offers little encouragement to Art, and merely influences good and honest workmanship.

A few words will suffice for the Doctrines of Confucius, which were introduced into Japan in the third century, and soon tacked themselves on to Shintōism. His philosophy is summed up by Rein thus: "His true follower is a good son, a loyal subject, and a faithful husband; amongst a hundred virtues, piety towards parents is the chief; among ten thousand sins, adultery is the worst." Such a teaching naturally assisted ancestor worship and the feudal system.

Japan has been termed the "Land of Great Peace." Those who glanced through the civil history of the country, as briefly summarized in my second article, will hardly believe such a title to be in any way applicable. But as regards the religious history of the country, it certainly holds good. The advent of a new form of religion into almost every country with whose history we are cognisant has invariably been marked by warfare, persecution, and enmities of the most

bitter character. But in Japan (if we except the expulsion of Christianity when it attempted to gain a foothold in the sixteenth century, and the persecution of the Buddhists under Nobunaga) for twelve hundred years two rival religions have continued side by side without any apparent hatred, jealousy, or rivalry.

Buddhism found its way to Japan in the seventh century, and made rapid progress. By the ninth century it had accommodated itself to the few tenets of Shintōism, and had by the aid of gorgeous ritual and splendid finery laid hold of and encouraged the religious sense which until then had lain dormant. To this religion is due no doubt the present high state of civilisation and culture, and especially their great fondness and appreciation of nature. As a religion it compares with Roman Catholicism, in its army of saints, its love of decoration, its traditions and legends.

Undoubtedly the rise of the popular school of artists has had much to do with the decline of religion in Japan. The natural bent of the Japanese mind is towards the ludicrous, and "fear tempered with fun" describes the attitude of the popular mind towards religion. When, therefore, at the end of the eighteenth century a school of artists recruited from the ranks arose, they did not hesitate to present the gods in extravagant and comical postures and costumes, intense and grotesque in their actions. This was fatal to that reverence upon which the continuance of the whole structure depended.

Until the revolution of 1868 the mass of the people undoubtedly had confidence in their gods, but upon this event happening, the Buddhist religion was dethroned from the position of state which it had occupied under the Shōguns, its ordinances were abolished, its possessions were confiscated, and many of its finest treasures were distributed over the



No. 5.—*Kwan-non*, after *Hokusai*.

length and breadth of the world. The images of the gods themselves, the vestments of their priests, the candlesticks,

\* See Illustration No. 3, p. 40, Article II.

incense-burners, and other articles which adorned their temples, came into the market. Miss Bird tells that in her journey through the country she found countless Buddhas lying prostrate and uncared for; but probably many of these had fallen into neglect prior to the Revolution, owing to the decay of the religion itself, for she gives a doleful account of the state of the people in these remote parts. All that remains to them of religion are a few superstitions, futurity is a blank about which they hardly trouble themselves, their standard of morality is very low, and their life is neither beautiful nor pure.

Shintoism, which had always been the creed of the Mikados, was, at the Revolution, made the national religion, and its priesthood were reinstated in the temples from which they had been ousted by the Buddhists. The results of this attempt to change the national faith has not been successful, and the effect has been to disparage one religion in the eyes of the people without resuscitating another.

Besides the deities actually appertaining to the two religions, there are a legion of other supernatural beings which have been grafted on to one or other of the creeds. It is probable that the majority of them were found in the Pantheon of the country when Buddhism invaded it, and were taken up by the priests of that sect as an easy means of avoiding hos-

The divinities in the first of these classes are to be found everywhere throughout Japan; one or other of them is to be seen in every house, almost upon every article in daily use; in my collection of metal work certainly one hundred out of the one thousand pieces deal with them. Four of them come under the wing of Buddhism, namely, Bishamon, Benten, Daikoku, and Hotei, and to these a certain amount of reverence is paid; the others are treated with an affectionate cordiality, and certainly in the present day receive no sort of veneration, but rather the reverse. As Mr. Anderson remarks, they owe their vitality rather to the artist than the priest, and have received nearly the whole of their extended popularity and influence from their lay supporters.

It has been suggested with some probability\* that these gods came into existence to supply a want. The people desired many temporal blessings; they therefore said, "Let us make gods who shall dispense them, and let these gods impose no slavish worship, no self-denial, no punishment for want of reverence; they shall not be of forbidding, but of pleasant aspect; we will worship them at home, without formal ritual, so we shall have no troublesome visits to pay to the temple, no priests to bribe, no threats affecting our future state. There shall be no impropriety in asking for luck at cards, or good fortune



No. 6.—*Daikoku, from a Sword-guard in the Author's possession.*



No. 7.—*Ebisu, from a Sword-guard in the Gilbertson Collection.*

tility, and at the same time of putting into tangible form hitherto intangible doctrines.

Mr. Anderson, in his Catalogue of Japanese paintings in the British Museum, than which there is no more useful book to the student of Japanese Art, gives the following classes of supernatural beings more or less connected with religion:—

(a). The seven Gods of Good Fortune. (b). The Arhats. (c). The Dragon, Tiger, etc. (d). The Rishis. (e). The Demons.



No. 8.—*Daikoku, from a Sword-guard in the Author's possession.*

in our amours." Accordingly each family sets up one or other of these deities in its living-room, and pays to them a simple but nowadays meaningless homage.

Around the deities have sprung up certain appendages, by which, more than by anything else, they are recognizable.

Fuku-roku-jiu, which translated means "wealth, prosperity,

\* Audsley, "Keramic Art," page 91.



and longevity," is effigied as a little old man, clad in the dress of a sage. He is at once known by the sugar-loaf shape of his head, his vast brain having necessitated a capacious cranium. He usually carries a twisted, knotted stick, from which depends a manuscript roll; above him floats a crane, at his side is a deer, at his feet a tortoise, in his hand a sacred gem. The crane and the tortoise are emblematic of longevity: the latter, it will be seen, has a hairy tail, which does not grow until its owner has attained to an age of five hundred years; the sacred gem typifies wealth.



No. 9.—*Furo*, from a *Netsuke* in the Gilbertson Collection.

Jurō, or Jurō-jiu, the god of longevity, is hardly to be distinguished from Fuku-juro-jiu, and is probably only a variation of his comrade. He, too, as in Mr. Gilbertson's old Netsuke (Illustration No. 9), usually carries a staff to which a roll is tied by a string, and also a fan. His head attains to a height not less surprising than his companion's, but it is usually covered with a transparent cap. He is also generally of graver mien than Fuku. The bamboo, plum, and pine, all emblems of longevity, will be found upon sword-guards and in pictures as a fitting background to his figure.

Ébisu was the son of Isanaghi and Isanami (see Article No. II., page 40), but his royal parentage has not given him a higher station than his fellows. He is a cripple, but that does not have any effect upon his jocularly, for he is termed "the smiling one." He is the god of daily food, and particularly of that very considerable portion of it which in Japan is derived from the sea. He is generally represented with rod and basket struggling with a tai. See the sword-guard (Illustration No. 7), in which note how cleverly the bamboo rod completes the circle.

Hotei has been to a certain extent adopted by the Buddhists. Mr. Anderson considers him the least dignified of the party, as he is the greatest favourite. No one who sees the representations of him can doubt this. He is always very fat (fatness is admired in Japan), half clothed, enveloped in a big bag, after which he is named (ho-tei, cloth bag), and accompanied by children, of whom he is supposed to be very fond. His bag may also contain the "Precious Things," but it is used indiscriminately for sleeping in, catching children in, and other purposes.

In Mr. Gilbertson's Netsuke (Illustration No. 2), will be seen the Treasure Ship which comes into harbour every New Year's Eve, laden like Father Santa Claus with all sorts of good things, which in Japan are personated by the Takaramono, or "Precious Things." These comprise the inexhaustible purse, the precious jewel, the hammer, the hat of invisibility, the lucky rain coat, the sacred key, the weight, the clove, and the "shippo."

Daikoku is a Japanese, but has also been adopted by the Buddhists. He is probably the most important of the Gods of Good Fortune, for is he not the one who brings prosperity in his train? In the two representations which we give of him most of his attributes will be seen. In one he is

holding the miner's mallet used for the acquisition of mineral wealth, and the bag which contains the Takaramono. Beneath his feet are rice bales, indicative of wealth arising from the products of the soil. His broad cap too, painted black, has its meaning; his long-lobed ears are a mark of beauty. On the other sword-guard he is represented as a merchant looking through a satisfactory balance sheet; the lid of the box, which contains the ledger, bears the title, "This is the prosperous shop."

Miss Bird states that she cannot recall a house in which Daikoku does not appear in larger or smaller form, but that the moral taught by his figure has long been forgotten.

Bishamon Ten can trace his derivation to a Hindoo deity. In Japan he is the god of wealth, and his true followers will quickly obtain fortune, wisdom, long life, and pleasure. Many authors consider him to be the god of war, but Dr. Anderson considers that this arises from his fierce looks and martial guise, and that he is not especially associated with military glory. Bishamon was incorporated into the Buddhist Pantheon very shortly after its introduction into Japan, and he in company with Benten, Daikoku, and Hotei, were carved and painted in most gorgeous array. But latterly, the artists have been taking away his reputation even to the extent of exhibiting him making love to Benten over his cups. He is usually habited in armour, and holds a halbert in one hand and a pagoda in the other.

Benten (or Ben-zai-ten) is supposed to be a Japanese version of a Brahmanic goddess, but opinions differ as to which. In Buddhistic Art she is represented under the most varied forms, even as a many-armed goddess, often seated on a rock with a dragon beneath her, and sometimes surrounded by her sons, who are to be recognised by various symbols (see Anderson's Brit. Mus. Cat., p. 43); but in secular painting, with which we have principally to do, she usually wears a small tiara, a flowing robe, and carries a stringed instrument (samisen). She is worshipped in an especial manner at various places in Japan, but Miss Bird narrates that when she visited her principal temple it was almost deserted.

The Japanese popular artist usually endeavours to make his goddess as good-looking as possible, for excepting Kichi-joten,\* Ama-térasu, Quannon, and Ouzoumé, she is the only lady amongst the divinities whom he is called upon to portray. When depicted in company with her companions, it usually is as the musician of the party.

In the fine pouch ornament (Illustration No. 1) five of the seven gods, Daikoku, Fuku-roku-jiu, Hotei, Bishamon, and Jurō, are to



No. 10.—*Benten*, from an *Okimono* in the Gilbertson Collection.

\* Sister of Bishamon, usually represented standing, and casting around her sacred gems (And., Brit. Mus. Cat. p. 45).

be seen making night hideous with their shoutings as they return home in a very jovial condition.

The carved figures of "the Buddha," especially when they



No. 11.—Kinko, a Rishi, from a Sword-guard in the Gilbertson Collection.

appear in London curio shops, have always a fascination for me. Unlike its Indian prototype, the Japanese idol is always stamped with a certain nobility, and often is not only very well modelled and carved, but ornamented with patterns of considerable beauty. I have in my mind's eye one shop in particular, in which rows of neglected Buddhas, stowed away on out-of-the-way shelves, always appeal to me. The smoke-begrimed countenances of some witness to the years, now long since past, when they placidly surveyed through rising incense the crowds which daily came to pay them homage, and they seem to cry out that below the dirt they retain all their pristine beauty. Others, more fortunate, are encased within natty shrines, and bring to mind recollections of homes far away bereft of their household gods. It may be a weakness of mine, but I can seldom come away from that shop without one of the images either under my arm or in my pocket.

I do not suppose that there are any considerable number of persons outside the Buddhist faith who could pronounce with any certainty as to the identity of these idols; they can only be recognised by the peculiar position of the hands, fingers, and legs. Shaka, which is the Japanese conception of S'ākyamuni, the Indian Buddha, is usually seated upon a lotus thalamus, resting his left hand upon his knee with the back downwards, and holding up his right hand with the palm forwards. He wears a jewel on his forehead. The same god, when in Nirvāna, lies on a raised bench. As a child he is borne upon an elephant, which presents a lotus flower to him with its trunk.

Amida, according to Anderson the most popular Buddha

in Japan, is supposed to reign over the Paradise of the West. He is a much later creation than Shaka, and is usually represented as one of a trinity composed of himself and his two sons. When alone his hands usually rest on his knees, palms upwards, fingers bent, so that the last two joints of each are in contact with the corresponding parts of the opposite hand.

"The Buddha" is often depicted surrounded by a quantity of Bo-satsu Bōdhisattvas, a numerous body of saints who have to pass through human existence once again before attaining to Buddhahood.

Kwan-non, who rules over Paradise with Amida, has long been a popular divinity in Japan, maybe because there are so few goddesses in the Pantheon. She is represented in Buddhist Art as thousand-handed, as eleven-faced, sometimes holding a child in her arms, or seated on a rock by the sea-shore; she is usually accompanied by a dragon, as in our illustration (No. 4). Sometimes she appears in male form.

Besides all these there are to be found in Japanese Art frequent representations of a series of ugly and uninteresting divinities who become quite wearisome by their similarity, each seated, with shaven polls surrounded by a nimbus, and merely distinguishable from one another by their having as an accompaniment some appendage, such as a tiger, dragon, a futsujin or fly-brush, or a nio-i or sacred wand curved and surmounted by a trefoil. These personages are termed Rakan or Arhats; they are sixteen in number. If any one should by any possibility require further information respecting them, he will find their portraits and names in Mr. Anderson's Catalogue, page 46.

Of not much greater interest are the Rishis or Sennins, a very numerous and frequently depicted set of personages, who can neither be properly called spirits, or genii, or divinities. According to one authority they are persons who do not die, but who, when they reach old age, retire from the haunts of men for contemplation and to practise austerity. According to another, they are beings who enjoy rest for a lengthened period after death, being for a time exempt from transmigration. Mr. Anderson traces the originals of the majority of those favoured by Japanese artists to a Chinese work which was reprinted in Japan in 1657. Those most commonly repeated are Chōkwarō, who conjures miniature horses out of a gourd; Tekkai, a beggar, who emits his spirit, also in miniature, out of his mouth; Kanshōshi, who floats on a hollow trunk; Rōshi, a little old man who rides an ox; Gama Sennin, the commonest of all, a beggar, accompanied by a toad, which usually sits on his head; Ōshikio, who rides a white crane; Kanzan and Jitoku, also one of the most usual, two boys laughing over a roll, the latter usually carrying a besom: Rihaku, gazing at a waterfall; and Kinkō, reappearing to his disciples, rising, as he had foretold, from the river on the back of a winged carp or koi (see Illustration No. 11).

There are still a number of supernatural beings, deified and mythical heroes and animals, which remain to be noted in my next contribution.

MARCUS B. HUISE.



## GRAY'S INN.\*

### PART II.

IN Mr. Douthwaite's book on Gray's Inn a number of famous men not members are enumerated as dwelling there at some time or other of their lives. Among poets, for instance, there are George Chapman, Samuel Butler, and John Cleveland. Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson had rooms here for a short time. Arthur Murphy, the playwright; Ritson, the antiquarian; the Rev. Alexander Dyce, the scholar; Cobbett, the politician; Lord Macaulay, and a host of other celebrities lived here. None of these, it will be understood, were members, and therefore they may be passed over with this scant mention. But some words must now be given to the great men who were members. Here a pre-eminent name at once fixes our attention; yet a name which, though great, is not clear. A record which is at once the glory and the shame of the Inn. Need I say that it is the name of Francis Bacon, Viscount Verulam, Lord St. Albans, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal and Lord Chancellor of England? Nowadays the verdicts of history are reviewed and altered with little scruple. Gruach, Lady Macbeth, was a model of wifely conduct; Henry the Eighth was a self-sacrificing monarch who divorced and decapitated on purely ethical grounds; and so it is said to be very shallow to agree with Pope's epithet and speak of Bacon as the "wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

No doubt much gold was mixed with his basest alloy. In the very meanest of his letters to Buckingham there is ever and again some of those high sayings, "those thoughts that wander through eternity," strangely out of place in a begging letter. All this shows the profound basis of truth in Pope's epigram. But enough of this. I ought only to speak of such things as are immediately connected with the Inn. His connection with it was of a singularly close kind. Even to-day much of it is visible. One portrait of him looks down from the wall of the Hall. Another is fixed in the chief room of the Library. In the great window his arms are blazoned. Verulam Buildings consecrates his name

in stone; the chief scholarship of the Society is appropriately called the Bacon scholarship. Although a belief that he founded the Library is not exact, since it was in existence long before his time, yet he added to and improved it. He did, however, the records testify, lay out the gardens. In 1597, he was intrusted with the "garnishing of the walk," the "planting of trees," the placing of a "quicksett hedge," whilst the Benchers as to other matters wisely left them in his "good discretion." Many a touch in the famous essay on Gardens must have been taken from the one here. In 1609 he built a summer-house in memory of a fellow-member, Jeremy Bettenham; there used to be a place called Bacon's

Mount. All this is gone long ago, but in what of the terrace remains there is still something of his planning, and a catalpa-tree which pious care only just prevents falling to pieces with age, was, according to an apparently unbroken tradition, planted by him. All through his associations with the House were of the most intimate description. His father was a member before him. He was admitted in 1576 along with four of his brothers. He held in turn all the posts of honour in the Society. He was made "Ancient" the year of his admittance. He was called to the Bar in 1582. In 1586 he was made a Master of the Bench. He was Lent Reader in 1586, and double Lent Reader in 1600. In the latter capacity he delivered a Reading on the Statute of Uses, which is only an amended form of his argument before the Exchequer Chamber in the famous Chudleigh case. It

finds a place in his works. His collected arguments he dedicates to "my loving friends and fellows" the Members of the Inn, in words of dignified and grateful remembrance.

In the masques and revels of the Inn Bacon took great interest. He prepared an exhibition of this kind called the "Maske of Flowers," which was "presented by the gentlemen of Graies Inn at the Court of Whitehall, in the Banqueting House upon Twelfth Night, Being the last of the solemnities and magnificences which were performed at the marriage of the Right Honorable the Earle of Somerset, and the Lady Francis, daughter of the Earle of Suffolke, Lord Chamberlain." This



*Staircase in South Square.*

\* Continued from page 19.

cost him above £2,000—at least £20,000 in our money. The House offered to bear part of the expense, but this he most loftily declined. Perhaps his thoughts carried him back in all this magnificence to earlier days in the Inn, when he may have taken sanctuary in Fulwood's Rents once and again to avoid the bailiffs, who at last laid him by the heels in a sponging house in Colman Street for a whole week or so at the suit of one Sympson, a usurer in Lombard Street. In "Jubilee Year" a very happy thought occurred to the rulers of the Inn. It was to reproduce the "Maske of Flowers" as nearly as possible in the same way as at its original representation. This was done under the direction of Mr. Arthur à Beckett, master of this and other revels, and member of the Inn. "The spacious time of great Elizabeth" lived again for us for a few hours, on that summer's afternoon, when in that old hall we listened to old music, and saw quaint old dances, and fresh young faces, and limbs clad in quaint old costumes. The

ing, Solicitor-General. He had acted as his agent in the suit for the hand of Lady Hatton. He had consoled him for his disappointment with the gift of a noble estate in the district about Twickenham and Richmond, where English scenery shows best its placid and dignified beauty. He had accompanied the gift with words of so exquisite a courtesy that it must have been doubly grateful. Then Essex had gone astray. He returned from Ireland, was out of favour and made that mad and foolish rising in London that failed so miserably. He was now to take his trial for high treason. Bacon had already deserted him, but he now pressed eagerly forward to be engaged as counsel against him. He was given a subordinate place among the accusers. Then he shut himself up in his chambers at Gray's Inn for ten days, and devoted all the resources of his great intellect to carefully weaving the net that was to take his friend in the fatal folds. Nothing was neglected. The law of treason was carefully examined; the

facts, already too damning, were marshalled in terrible array; both classic and contemporary history were ransacked for striking parallels. One telling illustration, at least, was drawn from Scripture. So prepared, he confronted Essex in Westminster Hall on that fatal day, all shame lost in his desire for a conviction. The management of the case fell a great deal to him, and we can gather from the meagre report that remains that it was skilful, we may say artful, to the last degree. It was successful; Essex was condemned to be "drawn on a hurdle through London streets" and die the death of a traitor. He died on the scaffold, but Bacon's vile work was not yet over. There was still a lower depth of infamy by which he might merit favour, he could blacken the memory of his dead friend; and so in due time there appeared "A Declaration of the Practices and Treasons of Robert, late Earl of Essex," in which his

career was commented on with malignant severity. He seems to have over-reached himself. Elizabeth did not show him the expected favour; the people murmured at him. Afterwards he tried to defend himself in his Apology, but neither his own nor after ages have accepted his defence.

For all this, the day of reckoning at last came round. Never was fall more striking, more dramatic than his. Never was man punished more singularly in that in which he had sinned. By the exercise of much meanness and servility he had attained the highest position in the State, only that his fall might be more terrible and disgraceful. In January, 1621, Ben Jonson complimented him as only those Elizabethans could compliment one another, lavishly and magnificently, yet without falseness and with perfect dignity.

"England's high Chancellor, the destin'd heir  
In his soft cradle to his father's chair,  
Whose even thread the Fates spin round and full  
Out of their choicest and their finest wool."



Field Court.

original representation was no doubt more costly, it is quite incredible that it could be more beautiful. "But enough of these toys," as Bacon says in his essay on Masques and Triumphs.

Bacon's chambers in the place were at what is now No. 1, Gray's Inn Square. There he stayed from the time he became member till he was made Lord Keeper. Here he lived, when not in the country, after his fall. From here he dates his "Essays" and many of his letters. Here he composed many of his greatest works. Here he had obtained the summit of his ambition, and had the Great Seal in his possession. He carried it home here, and hence wrote the first letter to which he appended his new title. These rooms are also connected with the very darkest part of his career, his share in the fall of Essex. This is not the place to tell in detail that shameful story. Suffice it to say that Essex had done everything for him that one man could do for another. He had striven to make him Attorney-General, and that fail-



The same month he was made a peer. Early the same year he was forced to confess himself guilty of greatest corruption, hurled from his office, condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and reduced to beggary. In pathetic and appropriate phrase he sought that pity which he had denied to others. "I beseech your Lordships to be merciful to a broken reed," he said, as he acknowledged the justice of his doom. The mercy he craved was not denied him. The worst parts of his punishment were remitted with the consent even of his enemies; he was left to pursue in quietness, if not in peace, those paths which no one knew better than himself he ought never to have deserted.

A great deal might be said of the other famous members of the Inn—of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex; of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland; of Robert Cecil, Earl of

Salisbury; of Sir Philip Sidney; of Archbishop Laud and Archbishop Usher, and many others; but I have dwelt too long on Bacon, and I pass them all by. Let us make quite a leap to modern times, quite our own day I mean, and say a little of what of corporate life still remains in our own time. But everything about Gray's Inn is unintelligible unless it is looked at historically, so I must give a word of explanation. Once the members of the Inn mainly lived together, and took their meals together in the hall. Here too they were taught and lectured to, and instructed in a long, leisurely, and laboriously thorough fashion. One part of the education was "mooting in the hall," that is, they discussed day after day imaginary cases. Nothing could be imagined better than this, and in our own time it has been revived in the Inn,



*The Hall and Library, South Square.*

though the moots are unfortunately few, and the attendance is not compulsory, so that the same result cannot be expected, and young Mr. Stentor has to get his experience at the expense of his clients. True, few of Mr. Stentor's earlier clients pay him, so there is a sort of rude justice maintained after all. To resume. It would be easiest to note the attendances by marking or signing a name in a book at meal-times. Thus the rolls came into being.

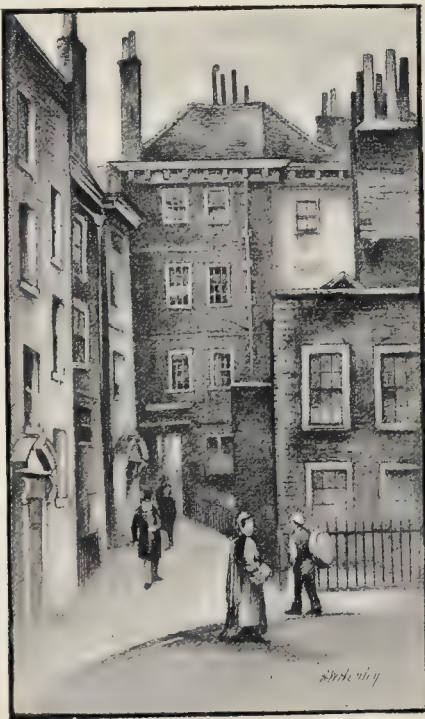
Time went on and things changed. The lectures and mootings gradually dwindled away till they became a mere form. Even that mere form sometime in the early part of this century went too. The meals also dwindled down, so at last nothing was left but the dinner and the attendance book and the fees, which last did not decrease at all. This is how 1888.

it comes to be that people eat dinners to become barristers. Nowadays there are also examinations and lectures directed by the Inn, but I need not refer to them here. A dinner at Gray's Inn has some curious points about it, and I now propose to describe it. Let us take the case of a student just admitted to the Inn. At six o'clock some evening in term time he repairs to the hall. In the vestibule is a truly magnificent being, clad in a furred robe, and bearing in his right hand a sort of magnificent axe with a long pole. If not the Lord Chancellor, this must be the treasurer of the Inn. Ought one to sink gracefully on one knee? Dear me, this magnificent being actually relieves the latest member of his hat and adorns him with a robe. Each gentleman of the Inn pays 1s. a term for robe money, he whispers. Then the student enters.

Although I have a very clear idea of the hall of Gray's Inn, I do not know that I can describe it well. I will say a word or two, however. The hall is a fine specimen of Tudor architecture (it was built in the reign of Mary). It is exquisitely proportioned, is very comfortable, and is good for speaking. The spectator is most struck, I think, by the roof, with its ornamented pinnacles of old oak and its deep "smoke louvre" (I believe it is called) in the roof. Then there is the screen at the west end. This stretches right across the hall, is delicately and yet gracefully carved, and is of almost priceless value. The bay window at the north-east end is of stained glass, emblazoned with the armorial bearings of the more famous members of the Inn. In most of the other smaller windows are also coats-of-arms emblazoned. The hall reminds us of the old members in two other ways. There are portraits of them and various eminent Englishmen hung around, and every treasurer hangs up a sort of hatchment on the oak panelling of the hall to commemorate his year of office. But we are leaving our freshman. He is by this time seated at the very bottom of the long table which runs east and west on the north side. Above him are the students and barristers, and at a table running crossways on a raised dais at the east end are the Benchers. The freshman had well note his relative place, for it will be the same till his dying day. He will always sit in the order of his seniority. The forms are of a mess consisting of four, of which the senior is captain. When the same members turned up day after day, the members of a particular mess scarcely ever varied. Bacon, when anxious to be made a knight, complains that his three other mess-fellows were of that dignity, and he alone was simple esquire. As dinner goes on the freshman notes some curious usages. Each mess drinks the health of the mess above it and the mess below it, a compliment which is in both cases returned with a great amount of bowing and saying of names. If the night happens to be "grand night," of which one happens every term, he will be invited to quaff the loving-cup before dinner. Said loving-cup is a pleasant though cloying beverage, not improving the appetite—at least not in our degenerate days. During dinner he will again drink of the loving-cup, upstanding, to the "pious, glorious, and immortal memory of good Queen Bess." The "Virgin Queen" is revered, and with good cause, in Gray's Inn. She favoured the society greatly, attended the masques, danced in hall sometimes, some say, gave the screen and the massive oak tables in the hall. A portrait of her is now on the east wall. At one grand night, not very long ago,

the ceremony of drinking her memory was gone through before an illustrious if mixed company. The head of the house of Cecil drank it. Was it fancy that made us think he did so with exceeding gusto and fervour? Who should, if not Burleigh's descendant? Then a well-known Cardinal Archbishop took up the cup, and with just the shadow of a smile on the pale ascetic face, drank to Anne Boleyn's daughter. With a "mental reservation," O Prince of the Church! or heartily, as a sign that we lived in better times? Who can say? The students sitting far down the hall, moved in some odd way by the spectacle, burst into incongruous applause.

But the dinner whether simple or grand goes on. The cook comes in, dressed in his white garb, to quaff a glass of wine placed for him, and receives the compliments of the Benchers on his dinner; then the hammer stops the talk, as it did to start with, by the way; a Latin thanksgiving is said, and after some genuflexions the Benchers take themselves off to their own rooms and the lesser members are left in the hall to finish their wine at their leisure. The dinner that has just passed is cheap enough as far as the students' pockets are concerned, though from some points rather wasteful. Each mess is served separately; thus a round of beef, or whatever it may be, is put down to every four men, and it is a rigid maxim that each man must carve his own portion. Now carving is a fine art, and in many cases a lost or rather a never acquired art. Thus the joints get wofully hacked and hunger is painfully satisfied. The hall is at its very best on summer evenings when the dusk is gathering, and the portraits loom out strangely from the walls, and the shadows of the generations of grave and learned and busy and famous men, who in past centuries spent so much of their time there, seem to come with the thick-



South Square.

ening darkness. How full of them is the hall! Thousands are packed together, all moving in strange antiquated guise, all clad in strange antiquated garb. But in among them comes our old friend of the large axe and gorgeous robe, only he has laid them aside for the night and does not look magnificent any more. He lights the gas, the ghosts vanish, our young friend, "something duller than at first, nor wholly comfortable," starts up and rubs his eyes. Has he been dreaming? Ah! that port; so he goes for the night. And we too, with much left unsaid and with no real mention even of library and chapel, must leave not only the great hall, but Gray's Inn and the Honourable Society thereof.

FRANCIS WATT.



## "THE FLOWERS AND FRUITS OF THE EARTH."

MR. CALDERON'S decorative designs are placed between the range of allegory and that of realism. It was after painting typical incidents—not mere illustrations of stories, but passages of romantic life that had an enduring



*The Vine. From "The Flowers and Fruits of the Earth." By P. H. Calderon, R.A. By permission of J. Aird, Esq., M.P.*

interest—during many years, that the painter of 'Home after Victory' began the series in which 'The Vine' and its com-

panion are perhaps the most graceful. The intention is altogether ornamental and not dramatic, and in so changing the matter of his work, Mr. Calderon altered the manner also, working in a scheme of colour different from any by which

he had been known. Designed for the decoration of Mr. John Aird's dining-room, the series has for its principal picture the 'Flowers,' exhibited as one of the centres of the larger gallery at the Royal Academy five years ago. This was a feast of roses;



"The Flowers and Fruits of the Earth." By P. H. Calderon, R.A. By permission of J. Aird, Esq., M.P.

a harvest gathered about the middle of June, and brought in baskets and in the white arms of girls to the steps and terraces of a palace. 'The Vine' is full of natural dignity, a figure as generous and gracious as the vintage, with the happy eyes that are the greatest charm of the women of

Mr. Calderon's art. In the other figure, also here reproduced, there is more of that peasant character for which 'The Vine,' in spite of her little modern shawl, with the accidents of its fringe turned to such good account by the draughtsman, looks too classic and heroic.



## LANDSCAPE IN AMERICA.

IT is a curious fact that with most people the feeling for landscape has been developed chiefly by Art. It is more easily demonstrable that the natural and direct value of landscape is ethical rather than æsthetic. The love of freedom, for example, is indigenous where views are large, extended, open, as among mountain-tops and on vast level tracts. But this is a theory, as many others, that one dare not press too far. The impression that nature makes on the more sensitive mind of the painter is, in fact, its introduction to the world about him, which soon learns to see with his eyes. It is undoubtedly a fact that so familiar an object as the sky is best known to people in general through pictures.

Americans have been reproached so often for the value they place on size, that no one will be surprised that, in the earlier days of Art in this country, it was the phenomenal that first engaged the attention of American painters. To many people to-day landscape is understood to mean the Rocky Mountains, the fastnesses of the Adirondacks, the cañons of the Yellow Stone, the White Mountains, Harper's Ferry, Look-out Mountain, and even Niagara and the big trees of Calaveras. They do not understand why a

painter should expend himself on a barren slope and a group of wind-blown cedars, or a stagnant pond marshalled with flags, or a field of stubble. Some years ago a large canvas representing the path of a tornado was exhibited in the principal cities. This was indeed worth the doing. America is so rich in landscape thus understood, that it has been an

1838.

embarrassment indeed to the art of the landscape painter. It took possession of him, overwhelmed him, and then humiliated him. He dared not take liberties with it, so sat down conscientiously to reproduce it. There was a popular illustrated book published a few years ago called "Picturesque America," which is filled with sketches of the phenomena of

American landscape.

This book throws into strange relief the distinction between picturesqueness in nature and picturesqueness in Art; we realise that they are not convertible terms, and it is unhappy phrasing that makes them appear convertible. There are very few landscape painters, I fancy, in this country who would select for their canvas any one of the scenes produced in this book, interesting and valuable as they are.

On the other hand, through the studies of the younger American artists in Europe, and through our greater familiarity with foreign pictures, a large number of people here have acquired a new view of landscape, and there is a disposition very marked to limit so various a theme to that interpretation. The serious study of such great men as Constable, Rousseau, Daubigny, and Corot have given a new definition to landscape — have established a

precedent, as it were. Students discover in them a formulated recipe for landscape. Not only certain details, but certain modes of treatment are found to be eminently pictorial. It is an easy task to detach these from their surroundings, and a common mistake to fit them, one might say, to this country. Men fresh from foreign ateliers not uncommonly



*Rounding the Cliffs, Lake Champlain. From a drawing by Mr. Hamilton Gibson.*

find the familiar characteristics of France and England in Long Island and New Jersey. But no one can for a moment believe that Rousseau or Corot painting landscape in this country would repeat the formula they used in France.

Landscape in America, while it offers the widest variety of material, presents it under conditions that demand on the part of the painter trained with the eyes of Europe, a new departure, to use an Americanism that we find of general service. There is no question but that the painter of landscape in this country finds certain difficulties at the root of the whole matter with which the painter of landscape in Europe does not have to contend. The first lies in our atmosphere, often in its lack. The painter abroad learns to see. The painter here must learn not to see. There is a certain quality in the atmosphere of England, we will say, that exercises for the painter that selection which here devolves on his artistic judgment. The painter in America is embarrassed by detail; through the clearness of the air he sees too much,

every hand, and revelled in that impalpable bloom which there brings earth, sea, and sky into such exquisite tone. At last he exclaimed, "I will paint it." Early in the morning he packed his kit and climbed the *falaise*. The sun shone clear; there was not a cloud in the sky; every object stood out in sharp relief. It was an American day, and he sorrowfully wended his way again downhill. So in our country we have exceptional days in which the vision realises that ætherial fluid in which nature bathes, but such days are not common, and more rarely possess any charms of colour. The nearest approach to such effects springs from two very distinct causes. In what we term our Indian summer, the equivalent, I believe, of the St. Martin's summer of England, the air is filled with golden haze which rounds off the sharp outlines of the landscape, and gives it a sense of depth and distance. In the views of the Catskill Mountain, a favourite subject of the earlier painters, this effect was often painted, and still later characterized a great deal of the work of Mr. Sanford

Clifford, a highly esteemed painter now dead.

A second cause is due to the forest fires so frequent in the autumn. These diffuse through the air a soft blue smoke that softens the brilliant autumnal foliage, and offers a tempting escape to the artist from the hard conditions in which he is so commonly surrounded.

Setting aside the aerial, the difficulties of which, although they are the first that confront the painter, are the last to be overcome, there remains the details of the landscape, another problem. The painter who has studied abroad has found that the landscape composes into pictures. This is partly the result of precedent



*Broad Acres. From a drawing by Mr. Edward Gay.*

There are no intermediates. A mountain several miles away rises up in his face. William Hart, a veteran painter here, tells me that a mountain three thousand feet high, in Scotland, has pictorial qualities that one seven thousand feet high, here, has not. An American peak must climb high to find the soft encircling vapours. The clearness of the air at times amounts to no atmosphere at all. In the West, of which the possibilities of the scenery for artistic purposes are as yet scarcely dreamed, the air is so phenomenally clear that distance is practically annihilated. A peak forty miles away is a neighbouring object, obliterating the middle distance. This proximity of everything is of the greatest embarrassment to the painter the moment he has escaped beyond the photographic view of landscape. The air controls him, and vain is his search for the harmonies of nature which is his new taste until he has learned to control it. An American painter, weary with the continual wrestle with nature, went to Normandy last summer. At Etretat for days he simply delighted in the landscape, which composed into pictures on

education. A broken group of trees, a grassy slope with sheep nibbling, a thatched cottage, a marshy pond with overhanging willows, belong to the formula of that school of landscape by which our younger painters have been most influenced. The hand of man has been at work for centuries bringing nature into harmony with himself, and even the alien and stranger feels immediately its response. Even in the heart of Fontainebleau the underbrush has been cleared out. But here nature is still in the rough. The artist must do pioneer work and himself clear away the rubbish, the mass of useless detail, which, as we have seen, the clear air thrusts uncompromisingly in his face.

In the works of those painters we call among ourselves the Adirondack school, we find signal instances of the difficulties of this kind. The Adirondacks is the name by which is known a large tract of mountain and forest in the northern part of New York state. The forest is dense with primeval trees. In its rocky glens are silver streams, leaping cataracts, inland pools filled with fish, quaint rocks stained with mosses



and lichens. Here is the home of the deer, the wild beasts of the mountains, the rabbit, and squirrel. Those elements of the landscape which we include in the term picturesque here abound, and we readily understand the hegira of artists northward that at one time annually took place.

Salvator Rosa deals with elements more savage, more ferocious than the untamed wildness of the Adirondacks. Courbet, still later, deals with the brutality of nature; but while we sit down and reckon up the faithful minutiae of the forest, and comment on the rendering of the granite, the landscape of Salvator and also of Courbet awakens an emotion which responds to the expression of nature, and to the impression of the painter.

Another difficulty in the painting of mountain scenery, as on the Adirondacks and elsewhere, lies in the abundance of timber, as it is called in the West, which covers the moun-

tains. The cutting of this timber according to the commercial world is not only injudicious but reckless. For artistic purposes it could not be too greatly facilitated. During the sketching season the mountains have no form. Said an artist, "You might as well want to paint a sack, or a pig whose anatomy is lost in layers of fat, as the Adirondacks in summer. A barren Irish hill-side is ten times more interesting."

The most conspicuous phase of our landscape is in the fall, during the most brilliant period of the changing foliage. One can scarcely imagine an artist alive to colour, who has not attempted to transfer to canvas these autumnal flames. It was a favourite subject of the earlier landscape painters. The younger men, trained in foreign schools, solve for themselves the problem by declaring it not paintable material.

The coast scenes of New England, from the bold headlands



*A Reminiscence of Keene Valley, Adirondack Mountains. From a drawing by Mr. Hamilton Gibson.*

of Mount Desert to Point Judith, and the sloping beaches of Long Island Sound, are all well known to the painter. The region about Cape Ann has peculiar charms in its sand dunes and broken rocks in which the gnarly cedars have found root. Massachusetts Bay, set with such quaint old fishing towns as Gloucester, Marblehead, and Salem, made so familiar to us by Hawthorn and Longfellow, are equally tempting to the artist. Rhode Island scenery, especially that about Newport, is more English than that of any other part of this country. The humidity and mildness of the Newport air, due, it is said, to the proximity of the Gulf Stream, give a depth of colour and a luxuriance to the foliage that recalls the mother country. Owing to some peculiar conformation of the mainland and the south-west wind, the fogs are driven into Massachusetts Bay and enwrap the island like a veil. The effect, however, is not that of the enveloping mists of England and the Channel. These sheets of mist

have a certain translucence, and through them one sees the bright shining sky peculiar to this country. A private letter from Mr. Henry James to Mr. La Farge, the artist, recently speaks of similar atmospheric effects in Venice, which recall to him those of Newport. There is indeed a clearness in the Italian skies which is more like that of this country than of Western Europe.

The Hudson River and its shores were at one time so frequently painted, and by a knot of painters several of whom had been engravers, and whose painting showed traces of the engraver's methods, that the Hudson River school, a name facetiously given, has special meaning. The character of the scenery is diverse.

The later school of landscape artists, which looks at nature in detail rather than in the mass, has developed, one might say, the region about New York. An artistic colony flocks each summer to East Hampton, on Long Island, among the

rural lanes, old Dutch farmhouses, and where a windmill, now one of the rarest sights of this country, lifts its arms; the neighbouring landscape of New Jersey, not only the picturesque surroundings of the Orange Mountain, but the lowlands, the old-fashioned farms and salt marshes of the Hackensack.

That which is characteristically southern scenery, the rice fields of South Carolina, the cotton plantations of Georgia and Alabama, and the tropical luxuriance of Florida, are as yet possibilities almost unknown to the artist. The sentiment of melancholy is inherent in this far southern landscape. The live oaks, magnolia, and cypress unite their arching boughs, almost impenetrable to the sun, the moss hangs like tattered banners from the branches, and is reflected in the pools beneath, through which the moccasin and other loathsome reptiles creep. Amid these scenes the climbing roses run riot, and the grotesque cactus and spiky palmetto flourish. The imagination is powerfully affected by the gloom and mystery of these groves. Although the most conspicuous feature is the hanging moss, I have never yet seen it rendered satisfactorily on canvas. Its mournful pennons are ragged and spotty when reproduced as they exist in nature. This landscape is too remote to have been as yet carefully studied by the artist, but it seems impossible that the impression of it, so marked and vivid, shall not yet be successfully transferred to canvas. The pine barrens of the south are a more simple theme and equally suggestive of melancholy. Both types of landscape are especially adapted as backgrounds for some human interest. There is a phase of life in this country happily swept away by the civil war, and which we hesitate in our increasing desire for harmony to even recall, but which the mind cannot help perceiving is in artistic relation to this landscape. The runaway slave hiding in the swamp, the keen-scented hounds speeding under the pines, have not

only the picturesqueness, but are in artistic sympathy with the surroundings.

The Mississippi valley, that wide tract of country extending from the Alleghanies to the Rockies, is bald and uninteresting in its general features. Taken more in detail, it possesses charms which are everywhere inseparable from nature. Northern Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin with its lakes, retaining still their mellifluous Indian names, abound in material for the artist. The Upper Mississippi, with its

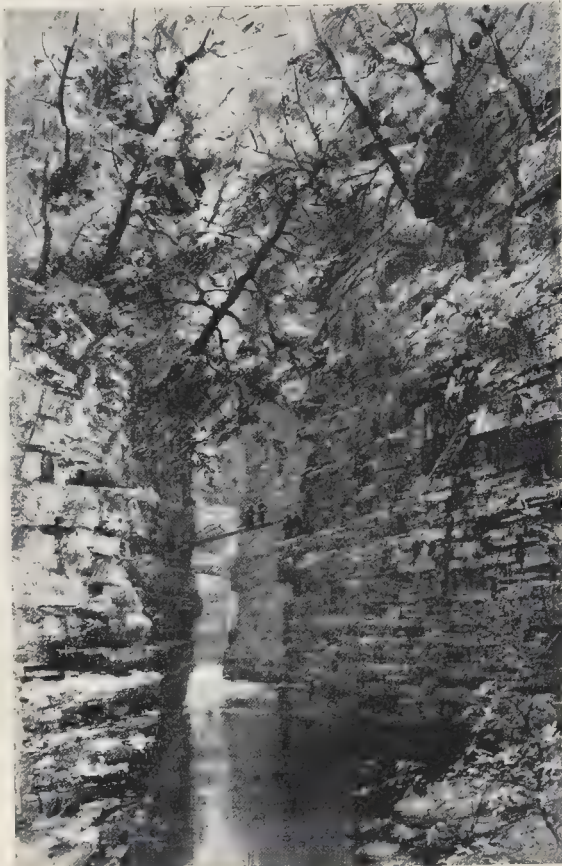
wooded cliffs, has romantic beauty, and the rolling prairies of Iowa, with their wealth of ripening grain bowing beneath the strong west wind, kindles impressions which may well stimulate the brush of the artist.

Before the landscape of the far West one must be sparing of adjectives, since the wealth of language becomes poverty in speaking of the scenery of Colorado, Utah, Idaho, and Wyoming. The reports of the geological survey of the territories made by Lieutenants Powell and Hayden read like the glamour of romance. Probably the best preface to this land of wonders is a paragraph by Mr. Clarence Dutton, who accompanied Lieutenant Powell in his survey of the cañons of Colorado. I can give but the substance, which is to this effect: Whoever has learned to love scenery in New England, the Alps, or through any of the renowned places of the known world, is at first stunned by this

western landscape. He finds the forms outside of conception, the colours rude, glaring, uncompromising; the effect is inhuman, overpowering; man is crushed and humiliated. It is not in a day, a month, one learns to understand this landscape with familiarity, it grows on the intelligence.

The illustrations are from a "Souvenir" issued by the Passenger Department of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad, Albany, U.S.A. We are indebted to the Company for permission to use them.

MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.



*A Glimpse of Ausable Chasm. From a drawing by Mr. Hamilton Gibson.*





No. 1.—Bacchante. By Mr. Paul Stetz, of Stuttgart. In brass (two colours). Height, 30 inches. Cost, £50.

## OUR GERMAN COMPETITORS. THE WÜRTTEMBERG SCHOOLS.

IN a former article in this Journal (January, 1886) I gave an account of the operations of the various trade schools which have now, for more than a quarter of a century, exercised an important influence upon the development of industries in Württemberg, and which, combined with the active assistance and co-operation of a government department, have effected a great economic revolution by implanting successfully trades and handicrafts among a population which was formerly almost entirely employed upon agriculture, many of these trades being characterized by a high degree of artistic excellence. The subject is not completely elucidated by the account which I have given of the educational work done in the schools. Having had opportunities, in a recent visit to Württemberg, of seeing the result of the teaching upon handicraftsmen who have passed through the schools, and of obtaining specimens of their work, I now place some of these before the public, that they may be able to judge of

the results of technical and industrial teaching upon the men who have had the benefit of it as part of their early training.

The trade schools are eminently practical, and in each place they are adapted to the special requirements of the town or district. The teaching power is almost unlimited, the result of years of training, and of willingness on the part of high class men to impart their knowledge on easy terms for the diffusion of technical and Art instruction throughout the country.

I regret that it is impossible to give illustrations of all the works which have been entrusted to me. I may specially mention a few names of handicraftsmen whose work cannot be successfully reproduced.

Mr. Karl Schwenzer, of Stuttgart, is probably one of the first "Médailleurs" of the age, and devotes his great talents to the production of national and historic medals.

Among his works may be mentioned the "Heidelberg 5th Centenary Celebration" of last year; the "Vienna Exhibition



No. 2.—Lid of Jewel Casket, in silver or nickel. Designed by Prof. Bauer for Messrs. Ehrhard and Sons, of Gmünd, Württemberg.

of 1873;" and the "Geographical Society of Berlin." He is now engaged upon a magnificent design for the "German Agricultural Society." He came to Stuttgart as an apprentice at



No. 3.—Vase, in marble and brass. By Mr. Paul Stotz, of Stuttgart. Height, 4 feet. Cost, £150.

fourteen years of age, was assisted by the Trade Department in that city, studied at the high art school there, then at the Kunst Gewerbe School at Heidelberg. He then worked in Paris, afterwards with Messrs. Wyon in London (unfortunately for English art he left London), and after working in Vienna is now at Stuttgart.

Mr. G. Wölfel, Marquetier in Stuttgart, is a very ingenious handicraftsman, and possesses extraordinary ability in carrying out artistic designs in coloured woods. He was taught in Heidelberg.

The work of Mr. Schwenzer is too fine and elaborate to be reproduced successfully, whilst that of Mr. Wölfel depends too much upon harmonious adaptation of the various natural tints of the woods used in his work, to allow them to be satisfactorily reproduced in black and white.

Illustrations Nos. 1 and 3 are from works executed by Mr. Paul Stotz, of Stuttgart. Mr. Stotz was educated in Stuttgart and was a student at the Polytechnic Institution. The Kunst Gewerbe School (which is now on an independent basis) was then incorporated in the Polytechnic, and the tuition conducted by eminent professors of industrial art. He is a clever designer and artificer; his townsmen look upon him as the Peter Vischer of Stuttgart. His shop in the

König Strasse is full of beautiful and artistic work, at a wide range of prices, varying from four or five marks for small objects, to hundreds and thousands for larger and more elaborate works. He has among his customers several royal and princely names, especially the Prince of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen and the King of Roumania.

The elegant group in brass at the head of this paper is characterized by the vigorous pose of the female figure and the subdued ferocity of the animal. The folds of the scant drapery evince careful study and arrangement. Height, including the base, is about thirty inches, and price £50.

Illustration No. 2, lid of a casket, manufactured by Erhard and Sons, of Gmünd, designed by Professor Bauer, who has taught the handicraft class at the Fortbildung School at Gmünd for more than twenty years. He was educated at the Fortbildung School at Heilbronn, the first founded in Württemberg. He takes a deep interest in the progress of the apprentices in Gmünd, and devotes four evenings a week to teaching in the school.

The illustration No. 3 is from a magnificent vase by Mr. Paul Stotz, in dark-coloured marble, with mouldings and enrichments in brass. The design is novel and effective. The winged figures serving as handles, the grotesque mask with ram's horns, and the festoons of fruit being especially fine in conception and execution. The original is about four feet high and two feet wide, and the price £150.

Illustration No. 4, Eichberger and Leuthi, Stuttgart, wrought-iron work. The illustration represents a balcony railing. Mr. Leuthi (the surviving partner) was taught at the Fortbildung School at Ravensburg. He works sometimes from his own designs, but more frequently from those of eminent architects. The illustration is from one of Mr. Leuthi's designs.

Illustration No. 5, by Hermann Bauer, working jeweller in Gmünd. He was taught at the Fortbildung School in that town, afterwards at Pforzheim. His work is principally in silver and gold with jewels. His prices are very moderate, taking into account the artistic handicraftship of his productions.

In the ancient and interesting town of Gmünd the production of jewellery in silver, and of imitations in inferior metals, has of late years made great advance. The designs are intricate and varied; they are often founded upon ancient models. In the productions of the town itself of one hundred and fifty to two hundred years ago, some of these are to be found. The recent revival in taste may be traced to the



No. 4.—Balcony Railing in wrought iron. By Messrs. Eichberger and Leuthi, Stuttgart.

superior technical and Art teaching in the Fortbildung School. The large sale of cheap articles of jewellery from Gmünd,



in which the best designs are reproduced, has spread its influence far and wide among the people of Württemberg and the adjoining provinces of Germany.



No. 5.—Jewellery. By Mr. Hermann Bäter, working jeweller, Gmünd, Württemberg.

Illustrations 6 and 7, linen designs for tablecloth borders executed for Messrs. Lang, of Blaubeuren, and Mr. Pichler, of Stuttgart. The linen is woven at Laichingen (*see* article, January, 1886) and bleached at Blaubeuren. The beautiful articles in linen now being woven in Württemberg are the result of a judicious combination of merchants, assisted by the Trade Department at Stuttgart, to promote this industry in the villages of the Swabian Alps. Nothing but good work cheaply executed, and artistic design, could produce the commercial results which are achieved under most disadvantageous surroundings. Success is due chiefly to the knowledge of the manufacturers and the skill of Mr. Weiss the designer, who is also Art teacher both at the Fortbildung School at Blaubeuren and the weaving school at Laichingen. The manufacturer picks up the motives for good designs either from old patterns in the museums at Berlin, etc., or from modern French drawings from nature. Having selected a motive, the working out is placed in the hands of the designer, and he and the manufacturer together produce eventually that which is good in an artistic sense, and technically applicable to the purposes of trade.

The introduction of coloured borders into white linen is a peculiarly German idea. The demand for these articles, both small and large, has widely spread in Germany, in America, and other countries, but as yet has not obtained much notice in England. The colours used are principally blue, red, and orange.

Looking through a large assortment of original designs in progress or completed, I was rather surprised at being asked by the manufacturer to take any one which I liked. On expressing some surprise at his lack of worldly caution, he simply said, we can always produce fresh ones.

Illustration No. 8, embossed leather by Albert Feucht, Stuttgart.

The trade of embossing leather by hand is, I believe,

unknown in England at present. In Germany it has long been practised. Under the hands of Mr. Feucht, who is an artificer of great ability, it has been raised to a fine art. His reproductions of old German designs in leather are most elaborate and successful. His work ranks very high among the handicraftsmen of Germany. For book-binding, cigar cases, and other small work in decorative leather; chair seats and backs, panels, and other upholstery, it is in great request. Having but few competitors in his particular line of work, Mr. Feucht is always fully employed.

From the evidence contained in my former article of the influence of Art-teaching in the schools, upon the apprentices and journeymen in various trades; and the further proofs now adduced of the results of that influence upon the handicraftsmen and artisans, it appears clear that the problem of elevating the workman to a correct appreciation of Art, on the one hand, and of bending the principles of artistic instruction to the requirements of the tradesman and artisan on the other, has been solved in Germany. The system inaugurated by Dr. von Steinbeis in Württemberg, which was the result of

close and careful study of methods in various countries, has succeeded in raising that small kingdom to a well-earned supremacy in methods, and an honourable position as regards results. The example has been followed by other provinces of the German Empire, the Fortbildung and Kunst Gewerbe schools have become almost universal.

In England the guardians of Art-teaching have adopted a different system, and have endeavoured to force their con-



No. 6.—Design for Border (Linen) for Mr. Pichler, of Stuttgart.

ception of Art upon the manufacturers and handicraftsmen of the country. Art-teaching, so far as the industrial population

is concerned, has been placed by a too-confiding public unservedly in their hands, and a monopoly of instruction has been created, which by its requirements practically excludes from its narrow circle the highly-skilled workman on the one hand, and the trained artist on the other. The teaching power has been moulded in grooves, and upon a system of paper instruction, instead of upon the artistic handling of materials and the technical requirements of trade. Instruction in pictorial Art has been mixed up with that of applied Art, to the absolute injury of both. It has become an almost universal complaint against the system, that it trains scarcely any skilled artisans and designers who know how to apply their knowledge to materials; and it produces but few artists of distinction.

We have now to consider, whilst our competitors in other countries are in full possession of the field, how the errors of the past are to be retrieved, and greater success in the future to be attained. At present there appears no ground for the expectation that either of these results will be achieved through the existing channels. So long as our general scheme of public instruction remains in fragments, with no principle of cohesion in its parts, or unity in its action, the difficulties of improvement and extension are likely to increase, and to become serious impediments to progress. We may have to wait for a general acknowledgment and rectification of this anomaly by the appointment of a responsible Minister for Education but meanwhile we must steer clear of further mistakes in the

teaching of Art in its application to manufactures. To do this we must realise the fact that the workman or artisan cannot be taught skilfully to apply Art to his trade, or to become a skilful designer, by a course of instruction upon paper alone, but that he must in the school handle the implements of his trade and work on materials with a direct view to elevate and improve the methods of the workshop.

These considerations are of special importance in view of approaching legislation on the subject of technical instruction. If the abortive measure of last session is to be accepted as the result of a conference between the

Government and the Science and Art Department, it is clear that neither the one nor the other is at all cognisant of the requirements of the country, and must lead to the conclusion that the Department should not be intrusted with the administration of the scheme. Another competitor for the trust has appeared in the Institute of the City and Guilds of London. This body, though young in years, has organized a thoroughly practical scheme of instruction in Science and Art as applied to trade, and its claims for consideration are so great that they should not be ignored. The subject is one of national importance. The outcry of danger to our supremacy in trade is founded upon facts which cannot be gainsaid, and in our endeavour to regain lost ground and to secure future progress, no personal considerations or established systems must be allowed to interfere with the adoption of a scheme adapted to the national requirements.

ALFRED HARRIS.



No. 7.—Design for Border (Linen). Designed by Mr. Weiss, of Blaubeuren, for Messrs. Lang & Co.



No. 8.—Embossed Leather. By Mr. Albert Feucht, Stuttgart.



## THE NUNS' TOWN BY THE WATER



"THE Nuns' Town by the water!" What visions of mediæval quaintness, of quiet old-world beauty, are suggested by this translation of the name Nun-eà-ton. It recalls the days when factories and silk-mills were yet unknown; when the Forest of Arden stretched nearly to the banks of the Anker, and Robert Bossu, Earl of Leicester, built amidst its green glades the monastery to which the little town owed alike its distinguishing name and its earliest prosperity. The forest has vanished long since, and of the great monastery there remained, twenty years ago, only a few broken walls and pillars and turf-covered mounds of masonry. The wide, bare fields which contained these relics, sloping down on one side towards the ancient moat, and surrounded on two other sides by modern factories of the most uncompromising ugliness, with colliery chimneys smoking in the distance, offered a contrast of past and present which, for impressiveness if not for beauty, deserved an artist's pencil. Lately an attempt has been made to unearth the buried walls and to restore the old chapel of the monastery to its former state. A portion of the nave has been rebuilt in stone on the old foundations in close conformity with the original structure, and is now used as a church, but the Herculean task is not yet half accomplished. The four great ruined columns, partly faced with stone, partly rough and broken, which must have once supported a massive tower, have been enclosed within a temporary chancel of brickwork to protect them from further dilapidation, and their jagged outlines give to the interior of the otherwise trim little church a most unique picturesqueness. On the day of the opening ceremony, and for many weeks after, grass and ivy, stone-crop and wall-flowers, were still growing within, in every cranny, and hanging in tangled festoons over these rugged

1888.

pillars; and as the early twilight of a winter's afternoon closed in, lighted candles were fixed here and there on projecting stones, and flung such fantastic shadows below that one might have thought the monks and nuns, whose stone coffins had been more than once dislodged in the work of excavation, were flitting hither and thither and coming back to claim their own! For the Abbey, being of the Benedictine Order, was occupied in its palmy days both by monks and nuns, the abbess holding rank above the abbot. Gradually a straggling street extended from the Abbey toward the original Eà-ton on the Anker River; then a bridge was thrown across the stream, and a church built on the opposite bank; then King Stephen granted leave to the nuns to hold (by deputy, we may suppose) a weekly market and an annual fair. The fair is now but a very poor survival of bygone days; but the market, with its open-air stalls, lit by flaming gas jets, its eager, noisy vendors and motley groups of purchasers, still presents on every Saturday evening a scene as picturesque and as animated as when the market-tolls formed the chief wealth of the prosperous Abbey.

Many histories and legends of the past linger round Nuneaton, and are dwelt upon with affectionate interest by Nuneatonians of an antiquarian turn of mind. But to strangers the one attraction of the place is its connection with George Eliot and "Scenes of Clerical Life." Perhaps there is no instance in modern literature of a work of imagination being so completely identified with a single town and its inhabitants. It was reserved for George Eliot to choose for the scene of her first novel one small town in the "prosaic Midlands," "where people," to use her own words, "were extremely well acquainted with each other's affairs," and so



Cotton (Shepperton) Church.

to describe both it and them—not surrounded with the mists of antiquity, but in their modern every-day aspect—that in spite

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of disguised names and fictitious incidents, they immediately detected their own likenesses. When a story appears in a



Old Cottages at Griff.

local paper, or is the avowed work of a local writer, nothing is easier than to find or imagine points of resemblance between places and people in the fiction, and those known alike to writer and reader in real life. You may often recognise a portrait amid familiar surroundings which you would have passed unheeding on the walls of the Academy; but that likeness is a faithful one, which can suddenly challenge recognition when we are not even suspecting that it is a likeness at all. The few Nuneaton readers of *Blackwood* glanced at the opening chapters of "The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton," by some writer bearing an utterly unfamiliar name, with no keener interest than a new magazine story usually excites. What was there at first sight to connect Amos Barton with their late neighbour, Mr. Gwythers, or Shepperton with Chilvers Coton? It is said to have been in that very Saturday evening club, held at the Red Lion (*alias* the Bull), to which George Eliot introduces us in the earlier pages of "Janet's Repentance," that "handsome Bob Lowme," "one of the most aristocratic men in Milby," first propounded the startling theory that "Scenes of Clerical Life" contained more fact than fiction, and that the originals of most of the characters were to be found literally at our own doors. Every succeeding month, with its fresh instalment of "Clerical Scenes," confirmed the truth of his surmise; careful readers vied with one another in compiling "keys" to the stories; and excitement rose to a high pitch when "Janet's Repentance" was found to bring the narrative of Nuneaton life down to a later date than either of its predecessors. For were not Robert Dempster's nearest relatives actually residing in the town, and was not the whole story of the anti-Tryanite riot still fresh in living memory? "Why, I can recall it all as well as if it were yesterday," said one of "Mr. Tryan's" defenders, only the other day, "how we 'Tryanites' escorted the parson up Church Street ('Orchard Street') in procession till we came over against the church, where the Plough and Ball used to stand; and there the opposite party—the young 'Landors' and 'Lowmes' and 'Phipps'"—(the speaker gave their actual names. I prefer, here and elsewhere, retaining those bestowed on them by George Eliot)—"were formed in line right across the road. We broke through them and got into the church. We had rather expected to find the door locked, and had brought tools with us to force it open; but it was only the pew doors that were nailed up, and we made short work of

climbing over them. There was a fine noise outside all through the service, and they threw stones and smashed some of the windows, but we didn't care for that! It was enough that we had won the day."

But though "Janet's Repentance" thus seemed to come nearest to our own time, it was "The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton" that kept most closely to actual facts. The mysterious Countess at "Camp Villa" was well remembered. Mr. Farquhar, "the secondary squire of the parish," who "was susceptible on the point of blood—his own circulating fluid being, he considered, of very superior quality,"—could be none other than he whose real name still distinguishes the shady lane with its high footpath, from which the accompanying view of Coton Church was taken; but only a painting could do justice to the lovely autumn colouring of the trees, the gold-flecked brown of the leaf-strewn road, and the

soft darkness of the rustic church, relieved against the western sky.

The gentle "Milly" had long lain at rest in Coton Churchyard; the Vicarage—a quaint old house with low-ceiled rooms and rambling passages, and projecting casement windows—had passed into other hands; and the Rev. Amos Barton had carried his dulness and his sorrows elsewhere. But you might still sit at the window in the Vicarage where "Milly" mended stockings; you might still tramp, as did her husband, along "roads black with coal dust," past "brick houses dingy with smoke," to "the workhouse, a huge square stone building, . . . euphuistically called the College!" The "dreary stone-floored dining-room," where he read and preached to the inmates "seated on benches before him," is dreary and stone-floored still; but when we visited it last January it was hung with garlands and mottoes, and presented quite a lively appearance. For it was the evening of an annual Christmas festivity, and though snow was falling heavily outside, there



Milby Flour Mill.

was brightness and music and feasting within. It was a pretty sight to watch the old women in their white-frilled caps, dark



skirts, and bright-coloured kerchiefs, emerging one by one from the shadow of the doorway, and defiling in feeble procession beneath the covered passage which led from their own ward to the aforesaid dining-room. The visitors, as well as the matron and nurse, lent their aid in supporting the tottering footsteps, which so seldom ventured down-stairs; but the journey once accomplished, there was plenty to make the most timid forget its difficulties. For first there was a "tea party," then a liberal distribution of presents, and then a concert; and contrasting that scene of friendly sympathy with the harsh dreariness of the workhouse under "Mr. Spratt's" management, and the Rev. Amos Barton's clerical ministrations, as described in George Eliot's story, we could not but feel that here at least there had been a change for the better.

Let us next in imagination accompany the Rev. Amos to the "clerical meeting" at Milby Vicarage. Not one of the worthy clergymen there assembled has escaped identification; and it is surely a striking instance alike of early developed analytical powers, of clear perceptions, and of tenacious memory, that so many men, with whom George Eliot could have had but a slight acquaintance, and whom she certainly had not seen for years, should be so described by a few characteristic touches that they appear as distinct personalities to those who never knew the originals, and are at once acknowledged as portraits by all their old acquaintances. Mr. Fel-  
lowes, "a man of imposing appearance, with a

mellifluous voice and the readiest of tongues," who "has the highest character everywhere except in his own parish, where . . . he is always at fierce feud with a farmer or two, a colliery proprietor, a grocer who was once churchwarden, and a tailor who formerly officiated as clerk;" the Rev. Archibald Duke, "a very dyspeptic and evangelical man, who takes the gloomiest view of mankind and their prospects," and who, by-the-bye, was subsequently bitten by the table-turning mania, and wrote pamphlets to prove the interference of the spirits of the departed in sublunary concerns; "Mr. Furness, the tall young man with blond hair and whiskers, who was plucked at Cambridge entirely owing to his genius," and whose sermons and poetry were so strikingly alike; the Rev. Martin Cleves, "least clerical-looking of the party, . . . yet the true parish priest, the pastor beloved, consulted, relied on by his flock," who "has the wonderful art of preaching sermons which the wheelwright and blacksmith can understand;" all these were well known in the neighbourhood, and the last-mentioned, at any rate, is said to have enjoyed the appearance of the successive numbers of *Blackwood* with all the zest that George Eliot's description of his character

("there is a great deal of humour and feeling playing in his grey eyes," etc.) would lead us to expect, a zest not materially impaired by the dismay of some of his clerical neighbours, who had less reason than himself to be satisfied with their own reflections as seen in the magic mirror of the new genius.

But who was the new genius, the "chiel amang us taking notes" who "faith had printed 'em"? Here speculation went widely astray. Our only known literary character was a certain Joseph Liggins, who wrote in various magazines and newspapers, and was said to have edited *The Liverpool Review*. To be sure, he was a very eccentric and dissipated fellow, who spent money faster than he made it, and who might often be seen sitting at his meals by the open door of a small dirty house at Attleborough, with a cat on one knee, a dog on the other, and two kittens on his shoulders, all ready to fight for a share of their master's food. But eccentricity, extravagance, and perhaps even dissipation, are apt to be reckoned rather as proofs of genius than otherwise in popular estimation. Taxed with the authorship, he did not at once acknowledge it, but neither did he deny it; and he soon found

the mistake sufficiently profitable to be worth encouraging. He even took the trouble of copying out on old paper, with the date, "Nov., 1837," several pages of "Janet's Repentance," and this he showed to his friends as the original manuscript. Notwithstanding the money he received on the strength of this imposture, he conti-

nued in a chronic state of poverty; but when his landlord, after long patience, put an execution in the house, he expressed the most violent indignation.

"What, you would turn *me* out of your house!" he cried. "Do you know who I am? I tell you there are thousands go to Stratford to see Shakespeare's house, but millions will come to Attleborough to see mine!" The landlord, who himself relates this story, relented. Error is proverbially long-lived; and it was so in this case. That Joseph Liggins wrote "Scenes of Clerical Life" remained an article of faith with many an inhabitant of Nuneaton long after the literary world had acknowledged in Miss Evans one of the greatest novelists of the age.

It is noteworthy that Miss Evans seems to have attached little value to the "antiquities" of Nuneaton. No legends of the past find place in her work; the "old days" of which she speaks with a certain tender regret, were scarcely a quarter of a century removed from the time at which she wrote. The very name by which she designates the town marks the change from the romance of the Middle Ages to the prose of modern life. "The Nuns' Town by the water" becomes Milby, the



Coton Vicarage (Shepperton), Milly's Home.

dwelling by the Mill, doubtless in allusion to the old flour mill of "Mr. Tomlinson, the rich miller, . . . who often said that his father had given him no eddication, and he didn't care who know'd it; he could buy up most of the eddicated men he'd ever come across!" The mill of George Eliot's day (depicted in our illustration)—picturesque from the mellow tints of its dark-red, weather-stained walls, not less than from its situation, as seen from the Old Bridge, with trees drooping into the stream on either side, a narrow footbridge spanning the water, and the revolving mill-wheel dimly visible beneath a low, black-looking archway beyond—was burnt down two years ago, and though it has just been rebuilt on the former model, its bright, fresh colouring requires the harmonizing hand of Time before it can again become—except by moonlight—an artistic object.

In a general way, changes are less rapid in Milby than one might imagine from George Eliot's remarks on the subject ("Janet's Repentance," ch. ii.); consequently, her descriptions alike of scenery and buildings, and of manners and customs, are still so accurate, down to the minutest details, that they might have been penned by a visitor of yesterday. Even as I write, the annual "Felons' Dinner," as it is facetiously called, is being held a few yards away at the "Oldinport (Newdegate) Arms," just as it was held when "Mr. Hackit" presided over it, and enlivened the company with his account of the quarrel between Parson Gilfil and the Squire. ("Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," ch. i.) If, through fluctuations of trade, there is no longer "a strong smell of tanning up one street and a great shaking of hand-loom up another," the "Old Tan-yard" is still in existence, and hand-loom, too often idle, may be seen at many a cottage window. The hand-loom weavers are frequently very interesting characters. The "acrid Radicalism" attributed to them by George Eliot has been very generally changed into an equally acrid Con-

servatism by the results of the "French Treaty," which, they are fond of telling you—with a fine disregard of political economy—"ruined England and did no good to France!"

"Such as the place was," asserts George Eliot concerning Milby, "the people there were entirely contented with it." She does not indeed adduce that contentment as a proof either of the attractions of the place or of the discernment of the people. Yet, in very truth, the little town seems to exercise a strange spell over those that come within the sphere of its influence. "Heimweh" brings many a wanderer back who has thought to "better himself" by seeking higher wages in a larger town; nay, even comparatively new-comers, who have at first keenly realised that "to a superficial eye Milby is nothing but dreary prose," have been known to succumb to

the hidden charm, and, after a few years' residence, to lament the necessity of leaving far more than they ever dreaded the prospect of coming. "You have so many 'characters' here," said a stranger, a visitor from a distance, the other day, "it is like living in one of George Eliot's novels." Doubtless it is in country towns, as a general rule, that "characters" most abound, since there they have space and freedom both to develop and to dis-

play their peculiarities; there also it is easier than in crowded cities to penetrate a little beneath the surface, and to understand in some measure the hidden lives of our neighbours, whether rich or poor. Any such place thus becomes interesting to those who have learnt with George Eliot to see the beauty underneath the commonplace, to discern "the poetry and the pathos, the tragedy and the comedy, lying in the experience of a human soul that looks out through dull grey eyes, and that speaks in a voice of quite ordinary tone." But to have had a George Eliot for its chronicler is the special privilege of "Milby" alone, and will ever be a source of pride to the modern inhabitants of this "Nuns' Town by the water."

EMILY SWINNERTON.



*Going in to Tea. Shepperton College.*



*A Bend of the Canal (Shepperton).*



## EXHIBITIONS.

OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The great show of Renaissance bronzes and medals in the water-colour room to which we drew attention in our last number, and the absence of the Primitives which usually fill the Fourth Room, are the main features of difference between the present and previous winter exhibitions at Burlington House. The pictures in the First, Second, and Third Rooms follow the ordinary arrangement. Roughly speaking, most of the English work, unless on a large scale, is hung in the First Room, the Dutch and Flemish in the Second, and the Italian and Spanish, as well as all the bigger canvases, in the Third. Few of the large figures in the Third Room are remarkable. Titian's 'Europa' and Murillo's 'Virgin and Child' display satisfactory enough the qualities of their authors. The Murillo, a broadly and pictorially arranged canvas, is painted with mellow harmonious colour in a telling and noble style, yet it reveals no very fine drawing and nothing exceptionally subtle in modelling. Titian's figure is handled with force and directness in a large sweeping manner, and the landscape part of his picture has been treated with a kind of romantic *impressionisme*. But some of the portraits and small canvases are better of their kind. Velasquez's 'Femme à l'Éventail' shows that perfection of modelling which with him never degenerated into a cold, scientific exercise; the 'Don Balthazar Carlos' is a good example of his fresh, silvery colouring; the little 'St. Sebastian,' a painting of the nude, is touched off with his wonderful freedom and dexterity. Perhaps, however, as an example of what can be done by handling, nothing in the Academy surpasses Ribera's 'St. Jerome praying in the Desert.' Here is what would be called an ugly subject, from which one turns nevertheless with regret, so beautiful is the perfect and consistent pattern of the brush strokes. Nor has this freedom from clumsy retouching or tentative endeavour been attained by any sacrifice of subtlety and truth. On the contrary, many facts of structure have been shown with a vivacity of expression entirely due to such admirable appropriateness and pliability in the method of brushing. The pleasure of the pattern-like execution consists greatly in the skill with which one feels it to be employed in heightening the sense of reality and in conveying certain subtle distinctions of form and colour.

Other portraits in this room deserve notice: as the two dark and noble Van Dycks, the 'Philippe le Roy' and his wife; a most poetical Dobson, the 'Portrait of a Sculptor'; and a strong solid Hals, called 'A Dutch Gentleman.' In landscape we have two of the best type of Claudes, the 'Europa' and the 'Enchanted Castle,' a somewhat treacherous Rubens (so-called); a Salvator Rosa, 'Baptism in the Jordan'; a bright, sunny 'View of Dresden,' by Canaletto; a remarkably fresh and light-toned little canvas by Gaspar Poussin; and a number of minor Claudes and Wilsons. In none of his magical passages of colour has Claude surpassed the suavity and purity of the gradation from yellow orange to warm blue in the sky of his 'Enchanted Castle.' Save in the stiff formality of the right side-scene of trees, there is no weak point of any sort in this unequalled composition of romantic archi-

tecture and imaginative landscape, which, moreover, possesses a wonderful and bewitching unity of tone. The 'Europa,' a sea-piece, admirably original and dignified in composition, is almost as lovely to look at as the 'Enchanted Castle.' To see the two, in fact, is to understand the painter's reputation, and the reason why most other landscape painters—Corot himself not always excepted—have a trick of tumbling to pieces when contrasted with him.

Three Rembrandts are the cream of the Second Room. They exemplify three several phases of his art. 'The Young Man,' with its smooth elaboration, cool colour, and comparative timidity, belongs to the same category as the 'Portrait of Rembrandt, Young,' the 'Anatomy Lesson,' and other works executed in a mood of calm patience. 'An Old Woman' shows far more dash, more certainty, more fever, a readier skill in its rapidly laid mosaic of touches, so just in tone and position as to require no further manipulation—as it were a quite Shakespearean use of material. As to 'The Mill,' it is an anticipation in landscape of the aerial breadth and big concentration of effect to be seen in certain Cromes, Milletts, and Rousseaus. Of the other good things in this room—the work of Hobbema, Ruysdael, W. Van de Velde, P. De Hooghe, N. Maes, P. Faes, Jan Steen, J. Verspronck, Hals, and others—in importance, in charm of colour, in delicacy of light and shadow, in elegance of touch, De Hooghe's 'Music Party' is perhaps the best.

The First Room contains in the way of portraiture an important and well-studied example of Sir J. Reynolds: the aspect of the picture is big, bold, and unusually realistic, while the table-cloth and other accessories are treated with modern force and completeness. Specimens of the portraiture of Romney, Gainsborough, Hogarth, Raeburn, Wilkie, and others, may also be seen. Constable's 'Brighton: The Beach and Chain Pier,' must have been an astonishing step in the direction of realism in its day. Ugly as it is in composition, it will always remain a magnificent study of air and distance. Constable tried to do without all known tricks and habits of composition, and was not always quite successful. He found great difficulty with the foreground corners, and hung on desperately to his trick of distributing in these places a fanciful kind of dock-leaf relieved on bitumen. So, in this view of Brighton, he gave up wrestling with nature when he came to the foreground group of fishermen. This part of the picture is painted in another convention than the rest—is only about half as realistic—may be considered, in fact, as the common brown *repoussoir* thinly disguised. A little 'Sea-Piece' gives a much better idea of Constable as an artist, and may be looked at along with another small but broad and noble Crome. Both are works of mature art as well as of keen observation.

JAPANESE ART.—The Japanese have a proverb about the difficulty of dispersing a fog with a fan. This must be somewhat akin to that of attempting to describe in a column of letterpress the couple of thousand objects which constitute the Japanese Loan Exhibition at The Fine Art Society's.

There has probably never been a collection which has so severely taxed that universal knowledge which Art critics are supposed by their employers to possess, and several errors of a comical character are going the round of London Art circles at the present time. It has not, however, mattered much, for a month ago there were hardly as many experts in London as there were righteous men in Sodom, and so the criticisms have passed muster and the slips have been undetected. But there will be no excuse if at the end of this season the number of *cognoscenti* remains at that low figure, for we are promised such a schooling in Japanese Art during the next few months that the veriest tyro may become an adept. By the time this notice comes before the public there will, in addition to the Exhibition of Ornamental Arts now under notice, be one at the British Museum of their splendid collection of kakémono or wall pictures, and at the Burlington Fine Arts Club of Dr. Anderson's block books.

The collection of the Ornamental Arts had, we believe, its inception in a determination of its originator to show that England possessed treasures worthy to be set alongside those of French collectors. That gentleman, in going through the latter, was everywhere met with the assertion that there were no specimens of any worth to be found in the possession of any Englishman. So he set himself to prove the contrary, and the result must be highly satisfactory to him. It is matter of common knowledge that hitherto our countrymen have had fewer opportunities than their neighbours of acquiring the very finest specimens of Japanese Art, as they are generally swept into the net of a large French house having agents throughout Japan; but we learn that this monopoly will not continue, as that house has constituted The Fine Art Society its agents in London, and thither the more sober works, which English collectors more particularly affect, will in future come. The display in New Bond Street comprises some twenty-six cases ranged under the letters of the alphabet. Of these, seven are given up to lac (two being filled with splendid specimens belonging to the Duke of Edinburgh and Mr. G. Salting). Pottery and porcelain require five, bronzes and sword ornaments take three each, and netsuké, pouch ornaments, and into one apiece. There are in addition several miscellaneous cases. We should have liked to have seen the objects arranged rather more in order of date and school than they have been; the original programme promised this, but apparently exigencies of size and space prevented it. Full particulars of each piece, its subject, date, make, etc., are, however, given in an ample catalogue, so that, in the lac for instance, by selecting for study a dozen different specimens in any case, the task of comparing them is facilitated by their juxtaposition. In this department, more especially, there is an ample field for something to be learnt; the difference between the majority of the pieces shown, many of them a couple of hundred years old, and the work of to-day is at once apparent; on the one hand there is delicate and artistic treatment combined with extraordinary fine workmanship and the employment of the best possible materials, so that the specimens are as perfect as if they had but left their makers' hands yesterday; on the other are garish designs, ill-fitting joints and corners, and materials which give out in a month. The expert, Mr. Masayuke Kataoka, upon whose judgment the exhibits have been selected, is usually to be found in the rooms, and is always ready to afford information; five minutes' conversation with him is indeed a revelation as to the fine and inferior qualities which permeate his country's work.

Space does not permit of our doing more than to draw attention to the collection, but we cannot close this short notice without a word upon the wonderful little specimens of metal-work contained in Cases B and C, which in days gone by were made to ornament the two swords which every Japanese gentleman carried. Their minuteness has probably caused them to be overlooked by collectors, for we understand that those who possess any quantity of them may be numbered on the fingers of one hand, and the South Kensington Museum has not a single specimen. This is the more remarkable, for they have many special attributes which fit them for the collector's notice; they take up but little room, no two are alike, they are marvels of workmanship, they usually illustrate some interesting legend, and a hundred of them can be purchased for the sum which it is necessary to expend upon a fine piece of lacquer. We are glad to learn that one or two of the museums in the centres of the metal industries have recognised their importance, and are arranging for the collection of representative specimens.

MONTICELLI.—If it is easy in some moods, and before certain of his canvases, to overlook all Monticelli's shortcomings in favour of his supreme virtue, colour, yet at other times his defects appear too glaring to be pardoned. There are, in fact, good Monticellis, indifferent Monticellis, and bad Monticellis. A good Monticelli contains enough of the other qualities of Art to float that one in which he shows genius. An indifferent example usually keeps the main quality of colour undeteriorated, though quite inadequately supported. A bad one not only fails conspicuously in every other point, but even takes a second place in colour. Messrs. Dowdeswell have got together an interesting and characteristic collection containing specimens of every grade of Monticelli, from positively superb to merely atrocious. Amongst the seventy-five here gathered together some six or so are of the best; a number are indifferent; and not a few might well, for the painter's sake, be put behind the fire.

Some people will tell you—perhaps rather impudently—that you should be thankful for what you can get, and should call a man a supreme artist who excels in any quality which they happen to specially appreciate. But the partial blindness of a few need not oblige the many to conceal their good eyesight. There is a certain low all-round standard of the qualities in any branch of Art which must be passed in order to satisfy the demands of the fully equipped human being. Now, where there is the faintest pretence to realism, one is asked to do more than regard the canvas as a flat decoration: one is invited, in fact, to step into it in imagination, and walk about as if it were in some way aerial and spacious. Let us suppose any one tempted, in a moment of unthinking reverie, to wander off into even the best of the indifferent sort of Monticellis—for instance, the 'Paysage: Automne.' No sooner does he try to enter than he is brought up sharp by a distant field which rises and smacks him in the eye; the attempt to dodge round the other side of the main group of trees is similarly foiled; and then the dreamer probably remembers that he is taking a Monticelli as seriously as if it were a Corot or a Diaz. But, say the worshippers of Monticelli, the colour at least is lovely and unexpected. True: but you might very often say as much of a *racée de palette*, and indeed some of Monticelli's pictures are no more than a suggestive old palette tickled into a faint semblance of a subject. This is cheap business compared with the work of colourists like Diaz, who



have performed the feat of making their colour at once beautiful, and so closely significant of reality that one can wander in their canvases without being startled by the antics of a whole country-side skipping about as it were in seven-league boots. We would much rather have a choice old palette than many Monticellis: it at least deceives no one, and pretends to no other than the rug and carpet kind of beauty. To compare Monticelli with Diaz, as is often done, seems as much of a sacrilege as comparing Milton with a maker of sonorous nonsense verses.

Such comparisons lead one to speak too severely of Monticelli. Any one looking fairly at the Exhibition in Mr. Dowdeswell's rooms will come to the conclusion that Monticelli has shown himself at times not merely the possessor of a unique faculty of colour, but a really distinguished and original artist. 'Le Crépuscule,' a full, solemn harmony of colour; the delicate Claude-like 'Fête dans le Jardin d'un Palais;' the lovely greenish 'Au Clair de Lune,' and similar pictures, add good drawing and exquisite suggestive handling to ravishing beauties of colour. 'Le Banquet,' in spite of its rich decorative aspect, verges on brutality in the rugged lumpiness of its workmanship. 'La Harpiste,' 'La Vallée,' 'L'Esquisse: Paysage,' 'Etude des Dames,' 'Paysage avec Figures,' and 'L'Invocation aux Dieux,' are among the good pictures. The bad may be left untold.

WATER COLOURS AT THE DUDLEY GALLERY.—This Society has opened a pretty fair show this season; some niggling and some flimsiness of tone may be remarked, but on the whole not more than must be expected. One or two celebrated names occur in the catalogue, such as Sir John Gilbert, Birket Foster, and Carl Haag: the works exhibited by their owners are quite characteristic, and these are too well known to require criticism here. Many men less known to fame send excellent stuff. Messrs. Rupert Stevens, G. R. Burnett, W. Carlan, Peter Ghent, and Conway Lloyd-Jones, paint in a broad workmanlike manner with a true feeling for open air. Of delicate, elaborately worked drawings we have many examples, none of which preserve breadth of effect and truth of sentiment in spite of detail better than Mr. Sutton Palmer's 'Bells of Ouseley,' and Mr. E. Wake Cook's 'Clovally from the Hobby.' Mrs. Heathcote in 'Plain below Assisi' and in 'Interior of Church of San Francesco,' Mr. Giampietri in 'Crypto Porticus: Caligula's Palace' and 'Beneath the Portico of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina,' and Mr. C. E. Hern in 'Study of a Stack Barge,' attain a certain poetical charm in the treatment of light. Miss K. Macaulay, Mr. Burnett Stuart, and Mr. J. Donne, employ various marked conventionalities of manner with force, intelligence, and taste. Good work comes from Messrs. Russell Dowson, L. O'Brien, D. Green, A. G. Bell, L. L. Pocock, J. Knight, F. Burgess, J. Webb, Rapetti, F. C. Nightingale, R. A. K. Marshall, C. J. Adams, and Miss Rose Barton.

THE STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOUR.—"In and Out of Doors" is the title of a collection of pictures by past and present students of the above society. These drawings, now on view at the Goupil Galleries, if considered generally, do not give much evidence of that conscientiousness about nature, and that consideration for "values" and the scientific side of Art which we expect, at least from students. We do not ask for niggling at any

stage of an artist's progress; he had better at once learn to embrace his subject in its *ensemble*, but his nose should be relentlessly held to the grim truth of things. Masses, however broad, should be just in value; various planes should receive the right dose of light; large facts of structure should be felt and rendered; the tone should be consistent, aerial, and based on natural aspect; and no cheap clarity should be obtained from false relief, over-delineation, or exaggerated colouring. Many great artists, mature and reeking with sentiment, have with difficulty been induced to give over grappling with all the stiff problems of vision while the public was gaping for poetry. Those then who have never been in harness will knock the bottom out of the gig when they begin to "go free" in the paths of style and poetry. In this exhibition there is a want of desperate vigour in the struggle with Art and reality, while we remark but too much false effectiveness and flimsy elegance. A truly aerial unity of colour is seldom attained; Mr. A. E. Bowers' 'Haunted Mill,' and Mr. F. Althaus's 'Coming Gale,' are the most notable exceptions. Perhaps these two fine pieces of tone, and Mr. F. Clark's robust and vigorous effort at colour, 'An Old Smuggling Port,' may be called the best of the lot. Mr. MacIver Grierson, however, in 'The Village Fortune-Teller' shows a good power of drawing and of rendering facial expression. Mr. Angell Brindley, Mr. Honeywood Waller, and Mr. F. Short get a pleasing sentiment into their work. Mr. W. Luker conveys a good idea of figures under an effect of light, in 'Home: A Wet Day.' Mr. A. C. Wyatt is painstaking and courageous, but spends too much time on hard and false delineation of detail, while he allows large masses of colour to go wrong with apparent indifference. Mr. Nelson Dawson is one of those too ambitious painters who would be the better for a course of hard prosaic study in getting the aspect of nature by right values before he attempts high flights of style and *chic*. Very probably, in spite of what we have said, these drawings make a much better show than students' work would have done fifteen years ago.

GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—The Fine Art Galleries, ten in number, are more solidly constructed than the rest of the building, so that they may—if it is so arranged—remain as permanent show-rooms after the close of the exhibition: they comprise a space of about 28,000 feet, and are admirably lighted. Electric light will be used at night. The collection of pictures will include both a loan and a sale section, in the former of which Scottish, English, and foreign Art will be represented. The large gallery will be devoted to the British sale section. The foreign sale section will be a feature of peculiar interest and importance. Mr. Walker, too, is making a great effort to get together a good representative gathering of works in black and white. It is reported that there will be a splendid show of sculpture, as some of the best sculptors of France have promised their support. There are also rooms for exhibits of photography and of architectural drawings and models. It is intended to make the exhibition as international as possible in all its departments. The corresponding members who are co-operating with the various committees are Messrs. L. Alma Tadema, Hamo Thornycroft, Colin Hunter, David Murray, George Lawson, and Paul Dubois. It is hoped that the exhibition, which is under the patronage of the Queen, will be opened in the first week in May; the Prince and Princess of Wales have promised to officiate.

## ART NOTES.

**PERSONAL.**—The President of the Royal Academy has been elected a member of the Society of Painters in Water Colours. Messrs. Onslow Ford, W. B. Richmond, and A. W. Blomfield (architect) have been elected Associates of the Royal Academy. Mr. W. Bell Scott has been elected an honorary member of the Royal Scottish Academy. The staff of "The New Gallery" (as the *Halicarnassus* is officially called) will consist of the managing directors, Messrs. C. Hallé and J. W. Comyns Carr, and a consulting committee composed of Messrs. L. Alma Tadema, E. Burne Jones, A. Gilbert, H. Herkomer, J. W. North, Onslow Ford, W. Holman Hunt, W. B. Richmond, and Alfred Parsons; the architect is Mr. Robson. MM. Lefebvre, Henner, Coemon, and Maignan have been commissioned to paint the decorations of the Premier Salon of the Hôtel de Ville, while those of the Second Salon have been entrusted to MM. Bonnat (ceiling), Glaize, and Gabriel Ferry, and those of the Third to MM. Besnard (ceiling), Gervex, Duez, and Carrière.

**MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES.**—At South Kensington, a plaster cast of the central doorway of the Church of San Petronio, Bologna, the work (1425) of Jacopo della Quercia, has been completed and set up in a corresponding position on the eastern side of the Architectural Court to that occupied on the western side by Maestro Matteo's *Puerta Della Gloria*. The trustees of the Christy Fund have purchased for the British Museum the unique collection of objects of the Reindeer Period, discovered at Avignon by M. Peccadeau de l'Isle. Miss Constable has presented to the department of Prints and Drawings some forty sketches and studies, the work of her father, John Constable, R.A. Over £3,000 has been subscribed for a new Art gallery for Dundee. M. Édouard de Beaumont has bequeathed a wonderful collection of swords, the work of a lifetime and valued at something like £50,000, to the Musée Carnavalet. To the Louvre, M. Hartmann has presented an admirable example of Millet, 'Le Printemps.' M. Walewski has presented the 'Rachel,' painted by Müller for his father, the famous minister of Napoleon III., to the Museum of the Théâtre-Français. M. Boucher's 'Au But!' and the 'Pheidias' of M. Aimé Millet have been placed in the gardens of the Luxembourg. At Lisbon, Senhor da Silva has presented his whole archaeological library to the Carmo Museum. Mr. Watts's 'Love and Death' (a replica) and two landscapes by Mr. Keeley Halswelle have been purchased for the Melbourne National Gallery, for £840 and £1,000 respectively. Drs. Haupt and Adler, of the John Hopkins University, have been commissioned to form a collection of Assyrian and Babylonian casts for the National Museum, Washington.

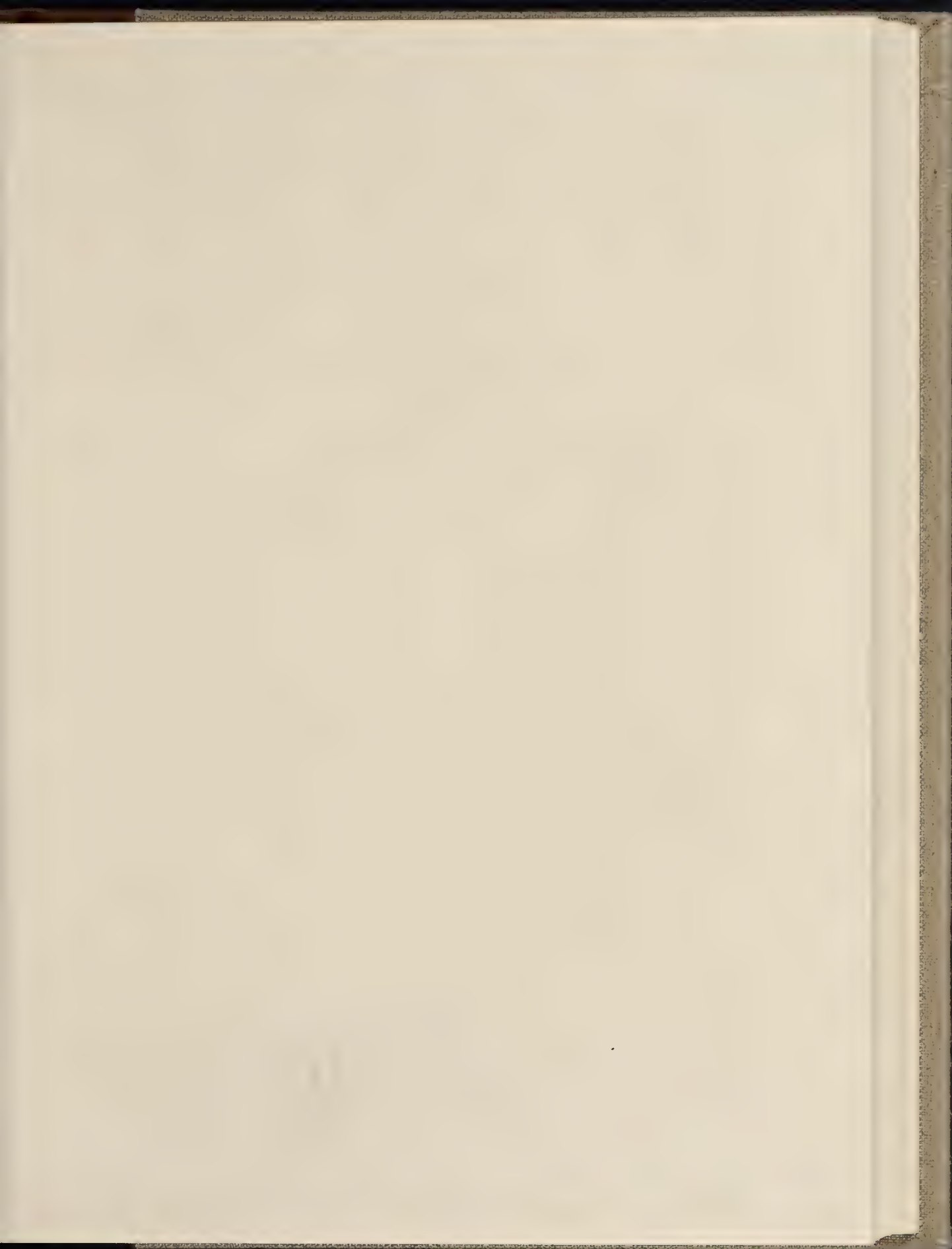
**OBITUARY.**—The death is announced of George Godwin, F.R.S., a famous authority on architecture and decoration, author of "London Shadows," "Another Blow for Life," "The Churches of London," and other works, Vice-President of the Society of British Architects, for many years editor of *The Builder*, and a frequent contributor to this journal; of

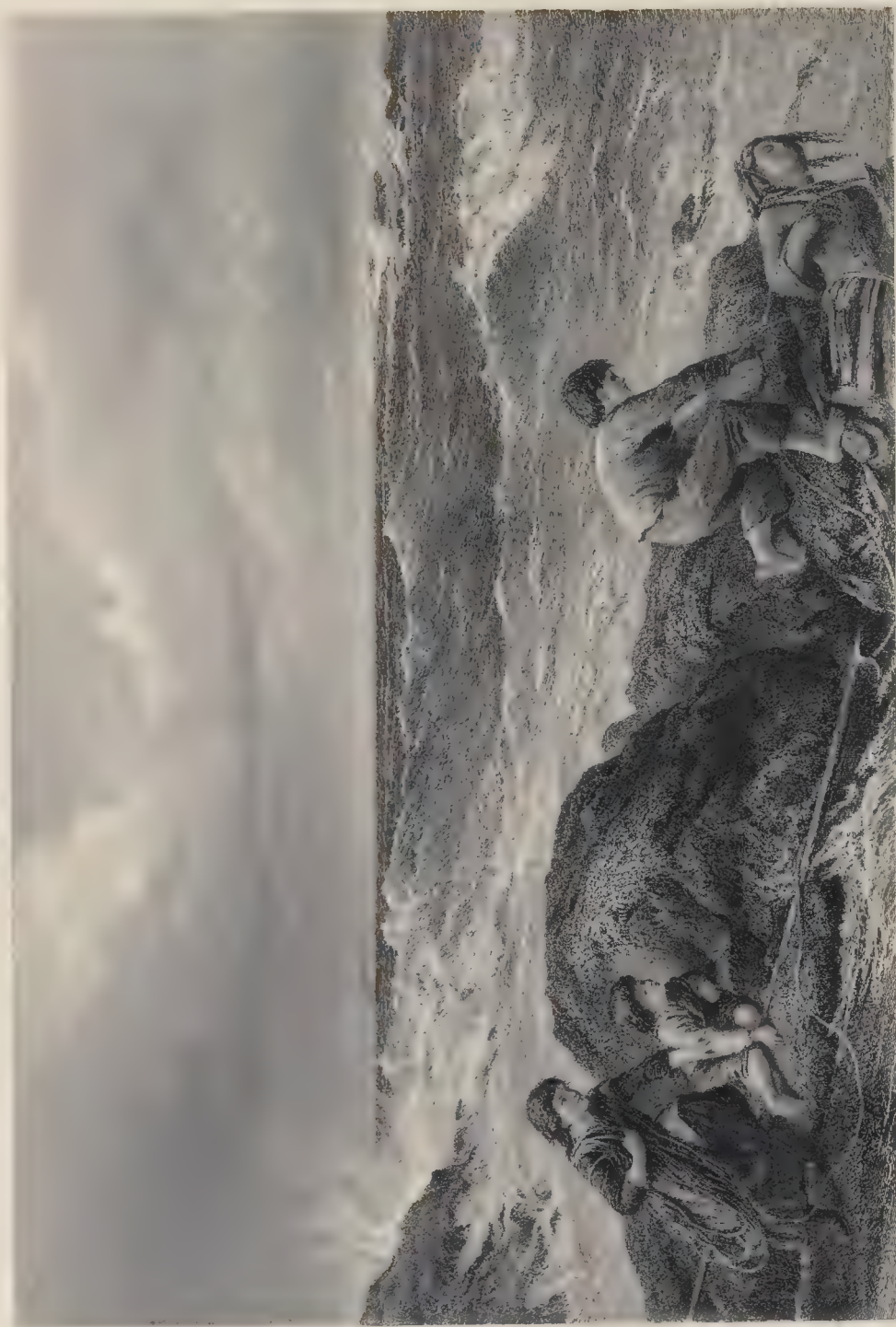
Edward I'Anson, President of the Society of British Architects; of the animal and landscape-painter, Joseph Palizzi; of Édouard de Beaumont, President of the Société des Aquarellistes Français; of Robert Herdman, R.S.A., an esteemed painter of portraits and historical subjects; of Adolphe Siret, founder of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* and author of an excellent "Dictionnaire des Peintres;" of the historical painter, Louis Matout; of the draughtsman and illustrator, Oscar Pletsch; of the sculptor, François Truphème; of the landscape-painter, J. W. Inchbold; of the glass painter, Claudius Lavergne, a pupil of Ingres; of the architect, J.-F. Guépin, President of the French Société des Artistes; of the French archæologist, Noiret; of the sculptor, Jean Bochet, of drink and starvation; of the painter-poet, Edward Lear, author of the "Journals of a Landscape Painter," "Illustrations of Parrots," "Sketches of Rome," and, above all, "The Book of Nonsense;" of the American architect, John C. Cochrane; of the painter, Dyckmans, a sometime professor at the École des Beaux-Arts, Antwerp; and of Charles-Auguste Questel, a member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, and architect at Versailles and the Trianon.

**NEW PRINTS.**—Mr. Alfred Dawson's typographic reproduction of Mr. W. B. Richmond's 'Phidyle' (London: The Typographic Etching Company), is careful and exact enough to be worthy of a better original. The tonality of the work, while a trifle heavy, is by no means lacking in subtlety; the effect of the picture is skilfully suggested. The figure of the heroine, however—which is plainly a cento of different models—is so ungraceful as to be almost ridiculous.

**ARCHITECTURE IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS.**—In our article on the Schools of the Royal Academy (January, 1888), it said that "the Academy never flourished as a school for architects." In 1870, when the Royal Academy was established at Burlington House, an architectural classroom was specially arranged, and since its institution as many as three hundred and fifty learners have availed themselves of its advantages. In 1877 the late Mr. George Edmund Street, R.A., proposed to the Council that the architects, academicians and associates, should take their turn as visitors to the school; and Mr. Street himself, Mr. Norman Shaw, Mr. Pearson, Mr. Waterhouse, Mr. Bodley, and Prof. Aitchison, have also attended. That the opinions of the visitors may not clash one with the other, three visitors are elected by the general body for the year, and they in order select the three months they undertake. During the winter months some forty to fifty students are in attendance. The forms which they have to go through are similar in nature to those required from the painter and sculptor: architectural drawings, drawing of ornament from the cast, and a prospective sketch of some building, taking the place of studies from the antique. The school is flourishing, and this year there were no fewer than nine competitors for the gold medal, and two hundred for the travelling studentship.

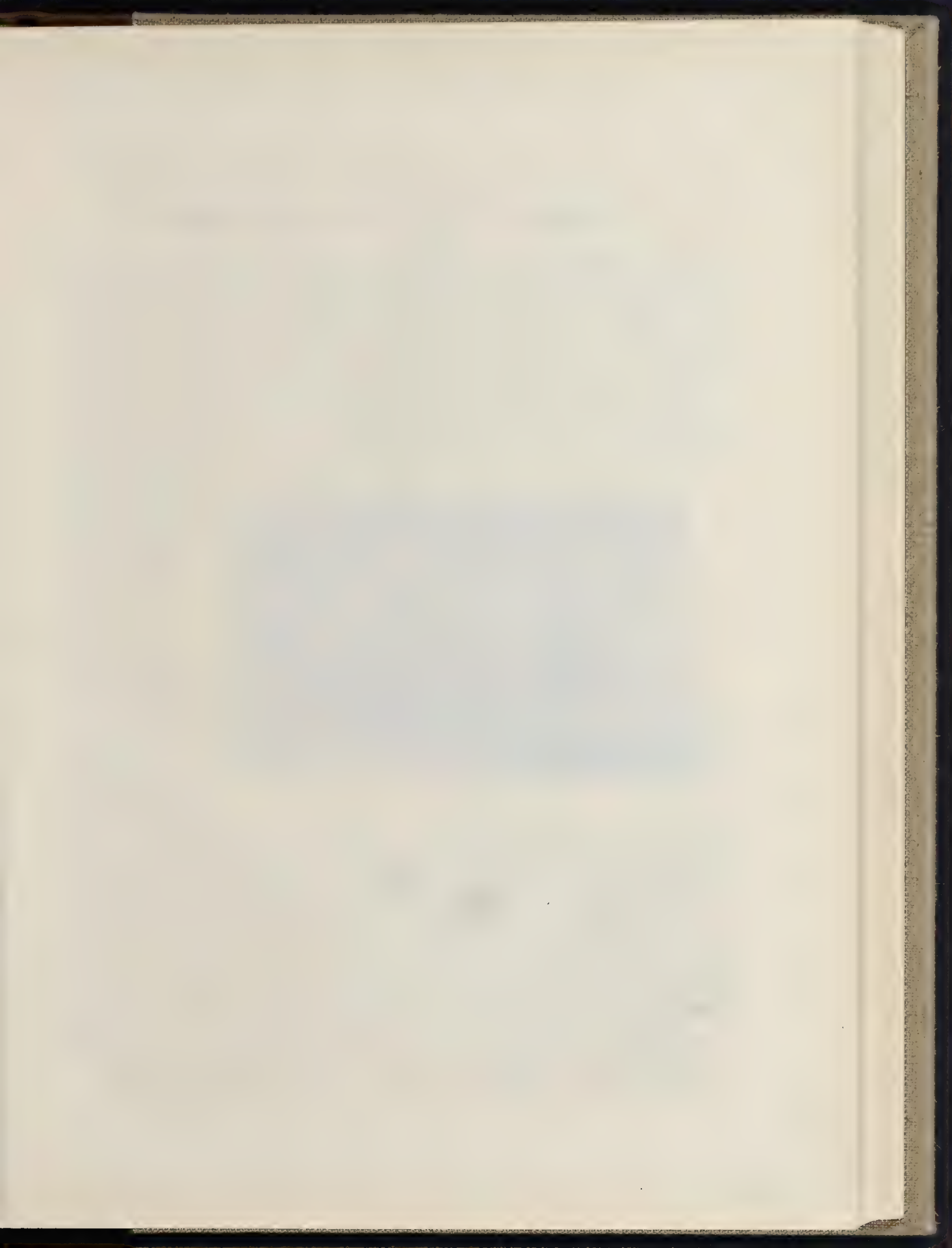


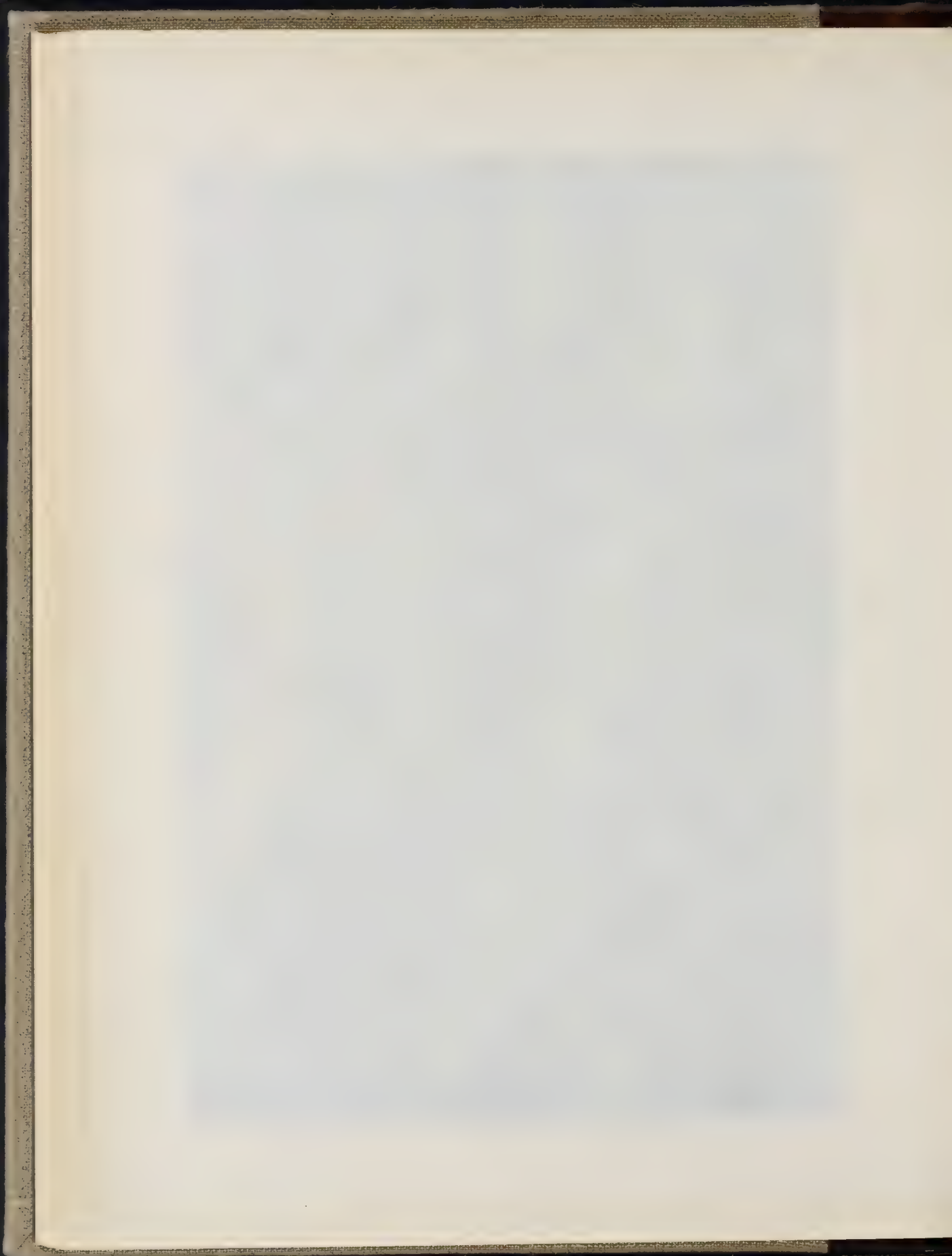




CATCHING A MERMAID









## A FOREIGN ARTIST AND AUTHOR IN ENGLAND.\*

THERE are few English towns whose name is more familiar to foreigners than Oxford. There are, it should immediately be added, few places less known to them, and out of one hundred travellers or tourists coming from the Continent, we make bold to say that not five go to Oxford. People visit Liverpool or Scotland, a good many run down to Brighton, but Oxford appears to be beyond the range of practical touring.

Whatever may be the causes be, the fact remains that to most foreigners Oxford is a sort of *terra incognita*, and it is to be regretted, as the old university town is a very characteristic and picturesque place, not only on account of its situation, its monuments, and its aspect, but also on account of its institutions and its peculiar life.

The general appearance of Oxford is very striking. From the railway the domes, spires, pinnacles, and towers are seen rising above an ocean of verdure, the grey tint of the stone standing out with wonderful effect on the green colour of the foliage. At a distance Oxford appears as a city of churches and palaces, and as you get nearer to and enter it, this impression, far from diminishing, is increased and heightened.

The first object of importance to be met when going from the railway station to the town is an old Norman keep on a high mound, which is all that remains of the Castle, built, it is said, under the reign of William Rufus; but disdainfully glancing at it, we passed rapidly by in our hurry to see the town and its celebrated High Street, of which we had heard so much. There are wider streets and longer streets, streets with finer monuments than High Street; but what makes the particular charm of the "High," as the students of Oxford call it, is the combination of gardens and monuments, of foliage and spires and towers and pinnacles, which unite the beauties of nature and of art and form a perspective unequalled for real picturesqueness. High Street is not straight, but curves at its lower end. This is an advantage, for as one advances the prospect changes, so to say, at every step; it is possible, by standing at a given spot, to limit one's horizon and to take in at a glance all the characteristic features of the surrounding buildings and gardens, where trees overtop the walls and project their shadows on the pavement with fairy-like effect

of light and shade; a few paces forward or backward open up new prospects, and an entirely different scene meets the eye.

This ever-changing aspect of the street as one walks along is remarkably pleasant, and a welcome change from the monotony of long straight streets, which are very convenient, no doubt, but do not afford such an excellent opportunity to judge of the architectural beauties of a town. As you get nearer the various edifices, they seem to revolve and show themselves under their several aspects. First one discovers an elegant spire proudly rising above all the surrounding edifices; standing out boldly against the sky, the tapering and elegant steeple, ornamented at its base with delicately-carved pinnacles, strikes the eye; as you approach, it seems to recede before you, and to hide behind the neighbouring houses. Suddenly you perceive the church above which



Coaching.

the steeple rises; a few steps more bring you before the front of St. Mary's, one of the loveliest buildings in Oxford. Archæologists and critics in general, that is to say, people who, by profession, are never satisfied, point out, it is true, that the body of the church is of the Perpendicular style of architecture, whilst the spire is Decorated and the front Italian. Quite possible. But there is something equally true and a good deal more interesting, and that is that the whole is absolutely charming. When a thing is beautiful we are content to look at it, and admire it without inquiring into the reason why it is so. St. Mary's porch was built by Archbishop Laud, and when the prelate was indicted, the erection of the statue of the Virgin with which it is ornamented was one of the counts of the indictment drawn up against him. The fate of Laud proves that his enemies had not underrated the effect of such an accusation on puritanical and tyrannical minds. It is not without reason that these two words rhyme.

\* Continued from page 348, vol. for 1887.

We cannot refrain from reproducing here a remarkable sentence we found in a book on Oxford. Speaking of this very front, the author says that the erection of it "formed one of the counts of the indictment upon which Archbishop Laud had the misfortune to lose his head." *Had the misfortune to lose his head* struck us as a particularly felicitous mode of expressing the little accident through which Laud departed this earth.

A tower-gateway immediately afterwards attracted our attention, owing more to its peculiarity than to its loveliness; but it should be remembered that what constitutes the beauty of Oxford is less, perhaps, its monuments taken separately and examined each on its own merits, than the presence of so many of them in a comparatively small area.

The illustrious French preacher, the late Père Lacordaire, was evidently of this opinion. It was not the monuments of heterogeneous style which particularly attracted him, nor the gardens, but the combination of all these features. Oxford should not be looked at in detail, for there is none of its monuments which, examined by itself, cannot be matched, and more than matched, easily and almost anywhere, but should be considered as a whole; and it must be admitted that the *ensemble* it presents cannot be surpassed, if even it can be equalled. Here is what Père Lacordaire wrote on this subject, and no better description of Oxford can be given:—"Fancy in a plain surrounded by uplands, and bathed by two rivers, a mass of monuments Gothic and Greek; churches, colleges, quadrangles, porticoes, all distributed profusely, but most gracefully, in quiet streets terminating in trees and meadows. All these buildings, consecrated to letters and science, have their gates open. The stranger enters as he would enter his own house, because they are the asylums of the beautiful to all who are endowed with feeling. As you traverse these noiseless quadrangles, there is no crowding or din. There is nowhere such an appearance of ruin, with so much of preservation. In Italy the buildings breathe of youth. In Oxford it is time which shows itself, but time without decay, and with all its majesty. The town itself is small, but even this does not take from the grandeur of the place; the monuments serve for houses, and give it an air of vastness."

University College and Queen's College, a few steps farther than St. Mary's Church, are nearly opposite each other. The former has a striking façade ornamented with towers; the latter possesses a gateway over which a cupola, supported by clusters of columns, shelters a statue of Queen Caroline, consort of George II.

The last college to be seen in the High Street is the celebrated Magdalen College, founded in the fifteenth century by Bishop William of Waynflete, to which access is obtained through a modern gate of Gothic architecture, very pretentious in its affected simplicity. The chief feature of this college is a square tower crowned by battlements, above which rise four pinnacles, the effect of which from the bridge at the end of the High Street is very fine. The river Cherwell laves the walls of Magdalen College, behind which are large and beautiful trees in full leaf. The combination of water, foliage, and architecture, blended together in an exquisite manner, makes this particular part of Oxford the prettiest and most picturesque of the whole city.

Enclosed by the college buildings is a large square court or quadrangle, as they call these inner courts at Oxford. Every college has its own quadrangle, and takes pride in it. That of Magdalen College is very fine, but the largest and most beautiful of all is that of Christ Church. In the university jargon or slang used by the students of Oxford, a quadrangle is a "quad." The undergraduates have an inordinate love of abbreviation, and delight in lopping off syllables of long words. We have seen the word quadrangle reduced to "quad.;" Catherine Street in university parlance becomes "Cat." Street; commemoration "commem.;" undergraduate "undergrad.;" and so on *ad infinitum*, to make use of a Latin expression quite in keeping with the subject we are treating.

Let us return to Magdalen (which, for some mysterious reason, is pronounced *Maudlen*), its "quads." and cloisters, ornamented with quaint emblematical sculptures, chiefly of animals belonging to species unknown to naturalists, but which testify to the originality and imagination of the artists who carved them. The Founder's Tower, clothed with ivy and creeping plants, is a conspicuous and interesting feature in this quadrangle.

As there are twenty colleges in Oxford, and it would have been impossible to visit them all unless we remained a few weeks in the venerable and learned city, we had, as the English say, to draw the line somewhere. We therefore wandered along the streets, noticing as we passed the great gate of the schools, the gateway of New College and that of Brasenose, as well as the brazen nose, which irresistibly reminded us of a comic personage created by the fancy of a London caricaturist, to whose sayings and doings a whole paper is every week entirely devoted.

After many turns in the streets and in the gardens situated between the Cherwell and the Isis, we traversed the new



A Window.



walk and the magnificent broad walk, shaded by splendid old trees, with the intention of visiting Christ Church College and the Cathedral. For Oxford is the head of a diocese, and has a bishop. By a curious arrangement, the chapel of Christ Church is also the Cathedral; or if it is thought more becoming to put it another way, the Cathedral serves as a chapel to Christ Church College. Probably the first description is adopted by the college authorities, whilst the bishop prefers the second. The Bishop of Oxford, by the way, does not live at Oxford, but at a place called Cuddesden Palace, a few miles off. It is a remarkable fact the English archbishops and bishops generally live anywhere except in the city which is supposed to be their See.

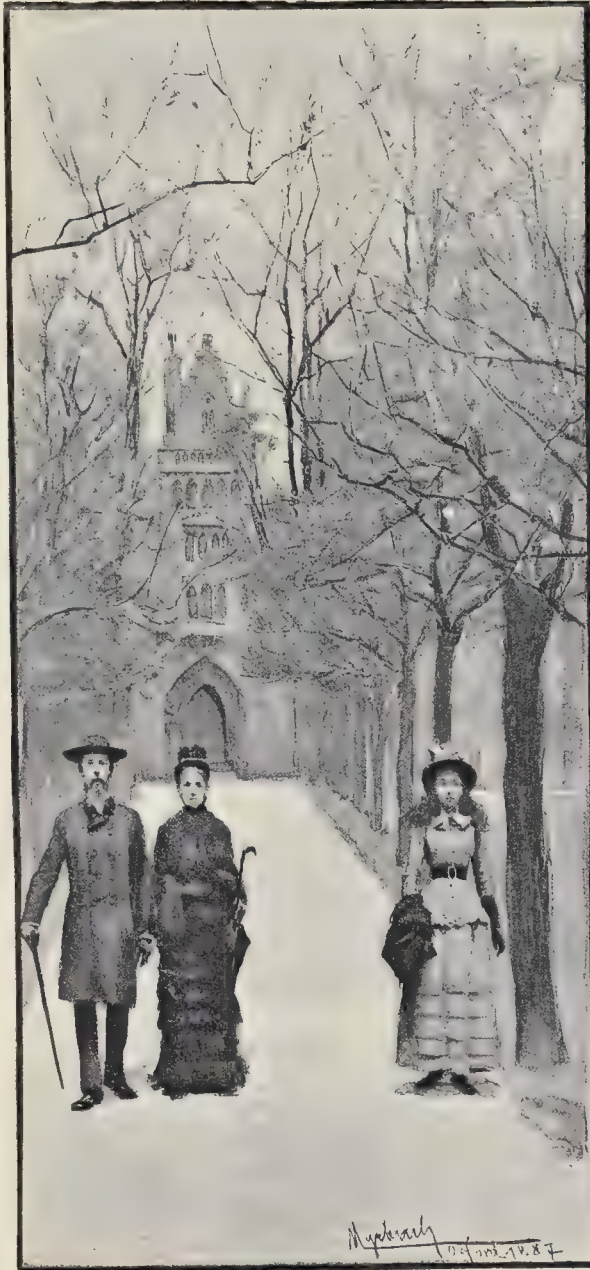
As we went round by the meadows and the banks of the river, we had a glimpse of outdoor university life. Like all young Englishmen, undergraduates and students are passionately fond of exercise and of all kinds of sports, and more especially of athletic sports. Lawn-tennis appears to be quite a favourite pastime with them, if we are to judge by the number of students to be met with in the streets in "flannels" and lawn-tennis shoes and caps, and carrying racquets, bats, and balls.

On the banks of the Isis (which the English pronounce almost like the word "ices") another scene met our eyes. It was a boat's crew practising, whilst on the other bank the coach, on horseback, was directing their movements. How fond the English are of rowing

is well known, but this cannot be realised unless one sees the care, the attention, and the energy with which the

"men" at Oxford and, we suppose, at Cambridge, train in order to be deemed sufficiently skilful to take part in the famous race between the crews of Oxford and the crews of Cambridge, which is one of the great functions of the year. We wondered, as we saw them rowing under the coach's directions, how many French students could be got to undergo the same course of hard training, involving, as it does, a certain amount of privation, and a special diet and mode of living for weeks and even months. And we came to the conclusion that although many French *étudiants* are in the habit of *canoter*, and belong to rowing clubs, yet they would give up the sport from the moment it ceased to be an amusement to become a kind of labour. In other words, whereas the young Englishman rows with a purpose and with an object in view, other than his own personal enjoyment and satisfaction, and for that purpose joins the boat's crew of the college or university in the hope of sustaining or avenging the reputation of one or the other, the young Frenchman rows because it pleases him, but would not for a moment dream of training himself for the sake of winning a race for the glory of his college. Whether for

political or social purposes the English must club together: this is a fact which is constantly and vividly illustrated by their every-day life, even as seen by strangers in a flying



*Taking a Constitutional.*

visit; the French, on the contrary, although they may be more sociable, are much less clubbable than the English. And yet there is a good deal more of initiative and private enterprise in England than in France. Who shall explain this curious contradiction in the idiosyncrasies of both people?

It was our intention to visit Christ Church College, but before getting there we wandered on the river banks, and ultimately found our way to Folly Bridge, and thence, passing along St. Aldate Street, arrived at the college. Before entering we gave a look to the house of Bishop King, which reminded us of the constructions of the same kind so numerous in Chester, and on that account it does not call for any special notice.

Christ Church College is entered from St. Aldate Street by

a fine gateway formed of a Gothic arch, above which is a pretty mullioned window. Two elegant towers, one at each side, flank the gate, and rise to the level of the window; and a third and bigger tower surmounts the whole. The three towers are capped by elegant piriform cupolas, and the effect of the *ensemble* is effective and striking, the more so as the proportions of the whole are as perfect as could be wished.

The quadrangle is bounded on its four sides by the college buildings, which are not particularly beautiful, but they bear the impress of the great mind of the man who built Hampton Court, and whose liberality and love of show, pomp, and splendour have seldom been equalled, that is, of Cardinal Wolsey, the founder of Christ Church, whose statue adorns



*Twining.*

the Tom Gate. For although the illustrious Cardinal fell into disgrace, King Henry VIII. adopted his plans, and had them carried out on the lines laid down by Wolsey.

The colleges of Oxford pride themselves on their halls, and that of Christ Church, the only one we saw, because we were told it is the finest of all—is a Tudor apartment with a remarkable oak roof, elaborately carved, the principal motive of the decoration being the arms and badge of Henry VIII. The walls are hung with portraits of historical personages, foremost among whom, as a matter of course, are those of Cardinal Wolsey and Henry VIII., both attributed to Holbein. Queen Elizabeth also is here represented, and looks as ungracious as she possibly can.

The cathedral, which, as we have said before, is the college chapel, can only be seen at stated times, during which the

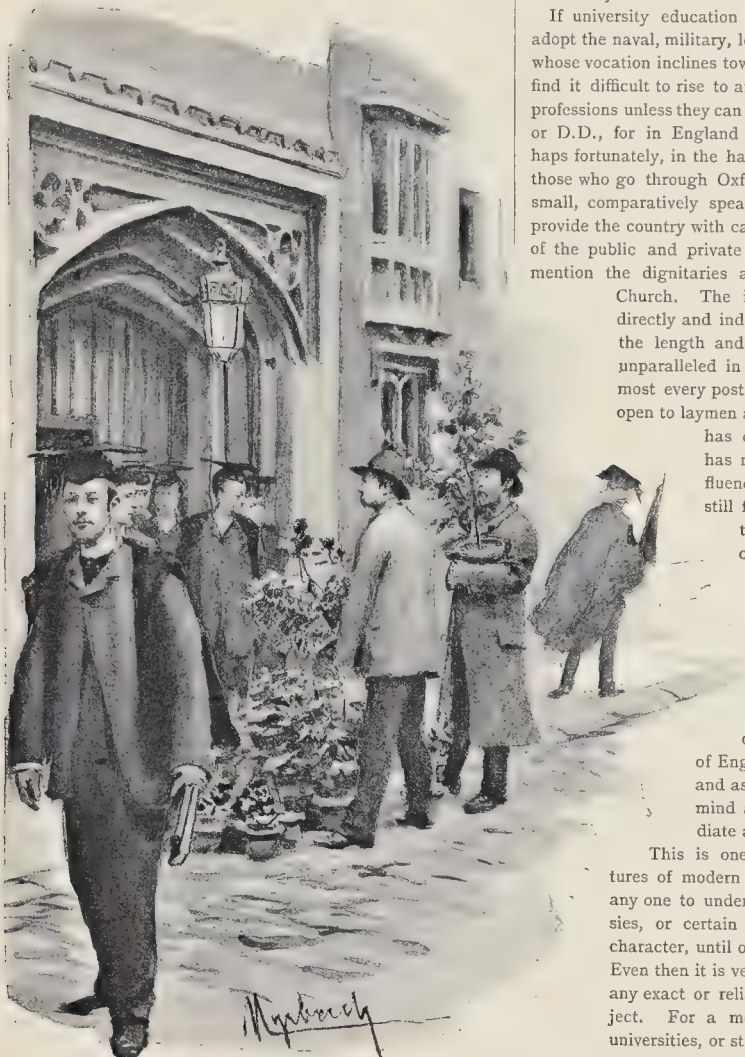
verger is in attendance to take visitors round. It did not quite come up to our expectations. It is an edifice of Norman architecture, uniform in shape, and composed of a nave, choir, aisles, and transept of various periods. Originally the church of the priory of St. Frideswide, it was partly remodelled by Wolsey, whose intention it was to build a larger and finer church, and subsequently altered, repaired, and added to at different times; hence the somewhat straggling appearance of the church. The choir, notably, has been almost wholly restored during the last twenty years, and other portions of the cathedral have equally undergone repair.

As a matter of course there are a great number of tablets, brasses, and monuments, most of which are remarkably uninteresting from an artistic point of view, although they recall the memory of some of England's most learned and



accomplished scholars, whose works, fortunately, constitute better, worthier, and more durable monuments than those in Christ Church Cathedral.

Interesting as is Oxford from the picturesque standpoint, on account of its situation, of its buildings, of its ancient origin, and of the remarkable manner in which it has preserved its character through ages and the vicissitudes of time,



The May Term. Furnishing Window Boxes.

there are other and more important points in connection with it which strike forcibly even the most superficial observer. In speaking of Oxford and of Cambridge the old Latin adage should be remembered: *Non licet omnibus adire Corinthum*. It is not, indeed, every head of a family—and families are proverbially large in England—who can afford to pay some £200 a year to keep a son or two at one of the universities,

1888.

the more so as the academical year is divided into three terms of about ten weeks each. We are not going into further details on the subject, which we only mention because they show that in England higher education is, like many other things, an affair of class, that training at Oxford and Cambridge is beyond the reach of the masses, who are, in consequence, deprived of many advantages which young men belonging to wealthy families alone enjoy.

If university education is not indispensable to men who adopt the naval, military, legal, or medical professions, those whose vocation inclines toward the church or towards teaching find it difficult to rise to any eminence in either of those two professions unless they can add to their name the initials M.A. or D.D., for in England education is exclusively, and perhaps fortunately, in the hands of the clergy. The number of those who go through Oxford and Cambridge universities is small, comparatively speaking, but it is amply sufficient to provide the country with capable principals and head masters of the public and private schools of the kingdom, not to mention the dignitaries and the clergy of the Established

Church. The influence of the universities thus directly and indirectly makes itself felt throughout the length and breadth of England to a degree unparalleled in any other country in Europe. Almost every post in the university has been thrown open to laymen as well as clerics, but this privilege

has only obtained of recent years, and has not as yet had any perceptible influence, for all the important posts are still filled by clergymen, and nearly all the heads of colleges are members of the clergy. The same rule

applies to public and private schools, the principals of which are usually clergymen.

It follows, therefore, that the Church which directs the universities, and through them the educational establishments of England, is virtually the mistress of English education, which she controls, and as a natural consequence, the English mind and thought are under her immediate and powerful influence.

This is one of the most extraordinary features of modern history, and it is impossible for any one to understand certain English idiosyncrasies, or certain peculiarities of English life and character, until one has seen an English university. Even then it is very difficult for a foreigner to obtain any exact or reliable knowledge upon such a subject. For a mere casual visit to either of the universities, or study of the best books upon them, cannot convey the information which is needed.

There is no *lex scripta* which will convey to the outsider any notion of the superior tone, or moral

improvement which a three years' residence at the 'varsity seldom fails to implant in the most unluckied cub who has to undergo it. So long as Alma Mater exercises this influence over her sons there are few, even of the most rabid of the would-be destroyers of England's institutions, who would wish to do away with this element of university education.

Oxford and Cambridge are evidently two of the strongest

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pillars on which rests English society as at present constituted; on account of their aristocratic and exclusive character, their influence, extending through the clergy and the educational bodies from one end of the kingdom to the other, and which enables them morally and intellectually to rule the country. Should the universities of England still further modify their constitutions, the educational system will un-

dergo radical changes, and the whole of the social fabric will be reformed. Whether such a change be desirable or not is a matter of opinion.

Finally, we must say that we were considerably more impressed by the university, its constitution, power, and influence, and its important functions in the economy of the country, than by the picturesqueness of the monuments and the



*A bit of Magdalen College.*

streets of Oxford. The antiquity of the buildings and the manner in which they have stood the test of ages struck us less than the perennial existence of the university itself, in the constitution of which time has had so little effect that, in spite of the revolutions the civilised world has seen, religious, social, and political, it has stood unharmed and escaped unscathed. More solid and immovable than the oldest monument in the

city of Oxford, the University, with its tremendous power, influence, privileges and prejudices, with its aristocratic, clerical, and exclusive character, has never for a moment released its hold on English minds or ceased to sway English thought. That is certainly more striking than the edifices with which the town abounds, picturesque and beautiful as they are, and it made on us a much deeper impression.

P. VILLARS.



## THE BOULAQ MUSEUM.

IN any notice of Boulaq Museum, even the most casual, and this paper pretends to be no more than a few jottings taken in a stroll round the rooms, a preliminary word of recognition is due to its founder, Mariette. Thanks to his energy, enthusiasm, and perseverance in overcoming obstacles which attend every undertaking in Egypt, the student finds ready to hand a collection of artistic objects and documents of the highest importance in many directions; especially in that of *stèle* and inscribed stones. The interest attaching to these latter being mainly historical, their consideration is naturally foreign to the pages of this journal; it is before the works of Art, or rather some few of them, that I propose pausing for a few moments.

When examining any comprehensive collection of ancient Egyptian Art it is perhaps well to fix in the mind the period of time it embraces, and also to recall the duration of other artistic epochs. Greek Art can scarcely be said to have flourished during six centuries, Italian painting and sculpture barely four, and Dutch painting less than a couple of hundred years; while the artistic activity of Egypt lasted for forty centuries. Now, granting the remarkably conservative instincts of the race, and the fact that the same general religious ideas, or ritualistic forms, were perpetuated over this period (although even in these particulars there is good reason to suppose that certain doctrines received considerable modifications or were absolutely transformed in the course of centuries), it is impossible that, with the changes of government and the rise

and fall of national prosperity, Art should remain at the same level. It is true that the earliest reference to Egyptian Art, written when Egyptian Art was approaching its decline, that of Herodotus, insists on its fixed canons; but, valuable as may be the historical narrative of Herodotus, his interest in artistic subjects was limited, his knowledge unscientific, and he probably cared little for the history of Art. Egyptian Art was not stereotyped. At certain periods it was mannered, as is the case with the Art of other countries. There were times when an artificial and pompous style prevailed, when Pharaonic *Grands Monarques* lavished a profuse expenditure on gigantic temples and filled them with colossal statues of their own personalities, times of inordinate wealth and political corruption, and consequent artistic sterility, such, for instance, as the latter part of the reign of

Ramses II. and his immediate successors. The qualities of design and execution, whether bad or only mediocre, in works of such periods being beyond dispute, and similarly respecting the excellence of others when artistic invention was more spontaneous, the task yet to be undertaken is to discover these epochs of growth and decadence. To accomplish this we must classify the objects contained in our museums in chronological order. Until this be done the learned Egyptologists who fill the posts of Directors cannot expect that their special department will receive the attention and recognition it so richly deserves. It is this absence of classification, or, what is worse, a false classification, and the neglect to furnish intelligent descriptive labels, which render the Egyptian sections of our museums so wearisome and useless to the general public. It might be supposed that at Boulaq and other



Fig. 1.—Forecourt and Entrance to Boulaq Museum.

museums the example of South Kensington would be followed, since there is no question that the popularity and usefulness of that institution is in a great measure due to the anxiety shown by the officials to afford the public the necessary information respecting the contents of the collection. Egyptology is the study of a lifetime. But much is known about the marvellous works fashioned by Egyptian artists, equally pregnant with fancy and imagination, or embroidered with quaint and graceful imagery, whether they be hewn from the granite of Assoan or carved from a morsel of lapis lazuli, and that information could be imparted in a few lines of print, so as to awaken a genuine interest in their artistic intention.

There are some objects so remarkable from the sheer force of presentation as at once to arrest the beholder. The

'Sheykh-el-Beled' is an example of this vivid imitation of nature. Fig. 2 shows the head of the statue, which I have



Fig. 2.—Head of the Statue of the Sheykh-el-Beled.

not given in its entirety because it has been engraved in various French publications, and, moreover, the legs are a modern restoration. Striking as is the impression produced by this figure, its interest to most visitors would be greatly increased by the knowledge that it belongs to the earliest recorded period of Egyptian history, *circa* 4,000 B.C.: to speak more correctly, that it belongs to the fourth dynasty, and was found at Saqqarah.\* The statue is some four feet high, it is of wood, and has been covered with plaster painted to imitate life. The eyes are composed of quartz and crystal set in a rim of bronze. The patch on the right cheek is an ancient restoration, the lines on the forehead above the eyebrows are cracks in the wood. The name of the figure is derived from the fact of the face bearing a striking resemblance to the then Sheykh, or Mayor, of the village of Saqqarah, where it was discovered in recent years; the likeness was at once recognised by the *fellaheen*, who gave it the name which it has ever since retained. There is no mistaking the personality of the original, who was probably an official or steward of plebeian origin. His

\* It is true that the title, date, and place of the statue are given in the catalogue, but that work is only published in the French language, while for every visitor of that nation there are probably a score of our own countrymen, besides Germans, Italians, and other Europeans. The Egyptians also, who supply the funds for the support of the Museum, may fairly demand some description of its contents in Arabic. If, however, the catalogue were only clear, accurate, and systematic, there would be few complaints, whatever language it was written in. Yet even a work of this nature would not obviate the necessity of explanatory labels attached to the objects.

bullet head and robust form indicate shrewdness and considerable force of character. He holds in his hand a staff, which he doubtless sometimes laid across the back of an idle or skulking workman; yet withal there is a touch of good-humour in his homely face. In the matter of arrangement the 'Sheykh-el-Beled' forms one member of a quartette, the others being a statue of Queen Ameneritis, of the twenty-fifth dynasty; a diorite statue of King Khefren, fourth dynasty, and builder of the second pyramid at Geezeh, and a group composed of statues of the thirtieth dynasty. It is obvious that the student will be desirous to compare the Sheykh with other work of the same period, and that he should not be compelled to wander about the museum to seek this; besides, one would think the feeling for harmony alone would prompt an arrangement combining Art of the same style and epoch.

Considered from an artistic point of view, perhaps, the chief treasures of Boulaq consist in the statues of the ancient empire. It is precisely in examples of this art that the British Museum is so lamentably deficient. The Louvre possesses the celebrated 'Scribe,' and two or three other figures; but the sum total of all the European collections does not approach that of the Egyptian capital. The life-size statue of King Khefren, mentioned above, is a magnificent specimen of realistic representation, admirable for its anatomical truth and perfect in its surface manipulation; and this in a material so stubborn and resisting as to defy all but the most highly tempered metal. The king is enthroned on a chair decorated with papyrus and lotus plants, his head is shadowed by the wings of the sacred hawk, emblem of the god Ra; he sits immobile, self-contained, and simulating the majestic calm of the immortal gods. And with such a monument as the great pyramid, and an effigy like this statue, he certainly



Fig. 3.—Statue of the High Priest Ra-nofer.

bids fair to endure as long as time lasts. The statue was discovered in the temple of the Sphinx; its gigantic blocks of



granite being a fitting receptacle for sculpture so imperishable. Another of these antique portraits must be mentioned, that of

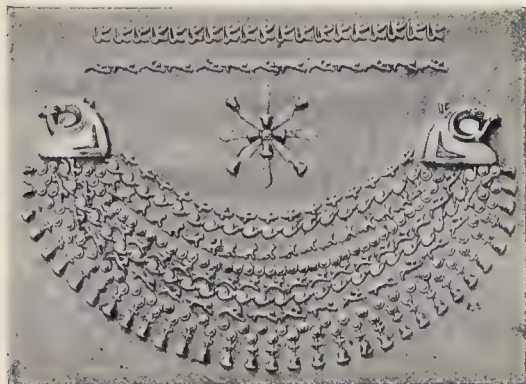


Fig. 4.—Necklace of Queen Aah-hotep.

the high-priest Ra-nofor (see Fig. 3), who was possibly a king's son. The period is that of the fifth dynasty. In this instance the figure is carved in limestone, and of the size of life; the flesh and eyes being painted. The illustration precludes the necessity for verbal description, but it must be stated that the modelling is ill rendered by the photograph, the exaggeration of the surface stains suggesting clumsy and imperfect modelling. These examples, it is hoped, are sufficient to indicate the characteristics of the earliest known work. The artist's aim was absolute truth to nature. He extenuated nothing. His task was the most difficult in the whole range of Art: the perfect representation of the human figure, and the exact rendering of character and expression in the countenance. He used every legitimate means to attain that result, and he further maintained the quality known as "sculpturesque"—that which imparts style and dignity to a statue, which makes it, in short, a work of Fine Art. There are varieties in the technical methods, but of course the series of statues does not manifest the same amount of artistic excellence and skill in manipulation. The small basalt head recently added to the Louvre

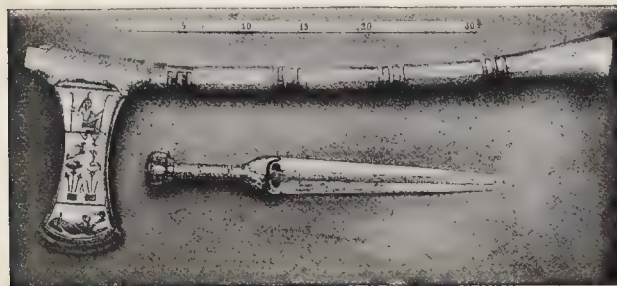


Fig. 5.—Battle-axe and Dagger of King Ahmos I.

is bold in execution and almost brutal in its representation; but then the subject was a somewhat gross and boisterous

specimen of humanity. The 'Scribe,' who had the advantage of a more intellectual training, shows a corresponding delicacy and *finesse* in the execution, albeit the clay has been handled with masterly facility. Then there are other works decidedly mediocre; and, again, others of extraordinary subtlety and beauty; but they all testify to one aim, the faithful representation of natural form.

It is not alone in single figures that the Egyptian sculptors of the earlier dynasties gave proof of their consummate training; the compositions in bas-relief are equally masterly, and they are conceived with a vivacity, an observation of life, and a delight in dealing with natural scenes in a free and unrestrained spirit, that are only found in the best epochs of Art. Take the slab in close-grained limestone of the colour of cream-tinted marble, on which is carved a scuffle of boatmen on their frail barks. They are carrying baskets of produce to market, or, perhaps, for funeral offerings. A dispute has arisen which is being decided by long sticks or quarterstaves; some are striking, others parrying blows, precisely as one may see now in a set-to between *fellaheen* in the country districts. Types and forms are admirably depicted, the nude figure has the same character as that of the workers at shadoofs, in Upper Egypt, to-day, and the men wear neither more nor less costume—a simple cloth round the loins. One quality that will command the respect of the artist is the skill with



Fig. 6.—Model of a Boat with rowers, from the Tomb of Queen Aah-hotep.

which, in all the bustle and movement, the figures are grouped, and the harmonious disposition of the lines of composition. The relief is very low, reminding one of fine examples of Florentine *quattro-cento* reliefs. There is here as much energy and animation as in a bronze by Pollaiuolo, but without his grimace and shortcomings in anatomical structure. The figures are about a foot high and have been coloured, as in the case of the statues in the round. This is only an episode in a series of subjects illustrating agricultural operations and the various incidents and occupations of country life, its sports and its festivities. They indicate, it must be confessed, a high state of civilisation and also of general prosperity, when certainly large classes were imbued with homely, natural tastes. It seems incredible that an art of this excellence and character could be produced under a grinding despotism, or at a time when, even in high places, there was any

extraordinary luxury or corruption.

In all early Art the religious influence is perhaps the most

potent in determining its form and expression, and the central and most important doctrine of the religion of ancient Egypt



Fig. 7.—Model for Students of Sculpture.

was the belief in immortality, or rather the belief that the individual after death lived again in the land of Osiris. To reach that region of the blessed and to retain his individuality, it was necessary that numerous rites and ceremonies should be performed, and especially that, together with the mummy, the tomb should contain effigies, in painting and sculpture, of the deceased. While these lasted the continued existence of the double with Osiris was assured, and consequently as they were multiplied, so much the greater were the chances of immortality. An instance may be cited from the Museum: besides the statue of King Khefren there are portions of eight others, also in diorite, which were found in the Temple of the Sphinx; so, with Ra-nofer, a statuette duplicates the life-size work. Thus, it will be seen, portrait painting and sculpture were a very serious business indeed, for when a man's future existence may depend on the accuracy with which his likeness is taken, his critical faculty is certain to be considerably sharpened, and the knowledge of this eventuality will serve as a correspondingly strong incentive to the artist to cultivate his powers of accurate and just perception; hence the life-like character and marvellous individuality of those statues of the ancient empire.

The tomb being the everlasting habitation of the earthly body of the deceased—and in the pure, dry atmosphere of Egypt, where objects in all materials are little subject to decay, the idea of the imperishableness of matter seems perfectly reasonable—it was further believed that he needed the same articles of food, apparel, and domestic utensils that he had been accustomed to in his mundane existence. There-

fore, bread and meat, fish and poultry, a chair, a couch and head-rest, plates and drinking vessels, a staff for support, a boomerang for fowling, jewellery to adorn himself, charms and amulets as a protection against diabolical agencies, in short, every conceivable object for use or adornment was deposited in the chamber of the tomb. But it was not necessary that these should be the actual objects, and representations of them, carved or depicted, answered the purpose equally as well as the originals. Instead of a boat a small model of one was substituted for it, and the rowers were wooden figures on a corresponding scale; so the servant who made the bread is represented by a little figure of a man kneading dough; or the pots and the potter, the bottles and the glass-blower, the cook with his larder and *batterie de cuisine*, may be painted in colours or figured in bas-reliefs on the walls. Even the friends assembled at a banquet with whom the deceased passed his leisure hours, and the dancing and singing girls that amused him and his guests, are faithfully portrayed, along with the domestic scenes and objects of still life, even the necessary cat not being omitted. I am recalling now a tomb at Thebes, of the eighteenth dynasty, which I had the good fortune to visit a few days after it had been opened by M. Maspero, two years ago, and when all the paintings were as fresh and brilliant as when first painted. As a means of precaution, to save the paintings from being wrecked by natives and tourists, M. Maspero ordered it to be again covered up, but one regretted that the stucco ground could not be removed, and the paintings placed in safety in a museum, lest some future discoverer of the tomb may not have the same respect for ancient Art as the eminent savant. The reader will remember some similar scenes in a series of frescoes in the Egyptian Gallery at the British Museum; in these, however, the figures are much smaller than in the Theban tomb.

Examples of the pictorial art of the ancient empire at Boulaq are not numerous, but there is one that is a veritable masterpiece of animal painting. It is a composition of geese: the birds are firmly outlined on a grey ground, and no detail of the filling-in is omitted; the colouring also is absolutely true to nature. The descendants of these birds may be found in any village on the Nile. Six thousand years do not appear to have changed the character of the species in the smallest particular. Beyond simple accuracy of drawing the work ranks high for its fine qualities of tone and execution; and here the artist has been assisted by the me-



Fig. 8.—Model for Students of Sculpture.

dium he has worked in, distemper, which truly lends itself to the representation of that clear day-light effect aimed at by



the Egyptian painters. A fairly accurate copy of this work might be made by a competent painter, and I can con-



Fig. 9.—Model for Students of Sculpture, or a copy of one.  
(Belonging to South Kensington Museum.)

ceive no more valuable model for students in our decorative Art schools.

When it is remembered that many of the Florentine painters and sculptors commenced their careers in the goldsmiths' shops, the transition from painting to jewellery may not appear too abrupt. It is only to be regretted that the alliance between goldsmiths and artists is not more close in modern times; then the vulgar and tawdry fashion—for one cannot call it design—of so much of our modern jewellery might disappear, and a brooch or a necklet would again become a real work of Art. The case containing the jewellery at Boulaq is of extraordinary interest. The examples here collected comprise every variety of ornament, together with arms, mirrors, etc., mounted in gold and precious stones. The most remarkable were found with the mummy of Queen Aah-hotep, who was the wife of Kamos, a king of the seventeenth dynasty, and possibly the mother of Ahmos I. The mummy of the queen was discovered by the natives in the sand at Drah-abou-'l-neggah in 1860, and as mummies were never thus interred, it is conjectured that it had been removed from the royal tomb by robbers in ancient times and placed there in hiding, and the thieves having probably come to a violent end the secret of the hiding place was lost. The jewels were found in the folds of the cloth in which the mummy was rolled; it was customary at that period thus to deposit the jewellery belonging to the deceased. Among the most artistically beautiful of the objects are the bracelets in open work, where the animal ornamentation is worked out in precious stones set in gold; the feathers in the wing of a vulture, for instance, being rendered by tiny plaques of lapis lazuli, carnelian, and a green-stone. Fig. 4 shows the necklace of the queen. M. Maspero states the entire object is composed of 3,564 pieces; it was of a special design in conformity with one of the commands of the "Book of the Dead." The fastenings here are hawks' heads inlaid with stones; the symbolical animals, lions, jackals, antelopes, hawks, etc., are in embossed gold. Fig. 5 represents a ceremonial axe of King Ahmos I., whose name and title it bears. The handle is of cedar-wood covered with a gold plate; the blade is bronze, enamelled with precious stones. Lotus plants in colour on a gold ground, a representation of Ahmos and the war god, Montou, form the subjects of the ornamentation. The dagger in the same handle has a wooden handle covered with enamels in triangles, the stones being lapis lazuli and

green felspar, set in gold. The handle terminates in four female heads in wrought gold, and at its connection with the blade is decorated with a bull's head. The blade is bronze plated and inlaid with gold, the ornamentation beginning with the name of Ra-neb-pehti, and continued by a lion pursuing a bull; then, oddly enough, come four large grasshoppers, which arrangement doubtless has some mystic signification. Our last illustration from the jewellery case (Fig. 6) has for subject a golden boat placed on a wooden cart with bronze wheels. The crew comprises a captain, steersman, and twelve rowers; the two former wrought in gold, the sailors are in silver, a small figure in the centre holding a representation of a deity or a symbolical object is in gold. The ancient Egyptians believed that the road to the land of Osiris commenced at a cleft in the mountain at Abydos, the deceased being supposed to make the journey to that city by water; this quaint little example of the jeweller's art stands for the boat on which Queen Aah-hotep would embark. I should have liked to have given illustrations of her mirror, a noble piece of work, her fan handle, etc., and also specimens of the goldsmith's work of other periods, but to do full justice to this collection of precious objects the reproductions should be in gold and colour.

A unique collection of sculptors' models fill two glass cases at Boulaq; some are charming pieces of carving, interesting for their fine manipulation, and especially important to those engaged in Art tuition. It appears that models in the round of various parts of the human body were finished up to successive stages by masters of the art, to serve as copies for students, so that the learner had before him a series of examples to copy, beginning at the first indication of the



Fig. 10.—Head of Queen Taia (?).

form of the head, or other member, and continuing in perhaps a dozen or more models in which the form and features

are gradually evolved up to the completed work. It is probable that these models were sent from metropolitan cities



*Fig. 11.—Statue in Green Basalt of Osiris.*

to provincial towns. Besides their use in instruction the completed studies would serve to keep before the eyes of country teachers and pupils examples of the best-executed work of the period. The same method was employed in teaching carving in bas-relief, consequently at Boulaq we find examples of reliefs in all stages, although there is no instance of a series wherein one subject is displayed from the first outlining in pen or brush to the last final stage. Figs. 7 and 8 are from Boulaq, the material is a close-grained limestone; the longest dimension of each is about nine inches. They are supposed to be of the Saitic period, possibly of the twenty-sixth dynasty. Fig. 7 is evidently the finished work, for it is scarcely possible to conceive the stone being brought to higher pitch of refinement; the case contains another model where this figure is little more than blocked out. The goose in Fig. 9 was acquired by me at Luxor, and presented to the South Kensington Museum; it is in a stage approaching completion, but much detail has yet to be added. Scribbled on the surface are some pen-and-ink sketches of birds; it is possible that this may be a student's copy which he never finished—and certainly did not expect it would, after an interval of three thousand years, find a place in the foremost museum of Industrial Art in the world. Mr. Armstrong has for some time desired plaster casts of the Boulaq models for South Kensington, and there is every reason to hope that M. Gré-

baut, the Director of Boulaq, will be able to furnish him with, at least, casts of the bas-reliefs.

Conspicuous among the heads of statues collected at Boulaq is that of a young woman (Fig. 10), supposed by Mariette to represent Taia, the Queen of Amenhotep III., of the eighteenth dynasty. M. Maspero, however, considers it to be the wife or daughter of a certain Harmhabi. It was discovered at Karnak in 1873, in a chamber behind the obelisk of Hatasoo. Whoever she may have been, there is no question of the piquant, Oriental beauty of the face. Young girls of the same type may still occasionally be seen in Egypt, and they have evidently a strain of negro blood in their veins, in this case one of the progenitors of the lady may have been of the Nubian race. Figs. 11 and 12 are two statues of Osiris and Isis, forming part of a group mentioned above. In the front, before the statues, is placed a table of offerings, behind it is a statuette of the scribe Psam-itik standing against the breast of the cow Hathor, the goddess of the dead; on either side are the deities of our illustrations, the height of these being nearly three feet. The whole series is executed in green basalt of the finest quality, and may be taken as an almost perfect specimen of the Art of a late period, the thirtieth dynasty. The Art has not the force and energy that informed the Sheykh-el-Beled, but it is exquisite in its subtlety of execution and capacity for rendering refined



*Fig. 12.—Statue in Green Basalt of Isis.*

form. It breathes a noble serenity, a high-bred distinction, without degenerating into a cold formality, that is rare in Art.



Osiris, represented as a mummy, his hands appearing through a slit in the cloth, holds the whip and sceptre; he wears the crown of Upper Egypt, with the uræus over the forehead and the plumes of sovereignty on either side. Isis is crowned with the moon's disk between the horns of Hathor, and has in her right hand the Sign of Life. Between these works and the era of the Sheykh extends a space of time covering about 3,500 years. Great artistic epochs rose and passed away

in Egypt during these centuries, and many of them could be more or less adequately illustrated from examples at Boulaq. And although the limit of this notice forbids even the barest mention of works deserving long and careful study, yet for the benefit of those interested in Egyptian Art, and who have not visited the Museum, the fact of their existence should at least be stated.

I have selected for illustration the two biers on which mum-



*Fig. 13.—Bier for a Mummy.*

mies were placed during certain ceremonies previous to their being placed in the coffins or sarcophagi (Figs. 13 and 14), because these objects are, I believe, found in no European museums, saving one example in a very damaged condition at Edinburgh. Fig. 13 is from Akhmim, and is of the Greco-Roman period; Fig. 14 is from Gournah, Thebes, and belongs to the thirteenth dynasty. They have the whole sur-

face painted, the tints being generally pale and clear, heightened in places by passages of positive colour in vivid reds and blues. It is apparent that the figure decoration of No. 13 is highly symbolical. Isis and Nephthys kneel weeping at the head and foot (it will be remembered that the mummy, the dead man, became Osiris, who is here lamented by his two sisters), the seated figures supporting the cover



*Fig. 14.—Bier for a Mummy.*

represent the goddess of truth, Ma. The uræus forms the motive for the upper portion of the cornice, winged globes are at the ends, also a winged uræus and vulture wearing respectively the crowns of Upper and Lower Egypt, are depicted on the cover. With the mummies themselves and their cases, one large room is filled. The series is remarkable for its historic interest and the splendour of the ornamentation with which both cases and mummies are decorated. But these, in their

general features, are known to all, therefore one only has been chosen for illustration, that of a child (Fig. 15), found in a tomb at Akhmim, and dating from the third or fourth century of our era. M. Emile Brugsch informs me the child was a Christian; the art displayed is rude in design, but there is a touching sweetness in the expression of the little face.

Brief and rapid as have been these notes, the allotted pages are filled, and whole classes of Art are left un-

touched. Carving in wood and ivory, bronze casting, the ceramic art, including the so-called porcelain figures and



*Fig. 15.—Mummy of a Christian Child.*

amulets, glass, textiles, and other branches of industrial art are all represented here, and in each instance the ancient Egyptian artists are found to be accomplished masters. I cannot, however, refrain from giving a drawing of the humblest of domestic utensils, a wooden spoon (Fig. 16). How quaint and original the conception, and how charmingly natural is the slim slip of a girl standing in a boat, amidst the water plants, and gathering the flowers of the lotus and papyrus! The grace of the design is inimitable, and the skill shown in the composition and arrangement of line could only be the result of the most thorough and methodic training (it will be noted that a portion of the wand crossing the figure has been broken away); and, further, there is an observation of nature and individual character in the work which proclaim its author to have been a genuine artist. These are the attributes, found equally in a common object or a regal statue, which characterize the Art of Egypt, which

render its study so fascinating, and also so valuable to the artist of to-day.

If the arrangement and classification of the contents of Boulaq leave much to be desired, the same may be said of the Egyptian rooms in most of the museums of Europe; and if the catalogue is full of omissions, erroneously indicates the place of the objects, entitles those objects according to their material and not their subject, and is without table of contents and index, it contains, in common with all the other works of M. Maspero, at least some very agreeable reading; and, further, the visitor may console himself with the remembrance that there are Egyptian museums in Europe without catalogues of any kind. Here, as elsewhere, the adoption of a satisfactory scientific method will depend on the pressure of public opinion. Meanwhile, by the courtesy of M. Grébaut, the Director, and M. Emile Brugsch, the Conservator of the museum, students have every facility afforded them in examining the works of Art. Special thanks are due to M. Brugsch for photographing the originals of the series of illustrations



*Fig. 16.—A Wooden Spoon.*

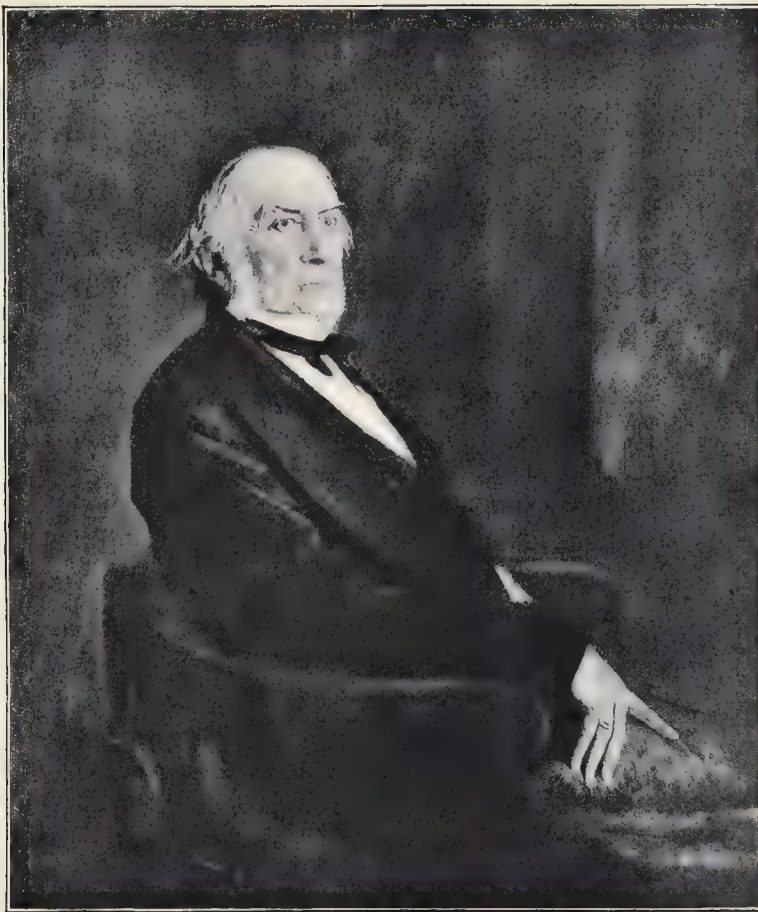
for this article; one, however (Fig. 16), is from a drawing by the author.  
HENRY WALLIS.



## A GERMAN PAINTER OF NOTABLE PORTRAITS.\*

IT is generally granted, even by inveterate Romancists, that our contemporaries are the men and women we should write about, and that, even if we make up our stories according to the violent conventionalities of the improbable, it is well that we should use hackneyed devices of fiction about the persons of our day rather than about those of the

past. And what we write of most profitably—inasmuch as what we say about the present will have some authority for the future, whereas what we say about the past will be a sheer futility in the estimation of our posterity, who will assuredly wish to think about the past for themselves—we paint most profitably also for the same reason. At least this



*The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.*

should be held by all who think that we owe posterity some consideration, because it has indeed "done something" for us in supplying us with an ideal audience to whom the critic can more or less effectively appeal as backing up his own opinion. A prophecy as to what will "live" and what will

not live, and as to what will be the deliberate verdict of another age, is at once the cheapest and the most unanswerable of the pronouncements of our many writers about other men's work. Such vaticination is not the "most gratuitous form of human error," according to George Eliot's famous word, but the easiest form of literary dogmatism. Without a future to appeal to, the common device would be impos-

\* "Zeitgenössische Bildnisse." Verlagsanstalt für Kunst und Wissenschaft: München.

sible, and thus we owe something to our successors, and in gratitude we ought to spare them the burden of our romantic art and literature. For these reasons, or doubtless for reasons more serious, contemporary subjects have been lately almost exclusively treated by whole schools of foreign Art—at least after the state of pupilage. A young man is bound to go through his costume period, and to paint the most obviously picturesque passages of his country's history; but once master of his own studio, he learns to be simple, direct, observant—qualities that in theory belong to the young, but that must, in fact, be acquired slowly, like docility and unselfishness and other virtues of the maturer innocence.

All painting of contemporary subjects implies a certain amount of portrait painting, and perhaps all vital Art, however ideal it may seem to us now, was realistic in its own time. Some of the celestial companies of Fra Lippo Lippi are full of portraits. If we except two men who, for widely different reasons and in very dissimilar ways, eschewed individuality—Fra Angelico da Fiesole and Fra Bartolommeo della Porta—the Florentines were all students of distinct and separate men and women, and therefore virtually portrait painters. It is only in declining or in fallen Art that we find human beings "generalised," as were trees in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when it was held that Art should render "foliage," but should not particularise too anxiously between willow and oak. Thus, if few nominal portraits were the work of artists in the great age, none the less was contemporary portrait the heart of their art. The modern English picture of poor quality fails chiefly in this—that the heads are like one another, or feebly differentiated at the painter's will. And the time when painters trusted to this uninventive and weak variety of their own imaginations, and neglected the infinite variety of nature, was precisely the time when portrait painting, explicitly so-called, was profoundly despised. Of course portraits were painted; human vanity saw to it that the art should not disappear; but it was considered, and indeed was, an ignoble thing. The portraits were the worst pictures in our Royal Academy, and the reviewer kept up in type his phrases of protest against the wall-space they occupied to the exclusion of the costume pictures that represented true "high Art." Happily a far different canon of taste has now prevailed for many years, and the portraits are so far higher in quality than anything else, except a few landscapes, in our galleries, that nothing else comes within measurable distance of them. And the excellence of portraiture has been for a longer time recognised abroad, although it has been less conspicuous there, owing to the fact that the spirit of contemporary observation—the portrait spirit—prevailed in the Continental subject-picture more than in our own.

And in the Munich school Franz Lenbach holds a singular place. Those even who deny him a great originality, and assert that he is a *mélange* of Rubens and Jordaens, whom he studied, with Piloty, of whom he learnt, must needs admit that the result is a great personality in modern Art. A truer estimate will recognise in him an original mind, and an original hand that has indeed learnt from the ancestors of its handicraft, such learning being a confession of derivation and development which adds an interest to every evidence of power, of skill, and of thoughtfulness in a man's work. It is not enough that an artist should have studied his masters, he should also show that he has studied them—and how much and how faithfully.

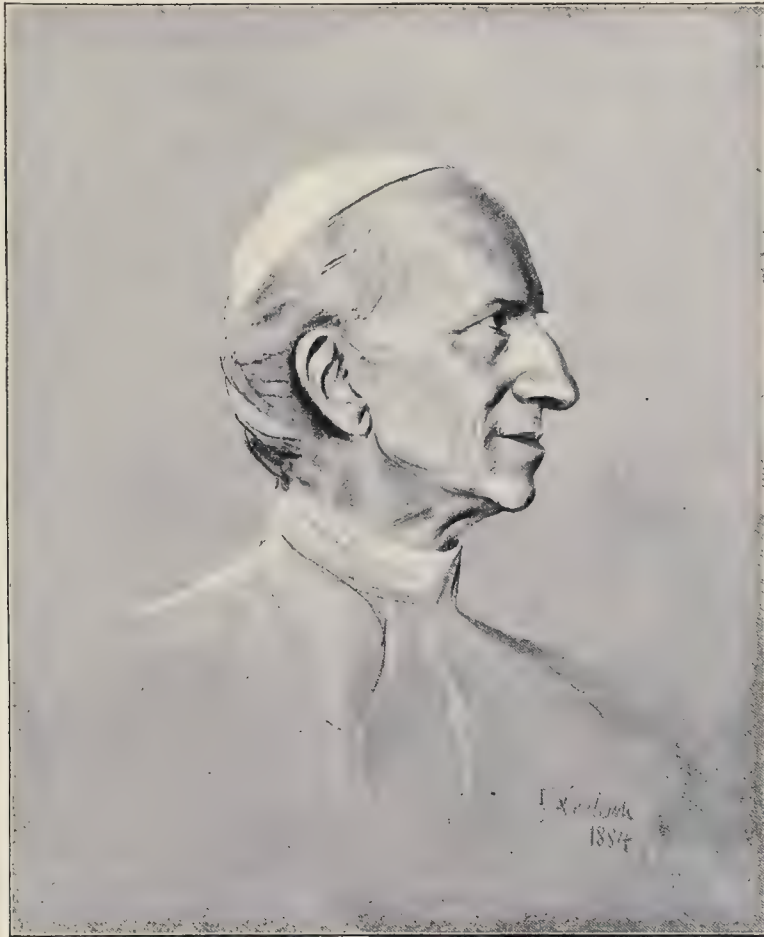
Franz Lenbach is one of a number of South German painters who have come down from the hill country of Bavaria to study painting in the city of Munich—the various little city that has so much Renaissance Art of which it is proud, and so much Teutonic Art which it has been anxious to suppress as a child with last year's lessons. It is always a wonder how a villager's boy gets a chance of the artistic vocation. Drawing in outline is an arbitrary and conventional manner of representation; it is a familiar thing to "the world," but one does not easily understand how a child, out of "the world," who does not see others drawing, gets an inspiration to begin. It is easier to imagine him taking clay and making models. But Franz Lenbach, born the son of a master-mason in Upper Bavaria, did, like many remoter and more isolated children, find chalk and pencil the natural instruments for his first life-sketches. His father's calling suggested architecture as his subject of study; and going, still quite young, to the technical school at Landshut he had daily lessons not from his teachers only, but from the most beautiful Gothic of the town. There he soon began to stray from architecture to painting; still untaught, he did things that got a local fame as striking likenesses. But the report of the pictures in Munich attracted him powerfully to the capital, and in 1856, after his father's death, he entered the Academy there, being twenty years old, with the explicit intention of learning to paint. He left it for Piloty's studio, and while studying under that master he composed his first picture, taking his subject from the peasant life of his childhood. It had been to him familiar as household words; but he approached it as an artist with a kind of ecstasy. There could not be happier conditions. He knew the peasants as a man can know only the things amongst which he is born, but he saw them afresh in his art; he had the sympathy that comes from within that simple society and the observation that comes from without; and this observation was guided by the laws, limitations, and powers of the picture. A peasant is apt to see too little of the characteristics of his comrades, a painter to see too much, or rather to see with exaggeration, stimulated by his curiosity; hence the stupid over-emphasis of the typical picture of rustic life. But the painter who has been a peasant has the delicate curiosity, and no more, which is distinctive of the finest modern Art. In effect, there is a little school of painters, once peasants, who have taken the world by surprise by painting the truth with exquisite moderation. Franz Lenbach, however, was not to remain among these; he had a larger destiny, and his watchfulness upon character, and his delight in it, were to find subjects among the great men of his age in Europe. Meanwhile his sense of colour, when he produced his 'Sleeping Shepherd' and 'Peasant Family in a Storm,' seemed of excellent augury; and in 1858 Piloty took his pupil away for a few months of a new education—that of Rome.

There he studied that Italian school which was to have less visible influence on his work than perhaps any other of the great schools of European Art. None the less probably was it a part of his artistic experience and a factor in his work to come. Every man is educated by all his worthy admirations—admiration for things which he selects from or rejects, as well as admiration for things which he assimilates. Characteristically his Roman picture was of a contemporary subject—the Roman Forum, as he could study it in the living light of the Roman days. This time also it was his colour and his sense of tone that made the work famous when it was shown in Munich. But soon afterwards this great painter



understood more fully that portraiture was the art to which his more mature power was to be worthily devoted. His were the energy, the vigour of attack, the respect for the individual man, and the noble treatment of familiar things, that make the great portrait painter. Franz Lenbach is a realist, so much a realist that he takes an emphatic interest in what may be called the incidental passages of a face—such, that is, as have the accents of character. Now and then there is almost a hint of caricature, if we can imagine a caricature of respect instead of scorn. There is never any familiarity

in his manner, even though he grasps his subject by some curious and singular feature or habit, after a fashion that would be unceremonious in another painter. The realistic portrait is generally in danger of what Sir Philip Sidney calls good-fellowship. He found that vulgar quality even in some architecture. In portraiture it is the besetting peril of Teutonic, as banality is of Latin Art. But how nobly clear of it is Franz Lenbach may be understood from his portrait of Leo XIII. Where other painters have principally presented a diplomatist, he has shown a pastor, a bishop of



*His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.*

bishops, keeping an outlook with a noble kind of alertness. Not many men have painted the Pope, one of the few being an Englishman (Sir Thomas Lawrence was his predecessor, by the way, in a like office), who has described his sitter:—

“Pope Leo XIII. is of medium height. His attenuated figure is bent by study and the weight of years; but in every movement he is astonishingly quick and energetic. His head is a most remarkable one, once seen never to be forgotten, with its every feature out of strict proportion, yet with the

harmony of the whole. The small, bright, rapid eyes set close together denote ‘the man who is ever on the search;’ the largely-developed aquiline nose, a capacity for domination. The mouth, when under a pleasing influence, forms into an exceedingly wide sweet smile, its benevolent expression brightening the whole face, and supplying the benignity which is less observable in the eyes. The ears, like the hands and feet, are exceptionally large and long. The skin is so thin—a rare thing with Italians, and much admired by

them as a sign of high breeding—that a perfect network of blue veins (the ‘blue blood’) is visible all over the white ascetic face. His Holiness is gifted with the fire and impulse of youth without its accompanying physical strength, and feels keenly the disabilities of age. When he saw my portrait for the last time he thoughtfully remarked its look of years, and advised me to remember when painting another pope that ‘les Papes n’ont pas d’âge.’ I thoroughly appreciated the *finesse* of the phrase, and only regretted that a painter could hardly give it practical effect.”

Of Prince von Bismarck, Franz Lenbach has painted a series of portraits, for which united Germany owes his psychological and physical power a grave debt. In each of these famous works the painter has placed his subject in the light of his own vigorous observation, and in such action and repose as show in strong emphasis the accents of the head. Prince von Bismarck’s eyes—or rather his eyelids, for if it is true that it is always the eyelids and not the eyes that have expression, whether momentary or habitual, this is obviously true in Bismarck’s case—are studied in all positions that reveal their historic lines, the outward slant of the upper lids, making angular the outer corners, the thick filling up of the whole eye-socket, the vigorous projecting brush of the eyebrows. The three-quarter portrait, bare-headed, has always seemed to us a portrait of Teutonism itself; and yet how emphatically it is Bismarck, and no other unit of all the men of the human race! Such is also the masterly seated portrait in the slouched hat, almost full-face, with the hands in sight, which is the one reproduced in the “Bildnisse.” And in all these Bismarck portraits, with their rude and grave simplicity and power, there is a pathos betrayed rather than revealed, and deeply moving. It is a curious fact in contemporary history that Lenbach first painted Bismarck in deference to the wish of Leo XIII. to possess a portrait of his noble adversary in the days before the Kulturkampf had come to a fortunate close. The Chancellor had never been easily persuaded to sit, but he posed to Lenbach for the sake of the enemy whose victory he has since so magnanimously forgiven. There is another portrait of the Pope, too, in the painter’s collection, a full-face, three-quarter length, in which His Holiness looks official, rather constrained, dressed stiffly in unyielding robes—paying attention, one might imagine, to an address full of platitudes.

Of Liszt there is a pastel sketch, in which the painter has principally recorded the noble and beautiful effect which marked the musician’s splendid head when, slightly raised, the pale face was barred with large level lines—eyes with their brows, nostrils, and the sweet straight mouth with its even closure. All the frolic sprites that played so often in that memorable face are hiding, and mobile eyes and mouth are resting. The sketch has a most monumental look.

In painting Mr. Gladstone, Franz Lenbach has the competition of Mr. Watts and Sir John Millais. He has seen his subject with a singular originality, and if the likeness is a rather wilful one, it is a true one; so true that the kind of monumental realism that distinguishes it seems to make the rival portraits look trivial by comparison. As is his wont, Lenbach has dwelt upon the accents and habits of face, figure, and hands; he has been impressed by the enormously dilated pupils; to the strangeness of this incident he has added by taking a moment when the white is showing over and under the iris.

The “Zeitgenössische Bildnisse” comprise excellent heliogravures, by Dr. E. Albert, of forty examples of this remarkable life work. Among the most felicitous the portrait of the Emperor of Germany is not generally placed; nevertheless, never was an Imperial old soldier, with all his piety and all his simplicity, more nobly rendered. The soul in that fatigued face is a single soul, royal, devout, victorious. It is hardly conscious how much the head expresses of pathos and of reluctance to be old and to die. And here, more than ever, has the painter respected what he has seen, and more than ever is his work human. Acknowledged masterpieces are the portraits of Paul Heyse, Baron von Schack, Franz Lachner, Moltke (in the National Gallery of Berlin), Döllinger, Wagner, Liszt, Helmholtz, and the late King of Bavaria.

At but twenty-four years of age, Franz Lenbach accepted a professorship at Weimar, but resigned it in no long time for another period of study in Rome. Later on he passed from the galleries of Florence to those of Spain, and copied much in Madrid. Nor will the student of Lenbach fail to see how much the most noble and most human Spanish masters taught this Southern German of their seriousness and distinction.

ALICE MEYNELL.

## A PORTRAIT.

THERE, my ingle-nook above,  
See the Lady of my Love,  
Standing there  
With her dainty, sandalled feet,  
Limp, high-waisted gown, and sweet  
Curling hair.

Deep her eyes, and pale her cheek,  
(Oft I wonder—could she speak—  
Were it best?)  
Faintly smiling, still she stands,  
Yellow roses in her hands—  
On her breast.

And the glory of her prime  
Neither tears nor tyrant-time  
May impair:  
All the changing seasons through  
I can still believe her true,  
Think her fair.

Mute for her are praise and blame,  
For my gracious Lady’s name  
No one knows,  
Nor, for treasure-bags untold  
Would I hearken how the old  
Story goes.



Though the fallen embers fill  
Half the hearth with ashes chill,  
Soft and grey,  
Never lonely or forlorn  
Will she leave me, nor in scorn  
Turn away.

You will never leave my home,  
You will never change, nor roam,  
O my Dear!  
And your roses fill the room  
With their freshness and perfume  
All the year.

Dame and flowers were dead, I know,  
(Just a century ago,  
To a day!)  
Yet, Dear Lady, I maintain,  
In my love you live again,  
Mine for aye.

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

## THE HISTORICAL COLLECTION IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, STOCKHOLM.

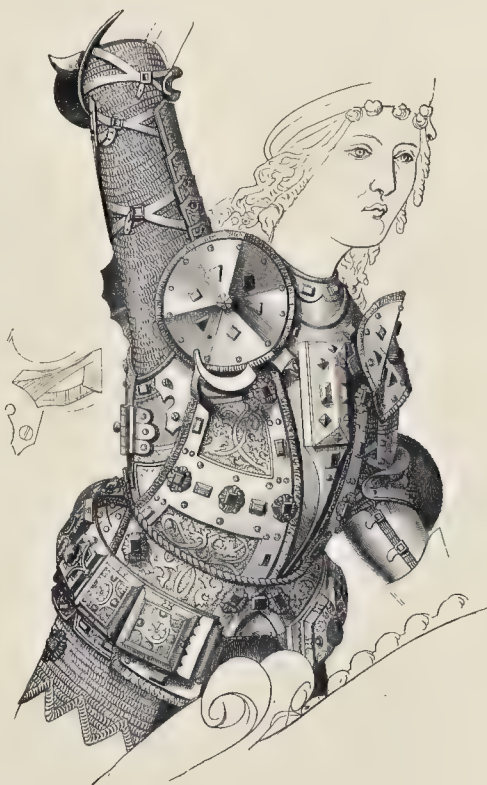
THE Swedish "Royal Academy of Literature, History, and Antiquities," which is charged with the administration of the Museum, has lately made one portion of its varied contents more instructive and interesting to British and American visitors by publishing in English a "Guide to the National Historical Collection." This is an agreeable concession to a want often previously felt by those who are ignorant of the Swedish language, and they are not few; for hitherto all that could be seen in the vicinity of the objects exhibited was a well-printed label bearing simply a number, and that number referring to the guide-book in the vernacular, which was consequently, in such cases, for all practical purposes voiceless. The new book, written by Dr. Oscar Montelius, one of the accomplished curators, and sympathetically translated by Mr. Charles H. Derby, of the South Kensington Museum, is neither a treatise nor a catalogue, but just such a *vade mecum* as an intelligent visitor would wish to have in his hand when going through the collection; and being copiously as well as excellently illustrated—there are 195 woodcuts in 150 pages—will also refresh his memory as to the objects then seen when far away from

them. The well-known reputation of the author, as a judicious and extensive writer on the antiquities of Sweden, is a guarantee both of the soundness of the views expressed and the accuracy of the descriptions given.

As the object of this notice is rather to direct attention to the fact that such a guide now exists than to discuss its contents in detail, it may be sufficient to say that the arrangement of the collection is strictly historical, beginning with the dim epoch known as the Stone Age, and passing successively through the subsequent Ages of Bronze and Iron down to an almost contemporary period. The book of course follows the arrangement, and is, as we have said, abundantly illustrated. Of the illustrations we select two for some further consideration.

The second, which is of the same size as the original, represents a jewel which was worn as a brooch, as is evident from the pin at the back. The materials are gold and enamel. The central subject, represented in relief within a rectangle, is a group of St. Michael transfixing the dragon. These figures are very finely wrought and have been relieved by a

ground of red enamel. Around the sides of the rectangle project four curved flanges, enamelled white, but showing by



*St. George fighting the Dragon.*

gold lines a floral design combined with the introduction of four crowns. From the flanges arise rays, some of which were lost when the object was dug up from the earth; from each outer angle projects a kind of fleur-de-lys between two buttons, and at the bottom is an open ring, to which some small pendant, such as a pearl or a sapphire, was probably attached. This object was found in the southern province of



*A Brooch. Fifteenth Century.*

Blekinge, and probably belongs to the fifteenth century. The subject represented is not an unfrequent one in Christian Art, and it may be remembered that, in 1469, Louis XI. of France gave prominence to the idea of the archangel as a heavenly champion of mankind by instituting the order which bore his name.

It is not to be supposed that this jewel was a badge of that order, the

existing specimens of which are in the shape of oval medallions, which were suspended by a chain or a ribbon; the combination of materials and of forms, and the fineness of the execution, distinguish it, however, as a personal ornament of a very elegant kind.

Our other illustration shows part of a remarkably fine life-sized group, carved in wood and coloured, representing St. George fighting the dragon, and the princess looking on.

The rider, the horse, and the dragon, stand on one base; the princess, with clasped hands, kneels upon another, which is fashioned as the top of a tower belonging to the walls of her father's city. The scrupulous attention to the minutest details shown in the woodcut is to be understood as pervading the whole composition, and produces a sumptuous effect. The plumes in the helmet or salade of the warlike saint, and all the splendour of armour, horse-trappings, and robes, fix the fifteenth century as the period when this work was produced, and show that taste for rich display with which the Court of Burgundy had infected the rest of Europe, and which found a brilliant illustration a little farther on in the historical meeting of Henry VIII. and Francis I. on the soil of France, which has been known ever since as "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." Perhaps no better popular evidence of this decorative splendour of the fifteenth century is to be found than is visible in the designs of the tapestry of the period, as may be seen at the South Kensington Museum in the wall-hangings there displayed, and notably in three which picture in noble fashion some of Petrarch's *Trionfi*, as well as in another, known as "The Bayard Tapestry," exhibiting some incidents in "the tale of Troy divine."

Whether this fine work was produced abroad, or by a foreigner called to Sweden for the purpose of executing it, cannot be determined; but those who are best able to judge are of opinion that it is a masterpiece of a Flemish rather than of a native sculptor. This much, at least, concerning it is known from documentary evidence, that it was presented, in the year 1489, to the Church of St. Nicholas at Stockholm, by the then Administrator, Sten Sture the elder, and that it remained in that edifice until 1866, when it was removed to its present resting-place.



*No. 1.—The Spiritual Dragon. From a Kodzuka in the Author's possession.*

## NOTES ON JAPAN AND ITS ART WARES.\*



*No. 2.—Lion Dog with the Sacred Gem. From a Netsuké in the Gilbertson Collection.*

The Jap is too good-humoured and self-satisfied to be influenced or terrified by the pains of the hereafter. With him

"sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," and he meets even the demons with a smile and a joke. At the entrance to the Japanese village which was located in London there were two ghastly pictures of the torments undergone by the wicked in Hell; they would not have discredited a German artist of the Middle Ages for inventiveness as regards variety of torture. In the British Museum collection, too, there is a set of kakemonos representing the various grades of Hell. These belong to the Buddhist school, and are said to be copies of originals dating from the ninth century. But Europeans fortunately are usually spared this phase of Japanese



*No. 3.—Kiyo-hime with the Monk An-chin. From a Netsuké in the Gilbertson Collection.*

\* Continued from page 74.



Art. The collection of over two thousand objects recently

Specimens of both kinds of Tengus are to be seen in the reproductions of Hokusai's print, where a great Japanese celebrity, with the easily to be spelt and remembered name of Sagami-niu Dō Taira no Taka Toki is being troubled in his sleep by the attendance of Tengus.

Space will only allow of my mentioning another race of mythical creatures, the Shō-jōs; these harmless beings are held up to the Japanese children as examples of the fatal effects of drink. It appears that they have such an inordinate affection for saké, that whenever jars of this beverage are placed on the seashore they cannot resist it; they are caught when hopelessly drunk, and their long red hair and blood are used for the valuable dyes which are extracted from them. "As drunk as a Shō-jō" is a Japanese proverb. The engraving (No. 9) of Hokusai's sketch shows one of these creatures in a state of intoxication.

We must now pass on to mythical animals, of which there are several which become quite wearisome by their repeated use in Japanese ornament.

At the head of these is the Dragon (Tatsu or Riō). It is not perhaps utilised by the Japanese quite as frequently as by the Chinese; but they, like Western nations, have not failed to appreciate the wonderful adaptability of its

exhibited at The Fine Art Society's only contained three representations of Yenma, the King of Hades, and none of any portion of his domains. The exhibition included, however, many a score of illustrations of the *Oni*, or demons, which, if we may judge from Art, are more of an amusement than a nuisance to those around whom they may hover. These *Oni* may have originally been human beings. For instance, here is Kiyo-himé, once an innkeeper's daughter, who fell in love with a monk by name An-chin. Her passion not being returned, became so strong that it transformed her into a demon, and as such she is depicted in the Netsuké, No. 3. Could her back be seen, it would be found that she had assumed a dragon's tail. The story goes that the monk, in order to avoid her importunities, had at last to hide himself under his monastery bell; but even here he could not escape, for with her tail and the bell-hammer Kiyo-himé beat it until, becoming red-hot, unfortunate An-chin was reduced to a cinder. But more usually these *Oni* are merely mischievous imps which haunt the precincts of houses, and require on certain festivals to be warned off or exorcised. On New Year's day special attention seems to be paid to them, and they are pelted off the premises with showers of beans as shown in Illustration No. 5. This is a most frequent subject for the Japanese artist, especially in Netsuké; so too is that of Shō-ki, a personage who has been handed on by the Chinese painters. He was engaged by an emperor of the Ming dynasty, in the eighth century, to quell the demons which infested the imperial palace, and many are the variations, for the most part comical, in which this subject has been treated in every branch of Japanese Art. The "demon-queller" usually seems to be having a rough time of it, and a very trying one to his temper.

Somewhat akin to the *Oni* are the *Tengus*. They may be called wood sprites. According to Mr. Anderson they are of two kinds. Ordinary with human face and form, but with wings and a very long nose, and avial with a bird-like head and claws. They are apparently harmless. Yoshi-tsuné learning to fence from the *Tengu* king, and young Kin-toki catching *Tengus*, are frequent subjects in Japanese Art.

1888.



No. 4.—*The Dream of Sagami, after Hokusai.*

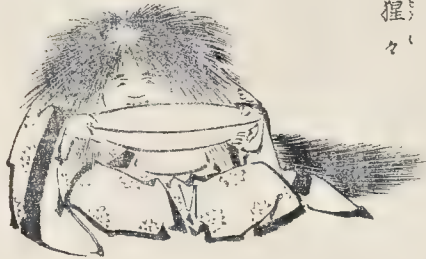


No. 5.—*Exorcising an Oni, after Hokusai.*

writhing body to all manner of ornament. The Japanese monster reached Japan through China, and is said to have

H H

originated in the Indian serpent. Probably the European dragon has the same parentage. According to Anderson



No. 6.—A Shō-jō, after Sensai.

the Japanese dragon is a composite monster with scowling head, long straight horns, a scaly serpentine body, a bristling row of dorsal spines, four limbs armed with claws, and curious flame-like appendages on its shoulders and hips. The claws are usually three on each foot, but are sometimes four and even five.

Japanese fairy stories are as full as our own of the doings of dragons, but they usually have a more benignant character than those which our children read about. In "Griffis's Fairy World" we have the child of the thunder, who when he grew up turned into a white dragon and disappeared in the clouds; the myriads of dragons round Mount Fuji; the carp which for its perseverance in ascending a waterfall became a dragon; and the dragon king of the world under the sea.

The Buddhists have not hesitated to incorporate this monster into their system, and, as we saw in our last article, it is frequently to be found as an attendant upon their goddesses Kwan-non (see Illustration, p. 71) and Bentei, and their Rakan. It holds the post of Protector of the Faith. It also represents the majesty of the Emperor.

Mayers gives four kinds of Chinese dragons. The celestial dragon which guards the mansion of the gods; the spiritual dragon which causes the winds to blow and has the rainfall in his keeping; the earth dragon which marks out the course of rivers, and the dragon of hidden treasures which watches over the wealth concealed from mortals. It will be



No. 7.—Netsuké in form of a Hawk's Bell.

Gilbertson's Netsuké, Illustration No. 7).

The Tiger (Ko or Tora) has also been imported by the

Buddhists from India, *via* China; it is considered the king of the beasts, and is said to live a thousand years, but not being indigenous to the country, artists are seldom happy in portraying it. It is very often depicted in a storm cowering beneath the bamboo grass; symbolizing the insignificant power of the mightiest of beasts, as compared with that of the elements.

The Ho, or Ho-ho, is more frequently drawn than almost any other bird, and from its being a combination of several, is almost invariably wrongly named by foreigners. The South Kensington authorities are as great sinners in this respect as any.\* According to Mayers, it has "the head of a pheasant, the beak of a swallow, the neck of a tortoise, and the outward semblance of a dragon." This may be so in Chinese Art; but the Japanese artists usually make it up as a decoction of pheasant, bird of paradise and peacock, treating its tail as regards shape and colour just as it suits their design. Further reason for its frequency in Art, besides its capability of artistic treatment, is, that its presence is significant of good in the near future; consequently it has usually appeared at the birth of those who afterwards attained to fame.

The *Kirin*, a miserable combination of a deer (as to its body), a dragon (as to its head), and a lion (as to its mane and tail), is fortunately seldom met with in Art. It is, however, said to be the "noblest form of the animal creation, and an emblem of perfect good; it treads so lightly as to leave no footprints, and so cautiously as to crush no living creature." (Anderson, B. M. C., p. 220.)



No. 8.—Shō-ki sharpening his sword.

Another monster which I alluded to in my first article, is the great earthquake-fish, Namazu. It resembles a dolphin, but has a huge mouth with feelers.

A giant, Kashima, is appointed to watch over it, and when it becomes too violent and shakes the earth, he has to jump upon it with the rock (Kanamé, *i.e.* the rivet of a fan) which holds the earth together, and keep it quiet. The Namazu is not a very common object in Japanese Art, but more than one artist has devoted a whole volume to depicting its vagaries.

The Tortoise (Kamé) is one of the four sacred supernatural creatures, the others being the dragon, tiger, and ho.

I am not now referring to those marvellously realistic representations of the reptile which have been produced in bronze by Sei-min or by the ivory carver, but to those in which it is associated with beings or animals, other than terrestrial ones. Then it will be observed that it assumes a hairy tail of considerable proportions; this is evidence of its being of a great age, for that appendage does not grow until it is at least five hundred years old. So it poses as the emblem of longevity,

\* If any proof was wanted as to the lack of information upon Japanese Works of Art, it would be found in the descriptions attached to the articles in the South Kensington Museum. I counted half-a-dozen errors in a single case of exhibits. For instance: a piece of metal work ornamented with a Ho and clouds is described as "animals, &c.," and a Kylin is styled upon one piece, a "Kylin or dragon," on another "a lion." The Tokugawa Crest is called "the Imperial Kiri," and Kwanyu as "a man draped, carrying a bill or glaive." Many of the labels were evidently made when the knowledge attainable upon Japan was very rudimentary.



and when in addition it bears the mountain of the immortals, it is figurative of strength. The origin of this tail is curious. Tortoises in Japan are subject to a growth of parasites, in the shape of *conferveæ*, a plant which attaches itself to its shell. This, when the animal swims about, surrounds the under part of its back with long green locks.

The Lion (Shi-shi) is not, I believe, a sacred animal in the eyes of the Japanese, although it is very often depicted as playing with or holding the sacred gem. No one would recognise it from its portraits, for it is indued with a curly mane and tail, and tufts to its legs, which make its body quite a secondary appendage. It is of Corean origin, I believe. It usually figures in connection with a peony plant, but why I have not been able to ascertain.

Lastly, the Fox (Kâtsuné) is supposed to have many supernatural qualities. At the age of fifty it can take the form of a woman; at the age of one hundred that of a young and beautiful girl; and at the age of one thousand it is admitted to the heavens, and becomes the celestial fox; as such it has nine tails. It is curious that it should have the same character for thieving, mischievousness, and cunning as in Western countries. It is honoured as the messenger of Inari-Sama, god of the harvest, and especially of the rice-field. Little temples dedicated to it are often to be found on hillocks in the rice-fields; figures of seated foxes in stone

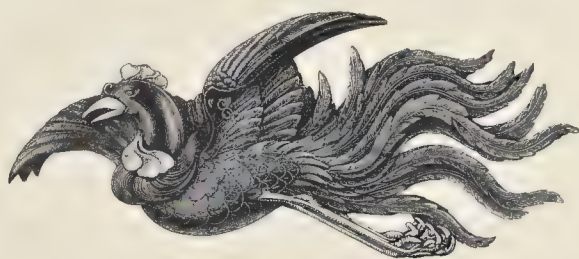
border the entrance to the pathway leading to it. Upon the



No. 9.—*Shô-jû dancing, after Hokusai.*

altars which are raised by the farmers, offerings of rice are placed.

MARCUS B. HUISS.



No. 10.—*Ho, from a Pouch Ornament in the Author's possession.*

## THE REVIVED USE OF TERRA-COTTA IN ARCHITECTURE.

IT is not proposed to trace here and now the history of the employment of terra-cotta in architectural design, attractive though the task may be. The antiquity of its use is beyond question, and examples in abundance have come down to us from Egyptian, Greek, and Roman sources; nor is it a matter of surprise that in every age the material most ready to man's hand should have been fashioned by him in satisfaction of his wants, and to receive and perpetuate the workings of his imagination. My present object is, however, to discuss the way in which a material having certain distinctive properties may be most reasonably and suitably used by the architect for artistic purposes, and to indicate the immediate danger attending what I conceive to be its misuse at the present day.

Our efforts to reproduce in modern times the characteristics which charm us in the early Mediæval buildings have been hitherto rewarded by only a partial success. We have not caught the special qualities which delight us in the old work, or we have caught them only in an unsatisfying measure. For this comparative failure there are several good reasons to be rendered. We are, in the first place, handicapped by Time, that incomparable artist who has no rival, and whose beautifying touch no art can reach. But there is another cause of our failure, which is to some extent at least within our ability to remove. We are undone by the perfection of our modern workmanship. In the ancient work, either from inability to do better, or by intention, it is difficult to say which, there is a spice of manipulative error which is inex-

pressibly and universally "fetching;" minor irregularities of line and surface and subtle variations in spacing which we dare not deliberately repeat. The zigzags, beak-heads, and billet-moulds which adorn the archivolt of our Norman churches, were put in by the workmen just as they would be *sketched* in by an artist—with approximate accuracy only—while ours are arranged by line and compass with dull precision. The domestic architecture of Scotland affords a good example of my meaning. The corbelled parapets and frequent gargoyles which crown effectively the vast unbroken masses of wall—features in Scottish work upon which so much of its picturesque beauty depends—are, to a certain degree, carelessly ordered. The gargoyles are irregularly spaced, following the widths of the covering stones of the gutters which the gargoyles relieve. The corbels vary in size, not much perhaps, but enough to give a free, sketchy look to the series. And the interspaces of deep shadow vary also, for the Scottish mason, with practical wisdom, determined in some degree the positions of his supporting corbels by the lengths of the lintel stones at his command, and he took for his corbels stones which were most nearly of a size. We dare not do this. We could not ask our workmen to proceed upon any such lines; they would despise us and revolt.

We are compelled by public opinion to do the reverse of his—to make our corbels exact counterparts of one another, and to arrange them in orderly sequence with the exactitude of the teeth on a cog-wheel; and the result is a frigid mechanical effect, differing from the *chic* of the old work, as a drawing by Prout differs from an engraving of the same subject by Pugin and Le Keux.

The pleasure which we experience from wrought-iron work in comparison with cast-iron, arises from the same cause, viz. the incomplete accord between similar parts, giving to the work what Ruskin aptly calls a "human interest." The same principle extends to the representation of architecture, for which the *draughtsman* uses mechanical aids, whilst the *artist* relies upon his hand alone.

Now terra-cotta shows us a way out of this difficulty. It is a material which helps us naturally to some of the peculiarities of the old work, without requiring us to do violence to our feelings as accomplished workmen. The tempered clay in firing shrinks and warps, and it is with extreme difficulty and much waste that two identical blocks can be produced from the same matrix. Here, then, is our opportunity. An essential property of the material furnishes us with just that nice degree of variation which the incompetence, or carelessness, or perhaps the artistic perception of the Mediæval mason attained. The delightful "sketchiness" of some of the earliest of our recent essays in terra-cotta designs are due to difficulties in the manufacture. The insipidity of some later efforts is due to the fact that those difficulties are unfortunately being overcome.

More than once in the history of our nation's architecture

the use of terra-cotta promised to become general. There is something about the plastic clay which has always had a special attractiveness for artists. It is so kindly and responsive, yielding to every good impulse of the worker; meeting him half-way, so to speak, in his moments of inspiration, and offering swift obliteration for all his errors. It has a sweet seductiveness which is lacking in the refractory marble, and its fascination no artist can altogether resist. As a means of artistic expression it is perfect, and it endures, when properly burnt, for ever and ever. The intercourse between this kingdom and Flanders in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries encouraged the employment of terra-cotta in the Eastern Counties, and numerous instances of its effective treatment exist at Layer Marney, Oxburgh, Wymondham, and nearer home, at Sutton Place and Hampton Court, etc. The Florentine Torregiano modelled in terra-cotta a superb reredos for Henry VII.'s chapel at Westminster, and it is probable that in his wake followed those Italian artists whose works survive. The heads of the Cæsars at Hampton Court were modelled by Giovanni Mariano, who was brought to England for the purpose by Cardinal Wolsey; and, but for the fact that the introduction of terra-cotta in architectural design was coincident with the decay of our native architecture, it is probable that the use of this material would have led to new and beautiful developments of architectural art. It is evident that the artists employed treated it in a sensible manner. They were not over nice about trifling inaccuracies, and allowed to the terra-cotta that latitude which the Mediæval masons took with their stonework.

But the rapid progress of the Italian Renaissance killed the new art. The classic column, with its subtle entasis and the long unbroken lines of frieze and cornice, demanded a more subservient material than the wayward clay, and with the growth of classic sentiment and with the desire to imitate the perfection of classic models, terra-cotta fell into disuse. From this fact a lesson is to be learnt.

It was a saying of the late J. D. Harding that it was not possible with every pencil nor upon every paper to draw a tree. Nor is it possible to design satisfactorily in all styles with terra-cotta. For bright, crisp picturesqueness of effect it is supremely suitable, the stately grace of pure classic Art it cannot compass: we may achieve by its aid the rugged grandeur of a Durham Cathedral; we can but travestie the subtle beauties of a Parthenon.

If we elect for the use of terra-cotta, we must adapt our design to the idiosyncrasies of the material, and not attempt to bend the material to the design. In the former case we shall find it offer almost unlimited facilities for effective treatment; in the latter we shall only get a hard, priggish, cast-iron-looking result, valueless for purposes of Art. It is because the latter course appears to be growing in favour that I venture to throw out this warning suggestion for the consideration of those whom it may concern.

E. INGRESS BELL.



## A MODERN PRIVATE COLLECTION.

OUR merchant princes illustrate the customs of their Florentine forerunners when, as in Mr. Humphrey Roberts's house at Kensington, they gather the artistic masterpieces of the time and live among them. The advantages of this practice are, so far as pecuniary matters go, decidedly in favour of our living painters. Thus, if one of the Peruzzi or Pandolfini cared to have a Paolo Uccello or a Cronaca for his private delectation, the coveted pictures were to be bought for florins at a rate very different from that which certain Royal Academicians nowadays accept. But, apart from this, not even one of the Medici so nearly covered the walls of his palazzo with the artistic triumphs of his age, as Mr. Roberts did when he lined room after room with Millais, Hooks, Walkers, A. W. Hunts, H. and A. Moores, Coxes, Masons, Israëls, and Goodwins, to say nothing of other men of renown, whose works there are less conspicuously representative of their powers than those more important ones here described.

The chief of one of the oldest historic families of Britain, who is the master of seven great houses, an industrial leader and distinguished man of science, once said to me, while we admired the Titians, Van Dycks, Reynolds, and other artistic jewelry he had inherited, and among which he had been bred:—"It is really, as you say, an education to live among these things, and they have always been my companions.

If I have not learned all I might have done from them, it has been my fault; but I know they have done me a great deal of good." The master of half a million acres, a captain of industry, whose wealth filters through ten thousand channels to that "British working man" of whom we have heard so much of late, could not have said a nobler thing; the pictures had helped to train more than three generations of his house, and his remark revealed why hundreds of visitors are allowed to stream through his galleries daily, and why the duke withholds very few of his heirlooms from the public sight. The saying that a man's pictures help to form his mind, is on a parity with "Show me your books and I'll measure your judgment." These sayings are applicable to picture galleries as well as to libraries; but it seems that paintings gathered at first hand reflect the idiosyncrasies of their owner much better than books, with the choosing of which training, habit, and accidents have very great influence. It is

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easy to see that Mr. Roberts's tastes incline to Art which excels in colour, fidelity to nature, is finished, realistic and refined, easily recognisable by its Englishness, and, above all, inspired by sentiment, pathetic, and expressive. We do not find in his house anything whereof it can be said that "Art for Art's sake" is the apology for bad drawing, vulgar methods, repulsive motives, or the absence of meaning and pathos. There is Art enough and to spare in his Millaises, Hooks, Walkers, Hunts and Moores; but it is not urged against the gorge of the spectator, nor knocked about his ears; nor is it merely servient to the subject, as if all Art lives for is to be the illustrator of letters, and what is called "history." So far is this from being the case, there is not in the house at Kensington a single mere "illustration," and only one or two that can fairly be called costume pictures, while the *élan* of these commands our praises, and justifies their presence in a typical modern private collection of the choicer

sort, wherein, indeed, they could not well be spared.

The best of these examples is Mr. Pettie's extremely clever and adroitly painted picture exhibited at the Academy in 1874 with the title 'Ho! Ho!' that being the series of exclamations uttered by two Cavaliers when they see how deftly a companion of theirs had drawn with charcoal upon a wall near which they are grouped a profile caricature of the Protector Oliver, with, of



*The Cab Fare. From the picture by Heywood Hardy.*

course, a very big nose and vulgar features, against which the draughtsman, conscious of his own merits, had written 'Ho! Ho! Old Noll!' The picture, like its much more difficult complementary exercise in a reverse principle by Mr. Orchardson, hanging next to it, and to which we shall come presently, is really an exercise in tone and colour, provided with a subject by means of the three skilfully sketched figures in question, which are relieved by diverse means on the nearly homogeneous warm white of that background which the plastered wall supplies. Thus, the young draughtsman's lithe, erect, and vigorous figure is dressed in white silk, that differs more in tint than in tone from the white of the wall behind it; the glistening silk that reflects the light is opposed to the comparatively dull and light-absorbing plaster, but the difference is not more than enough to separate the two elements; while, with a certain *chic* which is more French than English, it is emphasized by

a few sharp dark outlines bounding the contours of the figure, which, after all, owes its relief from the ground to the powerful and vigorous contrast afforded by a large black hat held at the sketcher's hip, and really an intensely strong accent of colour as well as tone, and, in these respects, the true focus of the chiaroscuro of the picture. The other figures of this composition are relieved from the wall by the contrasts of the tones of their dresses, the one deep rich red, the other black and equally rich, as much as by their potent local tints. These figures, therefore, form a mass of strong colour, which effects the artist's purpose by means directly the reverse of those operating in the figure of the man in white. Of course I am only illustrating the *modus operandi* of the painter, not criticising his work; his methods are rife in Paris, where pictures dealing crudely with the "qualities" abound to excess, while others, of which the finest are those of M. Dagnan-Bouveret, charm all students with skill of subtle sort rarely known on this side of the Channel. A first-rate master dealing with the "qualities" Mr. Pettie affects is M. Dantan, whose 'Un Moulage sur Nature,' showing *formatori* in a sculptor's studio moulding the beautiful leg of a female model, commanded much admiration at last year's *Salon*, and in its thoroughness and sound draughtsmanship excelled anything of that kind yet produced in London.

In Mr. Roberts's dining-room a much subtler, more pathetic and refined illustration of the rapidly developing art which concerns itself with tonality in pictures, adjoins the telling 'Ho! Ho!' of Mr. Pettie. This is Mr. Orchardson's view of the interior of a modern drawing-room, where a lady standing musing before a piano, on which her fingers linger, gives occasion of the title of 'A lost Chord.' She wears the palest yellow with a *souffçon* of pink, and her form is relieved on a wall of grey with a very faint dash of gold; a few sharp dark accents, as in Mr. Pettie's picture, suffice to separate the figure from its surroundings; the rich dark colour and deep tone of the instrument, which is of rose-wood enriched with gilt brass and bronze, answer for the black hat of Mr. Pettie's young cavalier, so that we have contrasts of colour and tone of the strongest kind, but the relieving of the figure on the ground is of a far more refined order. Technically speaking, as of a chromatic experiment and study in tone, this picture is, despite a certain lack of finish, solidity, and completeness in filling the contours, in respect to which it is obviously imperfect, an admirable instance. Its pathos is deeper than the artist usually aims at, and the design has a sorrowful motive to which no elaboration could add tenderness. The lady lingers at the piano, and, although her fingers have left the keys, one of her hands still touches it. The last heard note has ceased to murmur, and

she waits in vain for a chord to reverberate in harmony. The chord is lost, and we are at liberty to imagine that, as her slightly faded figure and wannish face affirm her youth is past, no response will ever come. In the softened light of Mr. Roberts's dining-room this picture looks better than was possible in the searching illumination of the Academy, where it was shown in 1886 and bore the motto:—

"Have I forgot the words? Faith! they are sadder than I thought they were."

Next to the 'A lost Chord' of Mr. Orchardson hangs the same artist's vigorous melodrama called 'Hard Hit!' which was at the Academy in 1879, and thus described at the time by a long-practised critic. "A ruined gambler is quitting his late adversaries, one of whom rises to remonstrate with, or to compliment him ironically, while another, with a lizard-like air and eyes askant, watches the victim from under his bushy eyebrows, and all the while mechanically shuffles his cards. The floor round the table is strewn with packs of cards thrown down one after the other during that long trial of nerve and *finesse*, which has ended in the retreat of the ruined gamester. There is great spirit

in all the figures, and plenty of invention of the melodramatic kind. Technically, the picture's charm lies in the warm and clear illumination of the ivory-like walls; the manner in which this has been arranged with the darker hues of the dresses and furniture, is, although not a high artistic achievement, rarely carried out with so much success in England. The painting of the



Ploughing on the Banks of the Conway. From the picture by William Davis.

figures is less solid than many stringent critics demand, although it surpasses anything we have seen before of the artist's. Owing to the lack of solidity, the figures do not tell with natural force upon the ground. The picture is Mr. Orchardson's masterpiece." There is no need to add to this criticism more words than suffice to intimate that as now shown in a softened light, 'Hard Hit!' looks much better than at Burlington Gardens. In the same room with the above hang, besides less interesting instances, half a score cabinet pictures by Messrs. Boughton, P. F. Poole, and Fildes—the charming exercise in white of a young lady's half-figure against a white sky, the figure relieved by the richness and depth of her ruddy, brilliant, and solidly-modelled carnations and auburn hair.

Near to the last is Mr. Hook's 'Past Work,' a coast view that is full of Titianesque colour, and glowing with the light which saturates the deep azure of the waves and the paler cerulean firmament. Seated on the beach, just where a rivulet joins the sands it almost sinks among, are an old man, whose red cap is the highest chromatic note in the design, and a boy, "most rubicund, most rosy." They do



not seem to have much to do. There is near their feet a basket of fish, one might almost say a treasury of natural and living silver and radiant scales most splendid and pure; close to the group is a huge anchor, whose deep orange and red are emphatic contrasts with the lucid blues of the sea and sky; the sand, of the richest yellow, is dashed with grey and studded with golden, blue, and white flowers and patches of verdure wealthy in a hundred hues. A sharp swift breeze smites the sea remorselessly, and drives the waves landward against the tide, so that in great jets their snow-like crests leap between and over the rocks that bound the cove, under the canopy of white and grey clouds which is rapidly covering the clear, immeasurable depths of the firmament, and excluding the blue, which, once out of sight, will cause the landscape to become dim and almost colourless. The old man and the boy are watching a boat go out amongst the breakers at the edge of the land. The moral of the design conveys the contrast between the stages of human life, as represented by the child, the active men in the departing boat, and the worn-out but happy veteran, whose near future the shadowed foreground suggests. Lovely colour is to be found in the fleecy clouds, and their bright and dark reflections on the sea; the deep shadow of the foreground serves, technically, to give keeping to and mass the effect of the whole composition. The scene is the Hall Sands, near Dartmouth. The picture was at the Academy in 1881, with the artist's 'Nearest Way to School' and the 'Diamond Merchants, Cornwall.'

Passing some less important pictures, we come next to 'Loch Maree—Morning Mist,' a magnificent landscape, full of the pathos of a melancholy, sunless calm among mountains. Here the wan lake is like a mirror of sad-coloured steel that, as far as we can see, fills the vista of mountain slopes and closes in the view. The low-lying mists trail slowly seaward, or lie without motion at the bases of the

hills. The scene has a peculiar awfulness, so desolate is the foreground, so still is the water, so undisturbed the atmosphere, and so far beyond the reach of echoes are those gigantic hill-tops of a mournful grey—to which dawn has added a deeper pallor—and beyond which, and highest of all, a pallid radiance is growing into morning. It seems a home of immemorial silence. Drawn from the earth the long white



*Crossing the Meadows. From the drawing by Mrs. Allingham.*

vapours, extending themselves without a wind, creep closer to their darker reflections on the lake, and there, fused with the sodden islets of the farther shore, mix with the dimmed images of the hills. It matters not that while we look down upon a foreground of rocks, withered fern, and wind-tortured oaks, two old women come in sight. No voice, rattle of harness, or sound of steps can reach our lofty stand-point. We breathe softly, watching the pallid radiance gather force.

This poetry on canvas was, a few years ago, hung high up at the Academy. It is the work of Mr. A. W. Hunt.

Frederick Walker painted more than one version of his famous 'Ploughing,' where in a meadow between a willow-fringed stream and a high marly cliff-like bank that gathers red from the sun about to set, men and horses are hastening to finish their day's task ere twilight comes, as the harbinger of night, "when no man can work." Mr. Roberts possesses an example in which the sun having sunk to the very edge of the horizon, the fire on the cliff looks sullen in its lurid gold, and the ploughman is almost lost in the gloom. Our host has a similar work in the smaller version of that beautiful idyl, 'The peaceful Thames,' which represents the water side at Streatley, with Streatley Hill in the background, and in front a group of village children watching a boy who is fishing in a space of water dotted with water-lilies. The lazy joy of the fisher, the ingenuous graces of the children, and the picture's charm of colour are delightful. In this room are 'Dunkeld Bridge,' a gem-like landscape by Mr. C. P. Knight, and near that work 'Ploughing on the Banks of the Conway,' by William Davis, of Liverpool, of which the reader has a cut before him.

'Catching a Mermaid,' which is one of those humorous and fanciful titles Mr. Hook often affects, belongs to the plate forming the chief illustration of this essay. The picture was at the Academy in 1883, where it was most appropriately hung next to Sir John Millais's masterpiece, the finest portrait ever painted of his friend, to whom we owe so much delight in the sea, the sands, the fisher-folk, and the

"Air, air, blue air and white"

which he has often charmed us with. Here the fresh summer breeze urges the boisterous waves into a nook of dark grey rocks; and turns their white crests over their bluish opalescent bodies, which are full of life and seething with myriads of bubbles, whose persistent hiss as they escape into the air forms a sort of burthen to the dashing of the billows and buffeting of the wind. These billows rapidly follow each other landwards, and have borne forward the white figure-head of a ship, which a sturdy boy, clambering along an isthmus of dark rocks just above the level of the sea, has secured with a boat-hook. His light-footed sister has sped home for the line which, stooping, he secures about the prize, while she eagerly watches him and keeps guard on the movements of an infant, who is busier than either of his seniors. The glory of the picture is the sea, whose waves cast themselves against the points of rock, and "spooming" (to use Keats's word), project high white fountains, which the wind sends in smoke-like drift over the land and water. Low promontories of brown weed-covered rock enclose the bay, and two vast surges of ever-changing surfaces and colours charge between them. The dark green ocean is outside, and, being comparatively level, extends to the purplish bands of vapours which hide the

horizon; here and there in this wide watery plain the bars of light and cloud reflections are very distinct, and dashes of spray betray the hidden rocks. The lower atmosphere is of a pale turquoise colour; its higher spaces are partly veiled by semi-diaphanous strata of far-stretching, ashy-tinted clouds, which are like filmy creatures floating in the sea. This picture was exhibited with 'The wily Angler,' 'Love lightens Toil,' and 'Carting for Farmer Pengelly.'

Mrs. Allingham's charming drawing of a lithe and slender country maiden walking in a meadow path and carrying a pail of milk, has movements almost rhythmical in their comeliness, and so much grace and beauty of line, and elegance of air, that the picture commends itself in the cut which accompanies these words. 'The Cab Fare,' by Mr. Heywood Hardy, hangs in Mr. Roberts's dining-room, and tells its own tale in the cut before us.

In the Billiard Room at Kensington is another group of oil-pictures, on the merits of which to comment fairly would require a whole number of *The Art Journal*. Among Mr. Hook's pictures of 1884 is 'Cornish Miners leaving Work.' It shows a rocky inlet near the sea, where a road descends towards an engine-house and an adit, while a boy with a little pickaxe over his shoulder gossips eagerly with his elder sister as they trudge homewards; at a spring by the roadside, two buxom girls are "putting themselves to rights." The figures are among Mr. Hook's best. The artistic problem this picture has solved was how adequately to represent the clear depths of the shadow on the side of the landward sloping meadow (its seaward side is a gigantic cliff invisible to us), which, facing us, is opposed to the unmitigated splendour of the sun's reflection upon the waves beyond it, and forming, so to say, the background of its absolute contrast, the meadow in shadow, the rugged outline of which is traced against the nacreous water-glare. The effect was very difficult to deal with, being that of sultry sunlight upon a coast of exceptionally dark tones and sumptuous colours, while the atmosphere is dead still, and charged almost to saturation with vapour drawn by heat from the sea. The success of the artist is perfect, and the tonality and coloration of his picture are worthy of his great Venetian models. The dresses compose beautifully in black, maroon, red and blue.

Sir John Millais's 'Pilgrims to St. Paul's,' of which Mr. Roberts owns the sketch as well as the picture, looks much better than at the Academy, where it was shown in 1868. Two old pensioners are standing half lost in the gloom of the crypt, half revealed by the light of a lantern placed on the cornice of the huge sarcophagus; one of the men has uncovered reverently, while the other, his hands occupied with the crutches which two wooden legs may be said to supplement, is compelled to express awe and chivalric devotion by his looks alone.

F. G. STEPHENS.



## OUR SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

THERE are many ways of reaching the ideal. Mr. Pennell has proved that one, at least, is both possible and profitable. Profitable it must be, or he would not repeat the

ceased to pedal, and the book ends with a rather feeble and inexplicable conundrum, in imitation of the celebrated but hardly to be paralleled finale of the original.



*On the Road.*

experiment. The *recipe* is absurdly simple. Take a long holiday, and pay your expenses by giving an account of it. Such an account of the pictorial *Saône* Mr. Pennell gave us only a little while ago. But this time the artist has drawn even nearer to the ideal; he has kept the whole matter in the family. Monsieur drew and Madame wrote. The result is "Our Sentimental Journey." Made by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell (London: Longmans).

Such a title naturally calls to mind that other traveller whose "Sentimental Journey" has lately reached the importance of a fourpenny-halfpenny edition. He started at Calais, and travelled through France and Italy. So did Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, following religiously and with humility the tracks of their illustrious predecessor. His bones lie in the burial-ground of St. George's, Hanover Square, but in spirit he was with his disciples. They visited the places he visited, they tarried where he tarried, and they tried to be affected by what affected him—but there they failed. Perhaps it was as well. Sentiment does not come at will, and Sterne's led him into escapades, pleasant enough, but of a nature to arouse Mrs. Grundy.

This is a holiday book, and befittingly humorous and light; but the map—it forms the frontispiece—is called "Map of France as we saw it," and should never have left the nursery, for which surely it was intended.

The manner of the journey may be seen in the first illustration. In this style they rode from Calais to Rives, which, as everybody should know, lies in Italy, at the foot of a long steep hill. There the travellers

"When we had had our coffee I returned to our room to pack the bag, and J——" (Joseph, Mr. Joseph Pennell) "went to the stable to get the tricycle. Presently he came up and joined me. I had not expected him so soon, and was not quite ready.

"Something has happened," said I, as soon as I looked at him, but still folding flannels.

"We cannot go on," said he.

"Why?" cried I, jumping up, and dropping the flannels.

"I'll tell you," said he; "because——"

There is nothing more save a touching little cut showing Mrs. Pennell on the floor packing the bag, and Mr. Pennell sitting on the table. The drawings are very dainty and suggestive, in fact they are by Mr. Pennell. To artists, and those who understand this kind of work, they must always

be a source of delight; but, it is a question whether their extreme cleverness does not make them somewhat *caviare* to the public. Reproduction and printing, both reach a high degree of excellence. The second illustration, Amiens, was drawn from a bridge over a tiny canal, where the travellers lingered, and from which, besides the cathedral, there is a fine view of back doors. Amiens was once known as "Little Venice," but that was long ago.

The account of the journey inevitably invites comparison



*Amiens.*

with that other book, which many of us like as well as anything Mr. Stevenson has since written, the "Travels with a

Donkey." That had the light touch and heart as well in it. This has the light touch only. The travellers had their full share of little cares—cares common to all cyclists. When they left Neuchâtel the machine needed oiling. "But," says Mrs. Pennell, "the top of our oil-can had not been made to fit, and when we opened the tool bag the can was in the oil instead of the oil in the can." They got in the way of funerals; wayfarers lied to them; rain spoilt their clothes; they ran against a blacksmith who refused to accept payment for repairing the machine; they got tired and were half sorry they had ever started; they sat on a shady stone seat in Barbison, and gazed reverently on that cottage where "life was always sad," the home of the melancholy painter of the tired peasants—Jean-François Millet—who, in the world's way, is canonized, now that want and pain can no longer

touch him; they met a critic who advised Mr. Pennell to put up his sketch-book and buy a photograph, "because, you know, photographs are so much prettier than drawings;" they longed once for company, and thought it would be pleasant to have Mr. Sterne and Mr. Evelyn and Mr. Stevenson with them; they were almost killed by a runaway boneshaker on a steep hill, and once Mr. Pennell was rude to two women who had laughed at him. "Nous—sommés—ici—dans—un—nation—de—bêtes—de—fous," he cried in strident tones. "Oui—tous—bêtes—tous—fous. Vous—fous—aussi." Then the women ceased laughing and ran away. They passed through all these adventures, and in due time drew in sight of the Delectable Mountains—the goal of their journey. And their journey is well worth following.

C. L. HIND.

## EXHIBITIONS.

**JAPANESE PICTURES.**—The exhibition at The Fine Art Society of Japanese Art wares has had its value enhanced by the opening, in the Burlington Fine Arts Club, of an exhibition of prints, and, in the new "White Building" of the British Museum, of a selection from Mr. Anderson's famous collection of Chinese and Japanese pictures, a collection which, though bought by the Trustees as far back as 1881, has been hitherto inaccessible through want of space for its display. We have said deliberately that these two latter exhibitions have enhanced the first, because, in spite of the dexterity, taste, and observation of which they give such ample proof, they nevertheless show the genius of Japan on ground where that of Europe beats it; while in lac and ironwork it reaches a perfection unapproached elsewhere. The Japanese, in fact, look—perhaps we should say looked—upon Art essentially as a craft. Skill, wit, and taste are their artistic virtues, and these find their right expression rather in Art that is applied than in Art for its own sake. As to the two exhibitions of which it is our present duty to write, that in the British Museum must be noticed first. It consists of about a hundred and thirty *kakémonos* and *makémonos*, painted by the most famous painters of Japan, with a few from China; and of a large number of small drawings, partly comic, partly ornithological. But before speaking of the pictures, it may be well to say a few words of the origin of their *locale*.

Sixty-five years ago died one Mr. William White, a young man of twenty-three, who was found to have bequeathed his property to the Trustees of the Museum, reserving to his widow the right of enjoyment for her own life. The larger portion of the property was in real estate. Of this the Trustees were deprived by the Act of Mortmain, but on Mrs. White's decease, which only took place in 1879, the personality became theirs. This amounted to something over sixty-five thousand pounds, and has been used to raise the large eastern wing of the building in Bloomsbury, which is to be known in future as the White Wing. This, on its lower floors, contains a manuscript reading-room, a newspaper reading-room, studies for heads of departments and their assistants, and stores; while its upper floor is divided into three large galleries. One of these is the new Print-room, which has now been a year in use; the second

is the new Ceramic Gallery; the third an exhibition-room attached to Mr. Sidney Colvin's department, and filled at present with the pictures from China and Japan. The room itself is a picture. The walls above the cases are coloured a warm brown; the cases, which are of light oak, have a background of gold, on which the *kakémonos* show to advantage; while the latter have been arranged so as to produce a quiet general harmony, thoroughly in accord with Japanese taste.

The pictorial arts of Japan derive from China no less directly than most of her other activities, but early Chinese paintings are very rare and very highly prized in Japan, so that it would be impossible to get any considerable collection together in Europe. The Museum series, however, begins with ten secular *kakémonos* which are certainly Chinese, and with three Buddhistic ones which are supposed to be so. The oldest of these is a Buddhistic picture of an *arhat* and an *apsara*, and of the *arhat*, Bhadra, which are believed to date from the eleventh century. Scarcely less ancient is a 'White Eagle, on a Perch,' ascribed to the Sung Emperor, Hwei Tsung, who reigned from 1101 to 1126. The remaining examples from the Middle Kingdom date from the twelfth, thirteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. Taken together, they are notable for a certain gravity and grandeur which are not to be found, at least in the same degree, in their Japanese offspring. In colour, too, their harmony is more profound, but it is impossible to say how much of that may be the effect of time. The largest of these Chinese *kakémonos* is a portrait group; a 'Philosopher and his Disciples,' Mr. Anderson calls it in his catalogue. A dignified personage is enthroned in the background, while before him are grouped two younger men and two servants. The heads, which are said to be Korean rather than Chinese, have an intense individuality, and are realised without any perceptible convention, except, perhaps, in the exaggerated obliquity of the eyes. In the whole range of Japanese work as here illustrated, there is nothing so real, nothing so obviously studied from the model, as these three heads. Convention reasserts itself, however, in the general arrangement. The gentleman in the background is considerably larger than the two who are nearer the spectator, while a white horse, tethered at the foot of the pic-



ture, is, in relative bigness, about the size of a Newfoundland dog.

The records of painting in Japan go back to the fifth century A.D. The first painter whose name they preserve was one Nan-riu, or Shin-ki, an immigrant of royal descent, who is said to have come to Japan in the time of the Emperor Yuriaku (457-479). Nan-riu spent the rest of his life in the Imperial service, and founded a school of painting which had a great repute in its time, although its creations have long vanished. Many pictures, indeed, are pointed to in Japan as the product of times before the introduction of Buddhism in the sixth century. But Mr. Anderson declares that not only are they probably forgeries, but that "nothing like them, worthy of preservation, was ever created by their nominal authors." The second and more substantial period of Japanese painting begins towards the close of the ninth century, with the appearance of Kosé no Kanaoka. This man, though also a secular artist, is considered the founder of the native hieratic school. Most, if not all, his surviving works are Buddhistic. His descendants were painters for some five centuries, but the only one to reach popular fame was Hirotaka, to whose last work, still extant in a temple of Kioto, a gruesome legend is attached. It is said that Kanaoka, while yet in the prime of life, was commissioned to paint the tortures of the damned in Hades. As the picture progressed, he became possessed with the notion that his own life was about to end, and he worked feverishly, "with the same strange perseverance that sustained Mozart in the composition of his Requiem, until at length a few touches alone were needed for the completion of the ghastly subject; but with the final strokes his overstrained energies collapsed, and the artist, brush in hand, fell dead in front of his ill-omened masterpiece." \* This period in the history of the Buddhist school lasted to about the end of the fourteenth century. Mr. Anderson gives a list of the chief masters, among whom are to be found three of the emperors.

The native or Yamato School sprang, most likely, from the work of Kanaoka, but its putative founder was Motomitsu, who, unlike the Kosé family, devoted his brush entirely to Japanese motives. In the thirteenth century a member of the school named Fujiwara no Tsuné-taka assumed the surname of Tosa, which thenceforward was used as the title of the Academy. This school has lasted down to our own time, and men now living have treated the same themes in the same way, apart from the excellence of their art, as their predecessors of many centuries ago.

The latest era of Buddhist Art dates from the activity of Cho Densu, in the latter half of the fourteenth century. Mei-cho, or Cho Densu, was a priest at Kioto, where he died in 1427. His followers are enumerated by Mr. Anderson, who adds that the end of the school is probably at hand. "The Buddhistic establishments—many disorganized, others needy or beggared—are unlikely to revive the contest of wealth and power that made them so conspicuous in the mediæval period of Japanese history. The artist-monk, unstimulated by the old emulation, and unsupported by the wealthy patronage necessary for the production of the more ambitious works of his school, is losing his skill, and there are no pupils to fill his place." The peculiarities which distinguish the *Butsu-yé*, or true Buddhist picture, from the creations of the secular school, are much the same as those which make

the illuminated page of a fifteenth-century "Book of Hours" so unlike a modern sketch in black and white. The Buddhist painter aimed at a striking decorative effect, the member of the Yamato School at suggestion by calligraphic dexterity of familiar forms and ideas. The Buddhist altar-piece shines with gold and glows with deep resonant colour; the secular *kakémono*, on the other hand, though often bold in its dealings with pure tint, is content, on the whole, with neutral hues.

The Museum Exhibition includes no examples of the first and second eras of Buddhistic Art, and none before the fifteenth century of the secular school. From the third period of the former six good specimens have been selected for display. To the inexpert spectator their similarity to Indian work is here and there a little startling, especially in the large altar-piece (No. 19) with an assemblage of Buddhist divinities. The secular pictures are so numerous, and vary so little in excellence, at least to a European eye, that it is by no means easy to pick out a few for special praise. The design and execution of No. 41, 'Cat, Plants, and Insects;' of No. 54, 'Egrets in Rain;' of No. 62, 'Chung-li K'üan borne on the Waves by a Sword;' of No. 75, 'Ch'ao Yün leaping the Chasm;' of No. 87A, 'White and Red Poppies,' by the famous Ko-rin; of No. 105, 'Pea-fowl and Pine-tree;' of No. 116, 'Cranes flying,' and of No. 118, 'Chung Kwei and the Demons,' seem to me in each case to touch the highest level in the exhibition.

We have left ourselves very little space to speak of the books and woodcuts at the Burlington Club, but this matters the less that not a little of what might be said about them may be gathered from a study of the painted work in Bloomsbury. Over and above that, however, there is the consideration they deserve as examples of xylography. The discussions which have raged in Europe as to the claim of this man or that country, to priority in the discovery of engraving, seem a little foolish beside the enormously greater antiquity of similar processes in China and Japan. The earliest of the seven periods into which Mr. Anderson divides Japanese engraving, with which alone the Burlington collection is concerned, extends from the ninth century, with a ?, however, to 1608, during which the cuts were chiefly, if not solely, portraits of divinities by priests. One of these is a woodcut of Indra, from a temple near Tokyo, engraved by the Abbot Nichiren, who lived from 1222 to 1284. Its date is therefore at least a hundred and forty years before that of the famous 'St. Christopher of 1423.' This Indra, however, is a very rude performance, but some prints from a Buddhist temple, dated 1325, show a great improvement. The second period, from 1608 to 1680; the third, from 1680 to 1710; the fourth, from 1710 to 1765, distinguished by the early perfection of chromo-xylography; the fifth, from 1769 to 1825, distinguished by the complete development of the art just mentioned, and by the apparition of Hokusai, are all well exemplified by rare books and single sheets; while the long decline, from about 1825 to the present day, has also its illustration in a series of those more violent pictures in which aniline dyes have come to give this Art the *coup de grâce*. WALTER ARMSTRONG.

EXHIBITION NOTES.—Among the contributors to the first "Halicarnassus" will be Messrs. B. Jones, Alma Tadema, Richmond, Watts, North, Walker, Sir John Millais, and Mr. Charles Hallé. At the Glasgow International there will be a strong show of etchings. At Manchester, from the Jubilee Exhibition, there is a surplus of some £43,200. At

\* "Catalogue of a Collection of Japanese and Chinese Paintings in the British Museum," by W. Anderson, F.R.C.S.

Paris the Salon will accept, it is announced, no more than 2,500 pictures, and 800 drawings. At Vienna the French and Russians have held aloof, and, as the Viennese are poorly represented, the honours are divided between the Germans, the Italians, and the English, headed by Herren Menzel and Lenbach, Signor Favretto, and Mr. Herkomer, whose 'Miss Katharine Grant' is a principal attraction of the exhibition. At Sydney the last Annual Exhibition of the Art Society—held for the first time in the Society's own rooms—included 123 works in oils and 64 in water colours; and in the same city a new association, the Australian Academy of Arts, opened an exhibition some three weeks after the private view of the older body. At Baltimore Mr. Walters has thrown open his unrivalled collection of modern French Masters—Troyon, Delacroix, Fortuny, Gérôme, Fromentin, Millet, Meissonier, Rousseau, Corot, Diaz, Couture and others—and Oriental porcelains, to the public, on certain days in the week, until the 1st of May, 1888, for the benefit of certain local charities.

**PICTURES AT OLDHAM.**—At a time when so many artists of standing must have pictures stowed away in their studios which would have a better chance of sale if hung in the gallery of a populous town, it is a matter of no little surprise that so inadequate a response has been made to the invitations of the Corporation of Oldham to their first Exhibition of Modern Paintings. It is positively painful to see the walls of the well-lit, commodious rooms filled with a collection of pictures of which the level of merit is lower than that of any similar exhibition it has been our lot for a long time to examine. It is still more so to find the galleries thronged with artisans anxious to learn, and being taught by such material as this. It is not surprising to hear

that the committee have been obliged to expend some portion of the fund voted to them in purchases outside the exhibition. Amongst the few works which call for notice are 'Day fades and the Peasants turn to Home,' Julius Hare, and 'Vyrwney Valley,' Peter Ghent, but both priced too high for purchasers at a local exhibition; 'Picardy Peat-cutters,' David Murray; 'Evening on the Mersey,' T. H. Stevens; and amongst the drawings, 'Opportunity makes the Thief,' A. H. Hague; 'Gateway at Lochey,' R. Phené Spiers; 'Canal in Venice,' John Evans; and 'By the Categat,' A. Stokes. It is to be hoped that this unfortunate commencement will not discourage the Corporation; if they are determined to exhibit nothing but what is good, and let it be known that they are purchasers of good works at a fair price, they will soon attract pictures of a much better quality than those at present in their galleries. Included in the collection is the portrait of Mr. T. O. Barlow, R.A., by Sir J. E. Millais, which has been presented to his native town by Mr. J. J. Jones.

**MANCHESTER.**—We have nothing but praise for the descriptive catalogue which has just been issued of the permanent collection of pictures in the City of Manchester Art Gallery. Mr. Stanfield, the compiler, has done his work in a thoroughly practical manner; the descriptions are terse and yet ample, and the information is clearly set down, so as to be understandable by the mill hand as easily as by the merchant. Type and paper are good, and a pattern to many of our older established galleries. We note one or two lapses, such, for instance, as classing Mr. Fildes amongst the Associates; one or two omissions in the biographies, such as Mr. Brett's, Mr. Napier Hemy's, and Mr. Mengin's. These would have added to the completeness of the pamphlet.

## ART NOTES.

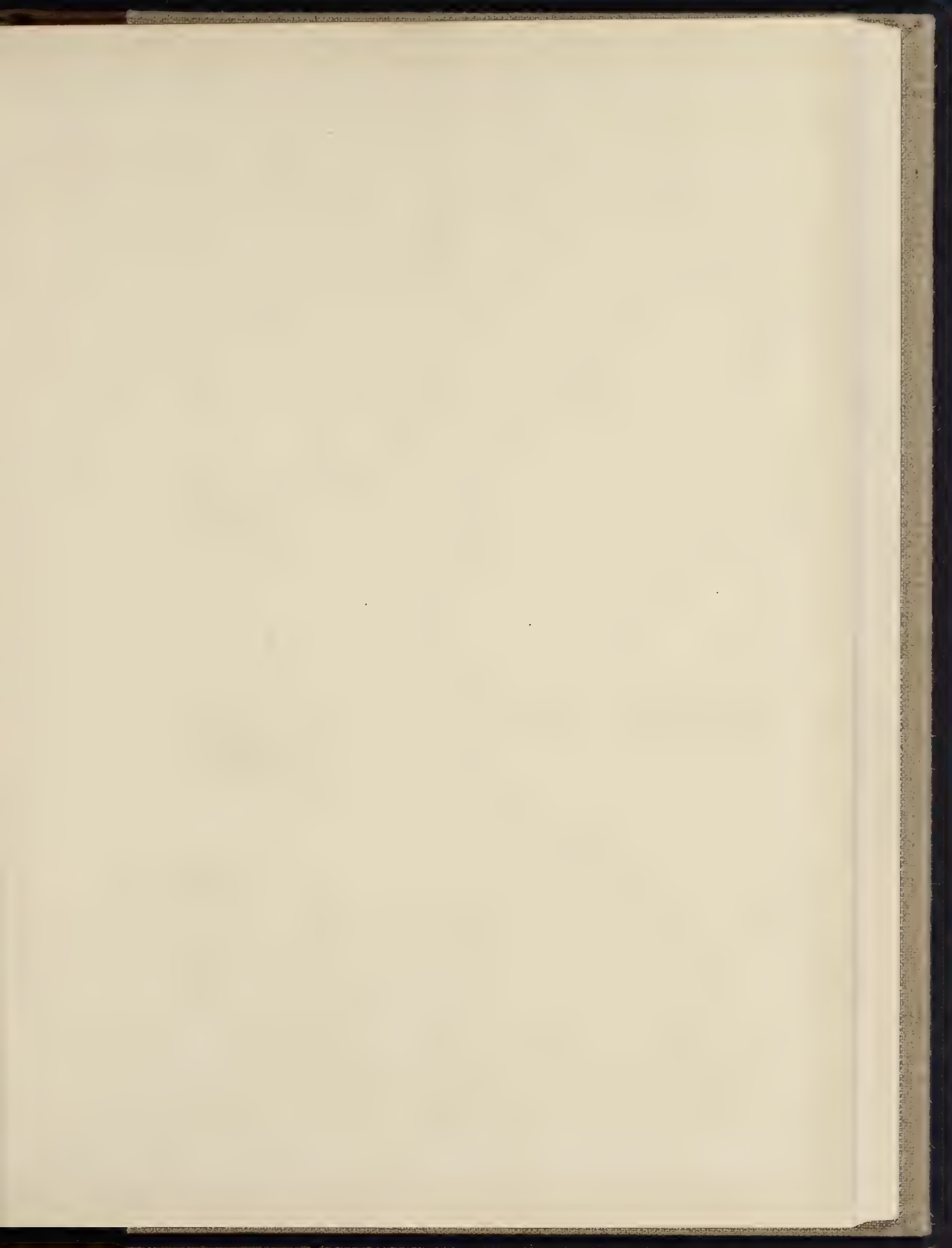
**PERSONAL.**—Messrs. Watson Nicol, Hermann Herkomer, C. Wyllie, and Yeend King have been elected Members of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours. In an article on Edoardo Dalbono (*Art Journal*, February, 1888) we omitted to acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. Louis Fagan, of the British Museum, for permission to reproduce the artist's drawings, which belong to him. Mr. G. Redford has nearly completed his monumental "History of Art Sales;" one volume is ready, and the conclusion will shortly be sent to press. Herr Lenbach has sold his collection of contemporary portraits—declined by the Bavarian Government for the Pinacothek—to a joint-stock company for £12,000 for exhibition abroad. M. Fétis has completed a new edition of his "Catalogue" of the Musée Royal, Brussels.

**OFFICIAL CATALOGUES.**—In a recent number of *Le Courrier de l'Art*, a writer calls attention to the fact that the official catalogues of the several departments of the Louvre are practically non-existent. The great exception is, of course, the Département de la Peinture et des Dessins, which is admirably controlled by M. de Tausia. That gentleman's colleagues, however, are described as being "passionnément fidèles aux traditions de M. Ravaissou-Mollien, l'ex-Conservateur des Antiques," who "annonçait toujours l'intention de publier le catalogue de ce Musée," but who "n'y donnait jamais—et pour cause!—la moindre suite." It is scarcely

possible to believe that M. Ravaissou-Mollien is to be identified with the official who mistook, "avec l'aplomb le plus imperturbable," the Piræus for an Hellenic hero; but the condition of this is none the less intolerable, and the writer, who takes up his testimony with a vigour not unworthy of the cause, does well to make it public. It is nothing less than scandalous, as he remarks, that to people at a distance from Paris the Louvre should be a sealed book, because the curators of its departments disdain their work; he contrasts such indifference with the industry and efficiency of MM. de Tausia and Arago, the latter (who is Keeper of the Luxembourg) a man eighty years old; he announces that M. Castagnary has determined upon the production of a popular catalogue of the whole vast collection; he sets us wondering when (if ever) we shall be able to point with pride to the superior condition of the Louvre in Trafalgar Square.

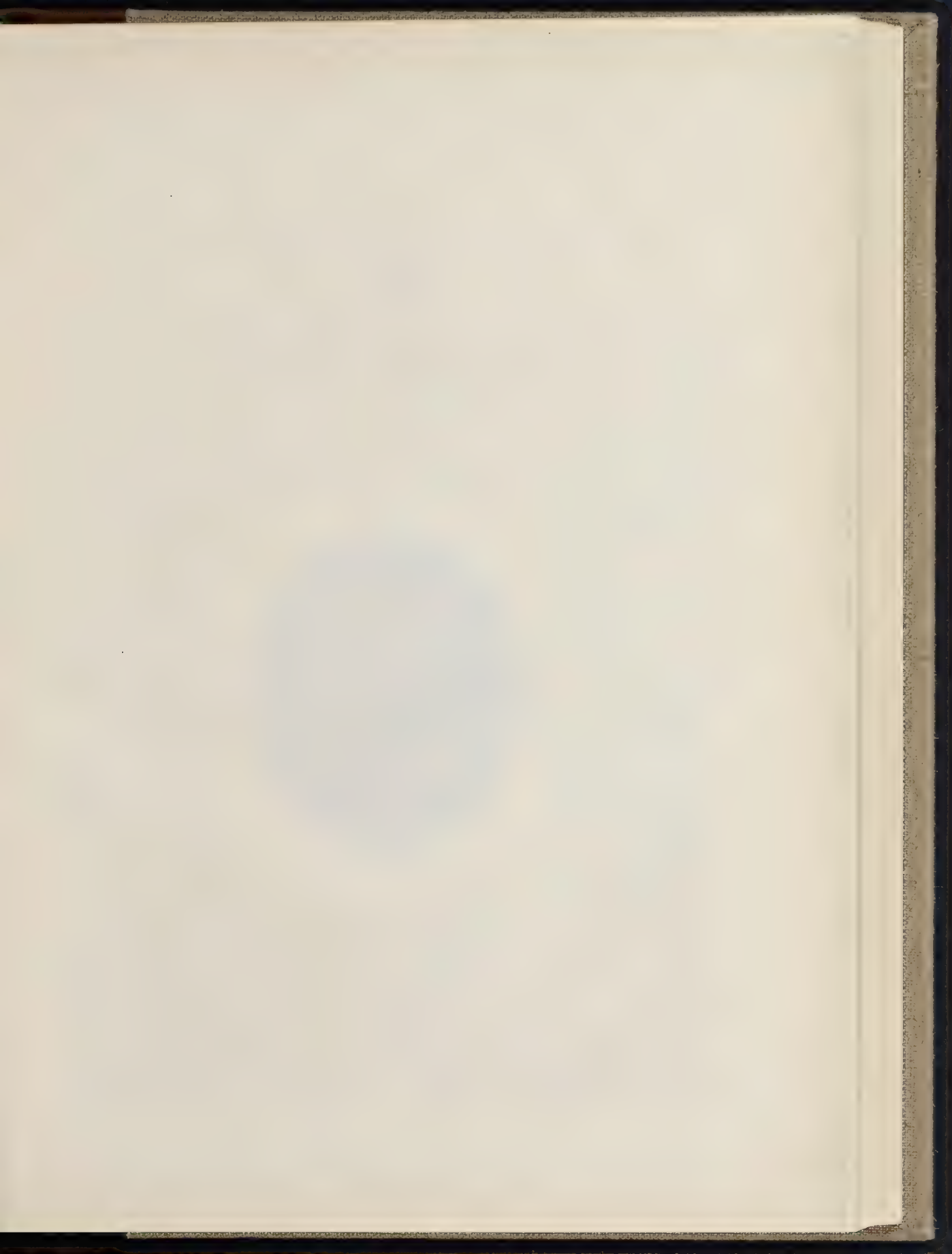
**OBITUARY.**—The death is announced of Félix Clément (Prix de Rome, 1856), a pupil of Drölling and Picot, a painter of Egyptian subjects and also of portraits and "coast-marines;" of the Viennese glass-painter, Adolf Feilhammer, by suicide; of the Viennese historical painter, F. Staudiger; of the Lyonnese animal painter, Guy; of the genre painter, Armand Berthaud; of Thiébault, caster (among other bronzes) of the 'Napoléon' of the Place Vendôme; and of the Dutch animalier and landscape painter, Anton Mauve.















## DYCE AND FORSTER COLLECTIONS, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

TWO of the many gifts and bequests which have enriched the South Kensington Museum since its foundation are the varied and valuable collections bequeathed by the Rev. Alexander Dyce and John Forster, Esq., LL.D. The Art portions of these are of themselves important enough to claim a separate notice.

The Dyce collection, which fell to the Museum in 1869, includes paintings in oil and water colours, miniatures, drawings, and engravings.

Of the oil paintings, upwards of eighty in number, the following, taken as they stand in the catalogue prepared by Mr. Samuel Redgrave, are perhaps the most noteworthy:—*'Lucretia Fede,'* by Andrea del Sarto; *'Incantation Scene,'*

reasonably ascribed to P. Breughel the younger; the poet and preacher, *'Dr. John Donne,'* Dean of St. Paul's, a portrait of great merit, supposed to be by Janssens, and engraved by Lombart as the frontispiece to the first edition of Donne's poems in 1633; *'Pope,'* by the elder Richardson; *'River Scene,'* a luminous picture, ascribed to Richard Wilson; an unfinished portrait by Reynolds, supposed to be his sister Frances; a sturdy, vigorous head of Kirby, the writer on Perspective, and Royal Surveyor at Kew, by his friend Gainsborough (they lie side by side in Kew churchyard); the *'Strand Shore at Westminster Bridge,'* about 1760, by Samuel Scott, one of Hogarth's jovial companions; two landscapes by G. Morland, and a figure study by Etty. Besides these, among the pictures

by unknown painters are *'Milton,'* inscribed on the back in an old hand, "John Milton, Esq. Done after the life, 1658, æt. 50;" *'Matthew Prior,'* of which Mr. Austin Dobson, no mean authority, says in *Notes and Queries*, "but it is from an oval portrait, by an unknown artist, in the Dyce Collection, that one gets the best idea of the frail and valedudinarian wit;" and *'Portrait of a Young Man' (No. 83),* an altogether anonymous picture, but unquestionably a poetic head by a sympathetic hand, mention of which here may possibly lead to its identification.

The collection also contains many portraits of actors and actresses, from Betterton to Macready. Of these *'Mrs. Siddons' (No. 76)* is a head of much beauty by an unknown hand, perhaps by her friend Lawrence or his pupil Harlow.

MAY, 1888.

The miniatures, also catalogued by Mr. S. Redgrave (again to the benefit of the compiler of this account), are more than sixty in number, many of them in oil, of the Dutch and Flemish schools, and too often without name either of artist or subject. The older English miniaturists are represented by Isaac and Peter Oliver, Cooper, and Flatman. Another, but not English, is the portrait of *'Sofonisba Anguisciola,'* the Cremona painter (1533—1620), by herself, according to the inscription round the disc which she is holding. An engraving and notice of this miniature appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1801. Amongst the modern miniatures is one of *'Mrs. Piozzi,'* which, faded as it is, Colonel Grant, in his *"Johnson,"* considers to be prob-

ably "the best likeness of her in the days when she was intimate with Johnson."

The Dyce drawings are more than eight hundred in number, and many of them of great interest and importance. The catalogue was prepared for the Museum by Mr. G. W. Reid, and it is his experienced guidance that the present compiler almost literally follows, both here and when treating of the prints, which Mr. Reid also catalogued—but with unavoidable condensation. Beginning with the Florentine school, the most interesting drawing is an allegorical one by Finiguerra, specimens of whose work are rare. The slight sketch for a portion of the Medici tombs at Florence by Michael Angelo, although unimportant itself, becomes of value when it is understood that many



John Keats (1796—1821). By Joseph Severn.

other studies for the same monument are in England.

The Roman school is distinguished by two studies by Raphael, a beautiful one for the *'Finding of Moses,'* in the Vatican, and another for the portrait of the *'Duke of Urbino,'* in the *"School of Athens,"* fine, though not of the same quality as the *'Moses.'*

The first drawing in the Venetian school is a beautiful one by Campagnola. By Tintoretto there are as many as fifteen studies for his large picture of the *'Crucifixion,'* all probably from the collection of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Of the school of Bologna there are a charming study of *'Cupids seated on Clouds' by S. da Pesaro,* three examples of Guercino, and, by G. F. Bolognese, a very fine landscape and a signed *'Church of St. Lorenzo, Rome.'*

The German school begins with a curious and early example of the time of Martin Schöngauer, the 'Annunciation'; the



*J. M. W. Turner, R.A. (supposed). By D. Maclise, R.A.*

unusual rendering of the subject being remarkable, for the angel presents a sealed paper instead of a lily. The two Holbeins are both of the finest quality: the first, a portrait in crayons of a gentleman so noble in appearance that his identification if possible would be highly interesting; the second, the 'Capture of a City,' of which there is a companion in the British Museum.

In the Dutch school, one of the Paul Potters, 'Mercury and Argus,' done by him at seventeen, is of interest, as showing his early progress, but the better of the two is a 'Study of Forest Trees:' both are signed. The Waterloos are all genuine, and the large one is extremely fine.

The first Flemish drawing is an anonymous but interesting work of the latter end of the fifteenth century, in distemper, the 'Betrayal of Christ.' P. Breughel has a large 'Kermesse,' or village feast, and another, but more important, 'Kermesse' is by Savery. Next comes a master of a very different stamp—Rubens: the first of his works represents 'The Eternal Father,' and another, 'Lot and his Daughters,' a third is a remarkable 'Study of Arms.'

The French school opens with a couple of drawings by Callot. Two by N. Poussin are both good, and the Claudes are fine, particularly the grand study of the top of a tree in full foliage. The little female head by Watteau is beautiful. There are two Bouchers, one, a study of Cupids, particularly fine. Le Prince is not so well known as Boucher, but his study of a young maiden in semi-oriental costume will please.

Last comes our own school, taken altogether the best portion, to Mr. Dyce's credit, of his collection. Two or three of the earlier men open it with spirit—Dobson, Isaac Fuller, and Greenhill, of Salisbury, who died young in 1676. By Richard Wilson there are no less than twenty-eight sketches, most of them very slight, but still possessing the same refinement of thought as his pictures. There are twenty-six studies by Gainsborough, many of them of the finest quality. Reynolds's life-size study for the head in 'Puck on a Toadstool' is interesting, as the first idea for one of his favourite subjects. Sir Joshua is also represented by the first slight sketch for 'Elizabeth, Marchioness of Tavistock,' and two other sketches for portraits. The collection is strong in drawings by John Robert Cozens, some of which rank among his finest produc-



*Goethe (1749—1832). By D. Maclise, R.A.*

tions: they are mostly Italian and Swiss lake scenes. Of Girtin there are four examples, two of them exceedingly fine,



one indeed as fine as anything he ever touched. The caricaturists Bunbury and Gillray are both represented, but neither of them so largely or so well as Rowlandson, some of whose thirty-four subjects being in his best style.

By Stothard there are as many as eighty-six sketches, the majority of them very slight, but still in most instances of importance, as the first ideas for some of his most beautiful compositions. There are only two of his important drawings, one of which is a very fine design for a candelabrum. Several of Wilkie's twenty sketches are painstaking studies for his pictures. There are fine examples of John Varley; and a remarkable 'River Scene'

(probably Postwick Grove, Norfolk) by Cotman. Two studies by John Martin are important, one as a sketch for his large picture, 'The Crucifixion:' his drawings, moreover, are not common. It should be borne in mind that many of the Dyce drawings are impressed with the marks of celebrated collectors, English and foreign.

The space that can be spared for the next division of this great bequest—the Engravings—is not commensurate with its importance. Of single separate prints there are at least fifteen hundred, besides prints in volumes, and small theatrical portraits.

Beginning with the Italian school, Mantegna is represented by nearly all his more important works. Marc Antonio Raimondi is a conspicuous name in the catalogue, some of the best of his efforts being there described. Next come scholars and followers of Marc Antonio—Agostino de Musis (Veneziano), Marco Dente da Ravenna, the anonymous 'Maître au Dé' (probably a Venetian), Beatrizet, Vico, Caraglio, and Bonasone. The Ghisi family of Mantua are all represented. Andreani's 'Triumph of Julius Cæsar' (after Mantegna) when properly arranged forms an admirable frieze: Goethe has described this wonderful work, but from Mantegna's own prints. Engravers of a later time down to the present century are largely represented.

Of the German school, perhaps the most noteworthy example is Jegher's wonderful rendering of Rubens's bold design, 'Hercules exterminating Fury and Discord.'

The best representatives of the Dutch school are C. Cort, Saenredam, the brothers Wierix, Goltzius, J. Matham, Vischer, Suyderhoef, Blooteling, and Burghers.

Far more important is the Flemish school, if only from the fact that good engravings from Rubens were zealously sought for by Mr. Dyce. Passing over some other names, Scheltius à Bolswert stands conspicuous with nearly fifty works, almost all after either Rubens or Van Dyck, but principally Rubens. By Van Dyck there is the etching from his own design, 'Christ crowned with Thorns.'

Of the French school there are many of the productions of some of the best engravers from the seventeenth century to the present time.

Lastly, in our own school—to name but one master—there



*Mrs. Siddons (1755—1831). Painter unknown.*

is an excellent collection of Hogarth's works, comprising all his important pieces in fine state and condition. (The 'Distressed Poet' is said to be the only known likeness of Lewis Theobald, one of the early editors of Shakespeare.)

Of the "miscellaneous objects," one of the most interesting is a plaster bust of 'Mrs. Siddons,' believed to be by herself, for it is well known that she was an amateur in sculpture, and added an additional room for her modelling to the house in Upper Baker Street in which, as one of the useful tablets of the Society of Arts records, the great tragedian died.

## FORSTER BEQUEST.

Professor Henry Morley opens the biographical sketch which he kindly contributed to Mr. Maskell's very useful



*Daniel Maclise, R.A. (1811—1870). By himself.*

"Handbook of the Dyce and Forster Collections" as follows: "John Forster, whose place was among the chiefs of English literature in his time, as critic, historian, and biographer, died on the 1st of February, 1876. He left by his will, his library, his collection of manuscripts and autographs, paintings, drawings, and engravings, to his widow during her life, and afterwards, for the use of the public, to the Department of Science and Art at South Kensington. Mrs. Forster at once generously surrendered her own rights, that she might assist in promoting the complete fulfilment of her husband's wish."

This second great bequest is housed in rooms adjoining those which contain the collection of Mr. Dyce, of whom Mr. Forster was the friend and executor.

Hanging on the walls are about a hundred and thirty paintings in oil and water colours, and drawings, of which the most noteworthy will now be described. Of the works by old masters the choicest is a portrait of a man in a high hat, wonderful in its simplicity of plain black and white, by Van der Helst. The jovial fellow about to drink from a lidded tankard is by Frank Hals, and came from the collection of General Phipps; and the female head by Denner was once the property of that generous friend of authors, John Kenyon.

The two portraits in one frame by Gainsborough are of his daughters Mary, afterwards Mrs. Fischer, and Margaret (Peggy). Mr. Macready was once the possessor of half of this very remarkable picture, and in his sale catalogue the

following extract from a letter of Mr. Forster is given: "the Gainsborough was bought at the sale of Jackson, the Academician. It consisted of two girls' faces finished (the painter's daughters), the hand of one resting on the other's head; the figures not finished. I possess the other half of the picture." The two sisters are now together again. The Bonington is of St. Michael's Mount; and the small picture by G. S. Newton, R.A., shows us Sir Walter Scott in his usual country dress—probably a replica, with minute variations, of the one at Abbotsford, which Lockhart pronounced to be "the best domestic portrait ever done."

Particular notice should be taken of the portraits of three of Mr. Forster's greatest friends—Carlyle, by Watts, painted in 1868; Landor, by Sir W. Boxall, painted in 1852; and Dickens, by Frith, in 1859, when the great writer was forty-seven. We learn from Mr. Frith's "Autobiography and Reminiscences," that the background of the picture was Dickens's study at Tavistock House. The portrait has been admirably engraved by Mr. Barlow, R.A. Mr. Frith has another picture in this collection—the irresistible "Dolly Varden."

By Maclise, another of Mr. Forster's most distinguished friends, there are the full-length engraved portrait of 'Macready as Werner,' the 'Waterfall at St. Knighton's Keeve, near Tintagel, Cornwall,' exhibited at the Academy in 1843; and a 'Scene from Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*,' with portrait of Mr. Forster as 'Kitley,' the part he filled in the amateur performance of that comedy.

By Clarkson Stanfield (also in the same band of friends) there is the large and important picture 'Ancona and the Arch of Trajan,' at the Academy in 1851. 'Shakespeare's

House, Stratford-on-Avon,' is by H. Wallis, the dog, etc., by Sir Edwin Landseer; and the 'Death-bed of Cromwell' ranks as one of Wynfield's best works. There are some small highly finished pictures by F. D. and David Hardy, and six landscapes by James O'Connor. A few paintings by representatives of foreign schools next require notice. By C. M. Webb, who lived and worked at Dusseldorf, there are three, on one of which, 'Checkmate,' victory and defeat are most legibly written: a replica of this work, which is teeming with humour, hangs in the National Gallery, Melbourne. Lambinet has a charming landscape, 'Ecouen, near Paris,' and by the Russian Rizzoni is the 'Burial-place of Tasso.'

Amongst the water colours and drawings the following portraits are full of interest—a striking head of Swift (whose biography Mr. Forster did not live to complete), a copy by Mr. (now Sir) T. A. Jones from a crayon which



*Lord Byron (1788—1824).  
By Count D'Orsay.*



belonged to Mr. J. Sheridan Le Fanu; Garrick, the "last drawing from the life," by E. Edwards, A.R.A.; the charcoal head of Keats by his friend, Joseph Severn; Count D'Orsay's likeness in pencil and colour of Byron, taken at Genoa; Landseer's sketches of the head of Scott; Stothard in old age by Wageman; Turner (supposed), T. Campbell, Laman Blanchard and Paganini, by Maclise; and (in one of the cases) a photograph of that great wit, Douglas Jerrold, portraits of whom are not common.

Other noticeable water colours and drawings are by Gainsborough (from the Windus collection) and Cipriani; two sketches by Turner in one frame from Mr. Ruskin's collection; 'Little Nell's Grave,' by Cattermole—the church is said to be Tong, in Shropshire; 'The Logan Stone, Cornwall,' by Stanfield, a gift by him to Dickens, who with Maclise, Forster, and the painter himself, appear in microscopic portraits in the picture; and the 'Grave of Dickens,' in Westminster Abbey, by Fildes. 'Leonidas' and 'Patriotism' are by Richard Dadd, whose sad history ended only this last year in an asylum. There are some illustrations of Sterne by Stothard; and six frames filled with sketches in colour and pencil by Thackeray, many of them for Jerrold's 'Men of Character.'

Maclise requires a separate notice. On the walls, in a revolving stand, and in volumes in the library, there are about nine hundred of his drawings and sketches, in pencil, pen, and colour—portraits, figures, views, armour, architecture, costume, and studies from old masters. These include a good proportion of the portraits of literary characters contributed to *Fraser's Magazine*, 1830–1838, of whom there is believed to be now only one survivor, the venerable Rev. G. R. Gleig; and one of the sketches which Maclise took, when but a boy of fourteen, of Sir Walter Scott at

the time he visited Cork, Maclise's birthplace: the very rare lithograph of this sketch is also in the collection. Not forgetting some drawings by G. H. Harlow in the library, various

miscellaneous objects of great interest have now finally to be mentioned. In one of the cases will be found the treasure of three of the little books which it was the practice of Leonardo da Vinci to carry about with him attached to his girdle: these are filled with diagrams, some chalk sketches, and much manuscript written from right to left, as was Da Vinci's custom. In another case, at the end of a presentation copy of Garth's "Dispensary," is the only full-length portrait known of Pope, by Hoare of Bath, "drawn without his knowledge while conversing with Mr. Allen at Prior Park." In the library are a book of "Hours," of the fifteenth century, with page and other illuminations, from the Dawson Turner collection; two illustrated copies of Granger's "Biographical History of England," in thirty-one folio volumes, containing upwards of five thousand seven hundred portraits, many of them very scarce; and a volume of the works of Hogarth from his own plates, with duplicates showing various

states—one of the collections which Mr. Sala has singled out for special mention.

It will be noticed that one of the sketches on this page of Sir Walter Scott has pencil lines across it, which points to the probability that the artist, Sir Edwin Landseer, was not altogether satisfied with it.

R. F. SKETCHLEY.



Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832).  
By Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.

## MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.

OF all the many actresses who have lived with their doors open, so that their audiences might be privileged to see something more than the play, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has been most generous in gratifying the curiosity, or rather a stronger feeling, the marvel, that surrounds her personality. Not because it is sensitive, but because it is rather dull, the public likes somewhat violent things to wonder at; for delicate curiosities, lightly awakened, belong almost prover-

bially to the fit and few. Wordsworth felt profound little mysteries in the hedgerows. The secret of a sparrow's nest was a secret that made his own heart beat. But the world wants to have stronger mysteries, and to pluck the heart of them. Mme. Bernhardt herself has created her own legend; nobody else could have conceived one so exciting. And the legend has become a most important condition of a public career in France. The caricaturist who had "done" M.



*Tosca.*

Thiers for a comic paper during twenty industrious years, declined to the last to see that statesman, in order that the Thiers legend, which he knew by heart, might not be dis-

turbed. In this respect it is otherwise with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who has her own legend in such a state of completeness that it will bear the fullest inspection. Mme.



Bernhardt is inevitably an artist. And in her case the word can be used without forcing the term. All the arts of which the followers are conventionally called artists—the intelligent arts as distinct from the intellectual—have an actual or a possible exponent in her. She has all the faculties of mind and eyes which enable the artist to seize the impression; and perhaps the more simply and singly this is done, without afterthought, the better the painter's picture, the better the actor's representation. Therefore the Latin races, which are intelligent, will doubtless always act and paint better than the Teutonic, which are intellectual. If the distinction were better recognised as being one of kind and not of degree,

we should not be so troubled with the banal criticism that confuses the arts, loses sight of their distinctions, forces the vocabulary of one art to describe the aims and effects of another, and by trying to extend the limitations of all arts, weakens the powers of each within those right boundaries. A perfectly intelligent mind is concerned with all the intelligent arts, and Mme. Bernhardt, having in singular completeness that mental constitution which is called by the French *tempérament*, expresses her intention by her gesture, her dress, her eyes, the dramatic charm of her drawing-room, her paintings, her sculpture, and the noble fervour of her tragedy.

It is rather unfortunate for Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's more



South side of the Studio.

serious reputation in drama that the memory—or when memory is too short, the tradition—of Rachel is her competitor in the classic theatre. Mme. Bernhardt's *Phèdre* should be subject to no disturbing comparisons, or if it has a rival, the rivalry should be with something that can be put to the actual test. For she has doubtless been persuaded to melodrama—to the terrors of the last act of *Hernani*, which do not in truth frighten us now, and to the physical horrors of *Tosca*, which only the insensitive could well endure—by the spectre of Rachel. And yet Mme. Bernhardt's *Phèdre* is so memorable a representation that it is undeniably a certain experience to those who have seen it. It is Racine touched with just so

much of the modern genius as gives an impulse of life to his verse. A wasted victim of the gods who have afflicted her with a hateful love, *Phèdre* passes pausing to the stage. When she confesses what has afflicted her heart, it is with an inarticulate cry of loathing of herself which has a most penetrating language. Fear and horror of the evil give her weak figure an impulse of flight, stopped by the remembrance that what she fears is within her. She does no violence to her author, and does not even force an emotion not inevitably suggested by the verse; but only a reader with a temperament as vivid as her own could, in reading the tragedy, conceive a *Phèdre* so great and so mortally afflicted as the

Phèdre of Sarah Bernhardt. Nor, again, could a reader conceive for himself the living loveliness of this actress's voice. Its beauty has been praised in the modern dramas in which her tones dwell and pass, like caresses of sound; but in classic tragedy its beauty is incomparable and of a singular gravity. She speaks, throughout the most terrible passages of Phèdre, with the modesty of nature. It is nature in extremity, indeed, but not in exaggeration.

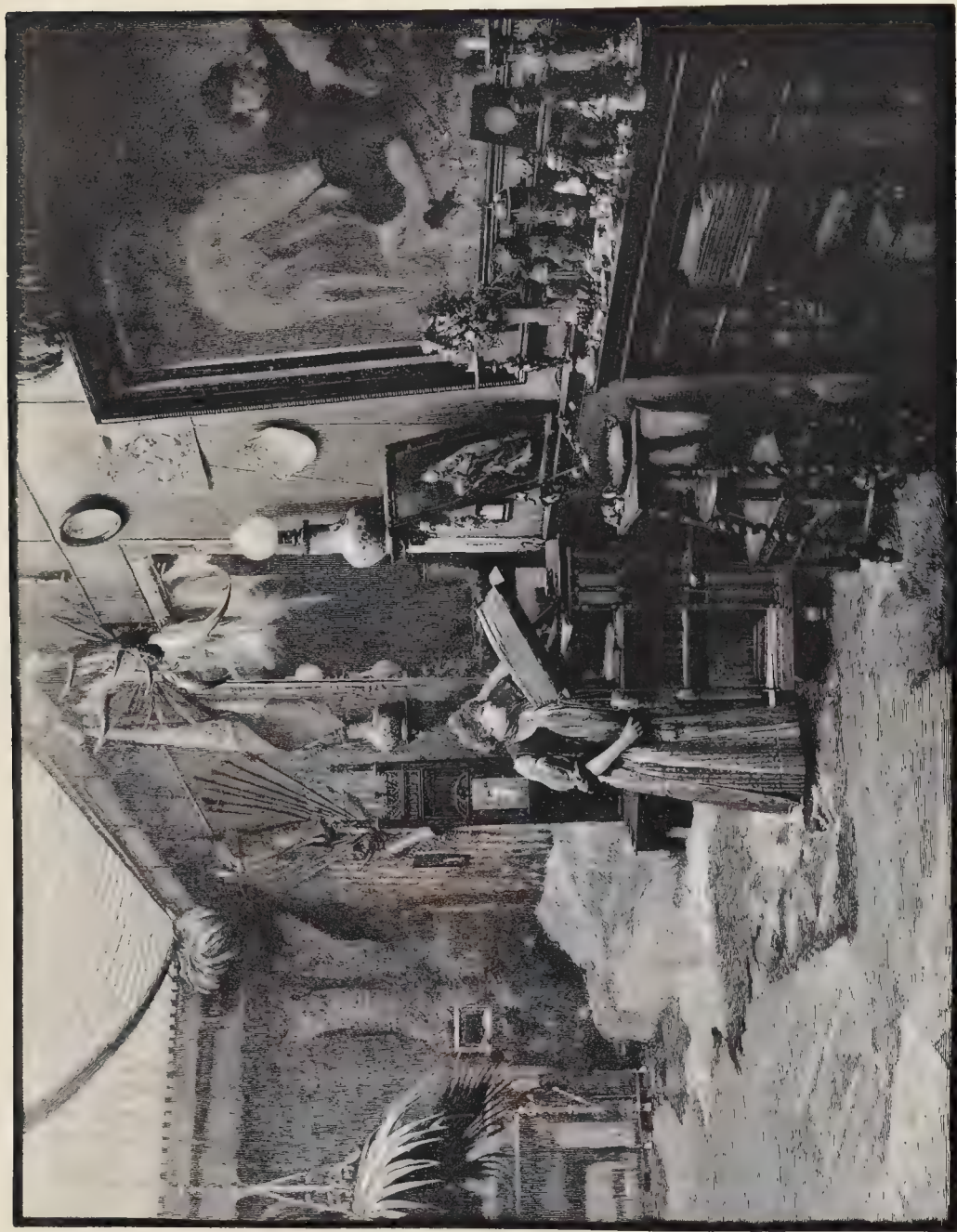
This actress, who has a tone of music even when she speaks prose, produces the Alexandrine with admirable variety and regularity. That is, her effects of inflection are all made within the laws of French verse, whether these are Racine's strictest or Victor Hugo's largest laws. To the English ear the insistence upon the couplet in French verse must always be somewhat disagreeable. We are accustomed in the English metrical drama to verse of which the single heroic line is the unit; in French drama we are obliged to accustom ourselves to verse of which the couplet is the unit. Nay, it is not too much to say that the quatrain—the system of two couplets—is the unit there, inasmuch as a couplet of rhymes with masculine endings must necessarily be followed (M. Théodore de Banville is the only poet known to me, but there may be many another in contemporary letters, who has sometimes disregarded this well-known rule) by a couplet of rhymes with feminine, or in other words dissyllabic, endings. Thus one couplet depends upon another, and what I have fitly called the unit of the verse is virtually composed of four lines, each one of which has a foot more than the English heroic. The ear, therefore, has a very long cadence to attend to—four twelve-syllable lines in French for one ten-syllable line in English. Add to this that in the French drama the cadence is extremely insisted upon, whereas in the English it is kept out of evidence—perhaps a little too much—by well-taught speakers. Add again, that apart from the invariable rhythmic emphasis the French actor of the classic Comédie Française has a confirmed custom of making his voice rise and fall with a monotonous inflection of tone; and the effect of the whole is that of an almost hateful swing and flux and reflux of verse. I once was told by a French statesman and man of letters—in the days before Volapük had been invented, by the way—that two languages would finally survive in the civilised world, and that, of the two, English would be the language of commerce and French that of literature. I heard him with strong feelings, infinitely weary at the prospect of poetry condemned to swing for ever on the insistent Alexandrine. Meanwhile, we are grateful to an actress who spares us all the worst points of her national verse, all rhythmic over-emphasis, and makes the lines mark but not measure her meaning. And indeed the excellence of Mme. Bernhardt's elocution is asserted by all judges. She makes the Alexandrine not only tolerable to us, but more delightful to her compatriots. It would be a more difficult task, perhaps, to make the English heroic line acceptable to a Frenchman. Most of our actors do not know how to speak it at all, so I am not referring to the theatre; but it is a curious fact that in my experience a Frenchman listening for the first time to good English reading, with the absence of emphatic pauses at the ends of the lines, has been totally unable to distinguish poetry from prose. He was just able to seize something here and there that sounded like a fragment of a line.

Of Mme. Bernhardt's several appearances in England, the first took place when she was still a *sociétaire* of the Comédie Française, and shortly before her secession. Then was the

memorable occasion when Mme. Bernhardt was so suddenly unable to appear that the stage waited. M. Got, the senior of the company, came forward to tell the audience that he must appeal to their forbearance, for he was in a cruel position. It was curious to remark how imperfectly the house—assembled to hear a French play—took in the meaning of words for which they were not prepared. Very slowly they became aware of what had been said to them; perhaps some one who knew a little unexpected French told his neighbours, and the message spread. When they thoroughly understood, they hissed M. Got like one man. Each time the actress has returned to England it has been with new splendour and a fuller power.

It belongs to Mme. Bernhardt's unflinching intelligence and *entrain*, that during the brief revival of Victor Hugo's romantic drama she played his heroines as though that drama had been the last word of dramatic art. She moves with her time, not only with its continuous development, but with its vacillations, its reversions, and its temporary uncertainties. She is now a kind of prophetess of Victorien Sardou. And the sign of her power in guiding the taste which she follows with so much accuracy of touch is the influence which the part she is playing at the moment exerts upon the decoration and setting of Paris life. By means of her charming dress in *Tosca* she has brought back the first Empire, not in mere odds and ends of fashion, such as have been re-invented again and again at intervals, but as an *aura* of the time itself, with something of the very manners that accompany the costume—in fact, the whole *pose*. For Mme. Bernhardt is complete in her own exterior, and has the period accurately studied by the makers of her dresses, if we may always except the fashion of her hair; and assuredly no designer or artist or manager ever succeeded in persuading an actress to be anything except modern in her coiffure. In her house Mme. Bernhardt has united the *bric-à-brac* of all times and places, as is proper to our age—the only age whose very character it is to have no character. All the more perhaps, and certainly all the more consciously, does it enjoy all that is charming in other times. And the house in the Boulevard Pereire is full of effective things, with a strong tendency just now towards the Japanese. Indeed there is something in the Japanese genius for the unexpected that suits the character of the actress's "legend." And besides this there is an enormous luxury of skins. Mr. Coventry Patmore, who has pretended many things with so much of the accent of sincerity, pretends that nature in general is glad to give up its beauties for the decoration of woman: "All doff for her their ornaments." The word "doff" is an extremely pretty one to express the various processes of the hunting and trapping and knocking down and skinning of the animals whose fur is the fashion. A very great number of tiger-cubs, tigers, bears, seals, alligators and others have doffed their skins for Mme. Bernhardt. She has, especially, a divan-back made of almost countless tiny tiger-skins. The studio is a vast apartment, in which the easels and what they bear are not forgotten. The unfinished picture has the brushes and palette at hand, and the clay sketch is surrounded with the modelling tools. The great square sky-light is veiled with an awning; life-size portraits of Mme. Bernhardt and of her son are on the walls, and chairs of every possible form are used as easels to hold other frames—soldier-subjects by Detaille, a water-colour by Doré, birds by Giacomelli. Among the other unique things of the studio are a statuette of Rachel, a group of comic.





*North side of the Studio.*

figures from Mexico, some magnificent bronze casting—Japanese antiques. But perhaps the most picturesque incidents of the room are the palm with its splendid, fine, and distinct fans, and the steel-grey Danish boar-hound, posed, in the sketch, at the side of the actress in her mousharabiyeh chair. In the larger illustration (of the north side of the studio) Mme. Bernhardt is studying an antique missal on its little lecterne of carved wood—a missal which has its history, and the rugged brown leather binding of which Mme. Bernhardt uncloses, in some of the moods of her "legend," to pore upon its characters. Beyond her figure are traced some arms of her curious collection, for she has weapons of very various use and nationality—rifles, lances, sabres, arrows, presided over by the mask of a Hindoo warrior with its casque of a winged fish.

Before leaving the illustrations of the studio, I may say a word as to Mme. Bernhardt's work as sculptor and painter. The plastic art attracted her first, but both attempts were made too late in life for any very serious results, although her uncommon talent shortened for her all the first stages of study. It is said that in 1869 she was watching M. Mathieu-Meusnier at work, when her invariably intelligent criticisms so far persuaded him of her possession of a perfectly artistic sight of nature and art, that he advised her to try for herself. Her first attempt was a medallion portrait of an elderly woman, a relative of her own; her master was surprised at the performance as well as at the promise.

In 1875 Mme. Bernhardt exhibited at the Salon a bust which was much remarked—a little because of the work itself, a great deal because of the signature; and in the following year she exhibited her human version of the Pietà—a group of a fisherman's mother with the body of her drowned son across her knee. This Ma-



*Under a palm-tree.*

onna of the shore—Our Lady of Poverty, as the sculptor has evidently intended to represent her—is a weather-beaten woman aged by the storms, with her grey hair bound up from the gale, and the scapular slung on her neck from which the garments have been torn away. She looks downwards with her furrowed, inexpressive face, making no kind of drama of her sorrow: none of that appeal to tenderness which the educated make unconsciously, even in extreme moments. A breaking wave drenches her foot and the heavy hem of her gown. The body has been gathered up in a fishing net, and lies in it on her knees, with all the limbs relaxed except the hand, which is curled in the attitude of dying. The subject was suggested to Mme. Bernhardt by



the case of a woman she knew, who having already lost two sons, had the youngest thus laid dead in her arms at the close of a tempest. The work has been criticised for lack of style; but it is truth and not style for which the artist has tried, and in this truth itself she would, needless to say, have ultimately found style, had she had her lifetime to dedicate to sculpture.

At the Salon of 1878 appeared two busts in bronze, one of these being the portrait of Emile de Girardin, a direct piece of work with little distinction, but full of the evidence of the sculptor's impressionary faculty and frank outward view of things. Of the paintings there is less to be said. Those which are best known are too evidently dedicated to the Bernhardt "legend" to be treated very seriously as art. For

instance, 'La Jeune Fille et la Mort' shows disagreeably how a true artist may now and then be tempted to offer a coarse homage to her own public pose. The group is singularly silly, and fails to create the desired astonishment (except perhaps among the most vulgar) by its ghastliness. The young girl stands up in an Empire dress, the details of which Mme. Bernhardt has touched with the hand of a shop-girl. Her face is expressionless; lilies and dragon-flies make easy symbols in her hand, at her feet, and about the background. Close behind her is the skeleton in a train, beckoning to the girl from behind her ruff.

Mme. Bernhardt has been the cause of more Art in others than she has produced by her own hand. Her portraits would make a little gallery. Chief among all these was the little profile, delicately rendered by Bastien Lepage, which she has not prized sufficiently to keep. And an excellent likeness is the standing full-length profile by Mlle. Abbéma, which, though it is primarily a portrait of the train and sash, the tablier and ruff, created by Mme. Bernhardt's dress-maker, has a quite subtle likeness of the peculiar figure in its slender days, and of the long arms held down full length with all the actress's individual elegance of action. It is a rather *boulevardier* elegance if you will, but nevertheless fine and full of touch. That it is difficult to describe by any English word is proved absurdly by an honest writer in an English magazine, who seriously says that Mme. Bernhardt is characterized

in all she does by "race and breeding!" We find a French writer dwelling upon her charm as that of an *enfant gâinée*. And they both intended to describe the same thing. The contrast in their words is exquisite. Mlle. Abbéma's hand has done charming work with these lines of the fashion of 1877. The abrupt points of folds and loops have something of the thin delicacy of palm-leaves. There is, besides, the stately portrait by M. Clairin, already mentioned, with the very original study by a Spaniard, Señor Galofre, which was seen in London a few years ago. Among our illustrations the reader will find the best likeness in the little figure of the drawing of the south side of the studio, where Mme. Bernhardt stands putting aside the soft castanettes of the canes

and beads of her Japanese blind. She wears her habitual *négligé*, a tea-gown, waistless, and girdled low down, with a furred coat for winter, making long lines from throat to feet.

Through this blind is the way into the little salon of the lady of the house—private ground, adorned with some objects of Art of public interest. Here are magnificent antique Japanese enamels, a bust of Mme. Bernhardt's sister Regina, who died young, a bust of her son, several flower-pieces by herself. The illustration of the 'Petit Salon' shows the view, through the veil of the blind, into the studio. On the nearer side of the fringe of beaded canes are great silk curtains of Japanese design. All the pretty forms beyond show as through a shower with light on the rain drops.



From the Salon—looking through the Japanese blind.

Mme. Bernhardt has had an adventurous life, which is no business, and not much interest, of ours. The public have had many dull emotions stimulated, as I said at the outset, and if the actress carries out her intention of publishing her remembrances, there will, no doubt, be ample occasion for much more astonishment. Those who admire Mme. Bernhardt's art sincerely, will regret more and more to find a fine artist doing things to be expected of a mountebank. For true artists to practise those ways is entirely a characteristic of the moment. Hence the pose, hence the "legend." The legend was made for M. Thiers by the caricaturist, and by the general consent, which Mme. Bernhardt has worked hard to make for herself.

ALICE MEYNELL.

## THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE PRESENTS AT THE BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM.

ALTHOUGH Queen Victoria can have needed no presents to assure her of the love and devotion of the mighty nation over which she reigns, we can well believe that the spontaneous offerings of Her Majesty's subjects, together with their congratulations on the fiftieth anniversary of her accession, have been accepted by her with peculiar pleasure and satisfaction. These gifts and addresses come to the Queen, in a great majority of cases, from those who are personally unknown to her, and many of them from parts of her empire which she has never visited. Side by side with the splendid donations of European sovereigns and the costly

trophies from the tributary princes of her Indian dominions, are the humbler offerings of subjects from the remotest corners of Greater Britain, where the name of Victoria is as highly honoured and esteemed as in the old country.

Such a collection as that which fills the central court at the museum does more to convince one of the vastness and extent of British sway than volumes of the written history of England's greatness. It is a somewhat invidious task, amongst so much that is interesting and beautiful, to select a few of these treasures for illustration, while the size and importance of some of the presents renders it very difficult adequately to

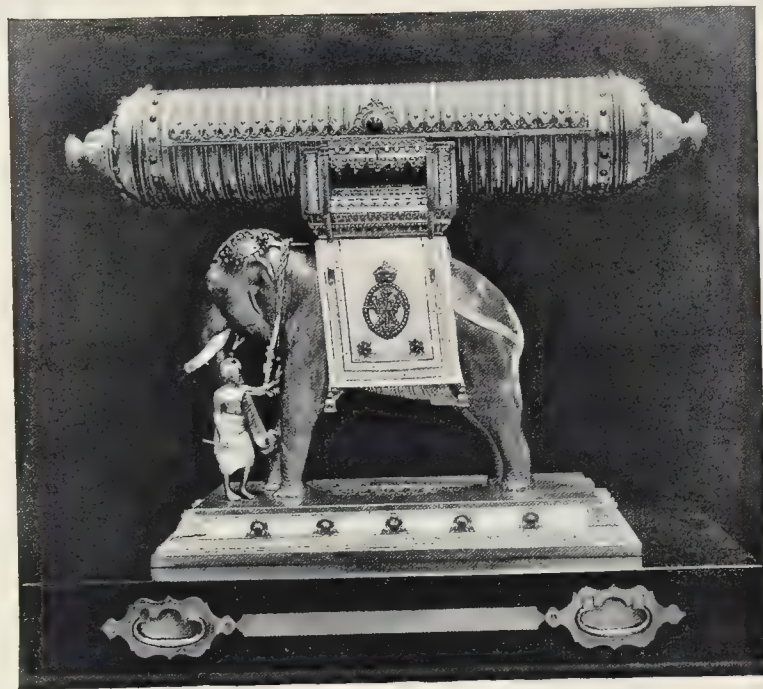


Fig. 1.—Casket containing Address from the Madras Presidency.

represent them in our pages. The illuminated addresses alone, of which there must be several hundred, furnish a most remarkable display, and indicate a fertility of resource and a richness in design, even in some of the more distant parts of our Colonies, for which we were quite unprepared.

So varied and ornate are many of these scrolls, and so beautiful are the paintings of flowers and landscapes with which they are enriched, that we might take this series of parchments by itself as typical of the collection, but we have judged it better to select a few examples of metal work, carving, and decorative manufactures to indicate the variety and splendour of the Jubilee offerings to Her Majesty.

It has been a most gracious act on the Queen's part to allow the presents to be removed for exhibition to the East-end of London, where they will be seen by those who had no chance of gaining admission to the collection while it was displayed at St. James's Palace.

While speaking of the addresses we ought not to lose sight of the many beautiful caskets and boxes prepared to enclose them, foremost among which are the series of silver repoussé-work scroll-shaped cases from India. We have illustrated in Fig. 1 one of the finest of these caskets, which was forwarded by the Madras Presidency. A fully-caparisoned elephant in oxidised silver bears on its back a cylindrical case, richly gilt,



resting on a species of silver howdah. The trappings are studded with jewels, and a well-modelled figure of a native stands by the elephant. There is a beauty of finish and a degree of excellence in the *technique* of this work which European silversmiths may study with advantage. The illustration of the arts of India afforded by the collection of presents is a highly interesting one. We may specially mention as of purely native work the elephants'-tusk trophies, picturesquely mounted in silver and carved wood, sent by the Maharajah of Travancore, one of which is illustrated below (Fig. 2); the rich series of vessels in silver inlaid work, the gift of the Nawab Bahador; the textiles contributed by Dr. Watt, and the curious gold mandapa or shrine also given by the Maharajah of Travancore.

One of the finest works of Art here exhibited is the centre-piece in wrought steel, No. 13, presented by the members of the royal household, which faces the visitor, to the right, on entering the museum. The general form of the design is that of an oblong plateau, in the centre of which is placed a vase of ovoid shape, supported by seated figures of Music and Poetry. The enrichments consist of damascened work in gold and silver, with sculptured plaques of repoussé-work in oxidised silver. This masterpiece of silversmith's work was modelled by Monsieur Morel-Ladeuil and made by Messrs. Elkington. The names of the donors are inscribed in a volume bound in open tracery-work, of the same character as that of the plateau. The dedication is "Queen Victoria, from her Loyal and Faithful Household."

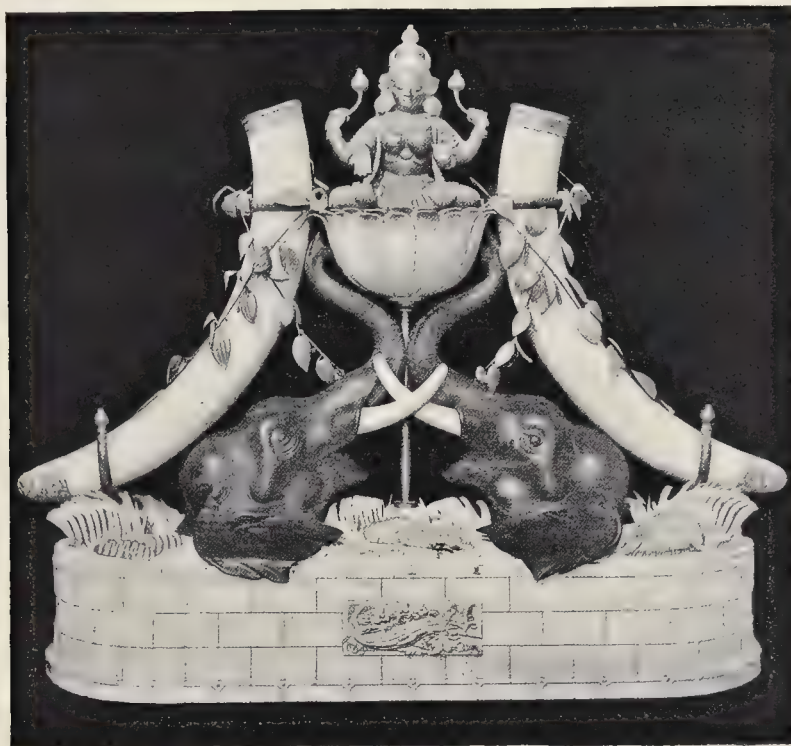


Fig. 2.—Trophy of Elephants' Tusks offered by the Maharajah of Travancore.

The collection is strong in good examples of silver plate, and the gilt cup and cover, of chalice form, presented by the King and Queen of the Belgians, which we have reproduced on p. 143 (Fig. 5), is a fine specimen of modern silversmith's work. Two well-modelled figures serve as handles, and above on the cover, are two smaller figures supporting a crown. On the body of the vase the Queen's monogram is inscribed in a panel, with the dates 1837—1887.

The silver and silver-gilt plateau, presented to the Queen by her grandchildren, and designed by the Princess Royal, occupies a prominent place at the entrance of the gallery. In the centre is a dwarf vase studded with bosses of silver, on which are engraved the arms of the donors, with their names

beneath each. Figures of the lion and unicorn occupy either end of the plateau, facing the centre vase. This trophy was manufactured by Herr Friedlander of Berlin.

An interesting specimen of silversmith's work is contributed by the English residents in Italy, viz., a scent-fountain of antique design. Round the margin of the lower basin are four shells, above which are youths, their feet resting on dolphins, who support a central basin, on the margin of which are tortoises. Lord and Lady Rothschild have also chosen an antique model for their offering, which consists of a large oval silver bowl, fitted as a jardinière, on four claw feet with lion-head handles. The bowl is ornamented with repoussé-work and floral wreaths under the rim. On either side of the bowl

are the chased and gilt flagons given by the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, the Duchess of Teck, and the members of the Cumberland family.

We wish we could bestow higher commendation than is

cate our naval supremacy. Beneath the pedestal two Cupids unroll a scroll, on which are recorded the events of Her Majesty's reign. On either side are allegorical figures of Peace and War; groups of genii, bearing scrolls and devices, surround the body of the vase and lay the warlike and peaceful achievements of the past fifty years at the foot of the royal pedestal. In the centre of the reverse side is a medallion of the Prince Consort, half veiled by drapery. All these enrichments are in white p  te on a dark peacock-blue background. The neck and foot of the vase are similarly decorated with relief ornament in variously coloured clays.

The presents which have recently been received from the Emperor of China include two vases and a dish from the imperial factory, which do not, however, compare favourably with the Chinese work we have seen in recent exhibitions. The blue is dull and wanting in sharpness, and the outline of the vases is inelegant. The Chinese collection comprises some good carvings in jade and some excellent embroideries; the latter art is one in which the workers of the Flowery Land still maintain their ancient cunning. Among the Chinese presents, two boxes in quilted woollen wrappers are said to contain tea of rare quality grown only for the use of the palace.

Our illustration (Fig. 3) shows the fine mosaic picture, the gift of His Holiness the Pope, a reproduction, by the skilful workers employed at the Vatican, of the famous fresco of 'Poetry' by Raphael. The delicacy and refinement of

possible to us upon the examples of English Ceramic Art in the present collection. The great firm of Minton's has prepared a special vase, upon which their most able artists have lavished their utmost skill, but the form of the vase is uncouth, and the outline of the elaborate double handles suggests metal-work and not pottery. We can admire and appreciate the beauty of the p  te-sur-p  te decoration of Solon, and we can understand the triumphs in potting which such a specimen betokens, but the colour is far from pleasing and the general effect inharmonious and, to coin a word, unceramic. The Worcester vases are likewise most unsatisfactory in form and laden with ornament in relief gold and metal tints. Some of the most rudimentary maxims of the designer's art have been disregarded and set at defiance, and the result is commonplace in the extreme. The contributions from Derby, which are less ambitious in style than those from the above factories, are to our mind preferable, but even in these there is an attempt to over-ornament the surface and to give an unreal richness by the superabundant use of gold. We have illustrated the Minton vase, Fig. 6, the story of the decoration of which is somewhat as follows. In the centre is the bust of the Queen on a pedestal ornamented with ships'-bows to indi-

this inlay of minute fragments of precious materials is truly marvellous, and the patient devotion which such a work must entail baffles description. Some of the scrolls are noticeable for the beauty of their frames or binding. One of the finest addresses of this class is that from British subjects in Austria-Hungary,



Fig. 3.—Mosaic Picture presented by the Pope.



Fig. 4.—Jubilee Offering from the Women and Girls of Ireland.

in a binding of stamped leather-work enriched with translucent enamels and having the royal arms in enamel in the centre.



There are many caskets of the usual municipal "gold-box" type, such as those containing loyal addresses from the City of Glasgow, the Borough of Reading, and the Mayor of Windsor.



Fig. 5.—Vase presented by the King and Queen of the Belgians.

Certain of the Indian presents have undergone strange vicissitudes since they left their native land, for they suffered shipwreck in the ill-fated *Tasmania*, and were only recovered after being many weeks under water. The addresses had been, most of them, reduced to a state of pulp, but in some cases the silver caskets had partially preserved the contents from injury. One of these recovered documents, an address from the ladies of Delhi, is shown at Bethnal Green, No. 426.

The receptacle for the Irish illuminated address, which bears nearly one hundred and fifty thousand signatures, is the carved bog-oak chest we illustrate at Fig. 4. The ornament is of the well-known Celtic interlacing pattern, and the coffer is based upon an ancient model.

Some of the presents take a rather eccentric form. Thus the women of Stockport offer a small model of an old Cheshire half-timbered house, and the Sultan of Johore sends a model of the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park in gold and enamel. In lieu of offering an illuminated address in a costly casket,

certain of the Indian princes have caused their congratulations to be engraved on plates of silver, as is the case with those from Lucknow, Nos. 135 and 136. There are comparatively few trinkets and jewels among the presents, but the handsome parure, the gift of His Highness the Khedive of Egypt, is a beautiful specimen of French goldsmith's work. Small sphinxes, lotus-flowers, scarabæi and vases of ancient Egyptian design, have been mounted with various figures representing deities to form a necklace, pendant-ornament, and earrings. Another necklace of a coarse kind of filigree work, with embossed ornaments of gold, a specimen of the native workmanship of Timbuctoo, is presented by Consul Payton and the British residents in Mogador. Some of the feather ornaments are truly magnificent; notably the pair of ostrich-plume hand-screens from Cape Colony, and the framed feather trophy presented by the Queen of Hawaii, the yellow feathers in which are taken from the Ooo or royal bird, only one feather being found beneath each wing.

It is difficult to escape the feeling that personal vanity may have prompted some of these offerings. Thus an author sends a copy of his work entitled "Fifty Years in Fifty Minutes," a landlord offers a photographic view of his inn, and a news-



Fig. 6.—Minton's Vase with *pâte-sur-pâte* decorations.

paper proprietor contributes an issue of a West-Country journal printed in gold.

G. R. R.

## ANCIENT CAIRO HOUSES.

MANY of our readers are doubtless aware that considerable changes have taken place in the external aspect of Cairo within recent years. So insatiable has been the desire to Europeanize the city, so reckless has been the demolition of its architectural monuments, that the Cairo of John Lewis and of E. W. Lane is already, at an interval of less than fifty years, a thing of the past. With the aid of pictures, engravings, and descriptions, it is yet possible for the student to reconstitute it, but for the general tourist the city, that within the present century was the most distinctively Oriental, that

showed the architecture of the Mohammedan civilisation in its most graceful and fascinating aspects, no longer exists. Of grace and beauty there is, certainly, little left. The suggestion is rather that of squalor, with a strong dash of the comic and grotesque. The impression produced is somewhat akin to that called up by the costume which finds favour with many of the natives, a European shooting jacket (second-hand), worn over a cotton bedgown, Turkish slippers, and a tarboosh, which give the wearer an indescribably ridiculous and ignoble appearance. This hybrid dress, indeed, aptly



Fig. 1.—Court of the House known as "House of Kait Bey."

typifies the transition taking place in Egypt; it is with regret we shall witness the disappearance of the silk *kaftan*, the handsome girdle of the same material, the *gibbeh*, or outer-robe, and the turban, all in the soft, harmonious colours to be seen in the pictures of Gentile Bellini, and occasionally also as still worn by some pensive merchant in a retired street at Cairo. Another dress now rarely seen, but which was eminently dignified, was the fuller outer-robe in black, worn by effendis; the costume, in fact, of Masaccio's and Massolino's male personages in the Brancacci Chapel at Florence.

All these fine flowing vestments that sat so gracefully on the gentle, dreamy, pale-faced beings who reclined on carpets and deigned to dispense spices and silks, or soap and candles, are inevitably doomed. The picturesque rags and tatters of the Bedouin may probably long be seen in Cairo, as their wearers glide stealthily through the by-ways, and the simple garb of the *fellaheen* will also long hold its own, but as the officials—pashas, beys, and effendis—have discarded the native costume for the Stamboul coat and trousers, so the ordinary citizens are fast adopting the dress of London and



Paris. To the adventurous artist who is unfortunately insensible to even the highest refinement of nineteenth-century fashion, this means pushing farther East. Not to the extreme Orient, for in Japan he will find himself again in the presence of surtouts, pants, and silk hats. Bagdad and Mosul are still uncorrupted, the taint has not yet reached Mesopotamia, Assyria, the Yemen, and cities on the Persian Gulf. In those regions where the old order and the new, in the persons of Darius and Alexander, struggled for mastery, there too will the style of dress that is unquestionably the more romantic make its final stand, and will probably succumb to the so-called superior convenience of its rival.

But, in all seriousness, is modern dress really more convenient than that of past centuries, when it was unquestionably more beautiful and dignified? Venetian and Florentine paintings tell us what were the costumes of those cities when their mercantile and industrial activity was vastly in excess of their trade and manufactures of to-day, and these garbs that show so bravely were no hindrance to the merchants and artisans in their daily work. Every afternoon the male folk of Athens make a point of promenading the Place of the Constitution at a certain hour, and neither taken as a whole or individually can they be said to present a spectacle containing elements of the beautiful or the picturesque. The most patriotic would be compelled to admit from this point of view they are at a disadvantage compared to the citizens in the Panathenaic procession carved by Phidias; and the most optimistic would scarcely maintain that the commerce and industry of the Athens of to-day rivals that of the period of Pericles. Therefore when we excuse the ugliness of modern dress under the plea that it is a necessary outcome of the demands of modern life, the theory is hardly borne out by the facts of the case. So, when it is stated that the modern "improvements" at Cairo are conducive to the welfare of its inhabitants, and will tend to the further prosperity of the city, we are inclined to ask, are these most desirable ends likely to be attained under the present system?

Unquestionably, wide thoroughfares, like the new boulevards Mahomet Ali and Clot Bey, are more healthy and agreeable

in northern capitals than narrow lanes, where the air may be often damp and stagnant, and where sunlight is the most valuable auxiliary to healthy life. But at Cairo during nine months in the year it is shade that men seek after wherein to pursue their common avocations. In those hot months traffic, even for the natives, is impossible in wide unsheltered streets in the day-time, while in those that are narrow there is naturally more shadow and the atmosphere will be pleasantly cool; moreover, the shade can be conveniently increased by stretching canvas or planks from the opposite houses. It may be said that spacious streets admit of more imposing architectural display. They may, but in point of fact nothing can be more hideous and tasteless than the houses in the above-

mentioned boulevards. There is not even a pretence of architectural design, nor the picturesque which may arise from mere chance and accident. Long ago Mr. Ruskin poured out the vials of his wrath on Gower Street, as the *ne plus ultra* of ugliness in street architecture. His prophetic insight did not enable him to conceive a Boulevard Mahomet Ali or Clot Bey.

It has frequently been stated that the ancient street architecture of Cairo was monotonous and devoid of interest from the absence of ornamentation on the house fronts, saving that around the door. We cannot agree with these strictures. Taking a retired thoroughfare, and one devoid of shops or public monuments, there were always to

be seen striking effects of light and shade, from the winding line of the street and the difference in the altitude of the houses, or the different portions of a single house. Then the overhanging of the upper stories, the admirable carving on the corbels or ends of the supporting beams, and the projecting windows with their elaborate *mushrabeeyeh* lattice-work, to say nothing of the stately decorated doors, contained elements of the picturesque with which the eye was never weary. Possibly the sense of monotony may have arisen from the repose and stillness of these narrow streets in which there were no markets or bazaars; if so, it is a monotony that many would be only too glad to experience in our own cities. At any spot in those ancient streets in the old times, the painter could find materials for a pic-

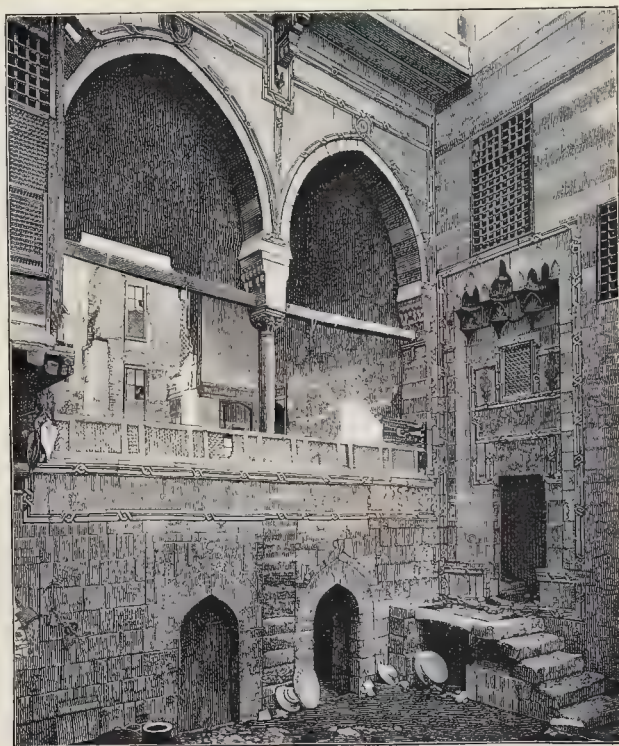


Fig. 2.—Makad and portion of the Court of a House formerly belonging to a member of the Kalaoun family.

ture, and materials intrinsically beautiful; masses of cool shade, brilliant passages of light, charming bits of decorative detail half hidden away, and often crowning the whole, and soaring in the sunshine, the shaft of some minaret, where elegant and fantastic forms meet in all sorts of unexpected combinations. And then there was the masonry of the ground floor, with the stones truly squared and accurately set. To walk between walls so solid and substantial, faultless in their workmanship, was alone a satisfaction and a source of infinite gratification, and the influence of such rectitude and integrity of handicraft could not fail to be long and abiding. It is to be feared, however, that influence has died out, even in the calling best able to appreciate a like excellence. Watch the masons building the front wall of a house to-day and one is inclined to doubt whether those shapeless chippings of stone—mere rubble—set in mud with scarcely a suspicion of lime, will support a roof even as light and fragile as that of a modern Cairo house. The jerry builder of London is the butt of many a scornful gibe, righteous indignation is vented, and justly, on his shirked work and shoddy materials; yet, compared with his Cairo colleague, he stands forth a severely conscientious and painstaking artist.

It is generally known that Cairo is one of the unhealthiest cities in the world, the home of permanent fever and frequent pestilence. Is nothing, then, it may be said, to be done to improve its condition? Assuredly improve, nowhere is there more urgent and imperative need of doing so. But in what direction? Not in that of demolition above ground; rather it is on the surface and below ground, in paving and draining, that the malaria fiend must be fought and extirpated. The fever which last autumn prostrated all Cairo, both native and European, that slew the feeble and the newly-born, arose from the soil; that soil which is saturated with the sewage of centuries and which every year adds to its impurity. And this happens in a land where the air is the purest in the world. Pass through the town, where stench in some quarters are so foul and fetid as to produce nausea, out into the desert, a furlong beyond the city walls, and the air is purity itself, so fresh and exhilarating as positively to have the effect on the spirits of a glass of champagne. It cannot be doubted that the atmosphere of the city would be but little less refreshing and invigorating if only the ordinary laws of sanitation were observed. Since the army of occu-

pation has been at Cairo, it is true something has been done to remove palpable impurities from the streets and to render them more decent. Some cherished and time-honoured customs have been interfered with; for instance, the carts that carried away the contents of the cesspools are kept tightly plugged, and are no longer allowed to empty themselves as they perambulated the immediate neighbourhood, a labour-saving process which spared many a worthy native a weary ride outside the city. But at present the English authorities are fettered and foiled in their good intentions on every hand. If the Government would frankly declare that we remained till a stable and capable native administration was possible (and which would meet with no objection saving from a few intriguing 'place-hunters'), then, doubtless,

an efficient system of drainage would be taken in hand, and possibly a new Cairo would arise, prosperous, wealthy, and beautiful, as that of the Memlook Sultans. Only, even in the new Cairo there should be no imitation of European procedure, saving in that of rigorous sanitation. But the education of the Cairene in this direction will possibly be a long process. At present he may be said to have no nose at all. Owing to the excessive demands on his olfactory nerves they rapidly perish, if, indeed, they exist even in infancy. Nature seeing that her warnings are so persistently neglected, has perhaps withdrawn the organ that sloth has rendered valueless. The singular fact is that the mosques, whereon the arts have lavished their choicest gifts (now, alas! all rotting to dust), contain within their precincts the concentrated essence of the general and

what may be called secular smells. These arise from the place for ablutions, and there are certain spots whereon these places of purification abut, that the wary and experienced European will give the widest possible berth. In performing his devotions the true believer prepares his soul for the habitation of the Blessed, but often in doing so he receives a passport, in the shape of germs imbibed into his system, which bid him join the hours perhaps sooner than he would have chosen if he had been consulted respecting the period of the journey. To preserve some of these noble old mosques is beyond the power of man; some, like that of Sultan Hassan, are too much decayed to admit of restoration, or only a restoration that would be a rebuilding. At the same time there is no reason why mosque and worshippers should be involved in a common fate.

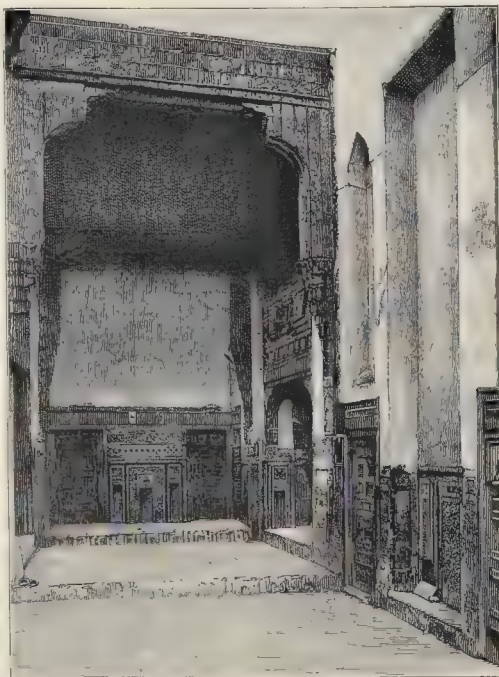


Fig. 3.—Upper Room in the House represented in Fig. 2.



The accompanying illustrations are selected from a series of photographs taken for the writer a couple of years ago. Seeing the demolition of ancient buildings then in progress he made careful search for the old houses possessing any architectural attractions then existing, and was surprised to find how small their number, and how rapidly that number was diminishing. Even during the few weeks the photographer was at work one large and splendid example of fifteenth-century architecture was lost, on account of its coming last on the list. When its turn came we went down to Boulaq (in which suburb it was situated) to select the points of view for the photographer, and great was our dismay on approaching to see, first clouds of dust, and then on arriving nearer to find the street blocked up with piles of stones, that were being cast down from the walls. And here it was not as with some of the mosques, there was apparently no structural decay.

The general plan of the Cairo houses has been so frequently described that it must be known to all our readers. They will remember that the street door opens on to a passage having sharp angles, to prevent the passer-by seeing into the courtyard when the door is opened; then, that the windows of the principal rooms look on to the courtyard, and not on to the street; that there is often an open recess on the ground level, having a column for its support, and seats or divans surrounding it, called the *tukh-taboosh*. Then there is another open room with a northern aspect, and having two or three arches, called the *makaḍ*, this also being furnished with divans. There is the *mundara*, or guest-room, having windows, and used in cold or inclement weather; the portion of the house devoted to the *hareem*, the stables that give on to the courtyard, the servants' apartments over them, and the kitchens, which are usually on the ground floor. Thus it will be seen the courtyard is the centre of the life of the house. Here, when there are no male visitors, the women move in perfect freedom, and here much of the domestic work is transacted; here, in the *makaḍ*, the master will sit with his family or receive his friends. Hence it is here that the architect concentrates his choicest motives of external decoration; and those who know the pictures of John

Lewis and Mr. Frank Dillon can realise the imaginative charm of that Oriental decoration. If there is severity in the simplicity of the street front, in the inner court the forms are all elegant and graceful, yet in those of the best periods, with due restraint. The artist has not been afraid of simple spaces and unbroken lines, but has used them to give value to his passages of fanciful carving or the intricate designs on his panelling. The illustrations 1 and 2 represent portions of the south sides of the courtyards of two houses. The first is called the "House of Kait Bey," and is now let out to a number of families in humble circumstances. Its condition is generally dilapidated, and it will be seen the *mushrabeeyeh* lattice-work has been stripped from the windows on the first floor.

The erection above the line of the roof is called a *malkaf*: it is a sloping screen of planks designed to admit the north breeze into a chamber below. Fig. 2 is taken from a small house that belonged to a member of the family of Sultan Kalaoun. It is in a state positively ruinous; the window of the *makaḍ*, which looks on to a narrow street, and a portion of the wall, have fallen away, the opposite houses being in the woodcut visible through the opening. The small courtyard is now nearly covered with a mound of rubbish, on which a few sheep, a goat or two, and poultry various, disport themselves—the present occupant, a book-binder, having prob-

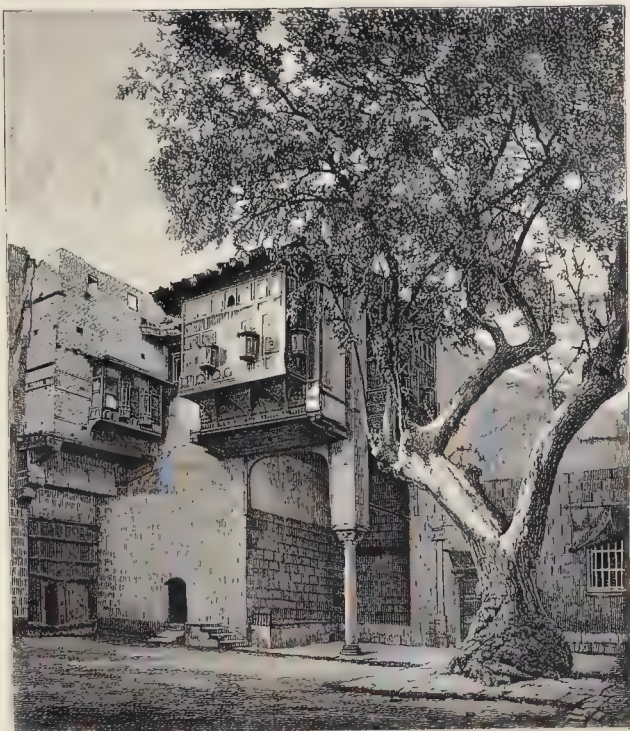


Fig. 4.—Court of the House of the Sheykh el Sadat.

bably inherited the pastoral tastes of his remote ancestors. His business is evidently unprosperous, for the whole premises are in a wretched state of filth and squalor; yawning gaps are in the floors of some of the upper rooms, and it needs the agility of a member of the Alpine Club to ascend the ruined stairs. Fig. 3 shows one of the upper rooms of the same house, which we had swept of its litter and piles of rotting paper before being photographed. The walls, that once were rich with painting, are now bare plaster, the woodwork has lost much of its carving; some of the mosaic panelling of the dado still remains, although not that of the original period, yet, notwithstanding its wretched and ruinous condition, we have vividly presented to us the character and outlines of what was once a handsome apartment. High up towards the ceiling, and in the engraving lost in shadow, is a latticed

screen opening from a passage in the *hareem*. This may either have been for the women of the *hareem* to witness exhibitions

tures in the architecture which will make this a matter of regret, yet there is a considerable quantity of the internal decorative fittings that should be secured. These might perhaps be found sufficient to line a good-sized apartment. It would not be of remarkable interest at Cairo, where much of such internal decoration exists, but it would give the English public an idea of this special phase of industrial art, such as cannot be obtained by exhibiting isolated examples of the various parts of the ceilings or panelling. The chamber or hall would be of a considerable length, and might make an admirable receptacle for the works of Art of Egyptian derivation belonging to South Kensington Museum.

Our illustration, Fig. 4, is taken from the courtyard of one of the houses of a later period, the eighteenth or possibly seventeenth century. This belongs to the *Sheykh el Sadat*, and is kept by the *Sheykh* in its old state and in excellent repair. Fig. 5, on the contrary, has been so much pulled to pieces and degraded that only those acquainted



Fig. 5.—Court of House in Kasabet Radwan.

of dancing girls when the master of the house entertained his male friends, or possibly female singers may have been stationed there on a similar occasion.

It is unfortunately a matter of certainty that no room of this period containing its original decoration is now to be found. We may form some conception of that decoration from examples of woodwork inlaid with carved ivory, and panels of mosaic in precious stones and mother-of-pearl, now in the South Kensington Museum. The earliest internal decoration in anything like perfect condition now remaining in Cairo dates from the last century, and although it may have lost some of the qualities of the earlier period, it yet retains much of its general character. A good example of this last-century carved wood and mosaic work, in fair condition, was to be seen only a few years ago in the house of the Musaffir Khana. It was the house in which the Khedive Ismail was born. During the Araby insurrection, however, it was allotted to families of refugees, who destroyed or looted many of the fittings that could be stripped from the walls. Latterly it has been uninhabited; indeed, it is uninhabitable and past all reparation, whole sets of apartments having fallen to ruin. This, it may be observed, is a frequent occurrence with *Wakf* property, in which the Musaffir Khana is included. If at Cairo houses or groups of houses are found absolutely wrecked, one is certain to be informed they belong to the *Wakf*. The demand naturally follows, What is the *Wakf*? But to that query it is difficult to obtain a satisfactory reply. It is surmised that if the *Wakf* were properly administered it could fulfil its supposed functions, of maintaining the mosques in due decorum and defraying the expenses of public worship, and pay off the debt of Egypt into the bargain. However, to return to the Musaffir Khana, although there is no chance of securing the house, or such as remains of it, from speedy destruction, and there are few external fea-

with the scheme of the old houses can realise its original



Fig. 6.—A Sebeel: Street Front, showing the Door.

appearance. It is a case in which total demolition may occur any day; and, indeed, in this instance there is scarcely



any portion, saving the *makaḍ*, which is worth preserving. But with a house like that of Kait Bey, it does seem sad that such a valuable and interesting record of the Cairo of the past should be allowed to perish; and it must be remembered that it is almost the last survivor, for of the same class there are only two or three others remaining, and these even in a worse plight. It is with the utmost difficulty that a stranger can obtain admission to the interior of a native house, especially when a family may be living in each apartment, but I have seen enough to know that the internal condition of the rooms in the house of Kait Bey is deplorable. The woodwork has been stripped away, probably for fuel, the stained-glass windows have been stove in, the mosaic flooring and panelling dispersed; in fact, nothing remains beyond the mere blank walls, so that internally there is nothing to preserve. But our illustration shows this is not the case at present with the exterior, here the stonework is sound and in good condition; it needs indeed little more than the renewal of the *mushrabeeyeh* work to restore the courtyard to its ancient state. The obvious suggestion is that the house should be purchased by the city and kept as a memorial, or it may be as an example for future builders and architects. It is pretty well certain this will not be done by the native Egyptians, not one of whom, from the highest to the lowest, would stir a finger or spend a piastre to save any monument of their ancestors, ancient or Mediæval. The only two officials who have shown any desire to preserve the Art of

the past are Artin Pasha, Minister of Public Instruction, and Franz Pasha, Architect to the Wakf (both foreigners), and it is improbable they could obtain the pittance of three or four hundred pounds which would doubtless purchase the house. The outlook, it is to be feared, is not much brighter if we turn to the British officials, who, while alive to the unsanitary state of Cairo, are passive while a continuous destruction of ancient monuments is taking place in Egypt. They have, indeed, unearthed the statue of Rameses II., belonging to the British nation, but instead of sending it to England they have simply placed it on its back in the open country, exposed to weather and to wilful damage. Therefore it would appear to be useless making any appeals for the preservation of the Kait Bey house in Egypt; the only chance of such a step being taken would result from the Government at home being induced to take an interest in the matter. If the house could be secured as a national monument, it might serve to exhibit the objects belonging to the so-called Arab Museum, now deposited in sheds, and inaccessible to the public, except for a couple of hours or so on one day of the week. The collection is not large, and it was instituted (by the late Rogers Pasha) at a time when nearly all the portable examples of Cairo Art had been acquired by foreign dealers or collectors, yet it contains many important objects of the highest value to students of Egyptian Art of the Mediæval period, and it might be made of great use in training native workmen in their various industrial arts.

HENRY WALLIS.

## TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

DRAWN AND ETCHED BY BRUNET DEBAINES.



WHETHER London is more possible for treatment by the art of colour or that of line may be a question; but in either case it is certain that London is only "possible." As regards form, there is perhaps no city so lacking in distinction; and though art may do without almost every kind of beauty, it can ill dispense with that subtler quality of distinction—a quality missed with universal and unerring instinct by the builders of London as we know it. And as regards colour and light, there is the standing grievance of the smoke.

Dark tones are not always unwelcome. The local darks of surfaces, such as those of the brown blocks that build up Florentine palaces, and the darks of shadows, such as the deep glooms that gather under their wide eaves, are beau-

tiful. But the blackness that comes from soot has neither depth nor lustre; it is opaque, gritty, shallow, grey—a denial of everything that the colourist loves. Admittedly, then, London is not a good subject. Nevertheless good art upon a bad subject may be spent. And whatever our capital lacks, it has the quality of movement—a quality dear to many modern artists of the foreign schools, for one good reason among others, that dull art cannot compass it. The sense of coming and going, the vitality of action, the trivial but characteristic incidents of the street, are to be caught by no artist who is not, in the right sense, an impressionist, or who has not "collodion on the retina." M. Brunet Debaines has filled Trafalgar Square with movement. The air moves with a summer breeze and with the passing of a shower; the sky moves, and the fountains; men, women, and dogs mend their pace; horses are scrambling unequally on their difficult foot-hold up the hill. It is the full vitality of every day.

## SEBASTIAN BRANT'S VIRGIL ILLUSTRATIONS.

THERE is nothing more remarkable in the whole history of book-ornament and book-illustration than the rapidity and skill with which certain German artists, at the close of the fifteenth century, betook themselves to the practice of wood engraving, and executed designs of singular excellence for the adornment of the books which issued in such countless numbers from the press of Basle, Strasburg, Augsburg, Nuremberg, and many other German cities. It was a German printer, as we have seen, Erhardt Ratdolt, who introduced into Northern Italy, in 1476, the use of ornamental initial letters, and in Venice arose a noble school of designers, who, in the latter years of the century, produced some work which will be admired for all time. But in Italy we do not find, until much later, the same wealth of illustration that prevailed in Southern Germany, and, with the exception of some score of well-known works, there was little south of the Alps to compare with the productions of the German wood engravers until the sixteenth century was well on towards its prime.

It would be quite impossible, within the limits of a short article, to present even the feeblest idea of the richness and variety of the German book-illustration of this period. We cannot, indeed, do full justice to the work of a single individual whose name stands forth conspicuously in connection with the Art of the time, and who appears to have been an author, a poet, and a scholar, as well as an artist and draughtsman on wood.

Sebastian Brant, to whom we owe the famous "Ship of Fools," gave to the world the illustrated "Quadragesimale" of 1495, the "Boetius" of 1501, and the "Virgil" of 1502. The first-mentioned work, dated 1494, has no less than 114 woodcuts, and there is a belief widely prevalent that the authorship of the designs as well as the text is due to Brant. This opinion, we are aware, has frequently been controverted, but the evidence that we have been able to collect is all in its favour. The rejection of Brant's artistic claims may, we think, be chiefly attributed to the dictum of Nagler, who has been copied by many subsequent authorities.

Brant's writings were issued by several different printers; thus the "Ship of Fools" was printed at Basle by J. Bergman de Olpe, the "Quadragesimale" was the work of Michael Furter, also of Basle, while the "Virgil" and the "Boetius" were printed at Strasburg by J. Grüninger, otherwise called Reinhard.

Brant was born at Strasburg in 1458, but he studied and took his degree in Basle. He devoted himself during his earlier years to the study of the law, of which he became a

professor, but he subsequently betook himself to the pursuit of literature and poetry. He edited many works for Grüninger, and it has been thought by some that he may merely have settled the subjects for illustration, and acted as a supervisor of the draughtsmen. This view, however, is not supported by evidence, and Didot assures us that he has seen in the Museum at Basle the pear-tree wood blocks on which Brant has sketched the designs for the illustration of "Terence." We possess a copy of the "Terence" of 1496, which was printed by Grüninger, and abounds with spirited woodcuts in the manner of those found in the "Virgil." Dibdin is so enraptured with the Terence woodcuts that he devotes upwards of a dozen pages of the "Bibliotheca Spenceriana" to their description, and to the praise of the unknown artist. The illustrations of the "Quadragesimale," or Sermons on the Prodigal Son, are very rude, and in the attenuated gaunt figures and rigid draperies bear indications of the influence of the Flemish school. The designs for the "Virgil" which we propose to

describe on the present occasion are likewise deeply imbued with the old Gothic spirit, and show few signs of the new humanistic influence which was so shortly to revolutionise German Art. To judge from the indications in the preface and in the colophon, Brant, if he did not actually design the illustrations which adorn almost every page of this wonderful volume, was mainly responsible for them; and though we can trace the work of several different hands in the engraving of the blocks, we are bound to admit that there is a great family likeness in the treat-



Fig. 1.—The Swarming of the Bees.

ment of the subjects throughout. We will not inflict upon our readers the actual Latin quotations from which we derive our belief in Brant's authorship of these designs. He was known among his contemporaries by the cognomen of "Titio;" and Titio is herein named as the artist.

We have selected three from among the hundreds of woodcuts for reproduction upon a somewhat reduced scale. The work itself is a folio of 450 pages (900 by modern computation) and was completed on September 5th, 1502. The illustrations are most delightfully quaint in consequence of the determination of the artist to tell his story in the most straightforward way known to him; he is hindered by no dread of anachronisms; the costumes of the nobles of his own day are all that he requires for his heroes; he surrounds his nude Divinities with peasants and potentates such as might have been daily encountered in Basle at the period he worked, and the old wooden buildings round him gave him all the hints he needed for his



ideal Troy and Rome. In his country scenes he resorts very freely to the herbals and botanical books for his foliage, and he delights in rocky backgrounds and cascades. Fig. 1, from the fourth book of the *Georgics*, shows us the swarming of the bees, and depicts a rustic landscape of the character in which the artist revels.

"But when thou seest a troop aspiring flic,  
Drawn from their winter-quarters through the skie.

Here odorous flower, and beaten milfoyl strow,  
With honeysuckles; make a brazen sound,  
And beat the cymbals of the goddess round."—OGILBY, 1665.

The poet and Mæcenas, duly distinguished by labels, look on while a countryman beats a kettle in the manner still prevalent in rural districts, to induce the bees to settle. In the background a peasant cracks a whip, presumably to scare away the birds and swallows, against which the poet warns us. The apiary is surrounded with a rude fence to keep out the cattle.

The frontispiece to the "*Æneid*" is a highly characteristic design. In the background is Carthage, round which the Fates are spinning their magic web. On the left Virgil, seated on a species of throne, takes down the events at the dictation of his Muse, a winged figure with flowing hair. In the foreground we find probably one of the most delicious renderings of the 'Judgment of Paris' discoverable in the entire range of

Art. There is Venus with her doves, Juno and her peacock, and Pallas, clad in armour, with the owl, while Paris, aimed at by a little Cupid behind him, bashfully offers the apple to Venus. In the middle distance are Jupiter and Hebe; the former appears rather conscious of his scant attire, which he has to eke out with a star, a device we meet with again and again in Brant's illustrations. At this early date the artist was so far a victim to the conventionalities that he felt bound to depict the heathen gods as nude figures, though less exalted personages were clad in the costumes of his own time. The difficulty with regard to the treatment of the hair is amusingly evaded by the adoption of the characteristic head-dresses of the period for the goddesses.

We pass next to the representation of the banquet which

Dido gives to Æneas (Fig. 2), one of the most splendid conceptions of the artist.

"But all within with royal pomp was grac'd,  
And 'midst the hall a stately feast they plac'd."—OGILBY.

The feast is spread in a vaulted chamber, lighted with sconce and flambeau. One wall is removed to show Venus conducting thither Cupid, in the guise of Ascanius, to inspire in Dido "the flames of love." Against the wall stands a magnificent sideboard in five stages, three of which are laden with flagons. The artist finds room to introduce Achates in the middle distance, hastening from the ships with the Trojan gifts. Cupid figures a second time in the foreground. Dido, seated at the head of the table, has Æneas on her right

and opposite to them are the musicians. The dresses are most carefully represented, and are gorgeous in the extreme.

A marine encounter has no terrors for Brant, and he enters minutely into the reality of the sea nymphs who play round the ship of Æneas, shown in the woodcut (Fig. 3).

The passage illustrated is from the tenth book:—

"But then, behold! amidst his voyage bends  
To him a train of Nymphs, his antient friends;  
Whom blest Cybele bid to rule the seas,  
And had from ships transformed to Goddesses."—OGILBY.

The transparent waves scarcely hide the fishy tails of these mermaids, and a warrior in

the ship, clad in complete armour, seems inclined to surrender himself to their charms. Some of the sea pictures are most spirited, and the forms of the classic vessels and the naval architecture conjured up by our artist do credit to his fertile imagination. The designs throughout are wonderfully in accordance with the poet's descriptions, and evince a thorough mastery of the Latin text.

In consequence of the soft nature of the wood employed for these engravings the blocks were speedily spoiled, and it is only from the first edition that a true idea can be gleaned of the excellence of the workmanship, and of the vivacity and skill of the designer's pencil. The Virgil blocks, to produce which must have been a very costly undertaking, were frequently introduced into later editions. We have seen a Lyons edition



Fig. 2.—The Banquet given by Dido to Æneas.

of 1517 in which they seem to be still in a tolerably good state.

They were re-engraved, however, before 1520, and the second set of blocks was employed in the Venice edition of 1544.

The designs for the "Terence" of 1496, evidently by the same hand, are much less ambitious in character. They consist to a large extent of single figures cut on separate blocks, which are composed into groups much in the same way that individual letters are thrown into words by the printer. There are, as a rule, five such blocks in the width of a page, the two outside cuts being houses or street scenes, then a tree on a block by itself, and then, in the centre, two separate figures having their names printed above them on labels. By changing one of the figures and altering the position of the tree from the second place in the group to the fourth, an entirely new design can readily

be produced. And, with a stock of about 150 small blocks, all the scenes and characters in the plays are introduced. The names have in some cases been altered or changed, so that, for instance, the same figure does for Chremes and Parmenio. Each play has a large full-page frontispiece, in which a more elaborate composition is attempted. Taking these woodcuts, however, as the work of one man, with so few previous designs of a similar kind to guide him in their production, we must pronounce them to be among the most wonderful achievements extant. Readers in all ages are laid under a deep debt of gratitude to Sebastian Brant for his many attempts to render the meanings of their favourite authors more intelligible; and his quaint and vigorous illustrations will ever furnish an inexhaustible source of amusement and delight.

GILBERT R. REDGRAVE.



Fig. 3.—*Eneas and the Sea-nymphs.*

## THE VESTMENTS OF ST. CUTHBERT.

WHEN, after a brief repose in a temporary tomb from A.D. 1093 to 1104, the remains of St. Cuthbert were transferred from the Anglian Cathedral of Durham (in which they had found a resting-place since the time of his death in A.D. 999) to the magnificent reconstructed Norman cathedral, we learn from the account left us by Reginaldus, a monk of Durham, the body was wrapped in some new silken vestments, which he particularly described. This re-interment took place in 1104, and then the saint rested in peace until 1827, when the tomb was again opened, and the remains examined. Dr. Raine, of Durham, published, in 1828, an illustrated account of the portions of vestments found on the body, and his description confirms in every particular the details recorded by Reginaldus. The body of the saint was clad in an outer robe of linen, next to which was a costly garment of thick, soft silk, the colours of which were once evidently brilliant beyond measure, and still contain many traces of their pristine splendour. The pattern is somewhat difficult to realise from the fragments that have been preserved, and which have been joined together and stuck down upon millboard. In the centre of a large circular panel is a species of urn or vase, or, as some will have it, a ship or even an emblematical island, typifying Lindisfarne. This vessel floats on wavy lines represent-

ing water, and on either side eider ducks are swimming, while fishes disport themselves in the waves in the foreground. The colour of the ground within the circle is red; the circle itself is in the main green, with bunches of grapes and different kinds of fruit. There is a plentiful use of gold in the enrichments, and the nature and style of the workmanship clearly indicate a Sicilian origin. The silk next the body is much thinner in texture, and is likewise enriched with roundels or circular panels. These contain the figure of a mounted knight with hawk and hounds, and the border is decorated with rabbits. Portions of yet another silken garment, not indicated by the chronicler, were discovered in the tomb. On this are peacocks with two necks and two heads, so arranged in panels that their tail-feathers make a kind of diaper pattern in the background. This silk is of a purple tint.

In order to facilitate the study of these ancient textiles, the authorities of the South Kensington Museum have caused full-sized coloured photographs to be taken of them. These are now placed in that part of the gallery in the museum devoted to woven fabrics, the contents of which correspond most nearly in point of date and manufacture to the Durham silks, and the antiquarian and student may now form an idea of what remains of these famous robes of St. Cuthbert.





No. 1.—A Visit of Ceremony. From a sixteenth-century picture.

## NOTES ON JAPAN AND ITS ART WARES.\*

HAVING completed our cursory glance at the land of Japan, its history and its religions, the notes in this paper will be directed towards explaining and elucidating some few of the queries which arise out of almost every representation which we encounter of the personalities and the manners and customs of the inhabitants of that country.

As yet the Japanese artist has confined himself to a delineation of his countrymen as they existed prior to the introduction of Western fashions. Some of the illustrations to this paper show how these are invading the land, but they are furnished from a foreign source. The long line of old native artists whose works, extending over several centuries, are preserved to us, were always conservative and restrained by traditions. They loved to dwell upon the glories of the past and to limn the lineaments of those who had become illustrious in their nation's history. It was not until early in the last century, after many years of profound peace and when the people had apparently tired of the constant repetition of the doings of their deities and warriors, that any variation occurred. The fashion then arose for popular actors to have their portraits executed in their most gorgeous dresses and acting their favourite plays. Chromoxylography having just come to the front the artist was enabled to do some justice to the magnificent wardrobes which have for centuries been, and still are, the pride of the principal theatres. Only within the last hundred years has the delineation of the Japanese in his rags as well as in his finery been thought of—and it is to artists taken from amongst the *plebs* themselves that we owe those photographic portraits of humble life which give us almost all the information we can desire concerning it. Had it not been for these we should have imagined that every one in Japan was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day.

The principal source, undoubtedly, from whence we gather our ideas upon Japanese life is the illustrated books† and

leaflets which now find their way here in such prodigious numbers. Little of what they contain can be understood by those who are strangers to the language, but that little can be increased by a proper comprehension of the social status, dress, and habits of the society which they illustrate.

Let us then consider what these are, or I should say were,



No. 2.—Japanese Workmen and Conjurers, from Hokusai's *Mangwa*.

for I shall only deal with them as they existed prior to the revolution of 1868.

\* Continued from page 119.

† It may be worth while to mention that Japanese books commence at what to us is the end: a remembrance of this is a great aid to their unravelling.

I have already told (article No. 2, p. 44) of the dual government which existed between the Mikado and the Shōgun, and



No. 3.—Suketsune, a Japanese General.

I will therefore commence my survey of society with the next in order of rank, namely, the Daimios, each of whom was a feudal lord, king in all but name, of his own territory, and with a revenue which in many instances amounted to a quarter of a million sterling. These maintained at both their town and country palaces a small army of retainers, and the pomp, display, colour and movement afforded by their frequent progresses through the country must have been a feast for the artistic eye. A representation of a visit of ceremony is portrayed at the head of this paper, and it is a frequent subject in the adornment of screens, walls of houses, and the makimono, or illustrated rolls.

Besides these there were at the court of the Mikado a nobility consisting of 155 families, all affecting an imperial descent; these, from being for twelve centuries the governing class, lost both power and possessions by the advent to power of the Shōgun. Many of them pursued the profession of Art; their poverty was a frequent theme for the caricaturist.

Next in order came the military, who filled most of the offices of state. At the time of the revolution these numbered about two out of the thirty-six million inhabitants of Japan. To thoroughly explain the position occupied by this body would require a very lengthy chapter, but it cannot be passed over, for its doings are always cropping up in Art. For a thousand years the people of Japan have been divided by law into

two classes, the military and the civil. The former during all that period have not only monopolised arms, but the literature, the patriotism, and the intellect of the country. This division produced the *Samurai*, who at his best was all that was ideal in a man. To support him and his the country was taxed to the extent of nearly four millions a year, an imposition which was only commuted in 1876. As the *Samurai's* code of honour would not allow him to work or to engage in business, it is not surprising to hear that the majority of them were idle fellows, who only obeyed their lord, whom they protected on the battle-field, or against his murderers, and for whom they were willing at any time to die, even by their own hand, if honour required it. Upon festive occasions they appeared very bravely dressed, not perhaps quite so cap-à-pie as the general in my third illustration, but not a great way removed from him in point of magnificence. There were several ranks amongst them, such as banner-supporters, horsemen, etc. It is difficult to believe that such a cumbrous uniform was worn later than what we should term the Middle Ages. But the isolation of Japan prevented her utilising the discoveries of modern warfare, and her soldiery were arrayed almost precisely like this until well within the memory of some now living. I need not describe the dress, for there are few curiosity shops which are without a suit, and a very fair one may be purchased for about £3. Many of the old helmets included in such suits are marvels of workmanship. As avengers of their lord's murder, these Samurai appear over and over again in Japanese Art. They are distinguishable, even in ordinary dress, by their carrying two swords. This was their great and most prized privilege, and even their young children were indulged with imitation ones. "The sword is the soul of the Samurai" is a Japanese motto. This may well be, when their other equally-prized privilege was the Harakiri, or Happy Despatch, for which their second and shorter sword was kept. This terrible mode of suicide is also a frequent subject in pictorial art. The ceremony is given in detail in Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan."



No. 4.—Saluting the New Costume, from "*Papier Schmetterlinge aus Japan*."

As the warrior was to all outward appearance a very different sort of being to his descendant of to-day, so the lady



whom the artist has delighted to delineate as the belle of his mediæval story, differs from those of her sex who now people



No. 5.—A Farmer surveying his Rice Crop.

the cities of Japan. The lady in the picture books is not handsome, but that was not the fault of the model, but of a system which compelled the artist to draw her features after certain rules which he dare not transgress. Examine any one of the volumes of celebrated beauties, and they are all precisely alike. Two slits, very far apart, for eyes; two black bars high up on her forehead to serve the place of her shaved-off eyebrows; a long, slightly aquiline nose, and tiny mouth, and a long, oval, swollen-cheeked countenance. She wears a trailing robe of silks of the most varied patterns, and her raven tresses sweep the ground.

The various highly ornamented articles which we encounter witness to how this lady passed her time. The Fukusas show her skill with the needle; the Kobako her favourite pastime of the perfume-game, in which everything depended upon her skill in detecting various scents which were passed in array before her; and her cards, the pleasure she experienced in writing stanzas of poetry. Whilst the male sex devoted themselves to the study of Chinese, the females pursued their native tongue, with the result that a large proportion of the best writings of the best age of Japanese literature is the work of women.

It has often been remarked that the Japanese as represented in books and those we see in the flesh in Europe have but little resemblance. The reason is this: in Japan, as in many other countries, the race is divided into two almost distinct families; the nobility, descended from the gods, with long visage, pale complexion, high forehead, aquiline nose, small mouth, and eyes placed obliquely; this family is found in the environs of Kioto and the province of Yamato, which is the cradle of the race; it is the one which all the painters, save the popular ones, have, with but little variation, taken as their model. The other branch, which inhabits the western side of the empire, facing China, have a short face, olive complexion, low forehead, projecting cheek bones, snub nose, eyes horizontally placed and widely opened. There is a third family of Ainos, but these inhabit the northern

corner of the empire, where Art has never yet penetrated, and consequently any delineation of their forms or features seldom finds a place on Japanese wares.

As regards the size of the Japanese, it is quite the exception to find a big man, and still rarer a fine woman. Their average height is five feet, the females being somewhat less. As a rule they are strong, and able to undergo much fatigue, and feats of strength are much admired and envied. One of their principal amusements is the sport of wrestling, which is also very commonly portrayed in Art.

A constant source of complaint with European critics of Japanese Art is that the human figure is never drawn correctly, and they querulously ask why should not the same brush which can model with such marvellous accuracy the lower order of creation, be able to portray that other part of it which the artists of the Western hemisphere have always held to be the highest type of beauty, and have always ardently striven to accomplish successfully. For myself I have little patience with those who, with no knowledge of the surroundings under which work is produced, jump at conclusions which are always uncharitable.

Let us shortly compare the opportunities which a Japanese and a European artist have of modelling the human figure.

The European starts, as I have just now stated, with a conviction that the human figure is the most glorious piece of God's handiwork. He has constantly before him not only perfect specimens in flesh and blood, but ideal creations of the genius of former ages. In his schools he has the anatomy of each component part explained to him, and he has to pass through a long course of study of the skeleton and the subcutaneous portions of the body before he arrives at a stage when he may draw it clothed in flesh.

The Japanese, on the other hand, is taught by his religion that the human body is a vile carcase of no worth, a frail and corrupt mass, which is only destined to rot and waste away. Taking the average of the specimens of humanity which he sees around him, it would perhaps be hard to believe otherwise. In his schools he is only allowed to study from the works of the old masters, who had a certain formula,



No. 6.—A Fashionable Call, from "*Papier Schmetterlinge aus Japan*."

as I have shown, by which to draw the human frame. Whereas the savants of his country are versed in the ana-

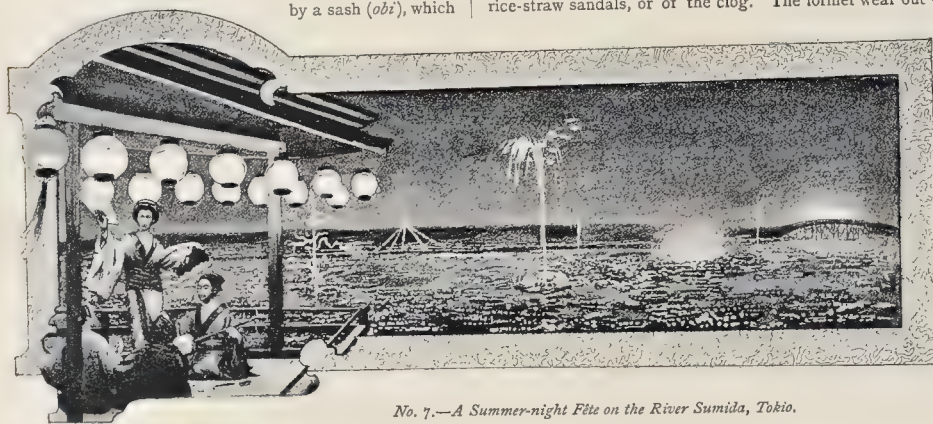
tomy and properties of every flower of the field, they are absolutely ignorant of the component parts of the human frame, so he has nothing from which he can learn it.\*

There is every reason to affirm that had the Japanese the same facilities and inducements as have our artists, he could show them the way to draw the human figure almost as perfectly as he now does the birds and the flowers. As a proof of this, I would point to the fact that the sculptors, who have apparently been restrained by no traditions, often limn it most perfectly. I have some netsuké which few of our sculptors could surpass for correct modelling. There is, too, little fault to be found with the work of the draughtsmen of the popular schools who learnt upon lines of their own framing.

The dress of the Japanese people of all classes is similar in shape, but with certain variations of cut which mark the rank of the wearer. The usual and often the only garment, both male and female, is the *kimono*, which opens down the front, the neck being exposed, and resembles our dressing-gown. It is kept in place by a sash (*obi*), which

is the principal adornment, especially of the ladies; it is wound round the body more than once, and is tied behind in a very large and carefully formed butterfly bow with long streamers. This belt held the swords. The large and wide sleeves form bags in which are kept (*inter alia*) a supply of paper to serve as pocket-handkerchiefs. The ladies' full-dress *kimono* has a train several feet in length, stiffened with wadding. Among the higher orders the summer *kimono* is of light cotton, the winter of heavy silk. At the latter season all classes wear trousers and stockings, but these are usually only retained by well-to-do people in warm weather.

Any covering for the head is the exception, in spite of the heat of the sun. When one is worn, it is an almost flat, circular hat made of reeds, which is a protection against sun and rain. As a shelter from the latter, a straw-plaited coat fastened round the neck is used by the lower classes, as are cloaks of oiled paper and, of course, the umbrella. Cotton socks are worn, in which the big toe only is divided from the rest to serve as a holdfast for the strap of the rice-straw sandals, or of the clog. The former wear out very



No. 7.—A Summer-night Fête on the River Sumida, Tokio.

quickly, cost next to nothing, and can only be used in dry weather. Those which have been cast away litter everywhere the sides of the road. In wet weather wooden clogs, which raise the diminutive wearer a couple of inches, are worn.

Sandals are always taken off on entering a house, even if it be a shop, so as not to injure or dirty the dainty mats. Foreigners are continually hurting the feelings of the Japanese by a failure to observe this custom, which is not easily observed with lace-up boots. How awkward they look when they attempt it may be seen from the Illustration No. 6, taken from "Papier Schmetterlinge aus Japan,"† a most amusing and ably illustrated record of the country under existing circumstances.

The common people are divided into the following five classes—peasants, handicraftsmen, shopkeepers, Ebas or followers of unclean professions, and Geishas (female dancers and singers) and Jōrōs (prostitutes).

The condition of the Japanese agricultural peasant or farmer, cut off as he has been from all chance of an improvement of his lot, has never been a happy one. Left to the soil,

to till it, to live and die upon it, he has remained the same to-day as he was when first his class was assigned the lower place. He is thus described by Mr. Griffis, who passed several years in the country:—"Like the wheat that he has planted for successive ages, the peasant, with his horizon bounded by his rice-fields, his watercourses, or the timbered hills, his intellect laid away for safe keeping in the priest's hands, is the son of the soil; caring little who rules him, unless he is taxed beyond the power of flesh and blood to bear, or an over-meddlesome officialdom touches his land, to transfer, sell, or redivide it: then he rises as a rebel. In time of war he is a disinterested and a passive spectator, for he does not fight." See him as depicted by a popular artist, in our fifth illustration, watching his rice-field.

His clothing can in ordinary weather hardly be designated by that title. In this respect he differs from his neighbour the Korean, who is so bashful and self-conscious that even under the hottest sun he will not divest himself of a single garment. When the Japanese wears anything it is a brilliantly blue cotton kimono nearly reaching to the ground, with, in the case of the women, a scarlet sash.

MARCUS B. HUISE.

\* I have a modern text-book on the subject, which is copied from a Dutch work on Anatomy, and is quite ludicrous in its incorrectness.  
† Leipzig: T. O. Weigel.



## VELASQUEZ.\*

IGNORED, if not denied, during many years, the importance of style and craftsmanship in painting has of late

been recognised anew, and that with such passion as has induced a sort of reaction against the purely sentimental and emotional element in pictorial art, which is not much less ridiculous than the old enthusiasm in their favour. In this there can be no doubt that the main influence is the example of Velasquez. He has been called "the first and greatest of the moderns;" and the more one sees of his work, the more clearly is it shown that there is no single quality in latter-day painting which has not received at his hands its most consummate impression. The perfection of that peculiar short-hand which he invented for himself has not yet been equalled. Other masters have done well; only Velasquez has done perfectly. His painting is, in its way, an Absolute. The highest aim of those who have followed in his path is, not to

surpass, but simply to come as near to equalling his practice

as they can; and so far, it has to be admitted, they have demonstrated that, intelligent as is their admiration, their

ambition is more intelligent still. The "Why drag in Velasquez?" of one of the cleverest, though by no means the completest of them, may be taken in another sense than that of an outburst of comic vanity. It is a confession of despair as well. Why, indeed, drag in the painter of 'Las Meninas' and 'Las Lanzas,' when, on the other side, is only (say) the 'Sarasati' or the 'Lady Archibald Campbell?' In playing at comparisons, why not avoid the Incomparable?

M. Paul Lefort has written an excellent biography of the renowned master. He tells us whatever is known of his subject; his criticism is sober, judicious, and suggestive; he thinks earnestly, and expresses himself with clarity and point. His work would translate remarkably well; we should like, indeed, to see it done into English, where the

want of a good book on Velasquez has long been badly felt. His illustrations, of which we give a specimen—the portrait of the Jester Pernia—are quite sufficient and useful in their way.



*The Jester Pernia, called Barbarossa. Painted by Velasquez.*

\* "Les Artistes Célèbres." Velasquez. Par Paul Lefort, Inspecteur des Beaux-Arts. Paris: Rouam, Librairie de l'Art.

1888.

## ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

**PERSONAL.**—Mr. W. Martin Conway has resigned the Roscoe Professorship of Fine Arts, Liverpool. M. Viollet-le-Duc has decided to publish the correspondence (1835–1879) of his father, the distinguished architect. Miss Edith Martineau, and Messrs. Arthur Melville, A. E. Emslie, and Walter Crane have been elected Associates of the Society of Painters in Water Colours. M. Mark Antokolski, the Russian sculptor, has been elected a Foreign Member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts. M. Jan Van Beers has been convicted (more or less) of presiding over a factory of sham Van Beerses, and of signing its products, or allowing them to be signed for him, with his own name. Messrs. G. F. Watts, B. Leader, G. Story, L. Alma Tadema, Seymour Lucas, J. Hodgson, P. Graham, Clarence Whaite, Walter Severn, H. S. Marks, and others, have joined the newly founded South Wales Art Society and Sketching Club.

**ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTISTS, BIRMINGHAM.**—At the twenty-third Spring Exhibition, opened on Saturday, March 31st, the principal gallery is devoted to water-colour works: the most striking feature being a loan from Sir John Gilbert, R.A., of fifteen of his best-known works—the ‘Cardinal Wolsey on his Progress to Westminster Hall,’ and the ‘Enchanted Forest,’ among others. Mr. H. S. Marks is represented by his ‘Fugitive Thought’ and his ‘Monsieur, Madame, and Bébé;’ Mr. Henry Moore by three drawings; Mr. E. K. Johnson by his ‘Reader;’ Mr. Walter Langley by two good examples, and Mr. Wainwright by three. Mr. Frank Walton contributes three works, and Miss Clara Montalba and Mrs. Allingham four apiece. Among other contributors to the water-colour section are W. C. T. Dobson, Thomas Collier, Philip Burne-Jones, R. Beavis, F. Smallfield, Cuthbert Rigby, Wilmot Pilsbury, Matthew Hale, Robert W. Allen, Constance Phillott, A. M. Youngman, and J. Lewis. Among the oil pictures, the most notable work is undoubtedly Reynolds’s noble ‘Dr. Ash.’ Professor W. Geets sends five canvases, among them his ‘Charles V. and Barbara Blomberg,’ a really pleasant work. In prominent places on the line are Mr. Crofts’ ‘Marlborough after the Battle of Ramillies;’ ‘Remorse,’ by Solomon J. Solomon; two fine Bridgmans, ‘A Siesta, Tangier’ and ‘Waiting for Customers;’ a good Aumonier, ‘On the Marsh;’ ‘In the New Forest,’ by E. M. Wimperis; ‘Jessica,’ by Jacomb Hood; ‘Sunrise on Loch Lomond,’ by Alfred East; ‘Evening in a Cornish Village,’ by H. E. Detmold. In the room devoted to etchings and black and white, are interesting examples of the work of H. Herkomer, A.R.A., Harry Furniss, F. Barnard, E. Blair Leighton, Walter Langley, J. Charlton, and so forth. Excellent work is shown by a number of local artists—S. H. and Oliver Baker, E. R. Taylor, F. Henshaw, Claude and Jonathan Pratt, and M. P. Lindner, to name but these.

**MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES.**—The ‘Snowdonia’ of Messrs. Joseph Knight and Basil Bradley has been bought for the permanent collection at Oldham. The heirs of the late Auguste Lançon have presented his ‘Lionne en arrêt’ to the

Luxembourg, and his ‘Tranchée devant le Bourget’ to the City of Paris. A gallery of portraits of artists, painted for the most part by themselves, has been formed in the Pavillon Denon of the Louvre, to which foundation the late Mme. Sévère has bequeathed a portrait by Prud’hon and a sum of 380,000 francs. A sum of 350,000 francs has been voted for repairs, etc., at Versailles. M. Varat has presented to the Musée du Trocadéro the collection of objects illustrative of life among the Samoyedes which he brought back from Russia in 1886. The Bibliothèque Nationale—for which M. Léopold Delisle has received the £40,000 worth of manuscripts stolen by the attendant Chevreux—has resumed possession of that part of the Ashburnham Manuscripts which was due to the enterprise of the notorious Libri; the price paid was 150,000 francs in money and the manuscript collection of German poetry made by Rüdiger Manassé; the agent was Mr. Trübner. Two superb sculptured slabs, the work of Jean Goujon, have been added to the Musée Carnavalet. A curious chimney in terracotta, from an alchemist’s laboratory, has been presented by the discoverer, M. Gustave Gonellain, to the Musée de Sévres. It is definitely announced that the Musée des Arts Décoratifs will be independent of the government. At Dresden Dr. Woermann has discovered that of eighteen “Old Masters” purchased for the gallery out of funds accruing from the payment of the French indemnity, three are impostures, three are copies, two are the work of the painters’ pupils, one is an original but scamped and unfinished, five are by others than their signatures, and the rest are doubtful of the first water. To the Metropolitan Museum, New York, there have been added the magnificent collection of old lace, formed by the late Mrs. J. J. Astor, the gift of her husband; the collection of drawings by the Old Masters, formed by the late Cephas Thompson, the gift of his widow; and a couple of Lelys—the ‘Duchess of Cleveland’ and the ‘Duchess of Portsmouth’—bequeathed, with some valuable bric-à-brac, by the late Mrs. H. T. Wilkes. Under the will of the founder, the late W. W. Corcoran, the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington, receives a bequest of £20,000.

**OBITUARY.**—The death is announced of the Abbé Ledain, antiquary and numismatist, Keeper of the Department of Coins and Medals in the Musée de Metz; of the Danish antiquary, C. A. F. Strunk, Keeper of the National Museum of Antiquities, Copenhagen; of W. Eden Nesfield, the architect and draughtsman; of Thompson Watkin, author of “Roman Lancashire” and “Roman Cheshire;” of Doyne Bell, F.S.A., author of a book on the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula; of the famous archæologist and petrologist, Charles William King, author of “Antique Gems,” “The Handbook of Engraved Gems,” “The Natural History of Precious Stones and the Precious Metals,” and other kindred works; of the Franco-Belgian artist, Édouard Hamman, painter of the ‘Vésale,’ one of Mouilleron’s most popular lithographs; of Charles Théodore Frère, a pupil of Cogniet and Camille Roqueplan, and the painter, among other pictures of the same type, of ‘Le Nil’ (1878) and ‘Le Simoun’ (1882); and of



Morel-Ladeuil, the ciseleur and sculptor, attached for many years to the staff of Messrs. Elkington, and artist of, among other things, the "Milton Shield" and the "Helicon Vase."

"ART AND INDUSTRY EDUCATION IN THE INDUSTRIAL AND FINE ARTS IN THE UNITED STATES." By T. E. Clarke. Part I. "Drawing in Public Schools" (Washington, U.S.A., Government Printing Office). Mr. Clarke's opinions, evidence, extracts, reports, and arguments are primarily intended to demonstrate the value of drawing for general education, at the cost of the taxpayers. His second purpose is to make an unjust and vindictive attack upon Great Britain and Ireland in their social, moral, political, and commercial relations with the United States: with special reference to the teaching of drawing. How ill equipped he is for the work may be judged from the fact that he borrows some of his arrows from the diatribes of Haydon against the Royal Academy of eighty years ago. Having given Haydon's views of himself and his opponents, without the slightest reference to the other side or the truth that was in it, he proceeds to show himself so stupendously ignorant of his subject as not to know that the Royal Academy was not at the time in question, and never has been, in a position to educate artisans in drawing. It never had "artisan pupils," but confined itself to its legitimate function—the only educational one it had undertaken, or was competent, to perform—of educating artists according to its lights; it never set itself "in opposition to the dissemination" of Art knowledge of any kind among the "common people," whatever their "natural abilities" might be; it never asked a question about the social status, "common" or otherwise, of the lads it educated without cost to themselves or the State. As Mr. Clarke was bound to know, no country in Europe, much less across the Atlantic, undertook to educate the "common people" in Art or decorative design. The Académie des Beaux-Arts, the Royal Academy of London, the Trustees' School of Edinburgh, and the Royal Dublin Society, undertook to train artists, not mechanics. The two last admitted pattern-drawers, modellers, and chasers; but neither they nor the other bodies could have undertaken to teach the "common people," *i.e.* the nation at large; they had not then, any more than they have now, the means of doing anything of the kind.

With a vast amount of ill-feeling, ignorance, and misstatement, the report contains some useful matter. We heartily agree with our author as to the value of drawing as a means for developing the observing powers of pupils. Who is to pay for teaching them to draw is another point. Also, it is very doubtful if the devices of Board School prophets in this connection are good for anything. We deplore the manner in which, under the title of "the Democracy of Art," Mr. Clarke has mixed social and political questions with the teaching of drawing. The gabble about "Art monopolies" is worthy of a writer who imagines that the government of ancient Athens was "popular" in his own precious sense of the word, and concludes that the mediæval republics of Italy were democratic, simply because they were unstable and violent. If Mr. Clarke had confined himself to temperate advocacy of the practice of drawing as a means of education, and if he had added that the State of Massachusetts never did a wiser thing than engaging Mr. Walter Smith to leave the Bradford School of Art, where he was employed by the British Art Department, and go to America as a teacher, we should have been at one with him.

HANDBOOKS.—The second of Mr. Lewis Day's "Text-Books of Ornamental Design" (London: Batsford) is entitled "THE PLANNING OF ORNAMENT:" it is as direct in style and as sound in material as the first, which is saying much; the series, to judge by these specimen numbers, is one not likely to be improved upon for some time to come. Miss Margaret Stokes's "EARLY CHRISTIAN ART IN IRELAND" (London: Chapman and Hall) is one of the "South Kensington Art Handbooks" series; it is well written, usefully illustrated, full of information, as interesting to read as any in the set. The "ARCHITECTURAL DRAWING" of Mr. R. Phené Spiers (London: Cassell) is a really useful book; Mr. Spiers writes with clearness and intelligence, knows what is wanted and says it plainly, has much to tell that cannot fail to be of service to the student, and points his remarks with a good selection of illustrative matter, most of which is well reproduced. The "BRODERIE ET DENTELLES" of M. Ernest Lefébvre (Paris: Quantin), a new number in the admirable "Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts," is one of the best of a good series; nowhere else that we know has the subject been treated so clearly and, within certain limits, so exhaustively; it is meant for women all the world over, and the sooner it is translated into English the better for those of England. The fifth number of the "BIBLIOTHÈQUE DE L'ÉDUCATION ARTISTIQUE" (Paris: Rouam) contains a selection from the purely decorative work of Augustin de Saint-Aubin; it is very suggestive and good. The new edition of DEBRET (London: Dean) is perhaps a shade more unwieldy than the last, but to those who study the book this will hardly be a detriment; the cover is, as always, a monument of bad taste.

Mr. Abbey's illustrations to "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER" (London: Sampson Low), while not invariably felicitous, are distinguished by the presence of much graceful and spirited invention, are expressively and neatly drawn, and are touched with genuine humour. They are weakest in individualization: it were, perhaps, too much to say that Mr. Abbey scarce succeeds in realising his characters, for his Hardcastle is, in its way, a creation, and his Tony Lumpkin is by no means unattractive or unreal. And yet, it is impossible to say that he has succeeded fully in this part of his task. If there is a young lady in comedy who is well known to all of us, that young lady is Kate Hardcastle, and when we find Mr. Abbey engaged in representing her as a trifle ungainly and rather middle-aged, we join issue with him at once, and refuse to recognise the concept. His Young Marlowe, his Hastings, his Constantia Neville are equally insignificant; and to feel that his work is really well done we have to turn to some of the lighter and less elaborate parts of his commentary. In some of these—as, for example, the picture of "little Aminadab who spins the platter," where his Tony is a masterpiece of drunken curiosity—he more than makes amends for his shortcomings elsewhere, and is seen for one of the first of living illustrators. Mr. Dobson's "Introduction," as from one at the *première* of the play, is in his happiest vein of invention, and is touched with his finest art.

MODERN ENGRAVINGS.—The Germans with their elastic language are never at fault for a word. If they have not got one ready to hand they make what they want by nailing together as many small words as by their juxtaposition make up the required idea. In old days the word engraving practically described all methods of producing blocks or plates from

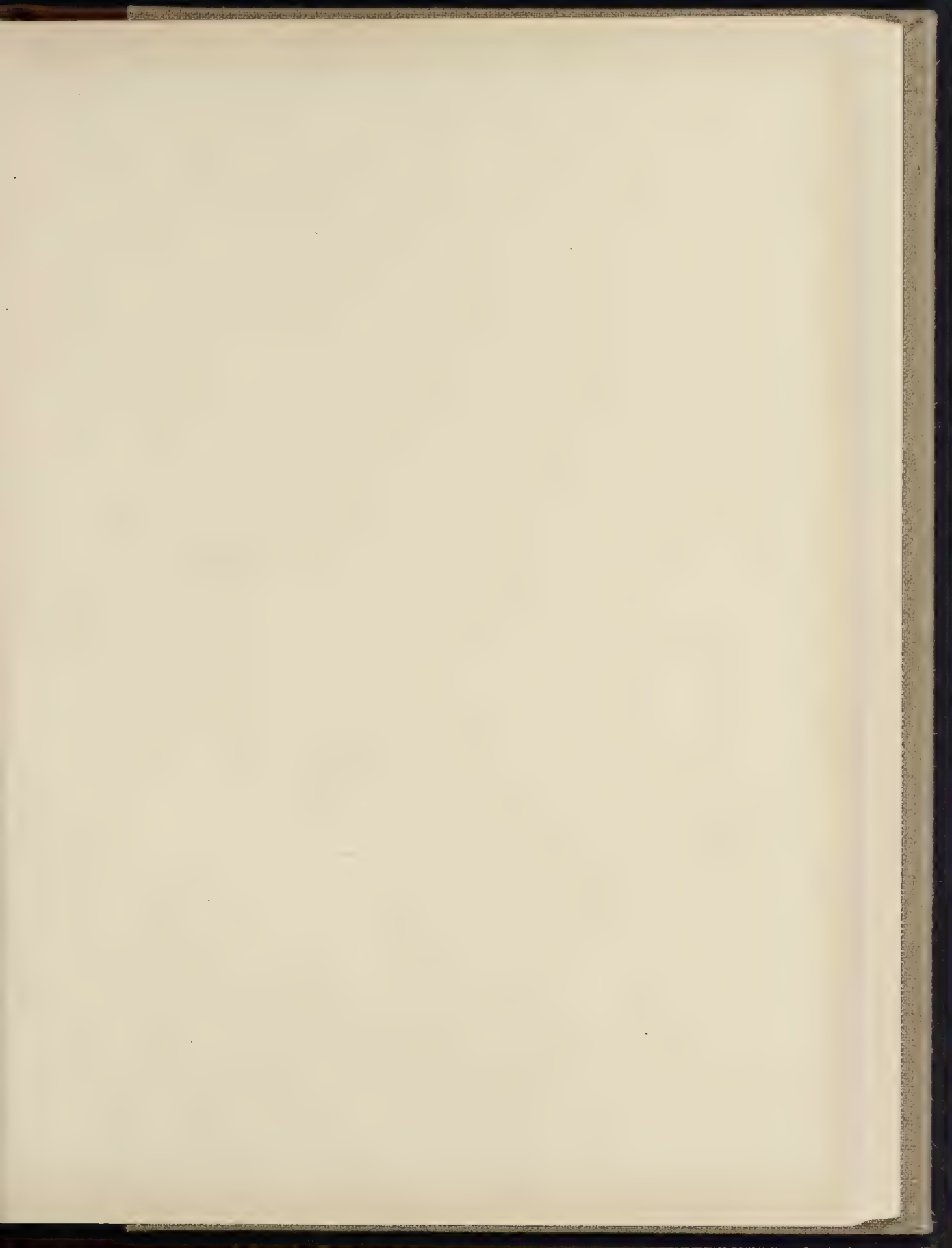
which prints might be taken. Then came mezzotint and lithography, neither of which is properly engraving. To these have succeeded in our own day an almost countless number of photographic processes all having the same end in view, namely the production of a surface from which a large number of similar prints of an artistic character may be taken. All these processes together the Germans call "Vervielfältigendekunst," and a Society at Vienna which publishes all manner of fine prints is the "Vervielfältigendekunstgesellschaft." This Society does a great deal of good work. Not only does it publish line engravings, etchings, fine chromolithographs and the like, but it issues a periodical of a high order which watches over and records all that is done in that branch of Art in which the Society takes interest, and now it has put amateurs under a further obligation by publishing the first of a series of sumptuous volumes which are intended to describe and illustrate the whole range of modern production in this branch of Art. The volume under consideration is a large quarto of some 250 pages, and deals only with the wood-engraving of the nineteenth century. It is profusely illustrated with characteristic examples of all countries and dates, and thus the mere turning over the pages enables one to grasp a clear general idea of the work of the century and of the relative styles and merits of different schools. The chapters have been supplied by various collaborators under the general editorship of the well-known Carl von Lütow. Henri Bouchot writes of France, Hymans of Belgium, Pedro de Madrazo of Spain, and so forth. In the chapter devoted to Germany deserved prominence is given to woodcuts designed by that great artist, Adolf Menzel, and by Ludwig Richter. France receives friendly treatment, though it is correctly pointed out that, with the exception of Gustave Doré, few French artists of acknowledged power have paid much attention to this humble art. As to the high merit ascribed to Doré's designs there may, perhaps, be two opinions. Herr Klinklicht's opinion of English wood-engravers is a very high one: "All things considered," he says, "England, from the days of Thomas Bewick, has maintained an undoubtedly high rank. Her average production stands in the first line, before that of all other European nations." The selection of English woodcuts for reproduction is a little unequal. The chapter on American wood-engraving brings together in a small compass a very readable history of the growth of an interesting school of craftsmen. As it seems to us, the volume ought to have success as a gift-book, and must find a place in all Art libraries.

"A DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF THE ENGRAVED WORKS OF WILLIAM FAITHORNE." By Louis Fagan (Quaritch: London). This catalogue of Faithorne's works is one of those undertakings which, in this our country, have self-approval for their chief reward. In Germany, or France, or Italy, an attempt to form an exhaustive catalogue of a national artist's productions would be encouraged by the Government and by every institution that concerned itself with Art. In England the cataloguer has to bear the burden himself, and may think himself fortunate if his loss be small. Perhaps the time is not ripe for asking the English Science and Art Department to follow the example of the French Ministère des Beaux-Arts, and to subscribe for copies of works like this in sufficient number to present one to each of the more important National Schools of Art. Such a proceeding would, however, cost the country practically nothing, while it would vastly stimulate the production of those mate-

rials for Art history in which England is so lamentably deficient. William Faithorne was born in London in 1616. He was the pupil of Robert Peake, a painter and printseller, who received the accolade at the hands of Charles I. Peake took up arms for Charles at the outbreak of the civil troubles, and Faithorne with him. Both men served in the defence of Basing House, and at the surrender Faithorne was carried a prisoner to the Aldersgate, in London, where he resumed his profession, and engraved, among other plates, a small head of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Released on parole, he retired to France, and worked under Robert Nanteuil, acquiring also some mastery in the management of pastel. After Charles's execution he was allowed to return to England, where he established himself as a printseller near the Temple. In 1680 he gave up his shop, took a private house in Printing House Square, or Yard, as it was then called, where he practised as engraver and painter till his death, in 1691. Faithorne's best works are his portraits, which are, as a rule, clear, decisive, and full of colour. In his subject-prints he fails as a draughtsman. His plates, which are very numerous, have been previously catalogued by Walpole, but without the particulars now demanded in such a work. Mr. Fagan enumerates about four hundred—he gives no numbers, so we cannot speak exactly—among them several which have escaped previous students. He divides his subjects into royal portraits, portraits other than royal, subject-pictures, plates for books, and maps. In an appendix he gives a list of pictures and drawings, and of plates assigned to Faithorne. He describes each plate, gives its size to eighths of an inch, differentiates the states, notes the owner of the original picture, and, in cases where the copper still exists, of the plate itself. Besides all this, he gives such biographical details in the case of a portrait as might fairly be looked for in a catalogue. His work cannot fail, we think, to be of use both to student and collector.

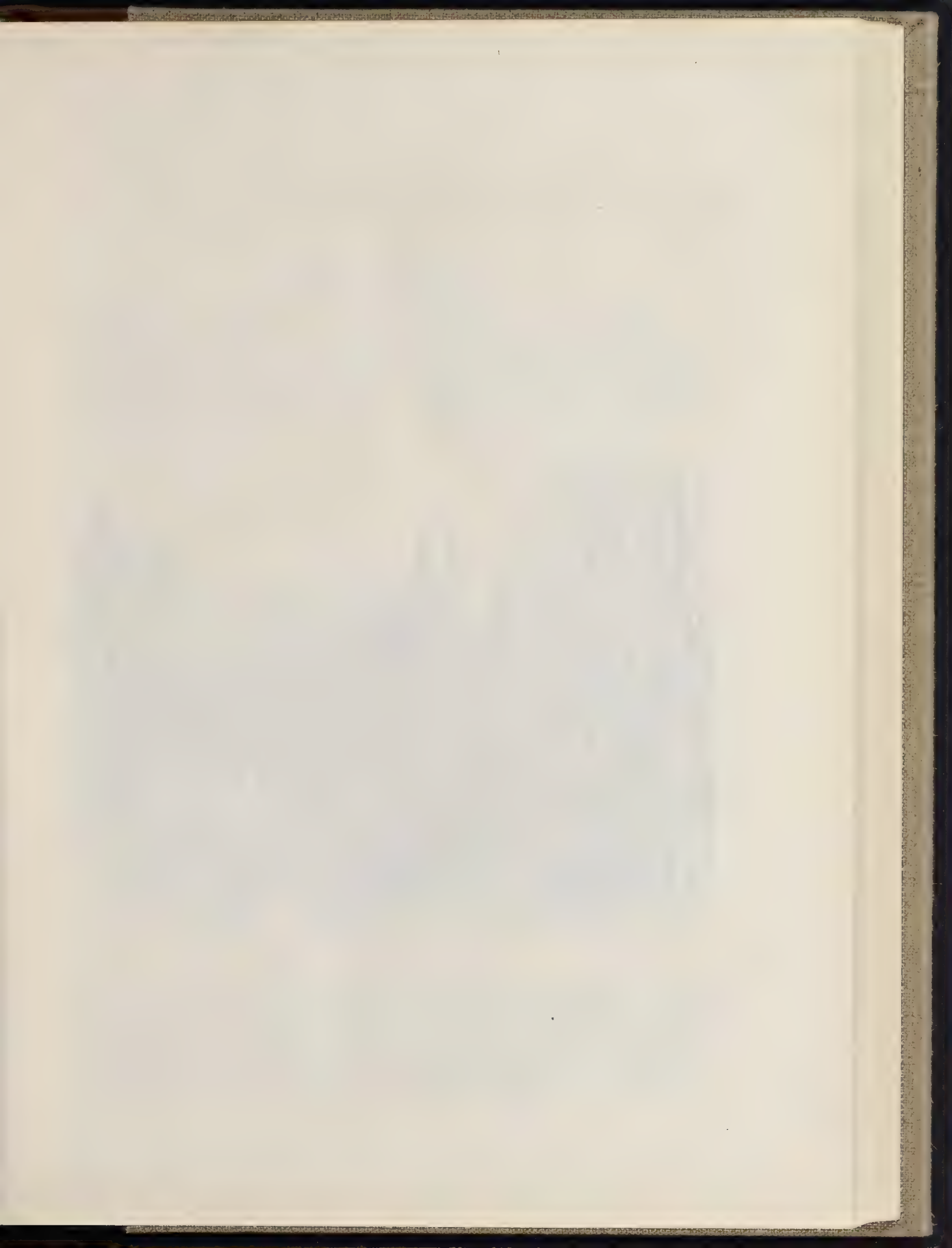
NEW PRINTS.—The late Principal Shairp had, and still has, a great many admirers. His influence—touched with sentimentalism, as it may be said to have been—was in the main an influence for good. He taught his innumerable pupils to be devout Wordsworthians, and to ignore, as cultured persons should, those elements of whisky-drinking and light loves which appear to count for so much in the general estimate of Burns. Perhaps there were greater things in Wordsworth, as assuredly there were in Burns, than were recked of in his philosophy; but, be this as it may, he did his best according to the lights that were in him, and as in life he was a shining reputation, he remains a pleasant superstition now that he is gone. Mr. Herdman's portrait of him, capitally mezzotinted by Mr. Clouston (Edinburgh: Wilson), is certain to find a public. The background—which includes a curtain, a column, and a romantic landscape—is merely conventional; the treatment of the draperies is stiff and a trifle awkward, and produces an effect of angles and straight lines which is far from happy; the head and hands, however, are excellent—are full of character and life and vivid suggestions of reality. That is what is wanted in a popular portrait of a popular character; and that, together with that air of dignity and sincerity which is never absent from his best work, is exactly what the painter has contrived to give. It is satisfactory to know that Mr. Herdman, who passed Mr. Clouston's last revise only a few days before his death, expressed "his full satisfaction" with that gentleman's achievement, which is, indeed, completely successful.















## WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

THERE is no more striking feature in the history of mediæval architecture than the ignorance in which we are left of the great designers of the age. As a rule, it is impossible to associate the name of any individual with the planning even of the most important buildings of the era; more rarely still is the opportunity given of assigning to any architect the influence which inaugurated new phases of style, and which assisted the gradual development of Gothic

from its earliest to its latest forms. And when history, as it occasionally does, gives us the names of those who were considered as architects of well-known buildings, there is still much room for question as to the precise character of the control which such persons exercised over the work; whether any one of these were merely the patron of the undertaking, with so much taste and knowledge of architecture as might enable him to fix the general character and type of the work



North-west angle  
Winchester Cathedral

to be done, the actual design and detail being left to others; or were himself capable of drawing plans and elevations; and if so, to what degree of accuracy in detail he would have worked out his design—all these are generally questions surrounded by a good deal of mystery. It has been confidently asserted that the essential scheming of mediæval buildings was a sort of co-operative performance of the craftsmen engaged. Indeed, one or two critics have been so enamoured of this

theory as to make it the basis of a proposal for reform in the modern practice of design. Such critics have maintained that the abolition of the architect is the one thing needful, and that his existence alone stands in the way of a universal regeneration. Doubtless, if these premisses could be established, the disinterested devotion to their art of the practitioners of architecture would be equal to the occasion, and its members would be ready to abolish themselves in the

interests of progress; but it would be wise to make sure of the premisses before resolving on a policy of self-abolition. Now the present writer, weighing the question as he hopes in a perfect freedom from considerations of self-interest, and inclining, as a Mayor of Oxford said, "neither to partiality on the one hand, nor to impartiality on the other," ventures to doubt the thesis both practically and historically. For the



former, he has not in his experience up to the present time detected the germ of genuine Art interest in the workman, taken either individually or collectively—and in the second place he maintains that the theory is in opposition to a true reading of architectural history. Such history is of two kinds—there is history, as well as "sermons, in stones," and there is also documentary evidence—and of the two, that which is written upon the actual work, though only to be read by

those who have eyes and training for the task, is the more important and the less likely to lead astray. To such an one it will be as impossible to believe that these monuments of design, which show a unity of idea carried into the finest detail of a building, no less than through its more salient features, or adjustments of structural arrangement so accurate and fine as to rouse a sense of admiration and awe as in the presence of a miracle; to such I say it will be as impossible to doubt that the predominant influence of a single mind was at the root of the undertaking as to suppose that Homer's "Iliad" is a compilation of independent rhapsodies.

But the argument for the existence of the mediæval architect founded on an intelligent understanding of the result, is greatly enhanced when the impress of the individual mind is to be found upon more buildings than one; testimony, however, of this nature, if stronger when it occurs, is proportionately rare. No adequate observer, however, in the absence of all historical record whatever, could fail to trace the influence of one and the same mind in Wykeham's buildings at New College and at Winchester. And in this case the two kinds of history run together: ample documentary records confirm those written in stone; or rather, to put the matter in the order which best suits the individual case, the critical appreciation of the character of Wykeham's buildings gives an accurate meaning to what documentary evidence alone must have left in a somewhat chaotic state. History, in Wykeham's case, tells us that he was educated in geometry, that he was, as the King's Surveyor, in charge of Edward III.'s additions to Windsor Castle, and that he was the founder of Winchester School and of New College. Had we no more than this kind of testimony to go upon, we might have been in doubt as to the extent of this architectural control of the work which was under his care either as Surveyor or as Founder. But the note of strong and well-marked individuality impressed on each and all of the works connected with his name, gives us a measure of the nature and extent of this control, and places his power of design beyond cavil. So that, on this side only, Wykeham is an almost unique figure in the history of mediæval architecture, and seems to establish, beyond question, the fact that these monuments of Gothic art were based on design as we now understand the word, were the work of individual minds.

The only question, indeed, which is left in doubt when the double evidence has been duly appreciated is a merely technical one. By what means did Wykeham model his buildings according to his conceptions? Was he the draughtsman of his own designs, or the mere suggester of ideas which others traced for him on paper (or, rather, parchment) and in stone? This is a matter of no great importance. We require to know nothing more than that his individuality was fully stamped upon his buildings, nor does history throw any direct light upon this point. Still, by implication we may, I think, gather that he was the actual draughtsman of his own designs, and the supervisor of their execution. We have it on record that he was educated in geometry; that he was brought under the king's notice and very favourably received at an age when he could scarcely have shown any completed work as a measure of his quality, and it is difficult to imagine how Edward III. could have estimated his proficiency except by means of drawings. He was for years after this a subordinate surveyor at Windsor, and when promoted to be chief surveyor, we find that he had a "clerk" in his employ. When he was, at a very advanced age, remodelling the nave of Winchester Cathedral, we hear for the first time of the employment of an "architect" for the work.



It may be fairly concluded then that in his earlier years he went through a full training in draughtsmanship and in practical building; that in mature life he kept in his own hands the design and control of his buildings; and that in extreme old age he had to be content to realise his ideas in a less direct manner with the assistance of another; that he was in fact what his work shows him to be, a true architect in the most intimate sense of the word, and no mere *dilettante* patron of architecture.

But if Wykeham's history is almost of unique value in clearing up the vexed question of the individuality of the mediæval architect, this is neither the whole nor the most important claim which he has upon the attention of the student of Gothic art. We said above that rarely was any light thrown upon the influences which brought about the successive changes in this great style, or, rather, trilogy of styles. Still less, with the one great exception here to be considered, can we associate with any radical change the name of any individual architect. In the case of William of Wykeham, we find the most salient, and perhaps the most original departure which the development of Gothic architecture shows, accomplished, so far as we can gather, at a single bound, at least under his special influence, if not by his individual invention. General tradition has accorded to him the credit of being the father of Perpendicular architecture. He certainly had not been brought up to the style, his earlier efforts having been fashioned in the manner of the Second Pointed, or "Decorated" style. No doubt, as the leading English architect of his time, such a change might have come to be associated with his name, even though the actual invention had been due to some other designer. Nothing but an accurate knowledge of the dates of the earliest buildings carried out in this style could absolutely decide the point, and, considering the great difficulty of obtaining exact dates, the question is probably incapable of being definitely solved. This much, at least, may be confidently maintained, that he was among the very first to adopt the new forms, and, without exception, the most successful of his time in applying them. To many, no doubt, the change from "Decorated" to Perpendicular will appear to be a matter for regret, and Wykeham, so far as he is answerable for it, will be considered to have been an agent of the decadence rather than of the development of architectural art. I believe that a proper consideration of the conditions in which Art lives will make such a view untenable. To us on whom all phases of Gothic have equal claims for consideration, to whom one style is as remote as another, there is a perfect freedom of choice on purely æsthetic grounds. Our subjects of study may be unlimited as to time and place, and our selection may be made on grounds purely arbitrary.

This is the necessary result of the conditions of the age in

which we live. For the first time in the world's history we have no living style. All phases of real architecture are to us as dead languages, among which we may pick and choose with a view to their reproduction. A living art, such as Gothic was to Wykeham, is on an altogether different footing. Where life exists there must be constant change. A "stable equilibrium" is a condition of death in Art no less than in organized beings. If we are justly to estimate the value of the invention

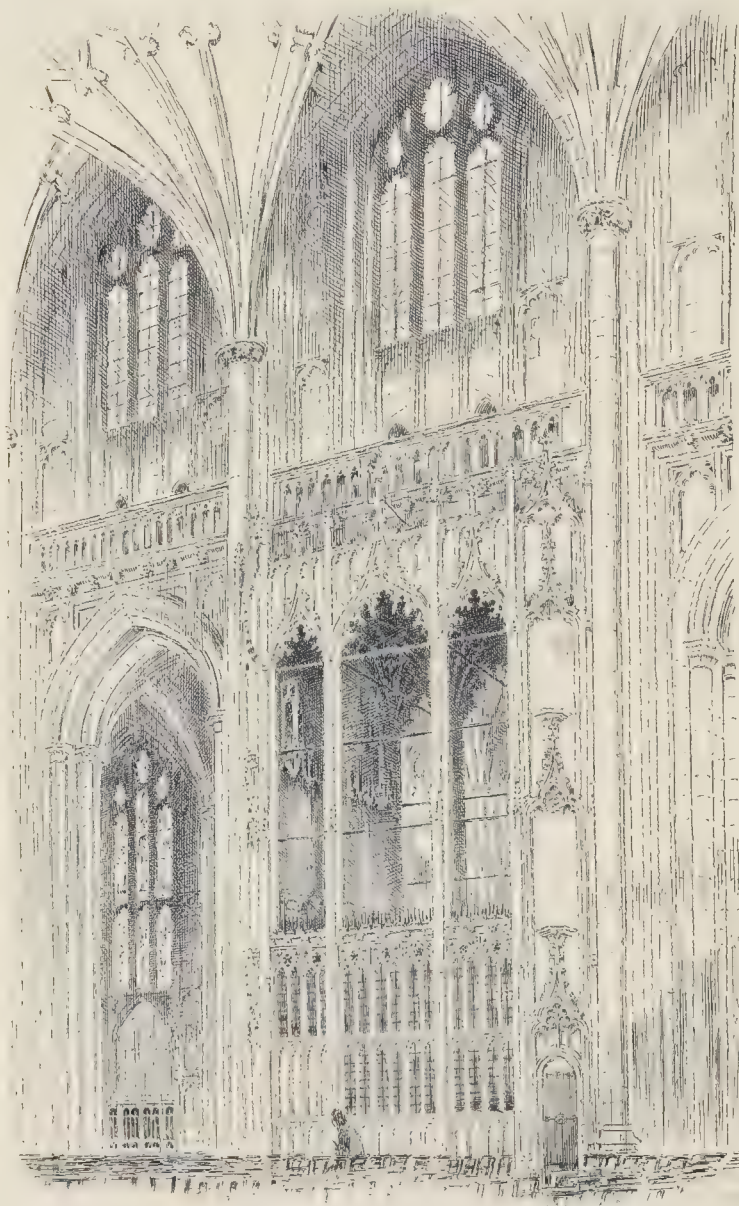


of "Perpendicular" architecture in the development of Gothic, we must compare it, not with that style which preceded it, but with that which supervened elsewhere under the universal condition of change. If we allow, which I am willing to do, that there is more essential beauty of line and proportion in the best "Decorated" than even in Wykeham's "Perpendicular," we must not forget that the special forms we admire were bound to give way to some new developments. Now, in all other changes

of style, the whole of Northern Europe had worked very much on the same lines. In this latest change England remained apart. While Continental architecture ran after the intricate,

the one essentially English type of Gothic art. For this at least, for saving English Gothic from the degeneracy which the style underwent elsewhere, Wykeham and his contemporaries together must certainly have full credit, whatever proportion of it must be assigned to him individually.

It may be worth while to consider to what mainly this change was due. It has certainly at all times been a privilege of the genius of the English race to assign a special national character to such phases of architectural art as had a foreign origin. It is not difficult to detect the qualities of manliness and of poetical feeling in the English work of the earlier periods. Whether it be from inherited sympathy, or from association, many of us find a special charm in national examples of Gothic which at least compensates for the greater scale and larger ambition of foreign work. It does not, therefore, seem impossible to suppose that the indications of exuberance in the latest phase of decorated Gothic may have induced a reaction towards severity and stiffness such as is found in the Perpendicular of Wykeham's time. But the changes which are seen in the development of Art are rarely due to a solitary cause, and in the present case another factor must be taken into consideration. The art of stained glass was, during the fourteenth century, making great strides, both in excellence and in public recognition. It was also changing its type. In place of the groups of figures, which were characteristic of the glass of an earlier date, single figures, each occupying a single light, had become the fashion. The influence of these tendencies on the more structural



*Wykeham's Chantry.*

fantastic, and enervated forms of Flamboyant, the English architects adopted the strong and masculine, if somewhat rigid, forms of the Perpendicular, and in doing so established

matters of architecture is easy to apprehend. In the first place, a larger amount of space was required for the display of the glass, and consequently the window space was greatly ex-

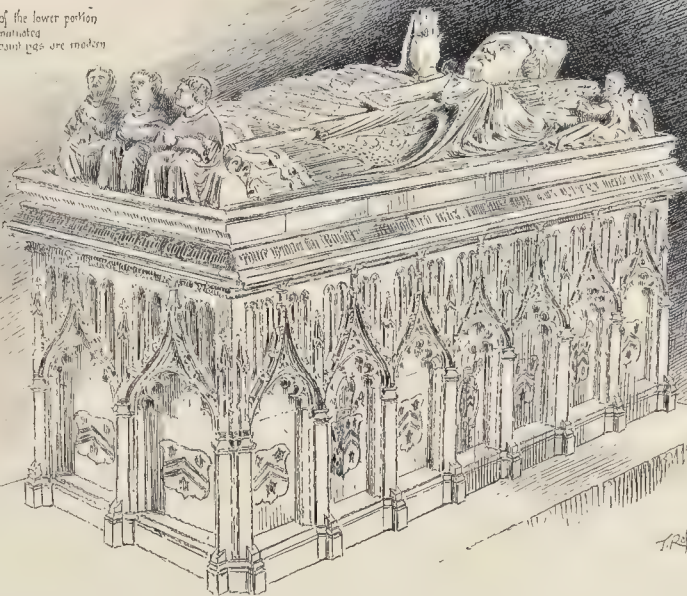


tended. This result was obtained partly by the increase of the width of the windows, partly by the adoption of the four-centred arch. The lights were arranged each to contain a single figure, being in the case of lofty windows cut off by a horizontal line or transom, and the same idea of producing spaces for figures no doubt influenced the tracery in the direction of perpendicular lines, giving as the whole result an abundant expanse of glass measured out for figures of large scale in the lights and small in the tracery. The influence of glass upon stone is equally recognisable in some phases of thirteenth-century architecture, especially in France, where, as in the cathedrals of Troyes and Le Mans, the structure is fined down to the

closest limits compatible with stability, and the interior presents an almost uninterrupted area of stained glass. It would therefore be impossible to assign the origin of the English Perpendicular style to mere preference for a masculine type, nor can we suppose that the architect of the day placed himself completely at the disposal of the glass painter. It was, doubtless, by a combination of influences that a style was evolved, of which, as its own exclusive invention, the English race may feel especially proud. It is interesting to remark in this connection that it was not in architecture alone that Wykeham showed a specially English character. As we shall see later, in considering his life, he

### Wykeham's Tomb

The carving of the lower portion  
is much mutilated.  
The armorial paint was modern.



was, as a churchman, a strong opponent of the tendencies which we now call ultramontane, and stood out as stiffly against papal encroachment as one of his own buttresses.

But it is time to draw these general remarks to a close. In the next number I propose to give a brief sketch of Wykeham's life, of his very various avocations and most multitudinous preferments, as well as to state some of the special characteristics of his architecture as illustrated in these pages. For the life our guide must be the work of Mr. Moberley, who has treated the subject exhaustively and with admirable skill. If he appears rather more incredulous of records implying some flaws in the character of his subject than dispassionate criticism might justify, no one will be dis-

posed to grudge some degree of partiality to one who has profited by Wykeham's bequests; nor will the present writer, though the almoner of another foundation (but, indeed, all public school men owe Wykeham a debt of gratitude) call attention to aught that savours of special pleading in Mr. Moberley's work. Was not Wykeham's only sister married to a namesake of mine, and did he not make her grandchildren his heirs? So, though he made the said grandchildren change their name from Champneys to Wykeham, I will, in spite of facts, claim as a collateral ancestor the greatest of English Gothic architects known to fame, and say nothing of my ancestor but in his favour.

BASIL CHAMPNEYS.



## A NEW FIELD FOR ARTISTS.

DECORATIVE ART—by which we do not mean wall-papers, but, roughly speaking, high Art which is not going to be framed and hung by a cord on the wall—has, for a century or more, so died out, as to have become a thing of the past. It has no place on the walls of the Academy, or Grosvenor, or Institute, and the bulk of people forget that there has been such a thing, and do not feel the want of it. To be sure, Mr. Stacey Marks and one or two others, have painted pictures in no distinct degree different from other easel-work meant to be framed and hung, which have been incorporated into panelling on billiard-room walls. This is merely an erratic use of ordinary pictures, but the decorative plaque or panel, not meant to be framed and hung at all, and distinct in kind from our annual picture shows, has scarcely a place among us at all, and its exceeding infrequency makes us feel that efforts in that direction are spasmodic and tentative.

Nothing, perhaps, has contributed more directly to this result than the loss of the gold background.

It is generally understood that the Royal Academy, while demanding that every work of Art sent to them for exhibition shall have a gilt frame, refuses work with a gilt background. It is hard to believe that they have ever formulated into a written rule so foolish and one-sided a proposition: for if gold be the only suitable surrounding to a picture, it will be hard indeed to find a decent reason for expelling it from the picture itself. Luckily, the buyers and curators of our National Collection have had wider sympathies, for, not to mention the Early Italian painters—Mantegna, Angelico, and others—what should we not have lost, had Botticelli's grand 'Nativity' been excluded, where that splendid ring of angels swing overhead, jubilant, on a golden sky? Gold as a beautiful material and a beautiful colour, not less than by its perfect fitness to combine with, set off, and assist in the harmony of colours, has always been a useful handmaid of the arts from the very earliest times; and if we have in the main forgotten it in modern Art, so much the worse for modern Art.

We are therefore pleased to see that Messrs. W. H. Mar-

getson and Aldam Heaton, working in concert, are doing their best to remind us of the beauty and utility of this splendid adjunct of the painter-decorator's art.

They produced last spring a large altar for a Yorkshire church, of which we give an illustration, gilded all over—the styles wrought upon in delicate patterns in umber and sienna, somewhat transparent; the panels, burnished and carrying figures, in solid oil colours, brilliant and telling. Messrs. Margetson and Heaton have also produced two sets of panels for the decoration of the music-rooms in the *Oceana* and *Arcadia*, two new Peninsular and Oriental steamers just built. The "preparation" of the burnished ground is delicately incised with Italianesque scroll ornament, the burnishing needle following into the incisions, and the ornament so made out, is lightly coloured with a perfectly transparent lacquer, a little yellower than the gold ground, which is left untouched. On this sumptuous background—Mr. Heaton's work—Mr. Margetson has painted, with force and spirit, musicians in various attitudes and costumes (one figure only in each panel), strictly preserving the decorative feeling, however, by a strong dark outline to most of the forms, and by a severe disdain of full projection, which at once separates them from ordinary easel work.

There are far more pictures painted than are wanted, and a number of our young artists would do well to turn their attention to branches of decorative art which at present are untouched by competent hands. Of course so long as our Art exhibitions ignore the necessity of good Art being applied to wall-panels, friezes, cabinets, and the like, such work is relegated to the upholsterer; but stained glass, for instance, holds out a prospect already fairly open to artists, which no one but Messrs. Morris and Burne Jones seem, to any great extent, to have availed themselves of; and here, in the panels we have been describing, Messrs. Margetson and Heaton enter a domain which must have occupied hundreds of craftsmen in mediæval times, and ought to occupy thousands in ours.



## A MODERN PRIVATE COLLECTION.\*

CONTINUING to notice the pictures Mr. Humphrey Roberts has gathered at his house in Kensington, I select for comments and descriptions some of those instances which, by their own merits and the renown of their authors, lend themselves to the occasion. The picture, 'News of the War,' of which we give a cut, was painted in 1871 by Mr. R. W. Macbeth. The priest has brought bad tidings, and the heart-broken mother sits brooding over her grief and the future of her fatherless child. Note the contrast between the gloom within the cottage and the bright sunshine without.

Balancing the fine, richly-coloured, and energetic 'Catching a Mermaid,' by Mr. Hook, which was brought to view in April last, a noble and thoroughly masculine sea-scape,

by Mr. Henry Moore, hangs in the Billiard Room at Kensington. It is one of the largest and finest of the pictures of that master of sea painting, to whose resourceful genius and accomplished hands the Art world is indebted, and to whom posterity will award a much larger popularity, if not deeper respect, than has been rendered to the author of a hundred pictures, by means of which for forty years he has been slowly but surely climbing

"The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar,"

and where Fortune is enthroned. That a nation which affects to receive unlimited pleasure from the art of Constable and Turner, and revels in Mr. Hook's summer seas and delightful skies, should have been tardy in recognising a master in the



*St. Cross, near Winchester. From the Drawing by Albert Goodwin, R.W.S.*

painter of 'Crossing the Bar,' 'A Winter Gale in the Channel,' and many nearly as fine things, is a puzzle to British critics, who, for an explanation of the fact, must needs fall back upon the supposition that their countrymen at large do not really and heartily appreciate and sympathise with, much less understand, Nature as she is. It may be that this is because they have been accustomed to see her in conventional attire and mannered representations, as unrefined and crude as they are shallow and trivial, and depicted with motives as hackneyed and commonplace as they are sentimental. Even this hardly accounts for the fact that neither Albert Goodwin nor Henry Moore, two landscape poets of the choicest order, has yet

attained the honours which some decades since were his due.

The scene of 'Crossing the Bar,' which was hung at the Royal Academy in 1873, is at the bar near the mouth of the Glaslyn, which, descending the famous pass from Bethgelert, pours itself into the sea not far from Port Madoc at the head of Cardigan Bay, where, meeting other waters issuing from the long glens in the Festiniog region, the confluence of the streams causes a great deposit of sand, which, in time, will be annexed to the Traeth Mawr, or Great Strand, a vast plain that, by-and-by, may be extended to exclude the ocean from the whole of the space enclosed by a triangle with Barmouth, Pwllhelli, and Port Madoc at the corners. This large canvas is mainly grey, but dashed with white of

\* Continued from page 124.

foam and massive clouds and breakers loaded with ashy reflections of the gloomier sky, in one rift of which the blue firmament, a chilly space, is seen; while, at the foot of the picture, the roaring billows, heavily charged with sand as they are, break furiously on a space of purplish beach, and are hurried there by the remorseless wind which has been blowing from the northward all day long and all the night before, till of the tortured sea only its larger billows could break where the water is shallow. The nearer parts of the view are darkened by reflections from overhead of those huge cumuli, which seem so ponderous that all the force of the gale can move them but slowly, while a narrow and wan gleam lies on the horizon, and in the middle distance a schooner, with not more sails set than suffice to steady her, lies at anchor riding out the gale. Far off in the foam-laden waste

of water the dark hull and the tawny smoke of a steamer are visible. This great seascape is one of four or five by the same artist (including among them the noble 'Mount's Bay,' which was most judiciously bought by the City of Manchester Art Gallery), in which I have always believed it easy to recognise an inspiration and technique almost identical to those of the noblest antique Art. In those respects, and in a manner which is far more difficult of expression and cultivation, more complex, and incomparably more sincere in its application, I find in the art of Mr. Henry Moore the veritable and superior analogue to his brother Albert's graceful and beautiful *quasi*-Phidian figures of damsels clad in white or low-toned colours, and matched with harmonious tints of equal beauty and purity.



*Toilers returning. From the Picture by Albert Goodwin, R.W.S.*

The art of the elder brother, although not always equally manifested, is stability itself compared with that of his junior, who does not always respect himself or honour his genius with devotion approaching that he employed while delineating a delicious harmony of white, pale olive, and rosy reds, which, in Mr. Roberts's Billiard Room, bears the name of 'Topazes,' and shows two fair damsels, whose warm white raiment, just tinged with citron as it is, and adapted to their plump and somewhat voluptuous contours, assorts with the drapery and a cooler white and olive diaper on the wall, which supplies their standing figures with a background, and is the chromatic ally of their costume. On their blonde tresses dainty rose-coloured caps assort in charming piquancy with the rich carnations of their faces turned to our left, and looking with

placid interest in that direction, as if some one that is acceptable approaches. One of the sisters crosses her somewhat too large hands and massive arms upon her chest, while her pale rose-coloured scarf, falling from her shoulders, divides her form from that of her companion, and, with its chastened straight lines, serves to accentuate the wealth of curves assumed by the draperies where, as in sculptor's work, they have adapted themselves to the fully-developed torsos and rounded limbs of both the stately maidens. The choice curves and the rich yet delicate harmonies of colour in this picture are due to searching and honourable studies in antique Art. Accordingly 'Topazes' is distinctly an antique. It was at the Grosvenor Exhibition about eight years ago.



Sir John Millais's famous and subtly pathetic 'Stella' was so lately (1886) at the Grosvenor Exhibition, that I need not write more on it than suffices to remind the reader that its impression is that of Dean Swift's *soi-disant* mistress, while still in the glowing pride of life and beauty, having just received from him a letter full of painful suggestions and perplexing doubts. Uttered twenty years ago, the present writer's verdict on this picture remains unchanged, and was as follows:—"The expression of the eyes and mouth—that

trouble of irrepressible doubt which seems to have entered the woman's soul and hardened it woefully—is among the secrets of study." There is a fine print, by Mr. T. L. Atkinson, of this picture, which is a companion to 'Vanessa,' now belonging to Mr. George Holt of Liverpool, and originally at the Academy in 1869 with Mr. Roberts's 'The Gambler's Wife,' painted by the same artist, and now hanging in the same room with 'Stella,' 'The Pilgrims,' and 'The Sick Child' (the 'Getting Better' of 1876). 'The Gambler's Wife' having been at the Grosvenor Exhibition in 1886, and admirably etched by M. C. Waltner, is so well known that it may suffice if I say that it represents a tall attenuated woman of forty or thereabouts, on whose features many remains of beauty contend with strongly-drawn lines of character, standing by a green-covered table, in the cool light of early morning that fills the room where her husband has risked his all for hours during the night. With much hesitation and a half-hardened sort of dread, she nervously handles the cards left on the table when the orgie ceased. Her face betokens a dreamy misery, suggesting the numbness of

her memory and pain at heart, of which habit has checked the acuteness. 'The Sick Child,' which has been worked on and wonderfully improved of late years, gives us a little girl sitting up in bed to receive the visit of two friends, a girl and boy, who have brought a basket of black grapes for her delectation.

Without leaving the room which has supplied occasion for these remarks, I may point to a fine and highly original piece by a capital artist who, in this respect resembling Messrs. A. W. Hunt and Henry Moore, has not yet had his just meed

of applause. It is Mr. Albert Goodwin's 'An Anthem,' a large, very impressive, and touching view of a snow-clad churchyard in vaporous moonlight, half obscured by clouds, while the thickly-gathered tombs cast sad images of themselves on the whiteness of God's Acre, in the darker distance of which the noble edifice—its battlements and roof dashed as with frosty pearls—stands half enshrouded in the gloom projected by the satellite not yet emergent from behind the tower, and struggling with slowly-flying cumuli. Radiant



*News of the War. From a Drawing by R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A.*

from within, the splendid colours of the "storied windows," with "armorials richly dight," glow dimly in the walls' obscurity. By the same artist we have another capital picture, of which a cut is before the reader, called 'Toilers returning,' and representing a group of figures standing on the path on the edge of the cliff at Lynton, looking at Lynmouth, the greenish turquoise and bluish enamels of the sea, the bulk of the mighty Foreland projecting northward, and serene summer evening air. Below, we see Stanfield's Tower at the end of the little pier,

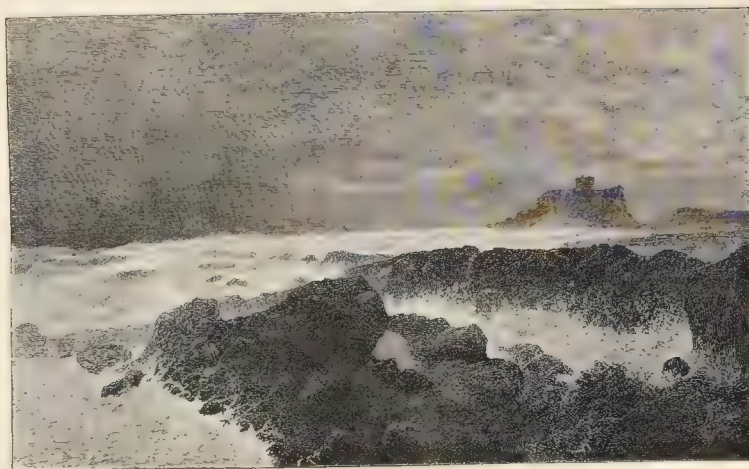
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and the roofs of a few cottages. It is not far from this spot that the energy of an ingenious person has suggested to him the construction of a lift, which, besides the utter ruin of the charm of one of the loveliest spots in England, will effectually help to "open up" Lynton and Lynmouth to the tourist. By Mr. A. Goodwin, likewise, is the charming and faithful original of the cut we give of the church and buildings of 'St. Cross, near Winchester.' The hospital of St. Cross was built and endowed by a brother of King Stephen in 1136. It stands about a mile south of the town, and has lately been restored. At present this ancient institution consists of a Master and thirteen Brethren, together with a porter, cook, and twenty-five out-pensioners. In the reign of Henry I. the cathedral buildings extended, on the south, as far as St. Cross.

Returning to the Billiard Room, we recognise in 'The

Contrasting with this in all its tender intensity (and thus affirming what was said at first to the effect that Mr. Roberts's tastes incline to Art which excels in colour and fidelity to nature, and is pathetically inspired) is a second large landscape by Mr. A. W. Hunt, called 'A Mountain joyous with Leaves and Streams,' because it shows a narrow valley with a level meadow at the bottom, where a brilliant stream is murmuring, and while the hill-sides are clad in foliage to their summits, with here and there a rock and its purple shadows protruding among the stems. The effect of intense sunlight saturated with heat, drawing vapours which fill the valley, and soften, while they do not conceal, the forms and tints of the landscape, has been rendered with Art-magic of the tenderest sort, as original as it is true.

There is abundant music of colour and tone in the pictorial romance Diaz de la Pena painted in his fine sketch of 'A Water-Party in Twilight,' where a large shallop, with a company of splendidly clad ladies and cavaliers, drifts slowly near a bank of trees, above the summits of which lines of rich lustre touch the edges of the evening clouds and leave all the foreground darkling. By Diaz is a second small instance, called 'A Mother and Children,' and including an Algerian lady seated on the floor with a little one close behind at each shoulder, and looking with interest to the front. It is a very brilliant example, distinguished by the sparkling draperies



*The End of the Reef. From the Picture by Alfred Hunt, R.W.S.*

Rainbow' a capital David Cox, where, over a calm bay and its bank, a meadow of the lushest green, a complete and very radiant iris is displayed sharply on a sky of pale slate colour; one foot is on the land, one on the sea, while a small craft, its sails drooping in the motionless air, loiters on its voyage, and the lunette enclosed by the bow is wan because athwart that space rain, veil-like, is dropping to the earth. Two boys recline in the foreground. Near this picture is a very charming Collins, of Hastings, its cliffs and sea seen in warm morning light, and as it was in the old days before the place was foul with smoke—a picture beautiful in its golden and pure tints, and very rich in tone. A much graver and more difficult subject was that admirable 'Landscape in Derbyshire' in which Mason, who often affected the like, with so much success and with so rare a charm, gave beautiful sentiment, the pathos of decline and glowing colour, to materials which are very homely and commonplace, if not almost sordid, in their rusticity and naturalness. Like his 'Cast Shoe,' it is a twilight piece where, interspersed with irregularly growing trees, a line of cottages, of which daylight would reveal the ugliness, stands on the crest of a meadow that slopes gently upwards from the front.

and ornaments as well as by the vivacity of the figures, where Diaz's great frankness and command of his materials distinguished him as an artist *per se* among a host of painters who were rather men of taste elevated to design, men of science who have applied their wits and skill to Art, or men who by force of reasoning, analogies, and research, employ their intellects in producing pictures which are not pictorial.

'The End of the Reef,' by Mr. A. W. Hunt, is an oil picture (of which some one has an almost equally fine water-colour drawing) showing a storm-beaten coast, where a strenuous gale is blowing landward, and monstrous black clouds are driving fast before it, while, in the foreground, between two low promontories of dark brown rock, a mass of shuddering yellow foam has been driven till it filled the cavity. Outside, the white waves break furiously, and between us and the cliffs all the air is charged with brine, drifting rain, sea fog, and spray, through which, as through a veil, the high dark towers of Bamborough Castle loom. A cut of the picture accompanies these memoranda.

F. G. STEPHENS.



## THE REPRODUCTIONS OF FOREIGN ART IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

IT is not the purpose of the following lines to dwell upon the decay of Art feeling in England, which was for many decades even more marked than the falling off in Art workmanship which accompanied it. But it is not an original remark that if all that represents the English Art of the first half of the present century, all that was supposed to represent English Art in the Great Exhibition of 1851, were piled in a heap and made into a bonfire, the world would not be the poorer.

Now whether excellence in workmanship can be acquired in the technical school of the future as it used to be in the workshop of the past; and whether it is possible to establish so many such schools as to secure that good workmanship shall be the custom of the country, time will show. But there can be no room for doubt that if good taste can be made the rule of English work, if Art feeling and Art education can be brought home to the craftsman, not only in large cities but everywhere, work as good as that of our old-fashioned master with his journeymen and apprentices, and no better, would be all that is required to command our own market, and perhaps a much wider one. The Art workman of to-day may fairly ask that if his scientific brother is freely given the means of acquiring a knowledge of the principles of science upon which his work depends, he too may have within his reach the literature and examples which he must otherwise travel much and far to read and see, or go without. He may fairly look for the education of his eye and taste by the easier access to the works of masters of his art at home and abroad, which national museums, for this purpose supplementing the work of technical colleges, are able to provide either by means of the judicious acquisition of masterpieces, or where this is impossible, by the multiplication and circulation of those reproductions of them, which modern scientific processes have rendered available.

It is exactly here that a state Art department has its opportunity, and what has been effected as regards Art workmanship in the precious metals by our own Government illustrates this in an unusually favourable and complete way. A want was foreseen, and an endeavour to meet it made, long before the coming need was sufficiently understood to become the subject of a popular cry.

In many directions the stimulus given to Art work by the Science and Art Department, with its Schools of Design and the action of other well-known agencies such as the Society of Arts, has of late years made itself felt in the workshop; and whatever may have been the case a generation ago, we now hold our own so well, even without the aid of technical education, that in a report to the French Chamber by Mons. Locroy

in 1881, on the estimates for the Fine Arts, we find that eminent authority admitting that "England has become our equal in furniture and ceramics." If the art of the goldsmith has lingered behind these it is not at all from its want of importance, not at all because a great deal of money is not spent every year in gold and silver work, or on what as a domestic Art matter is quite as important, namely, electro-plate, but it is very much because, from their value and variety, the best specimens of silver work of all ages have never been available to the Art-student, and especially because the masterpieces of other more Art-loving nations than ourselves have never been brought to his knowledge. Collections of casts, chiefly of statuary, were amongst the first which were made by the Art Departments of our own and other countries for educational purposes; and it was many years ago that it occurred to the English Science and Art Department to make reproductions in *fac-simile* of the Art objects in the precious metals to be found in public and private collections, for the use of the Art-student and designer. The priceless treasures of Royal collections, of the Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, and of the great City Companies have yielded a gallery of examples such as no other trade can command, and it has become possible to trace the whole course of English silver-working through almost every decade of the last four centuries by merely walking from case to case in what is well known as the College and Corporation Plate Collection in the South Kensington Museum. It is worth while adding here



Fig. 1.—St. Martin's Cup of Haarlem.

that the authorities have in the case of these examples departed from their usual mode of arrangement, which seems to aim chiefly at artistic effect, and have allowed some of them to be placed in strict chronological order in a series of cases properly labelled, thus making them of infinitely greater use for educational purposes. Other countries, notably Ger-

many, have caused similar reproductions to be made of certain of their national Art-treasures, the collections at Munich and



Fig. 2.—Cup of Pure Gold. 1610.

in the new Gewerbe Museum at Berlin having been specially laid under contribution, and by a system of exchange, a very complete series of German examples is to be seen in the South Kensington Museum.

But it has been reserved for our own country to do something more, and to attempt to show the Art-student what is best, not only in our own treasures, but in the collections of every other country that has an Art-history at all. It has set itself to show not only that the art of the goldsmith in England is an art with a history, with periods of excellence which have given its productions, from time to time, the rank of works of Art and to their authors that of artists; but to bring within the reach of the student the masterpieces of the world.

For this purpose it has used its influence—an influence which no private firm or body can wield—to find out in what royal, national, or other treasures and depositaries, the most precious and typical specimens of the goldsmith's art of all ages are preserved throughout Europe.

It has then sought and obtained a permission to make copies in *fac-simile* of these, so widely extended that it is hardly too much to say that the masterpieces of the best foreign schools can be consulted, not only at the South Kensington Museum, but, by its "circulating loan" system, throughout the length and breadth of the country, more easily and completely than they could in the countries which produced them.

It would cost the Dutch Art-student in his comparatively small country the expenditure of a great deal of time and money to see, even if he could obtain access to some of them at all, the famous objects of Art which, by means of copies for every purpose of study equal to the originals, are at the service of any English Art-student any day of the week. The same may be said of Germany, Denmark, Russia, and, farther south, of the less numerous but not less valuable objects of French, Italian, and Spanish Art, which have escaped destruction; and as it is one of the disadvantages under which we labour in England, and especially in London, that we have usually far less idea of the resources at our own doors than is the case with smaller and poorer communities who have to make the most of the little they have, it will be the purpose of this and a succeeding article to draw attention to some of these masterpieces, their origin, their place in Art-history, and their value to the British Art-workman.

It was in 1880 that the opportunity offered itself to the Science and Art Department of obtaining models of the objects of Art preserved in almost all the chief municipal and ecclesiastical treasuries in Holland. These treasures were of



Fig. 3.—Atlas. 1619.

course known to but few English students, and to them rather through Van der Kellen's general etchings of Dutch Art-work



than from any opportunity of examining the objects themselves.

But in that year a loan exhibition of gold and silver work was arranged at Amsterdam by the leading artistic and literary society, known throughout Holland by the name of the "Arti et Amicitiae," a society influential enough to command the support for this purpose of a very large proportion of the municipal and other corporate bodies throughout the country, as well as contributions from all the royal, national, and private Art treasures suited for the proposed collection.

It included the ancient plate of the cities of Amsterdam, Haarlem, Rotterdam, Arnheim, Zwolle, Nijmegen and Middelburg, besides others whose names are less known to English ears, specimens from the Museum of the Royal Antiquarian Society of Amsterdam, the Bishop's Museum at Haarlem, and the Bishopric of Utrecht, as well as from royal and private collections, including those of H.R.H. Prince Henry of the Netherlands, Dr. J. P. van Six of Amsterdam, and many others.

Some idea of its completeness may be gathered from the fact that no less than twenty-four of the plates in Van der Kellen's work are of objects in gold and silver which were on loan at this time.

Permission was obtained to examine and eventually, through the cordial co-operation of the Dutch Art Department, directed by Jhr. Victor de Stuers, to copy any specimens thought desirable of famous old Dutch Art, especially those of the days when the Van Vianens and Lutmas carried their craftsmanship to a technical perfection that has hardly been rivalled elsewhere; and the result has been to add to the South Kensington collection of

casts, a series that represents the Art in Holland as adequately as its history in England had been already illustrated.

It will not be surprising to those who know how few really mediæval specimens of Art workmanship have been preserved, even in the most favoured countries, that but little was found to remain in Holland of times anterior to the Union of Utrecht and the Declaration of Independence, say, for the sake of date, 1575.

It would appear that, in Burgundian times, the goldsmith's art flourished chiefly in the southern provinces of the Low Countries; all the goldsmiths of note in the fifteenth century seemed to have lived in Ghent or Bruges, and the most northerly city in which the art prospered was Antwerp. Some attention was paid to the regulation of the craft in Amsterdam and elsewhere by the Duke of Burgundy and the municipal authorities early in that century; but there is hardly an example of its work until the national energy that led to the revolt of the northern provinces, and showed itself throughout Dutch life generally, produced a school of goldsmiths which, gradu-

ally increasing in importance from 1575 to 1650, rose to be the most celebrated in Europe.

A few earlier pieces may be consulted in the South Kensington Museum, from which it will be seen that Dutch work of the middle of the sixteenth century much resembled that of our own country during the earlier part of the Elizabethan period. The goldsmiths in the east of England, and particularly at Norwich, felt the influence of the Dutch school and fashion. One such piece is a drinking-cup of the open tazza form, so popular at that time in Holland, with an engraving in the bowl showing the face, evidently a portrait, of William Courten, one of the victims of Alva, looking through the bars of his prison window. It is a Middelburg work of 1567, and the original is in the Royal Museum at the Hague. Another such cup, considered to be a piece of great historical interest, commemorates the naval exploits of Evert Heindricxsen, and exhibits his ship, the *Dolphijn*, in the bowl. This was made at Flushing in 1590.

With the opening years of the seventeenth century the most brilliant period of the Dutch school is reached, the century of



Fig. 4.—Panel of Silver.

the two Lutmas, father and son, the Van Vianen family from near Utrecht, and a goldsmith of equal excellence, whose name is lost, but who worked at Leeuwarden, in Friesland.

Of the year 1604 is the celebrated standing cup, the subject of our first illustration (Fig. 1). It is a piece known throughout Holland, and preserved in the Museum of Haarlem, together with a contemporary record of its designing, making, and cost, which gives an idea of the value set in those times on such a treasure. It formerly belonged to the Brewers' Guild in that city, and is now known as the "St. Martin's Cup of Haarlem," that saint being the patron of the brewers. It is of silver ungilt, and the cover is surmounted by a carefully modelled group consisting of a statuette of St. Martin on horseback, cutting off a portion of his cloak with his sword for the purpose of giving it to the beggar who is standing beside the saint's horse. The cup, including this statuette, is forty-five centimètres in total height, the group itself being modelled by Hendrik Keyser, a sculptor of Amsterdam, and executed by Ernest Janss Van Vianen, a well-known member

of that celebrated family of artists in metal-work, to whom



Fig. 5.—Salver in Popta Collection—c. 1650.

the whole cup was formerly attributed. The original proposal that a cup worthy of the confraternity and of its patron "*Mijnheer*" St. Martin, is still preserved, and in pursuance of this it was that the guild enlisted the most eminent artists to carry the project into execution.

Four medallions are introduced around the barrel of the cup, illustrating scenes from the life of the saint, these being designed by Hendrik Goltzius, and executed, like the surmounting statuette, by E. J. Van Vianen. The body and foot of the cup are by a native goldsmith of Haarlem, named Jacob Alckema, whose mark they bear, a circumstance which additionally identifies the workmanship of the cup with the craftsman mentioned in the records as employed upon this part of it.

There is a fine "*presentoir*" of about the same date as the Haarlem Cup, from the Municipal Treasury of Amsterdam. Such articles were amongst the luxurious appointments of the feasts of the wealthy burgomaster, who deigned not to receive his cup from the unguarded hand of the servitor. The clips made to grasp or release at pleasure the foot of the glass are in the form of crouching figures, the whole being of repoussé work and elaborately chased.

The next illustration (Fig. 2) is of a small covered cup of pure gold in the collection of H.R.H. Prince Henry of the Netherlands; a treasure which, like the cup of Haarlem, was thought worthy by Van der Kellen of being included in his *Netherlands Oudheden*. It is an example of the work of Paul van Vianen, known equally as goldsmith and painter, and is a signed and dated piece, being of the year 1610. There is a portrait within the cover of Hendrik Julius, Bishop of Halberstadt and Duke of Brunswick.

The classical scenes with which the drum is chased are in very low relief; in which, however, the perspective and distances are rendered with a skill only at the command of a

veritable master of his art. Another work confidently attributed to the same artist, but not so certainly by him, is the beautiful statuette of Atlas (Fig. 3) in the Trippenhuys at Amsterdam. It is, at any rate, by some not less skilful hand than Paul van Vianen himself; and exhibits the good form and proportion, and excellent anatomical detail, which was so striking a feature of the school under our consideration. Its date is 1619. The harmonious and appropriate treatment of the pedestal deserves the careful attention of the modern designer of such objects as centrepieces.

But one of the chief distinctions of this Dutch school was a mastery of the art of working silver into high relief with the hammer, which has never been surpassed nor even equalled in any other country, or at any other period. A wonderful example of this skill is to be seen in the panel (Fig. 4), which has been selected as one of the most remarkable pieces of execution in existence. It illustrates the perfection to which manual dexterity and technical skill in the working of the metal itself can be brought, and well deserves its place amongst the treasures of national Art workmanship in the Royal Museum at the Hague. Its author, Matthias Melin Belga, merits the record of his name if no more, for he was very



Fig. 6.—Ewer in Popta Collection—c. 1650.

certainly no mean workman of a day when every artist was



a craftsman, and many a craftsman, as we have seen, an artist too.

Scarcely, however, less wonderful as examples of repoussé work, but remarkable in many other ways besides, are the priceless treasures of plate bequeathed to the Hospital for Incurables at Marssum, near Leeuwarden, by its munificent founder, Dr. Popta, in 1712. It forms, now that other collections have been so much dispersed, perhaps the most important assemblage of really fine examples of Art metal work left in Holland; and several of them are by the unnamed artist whose master-token of a cup serves to identify the work of no unworthy successor to Ernst or even Paul van Vianen. They follow the specimens that have already been spoken of by about the space of a generation, and serve to show that the Dutchsmith had in the interval lost none of his cunning. The articles consist of an ewer, two salvers, and a pair of candlesticks; of which the ewer (Fig. 6) and one of the salvers (not that properly belonging to the ewer, but a slightly smaller one, Fig. 5) have been selected for engraving; for the elaboration of their detail and the good effect of the scenes delineated, containing figures and animals in high relief, hills and trees forming a background to the principal objects, the whole of the surfaces covered, and yet not loaded with decoration. The salver represents

the four quarters of the earth, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, each in a cartouche separated from the next by, and itself set in, a framework of the curious grotesque work so much affected in Holland at this time. There is hardly anything like it in English Art, a single specimen so ornamented is all that is known to the writer of these lines; but a reference to the engraving shows the surfaces worked entirely into shell-like forms, with soft and flowing, but complicated volutes, shaping themselves at every point into grotesque masks, which few smiths of later days could imitate with their deep and intricate folds.

The ewer (Fig. 6) is equally fine, of marked and bold jug-

like shape, with swelling bowl and large spout, the handle formed as a sea serpent, and the foot adorned with cartouches representing the elements indicated by a lion, eagle, dolphin, and salamander. The bowl is repoussé and chased with Neptune and sea-gods. As examples of chasing this ewer and the great salver belonging to it can hardly be matched.

This brings us nearly to the end of the period which produced the most celebrated artists of the Dutch school; but good work is still found later in the seventeenth century, although the supremacy was then passing to French or German hands.

As an example of the later style may be given a salver (Fig. 7), the original of which, in private hands, was exhibited in 1880 at Amsterdam. The maker, C. Baardt, of Bolswardt, in Friesland, flourished in the third quarter of the seventeenth century, and produced fine salvers and other work adorned with the most exquisite of chasing.

Enough has now been said to indicate the value and importance of the reproductions of Dutch silver work in the South Kensington Museum. It is only possible in the length of an article to touch slightly a few examples, which after all do but very inadequately illustrate the work that excelled all other of its kind for an important period in European Art-history.

Succeeding to the best years of French and Nuremberg work,

but contemporaneous with some good work of the Augsburg school, Dutch work fills a space of its own with a vigour and character that defy comparison; and accounts to the Art-student for the period that intervenes between the century of the Renaissance and the lengthened supremacy which the reign of Louis XIV. commences for France.

There is no school so adequately represented as the Dutch in the collections of casts at the South Kensington Museum, and none whose works it is more important to present in a series as complete as possible to the notice of the Art-student of the nineteenth century.

WILFRED CRIPPS.



Fig. 7.—Salver, late Seventeenth Century.

## NOTES ON JAPAN AND ITS ART WARES.\*

BEFORE proceeding further with these articles, it may be well to give some idea of a Japanese house and its contents, for without some knowledge on the subject they are as little understandable as aught else connected with this country.

The Japanese house principally differs from that of other nations in its want of substantiality. It is fixed to no foundations, for it merely rests upon unhewn stones placed at intervals beneath it, and it usually consists of a panel-work of wood either unpainted or painted black on the exterior face; sometimes it is of plaster, but this is the exception. Its roof is either shingled, tiled, or thatched with *kaya*, or hay. No chimneys break its skyline, for fires are seldom used. Where they are, their smoke issues from a hole left at the top of the angle

of the gable. The worst side of the house is usually turned towards the street, the artistic towards the garden. The houses, as a rule, evidence the fact that the nation is a poor one, and that the Jap does not launch out beyond his means, or what he can reinstate when it is destroyed, as it most probably will be during his lifetime, by fire or earthquake. Two at least of the sides of the house have no permanent walls, and the same applies to almost every partition in the interior. These are merely screens fitting into grooves, which admit of easy and frequent removal. Those on the exterior, which are called *shōji*, are generally covered with white paper, so as to allow the light to penetrate; the shadows thrown upon these, when the light is inside, find many a place in the pages of the caricaturists. The interior screens are of thick paper, and



No. 1.—A Marriage Ceremony, after Utagawa Toyokuni. From Anderson's "Pictorial Arts of Japan."

are usually decorated with paintings. The rooms in the house are for the most part small and low; one can almost always easily touch the ceilings. The size of each is planned out most accurately according to the number of mats which it will take to cover the floor. These mats are always of the same size, namely, about six feet by three feet. The rooms are also rectangular and without recesses save in the guest room, where there are two, called *toko-noma* and *chigai-dana*. In the *toko-noma* are hung the *kakémono*, or pictures, and on its floor, which is raised above the rest of the compartment, vases with flowers, an incense-burner, a figure of the household god, etc., are

placed. In our illustration, where a middle-class wedding ceremony is taking place, there are three *kakémono* behind the *chigai-dana*, and their appropriateness will be recognised by those who have followed my articles, for they illustrate the hairy-tailed tortoise and the cranes, and *Jurō-jin*, all emblems of longevity. Weddings are celebrated at night, hence the use of the lanterns (*shokudai*) and the black sky outside; the bride is drinking *saké* from a cup, this being done several times by both parties; the other persons include the parents, and the go-betweens who have arranged the match; all are in full dress (*kamishimo*); in front of the bride is a wooden pedestal for placing the *saké*-cups upon; in front of the two bridesmaids in the foreground are bowls with handles, contain-

\* Continued from page 156.



ing the saké, and ornamented with pairs of paper butterflies, emblematical of conjugal felicity. Whilst on the subject,



No. 2.—*Tobako-bon* (Eighteenth Century). From the Collection of Mrs. Ahrens.

it may also be noted that on the cornice in which the shōji slide are depicted the contents of the takara-buné, or the precious things of this life; the table in the centre of the room has upon it a representation of the shore of Takasago, with the "pine of mutual old age," and figures of Giotomba, an old man and woman, who are the spirits of the pine; the pile of boxes on the left are supposed each to contain a thousand rio, the dowry, and are called senrio-bako; there is here a good illustration of the shōji withdrawn so as to open up a view of the street; the artist has adopted a very common device of getting over the difficulty of finishing off his ceiling and his foreground by the assistance of clouds. For a full account of the marriage rite I would refer my readers to Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan," page 364.

The chigai-dana is used as a receptacle for everything which we should put in a cupboard. As a rule, it is fitted at the top with shelves, and below with a cupboard—the former for the reception of the kakémono which are not in use, the makemono or rolls, lacquer boxes, etc., and the latter for stowing away the bedding.

Almost every Japanese house has a verandah, for it is almost a necessity in a country where heavy rain is frequent, and the sides of the house are composed of fragile materials such as the shōji. Round this verandah, therefore, wooden screens called amado are placed at night and in the rainy season; these are fixed into grooves, and slide along.

No expensive paintwork, in feeble imitation of the wood it covers, stands ready to chip and scratch and look shabby. Everything remains as it left the carpenter's plane, usually smoothed but not polished. If the workman thought the bark upon the wood was pretty, he would probably leave even this, and he would certainly make no attempt to remove any artistic markings caused by the ravages of a worm or larvæ.

Besides the guest room, there is usually a special room set apart for the cha-no-yu, or tea ceremony; this is not always in the building, but may be in one apart from the house in the garden. I give from Mr. Frank's catalogue of the Ceramic Collection in the South Kensington Museum an account of this ancient ceremonial, for it has played a very important part in the history of the nation, has had much to do with the course of political events, and still more with the rigid observance of rules of etiquette, etc.

Two modes of conducting the ceremonies were observed—the winter and summer modes. In the former the garden was strewn with fir leaves, the guests retained their shoes, and the furnace for the kettle was a pit in the floor filled with ashes. In the latter, the garden was decked out with flowers, the guests took off their shoes, and a portable earthenware furnace (furo) was used.

The inside of the room was to be as plain as possible, though costly woods might be employed if the means of the host admitted it. The hours fixed for the invitations were 4 to 6 A.M., noon, or 6 P.M. The guests, assembling in a pavilion (machi ai) in the garden, announce their arrival by striking on a wooden tablet or bell, when the host himself or a servant appears to conduct them into the chamber. The entrance being only three feet square, the host kneels and lets the guests creep in before him. They being seated in a semicircle, the host goes to the door of the side room in which the utensils are kept, saying: "I am very glad that you are come, and thank you much. I now go to make up the fire." He then brings in a basket (sumi-tori)

containing charcoal in pieces of a prescribed length, a brush (mitsu-ba) made of three feathers, a pair of tongs (hibashi), the stand of the kettle (kama-shiki), iron handles for the kettle, a lacquer box\* containing incense† (kobako), and some paper. He again leaves the chamber to bring in a vessel with ashes (hai-ki) and its spoon. He then makes up the fire and burns incense, to overpower the smell of the charcoal. While he is



No. 3.—*Sêto Cha-iré* (Sixteenth Century). From the Collection of Mr. Ernest Hart.

thus occupied, the guests beg to be allowed to inspect the

\* This is used in the summer mode. In the winter a porcelain or earthenware box (kogo) is employed.

† In the winter odoriferous pastilles are burned, in the summer sandal-wood.

incense-box, generally an object of value, which passes from hand to hand, and the last guest returns it to the host.

This closes the first part of the ceremony, and both host and guests withdraw.

The second part commences with eating, and, as it is a rule that nothing should be left, the guests carry off, wrapped up in paper, any fragments that remain. The utensils used in this part of the ceremony are as follows:

1. An iron kettle (*kama*) with a copper or iron lid, resting on a stand (*kama-shiki*).
2. A table or stand (*daisu*) of mulberry wood, two feet high.
3. Two tea jars (*cha-iré*) (see illustration) containing the fine powdered tea, and enclosed in bags of brocade.
4. A vessel containing fresh water (*mizu-sachi*), which is placed under the *daisu*.
5. A tea-bowl of porcelain or earthenware (*cha-wan*, or, when of large size, *temmoku*), simple in form, but remarkable for its antiquity or historical associations.

Besides these, there is a bamboo whisk (*cha-seu*); a silk cloth (*fukusa*), usually purple, for wiping the utensils; a spoon (*cha-shaka*), to take the tea out of the *cha-iré*; and a water ladle (*shaku*). All these objects are brought in singly by the host in their prescribed order.

After solemn salutations and obeisances the utensils are wiped and some of the powdered tea is placed in the tea bowl, hot water is poured on it, and the whole is vigorously stirred with the whisk until it looks like thin spinach; a boy then carries the bowl to the chief guest, from whom it passes round the party to the last, who returns it empty to the boy. The empty bowl is then passed round once more that the guests may admire it. The utensils are then washed by the host, and the ceremony is at an end.

The ceremonial described above is that known as the "Koicha," and Dr. Funk states that he was present on one of these occasions, when the tea-bowl and water-jar were exhibited with as much pride as old Corean; the host dilated on the age and origin of the various utensils, and mentioned, for instance, that the bag of one of the tea jars was made from the dress of the celebrated dancer Kogaru, who lived in the time of Taiko Hidéyoshi.

These ceremonies were the cause of the large prices occasionally paid for the vessels of pottery used in them, especially while they were in the height of fashion; hence we hear that, in the time of Taiko Hidéyoshi, a single tea-bowl of Sétoware was sold for some thousand dollars.

From these two ceremonies it may be judged by what strict, self-imposed rules of etiquette the Japanese have been governed, and how conservative they have been regarding

them. The *cha-no-yu* had its origin three hundred years ago. A code of rules was formulated for its observance, against which there was no appeal; it inculcated morality, good-fellowship, politeness, social equality, and simplicity. "The members of the association were," as Mr. Anderson says, "the critics and connoisseurs, whose dicta consecrated or condemned the labours of artist or author, and established canons of taste, to which all works, to be successful in their generation, must conform." The *séances* constituted symposia in which abstruse questions of philosophy, literature, and art were discussed from the standpoint of acknowledged authority.

Persons in Japan who wish to start housekeeping are saved one great expense, namely, furnishing. No carpets, tables, bedsteads, wardrobes, or cupboards find a place in their requirements. Nor does the Jap require chairs, for he is

only comfortable when resting on his knees and heels on a cushion (*zaberton*); but he must have his *hibachi*, or fire vessel, and his *tobako-bon*, or tobacco tray. The *hibachi* is a portable fire-place, which throws out a slight heat, and also serves as a source whence to light the pipe. It contains small pieces of charcoal. According to the exhaustive work of Professor Morse on "Japanese Homes" (Sampson Low), whenever a caller comes the first act of hospitality, whether in winter or summer, is to place the *hibachi* before him. Even in shops it is brought in and placed on the mat when a visitor enters. At a winter party one is assigned to each guest, and the place where each is to sit is indicated by a square cloth cushion. Our illustration of the *tobako-bon* is from a beautiful specimen in natural wood, inlaid with iris's in tortoiseshell, mother-of-pearl, and ivory; the mountings are in repoussé silver; it is eighteenth-century work, of the school of Yō-yu-sai. In common with the



No. 4.—*Ko-ro* (Seventeenth Century). From the collection of Mr. W. J. Stuart.

other pieces of household furniture given here, it is of superior workmanship, and similar objects would only be found in the houses of the very well-to-do. The *tobako-bon* is also handed to a visitor; it contains a small earthen jar for holding charcoals. The baskets used for holding the charcoal for the *hibachi* and *tobako-bon* are often very artistically made. The only other articles of furniture will be the *katatsu*, a square wooden frame, which in winter is placed over the *hibachi* or stove, and is covered with a large wadded quilt or *futon* (under this the whole family huddle for warmth), the pillow (*makura*), and the lantern (*andon*) which feebly illumines the apartment.

All houses were until lately lit at night by lanterns, but now paraffine lamps are driving them out and assisting to increase the fires. Owing to the frequent visitation of fire, to which Japanese towns and villages are subject, almost every house of



any importance possesses a kura or "godown," a fireproof isolated building, in which all the valuables are kept. Fires



No. 5.—*Mizu-sashi*. From the Collection of Sir Chas. Dilke, Bart.

are so constantly occurring that it is almost impossible to take up a number of a Japanese weekly paper without more than one being notified in which several hundred houses have been destroyed.

The consumption of lanterns in Japan is enormous, without counting the export trade. Every house has dozens for internal use and for going out at night. These latter are placed in a rack in the hall; each bears the owner's name in Chinese characters, or his crest, in red or black on a white ground. One burns outside most houses and shops, and every foot-passenger carries one. No festival is complete without thousands of them. A Japanese seldom sleeps without having a lantern burning.

Smoking is an universal habit with the Japanese. It begins, interrupts, and ends his day. The pipes used are very small in the bowl, and only hold sufficient tobacco for three or four whiffs; these are swallowed and expelled through the nostrils. In consequence of their tiny capacity they are often taken for opium pipes; upon them and the tobacco artists lavish all their skill.

Many, perhaps the majority, of the objects which come to Europe are utensils for food; it may, therefore, be interesting to describe a meal in a well-to-do house, for in these principally the class of articles with which we are acquainted are used. Herr Rein says that each person is served separately on a small table or tray. For his solid food he uses chop-sticks, but his soup he drinks from a small lacquered bowl. Upon his table will be found a small porcelain bowl of rice, and dishes upon which are relishes of fish, etc.; a teapot, for the contents of which a saucer instead of a cup is used. The stimulants will be either tea (*cha*) or rice beer (*saké*). The tea is native green, and no milk or sugar

is used; it is drunk on every possible occasion, and is even served when one visits a shop. The *saké* contains a certain amount of fusel oil, and so is intoxicating; it is usually drunk warm from *saké* cups, which may be of either lacquer or porcelain. Rice being the principal condiment, a servant kneels near by with a large panful, and replenishes the bowls as they are held out to her; it is eaten at almost every meal, the only substitute being groats made out of millet, barley, or wheat. Bread is seldom used. Other favourite edibles are gigantic radishes (*daikon*), which frequently figure in Art, cucumbers, of which a single person will often consume three or four a day;\* so, too, the dark violet fruit of the egg plant, and fungi (the subject of frequent illustration) are eaten at almost every meal. With fruits the Jap is sparsely supplied; his grapes, peaches, pears, and walnuts will not compare with western specimens, but the persimmon, with which the ape is always associated, and which is always cropping up in fairy stories, a brilliant orange-coloured fruit, the size of an apple, is common enough; the tree grows to a large size, and holds its fruit in the autumn even after it has lost its leaves.

The wife eats separately from her husband, in another room with the rest of the females, and holds a position little higher than that of an upper servant.

Picnicking is one of the favourite and the mildest of the out-door amusements. It is indulged in by all classes and at all seasons of the year. At stated times the roads leading from the large towns are thronged with animated and joyous crowds proceeding to some favourite haunt. In the illustration (No. 6) will be found a picture of a picnic party who have apparently made the peach blossoming an excuse for a picnic. At such an outing each used to vie with the other in the beauty of the workmanship and art which had been expended upon his picnic set, or his *saké* jar. Doctor Dresser mentions a *bento-bako* or box which he saw in Japan, and which was priced at one hundred and fifty guineas, and there are several in this country which have a value exceeding that amount. Mr. Wm. C. Alexander's, of which an illustration is given, is by



No. 6.—*Picnicking*.

Shiomi Masanori, a renowned maker of the eighteenth century, and certainly approaches the value I have just named.

\* From these and from gourds are made the hour-glass shaped *saké* bottles, which so often find a place in pictures.

One can hardly credit it, but Doctor Dresser asserts that these precious things are carried by the owner on a hedge stake slung over his shoulder. This is hardly reconcilable with the custom of encasing them in silken handkerchiefs and wadded boxes. To such entertainments mats for sitting on, low screens for flirting behind, tobako-bons, and other objects were also carried. The ladies brought their musical instruments, and songs were sung and poetry improvised.

The excuses for picnicking are many and various. Upon a certain day in January all the world sallies forth to gather seven different kinds of grasses, which, upon the return home, are made into a salad.

which will be noticed at length in a future paper, furnished opportunities for similar harmless enjoyment.

No notice of the contents of a Japanese house would be complete without some reference to the incense-burners (ko-ro) which find a place there, and also in the Buddhist temples. These afforded employment for a large number of artists in bronze. We give an example of a fine ko-ro belonging to Mr. W. J. Stuart, the bodies of the cranes being used for the incense, which issues from perforations in a lid placed in the back. I have not been able to ascertain why birds so frequently serve for this purpose



No. 7.—*Bento-bako* (Eighteenth Century). From the Collection of Mr. Wm. C. Alexander.

So too the flower festivals, | much more than other subjects.

MARCUS B. HUISE.

## QUIET HAPPINESS.

BY CLAUD MEYER.



O many Meyers and Mayers are known in Art that popular pet names have been found for some of them, and others have been made to wear the name of their birthplace like a *nom de terre*. In most cases this familiar German name, which spreads from the Danube to the North, and appears in Russia as the family name of apparently unmixed Muscovites, is associated with familiar Teutonic subjects—daily life, child life, and *genre* in its homelier character; the most warlike of nations being also the most home-keeping, and its soldiers being bred within the organism of the family.

In 'Quiet Happiness' Mr. Claud Meyer has presented fully the charm of an interior filled by sunshine rather than by furniture—sunshine completed by reflected lights. And those

secondary suns, the reflections, are undoubtedly the most beautiful things in all the pageant of illumination which, from the sunrise to the firefly, makes the beauty of the world. It is reflected light that makes the shadows golden, and so instructs a school of colourists; for all fine colourists have the universal presence of gold hidden in their shadows. And never is sunlight reflected in such jubilant fashion as from the white linen on which some woman is at work in the long rays of an August afternoon. As to the man, he contributes less actively to the composition of light by producing smoke, on which the sun plays with pretty variations, and which gives its slight movement to a scene of so much repose. With regard to the sentiment of the picture, the artist has no doubt ascribed designedly to man and woman, no longer young, the perfect pleasure of existence. To find the world quite satisfactory it is necessary not to take an exaggerated interest in life; and the interest of the young is always inordinate.





## THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE Exhibition at Burlington House is not so good as it might have been had the best pictures more generally occupied the best places. Certain important places on the line always serve as centres of hanging, and when they are filled by bad pictures the general aspect of the gallery must be unpleasing. One may find perhaps as many fine works in this Academy as in any other, but they have not always been hung where they would have produced most effect. People are naturally interested in the few efforts which are made in great historical Art, and fortunately the two most successful specimens can be seen to advantage. Sir F. LEIGHTON'S 'Captive Andromache' and Mr. SOLOMON'S 'Niobe,' the first entirely decorative in aim and the second more or less realistic, undeniably prove their authors capable of carrying out the scheme of a big canvas with dignity and large pictorial effect. Last year we had a finer array of English portraiture than can be seen this time, but, on the other hand, some excellent examples of the French School will be found. The rapid march of landscape seems to have been checked, and in spite of a few good pictures the general display is not encouraging. It is perhaps in the smaller canvases, many of which are excellent, that we must look for the best work in this department. As usual, the water colour at the Academy will hardly bear comparison with the Institute; the sculpture, however, is both well arranged and worthy of the increased interest which the public have lately been taking in the art. Although the English school has been improving lately in the technique of painting, it cannot be denied that this exhibition shows that there is still a great want of respect for dignity of style amongst clever men. They will make a picture amusing by incident and detail, without caring sufficiently what it looks like as an artistic whole apart from its subject. We see too much false tone, sensationally bright or spotty colour, and too much coarse and commonplace modelling of very important forms. We now propose to go round the galleries room by room, making short mention of the more important or curious exhibits.

### GALLERY I.

MR. FRANK DICKSEE'S, A., 'Within the Shadow of the Church' (5) is the first good-sized figure picture we come to. It is strongly and broadly divided into light and shadow; from the shadow a monk, just entering a cold gloomy church, looks out at a woman and little child bathed in warm mellow sunlight. If interested in technique one would do well to study the refined and delicate painting of the rosebush in the left-hand corner; it is close at hand, and though large in size and full of form, nothing hard or over-laboured in the work destroys one's ideas of the softness and freedom of flowers and leaves. Nearly flanking this picture hang two small, quiet and pleasantly-coloured landscapes—'December in Brittany' (4), with red dried leaves, bare trees, and an exquisite quality of aerial distance, by Mr. ALFRED CONQUEST; and 'Yellow and Grey' (6), by Mr. D. FARQUHARSON, a white plaster cottage chequered with the sunlight and shadow which come through a large tree. Two small figure

pictures should not be passed over—Mr. BRIDGMAN'S rather hard presentment of two lovers, 'Moonlight on the Terraces, Algiers' (3); and Mr. VAN PAPENDRECHT'S dingy but very true account of 'Sailors Mending Clothes in the Royal Netherlands Navy' (13). Below the last hangs a small, but bright and powerful coast-marine, 'The Meeting of the Waters' (14), by Mr. COLIN HUNTER, A., a little work we much prefer to the larger and stiffer picture opposite it, entitled 'Fishers of the North Sea' (76). A well-composed but rather raw landscape of blue sea and green grass, 'Birchwood-by-the-Sea' (20), by Mr. MACWHIRTER, A., leads to a singularly cadaverous and many-hued 'Prince Von Bismarck' (21), by Mr. W. B. RICHMOND, A. Higher up hangs a fine specimen of Mr. FRANK HOLL'S, R.A., more robust and natural portraiture, 'Sir Andrew Clark, Bart, M.D., &c.' (22). Mr. FRITH'S, R.A., 'Poverty and Wealth' (26) shows a carriage and pair, containing ladies and children, who are being stared at by the ragged crowd around a fishmonger's shop. From this work, which occupies the centre, we pass a brown and leathery portrait of 'Sir Bradford Leslie, K.C.I.E.' (27), by Mr. G. D. LESLIE, R.A.; and the 'Attorney-General' (28), by Mr. F. HOLL, R.A., and so reach one of the largest and best of Mr. J. C. HOOK'S, R.A., coast-marines, 'Low Tide Gleanings' (32). The rocks, sea, and sky suggest the same effect, the same atmosphere, and the same sort of light in a much more consistent and satisfactory way than happens in many pictures that pretend to be more faithfully realistic.

'A Dress Rehearsal' (45), a bright scene full of white tones, by Mr. CHEVALLIER TAYLER; a dark strong effect of light, 'Venetian Lace-workers' (49), by Mr. R. H. BLUM, and a girl and dog, 'Castles in the Air' (51), by Mr. A. J. ELSLEY, are all cleverly worked with a well-known and marked French sort of handling. Mr. HENRY MOORE, A., sends a fine specimen of his usual rich and liquid blue sea, 'Nearing the Needles: return of fine weather after a gale' (62). The chalky western promontory of the Isle of Wight, warmed up by an afternoon sun, tells with fine effect between the blues of sea and sky. The picture hangs very nearly opposite Mr. Hook's, and they are two of the finest things in their way which the Academy has to show. Mr. LUKE FILDES, R.A., might have given a firmer construction to the head of 'A Schoolgirl' (63), considering that it was a diploma work. Nevertheless, in spite of this very unsatisfactory modelling, one cannot help yielding to the charm of his harmonious colouring. Mr. STACY MARKS, R.A., occupies the centre, facing Mr. Frith, with a very hard and glassy view of two men studying maps on a table, called 'From Sunny Seas' (69). Above it hangs a sincere bit of realism, 'In Time of Peace' (68), by Mr. R. G. HUTCHISON, showing a congregation of red-coated soldiers unaffectedly bored by the services of a religion of meekness and love. Mr. F. D. MILLET'S 'Love Letter' (81), and Mr. H. S. TUKE'S 'Land in Sight' (82), are two of the most thorough and conscientiously studied pictures in the room. They are very different in style. Mr. Millet leaves almost nothing to the imagination, and his

way of making out every object so carefully robs his work of mystery and charm. It is, however, beautiful work of its sort, both in colour and drawing, which he has put into the representation of this last century breakfast-room. Mr. Tuke has a very pleasant touch, and he works in the broad modern style, modelling his shadows in solid paint, and establishing the construction of his heads largely and surely, but without any obnoxious affectation of system or dexterity. A boy, full of his information, bursts into a rough cabin where two men have been playing cards and drinking tea. The head of the red-haired man who has just started up deserves especial study; both in colour and in form it is really superb. Mr. VAL PRINSEP, A., shows us 'Medea the Sorceress' (89), culling baneful herbs in a mysterious forest, which seems to us painted too hardly and with too much insistence on twigs to be really gloomy and impressive. It seems, however, better and more serious in idea and execution, and above all pleasanter in general colour, than his late work. We had forgotten a landscape, 'Floods in the Thames Valley' (25), by Mr. J. H. SNELL, hung somewhere above Mr. Frith's picture, and which is not without interest, from its size and its resemblance to the work of Cecil Lawson. On the other side of the room, amongst one or two good pictures placed high, it is worth while to look at Mr. GEORGE WALTON'S strong, solid, freshly-coloured portrait of a lady in black, 'Mrs. Chant' (75).

#### GALLERY II.

The second room, having three doors, affords little space for large pictures, and only contains one marked central position at its far end. This is occupied by a good-sized but commonplace picture, by Mr. T. FAED, R.A., called, 'And with the Burden of Many Years' (126), and representing an old woman sitting with a bundle on her back on a somewhat flimsy and unreal bank.

The first canvas that will be likely to be remarked, taking the pictures in the order of hanging, is 'A Siren' (95), by Mr. E. ARMITAGE, R.A. The nude figure, sitting on the rocks, is decidedly well drawn, though painted without charm of manner or of colour, while the sea and the ships, whose crew the siren would fain lure to destruction, seem to bear no effective relation to the figure, either in decoration or in atmospheric distance. The colour is cold and dry, and the picture is without any of the charm of illusion.

'The Countess of Cottenham' (97), by Mr. HERMAN SCHMIECHEN, is a portrait of a lady in dark velvet, worked out on a good convention, but without sufficient decision. We pass without delay 'Sir Richard J. Dacres' (101), in a field-marshal's uniform, by Mr. P. MORRIS, A.; and 'The Earl of Harewood' (107), by Mr. E. J. POYNTER, R.A.; and give a glance at 'Ida and Evelyn, Daughters of Colonel Verner' (103), executed with some vigour by Miss IDA VERNER.

Well placed on the line is something much more interesting than anything hitherto reached in the second room. Mr. G. BOUGHTON, A., has rarely failed in landscape, and he has certainly not done so in 'A Golden Afternoon, Isle of Wight (near Luccombe)' (102). It reminds us of his very best work, and, like it, both recalls Nature and is steeped in the flavour of the artist's personality. Some slender sprays bearing leaves shoot up lightly in the foreground; behind them the downs roll in waves of soft greyish green and brown, dotted here and there with red roofs, trees, and sheep, and

topped with a beautifully luminous and mellow sky. Passing a rather rusty-looking landscape, by Mr. H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A., we come to a good, fresh-looking open-air view by Mr. E. A. WATERLOW, entitled, 'Wolf! Wolf!' (121). The title is illustrated by some small figures of a pastoral sort, but the picture is virtually a landscape, and introduces us to a delightfully picturesque country, furnished with wind-blown trees full of grotesque character.

Now we come upon two bold-looking portraits by Mr. HUBERT HERKOMER, A., flanking Mr. Faed's central picture on the end wall. 'Sir John Pender' (122) is not as fine in colour or modelling as 'The Rev. the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge' (127). These pictures, in which the flesh stands out brightly from a mass of dark, juicy colour, recall Mr. Holl's organization of a picture, and they would be unexceptionable if the flesh tints were a little purer.

Mr. DAVID MURRAY'S 'All adown a Devon Valley' (132) shows a very careful, almost pre-Raphaelite, rendering of small things. Surely the scene, taking in as it does an elaborate foreground of flowers and grasses, a near middle distance of innumerable apple-trees in blossom, and embracing in the further distance a church tower, lines of hill, and a steep descent to the blue sea, is much too panoramic a view for such a style of treatment. The picture is truer as to tone, and softer as to workmanship, than most of Mr. Murray's larger works, while the colour of the distant blossoms is very tender and fresh. A small, low-toned landscape, a complete contrast to Mr. Murray's brightness, hangs close to the door leading to the third room. Called 'Summer: Valley of the Dee' (140), and painted by Mr. T. W. ALLEN; it shows a stretch of darkened, quiet country, treated with considerable breadth. Mr. A. MOORE'S decorative, or rather decoratively intended, 'River-side' (139), for it is a great falling off from his former tender colour and delicate workmanship, is an upright canvas, representing three female figures dressed in blue, orange, and yellow, and relieved against a background of foliage. Almost next to it comes a fair likeness (141) of Mr. E. POYNTER, R.A., by himself, intended for the Royal Gallery of the Uffizi Palace.

On the other side of the entrance to the third room we meet with several portraits and a landscape or two; a few pictures, indeed, but amongst them one or two remarkable works. As portraits we have 'His Eminence Cardinal Manning' (147), from Mr. OULESS, R.A.; 'The Rev. Archdeacon Sanders' (149), from Mr. A. HACKER; 'Monsieur Pasteur' (153), from M. CAROLUS-DURAN; and 'Count de Torre-Diaz' (155), from Mr. WILLIAM CARTER. As landscapes, 'The Bauble Boat' (148) and 'The Feast of the Osprey' (160), by Mr. HOOK; 'A Breezy Day in the Channel' (154), by Mr. HENRY MOORE; 'From the Woods to the Sea' (164), by Mr. PARTON; and 'A Bridge on the Kennet' (165), by Mr. YEEND KING.

Mr. Carolus-Duran's subtle and refined modelling of 'Monsieur Pasteur' is enforced with so much knowledge and style that his picture deserves to be called the best portrait of the year. It is certainly the best that this painter has ever shown in England. It should please most people, for not only is the workmanship masterly, the construction of the head splendidly thorough, and the tone silvery, but judging by the force with which the character of the face is brought home to us, it must be a capital portrait. As we have shown, it is hung beside work by painters of some merit and reputation, and yet in comparison with it their pictures look



either coarse or flimsy. Mr. Oules certainly is not at his best in the rosy texture and false tone of his portrait of the Cardinal, but Mr. Carter's picture is unquestionably a fine straightforward work, and Mr. Hacker's is not without the merit of dash and vigour.

## GALLERY III.

The three principal centres in the third room are filled in the following manner:—At the end a fairly-drawn but waxy figure, subject 'David's Promise to Bathsheba' (189), by Mr. F. GOODALL, R.A.; at the sides Sir F. LEIGHTON'S huge decorative picture, 'Captivé Andromache' (227); and Sir JOHN MILLAIS'S landscape, 'Murtly Moss, Perthshire' (292).

Proceeding more or less in the order of the numbering, immediately upon turning the corner from the second room we come upon a small picture, 'Good Friends' (171), the diploma work of Mr. MARCUS STONE, R.A. The artist has pulled himself together for the occasion, and the landscape part of the scene shows some excellent painting of sincerer quality than usual. The pink figures are carefully done, but they give an air of triviality and gaiety to the little picture which disturbs its pleasant repose.

Mr. G. F. WATTS, R.A., contributes a stately figure, 'Dawn' (173), painted in his usual manner. The yellow-flushed sky stands in a merely conventional relation to the figure, and its colour might be with advantage less brassy.

Two portraits, 'J. Haynes Williams, Esq.' (175), by Mr. SEYMOUR LUCAS, A., and 'H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, K.G., as an Elder Brother of the Trinity House' (179), by Mr. F. HOLL, R.A., bring us to 'A Norfolk River' (183), a landscape, in which Mr. PETER GRAHAM, R.A., has changed his idea of a subject without very much changing his manner. His composition is pleasing, and his picture is strong and bright in its general appearance, but his tone is shallow. His sky looks papery; his windmill scarcely solid enough.

Mr. LONG, R.A., has made a likeness of Lord Randolph Churchill (184), but neither the colour nor the workmanship is pleasing.

After a picture very careful and even in tone, 'The Last of the Ebb: Great Yarmouth, from Breydon Water' (188), by Mr. T. F. GOODALL, we reach Mr. F. GOODALL'S, R.A., before-mentioned 'David's Promise to Bathsheba' (189), which, no more than Mr. JAMES SANT'S, R.A., 'Mrs. Cubitt' (190), need detain us from going on to Mr. HENRY MOORE'S, A., richly-coloured sea-piece 'Westward' (195).

No. 198, 'The Right Hon. Sir Reginald Hanson, Bart., Lord Mayor in the year of the Jubilee (1887),' by The Hon. JOHN COLLIER, is a fine, solid, presentable full length, excellently modelled, and treated with a conscientious respect for accessories. The white fur has been painted with particular care, and yet it cannot be said to harm the head.

No. 205, 'Le Barde Noir,' a small elaborately worked canvas, comes from the brush of the celebrated artist and professor of painting, Mr. J. L. GÉRÔME, H.R.A. The modelling of the dark skin, the exquisite quality of the blue background, and the finish of the whole thing are well worthy of admiration.

Mr. JOHN BRETT'S, A., trivial little sketch, 'The Entrance to Hareslade Cove, Gower' (206), may be well passed over;

not so Mr. HENRY WOODS'S, A., fresh colour and clever painting in 'Saluting the Cardinal' (213). The figures are small but elegantly worked, and most interest attaches to the excellent rendering of the buildings, which are steeped in a soft, gentle, and truly open-air effect.

Mr. JOHN PETTIE'S, R.A., picture, 'The Traitor' (220), is not quite the success it promised to be, probably owing to the exaggerated sheen of satin cushions. After passing a good example of Mr. F. HOLL, R.A., 'Earl Spencer, K.G.' (221), we reach the centre of the first long wall, a place occupied by one of the most notable pictures of the year.

'Captivé Andromache' (227) is one of the most important works which the President of the Royal Academy has ever painted. We are struck at first sight by its fine arrangement and by its broad distinction of light and shade. The figures are placed on a white pavement, between a dark wall in shadow on the left, and a white one lit up on the right. Dark groups give vigour to the foreground, and we look out into a distance of hills romantically shaped like those of the Dauphiné. Of course it must be understood that these elements are not treated according to the letter of realism, but in a large spirit of mural decoration, which gives full play to Sir F. Leighton's fine drawing and learned conventionalism.

Mr. MARCUS STONE, R.A., displays more strength, patience, and sincerity in his 'In Love' (236) than he has done for a long time past. Mr. HOOK'S, R.A., 'The Day for the Lighthouse' (254) shows a wide spread of sand, several figures, and a rocky islet out at sea.

We now reach one of those works which at least command respect for the art and the manipulative skill with which they have been put together. We have seen, however, similar colour and similar treatment from Mr. ORCHARDSON, R.A., and there is nothing new or exceptional in 'Her Mother's Voice' (286), unless it be the absence of the pink lamp to which Mr. Orchardson has accustomed us. The dress clothes, the white shirt front, the lady in white, the furniture, the yellow atmospheric haze, are all become somewhat too familiar to us of late years.

Of course 'Murtly Moss, Perthshire' (292), by Sir J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., will generally be considered the most interesting landscape of the year. We do not know that it is quite that; its handling is not bold enough, but, without question, it shows both ability and feeling. The sky is of a beautifully soft and silvery tone, the distance well developed, and the reeds, all but those in the extreme foreground, mass together in spite of the detailed manner in which they are treated. Another first-rate landscape comes from Mr. A. CONQUEST, 'Through the Beech Woods, Pont Aven' (294), a very true and broad rendering of a winter scene; is indeed one of the most sincere things in the Academy. The sky is good, and the tall beech boles, the ground carpeted with dead leaves, and the little figures, are all in perfect tone.

In Mr. ALMA TADEMA'S, R.A., 'Roses of Heliogabalus' (298) we cannot help deprecating the want of taste which permitted him to dispense altogether with the art of composition. All this fine technical skill in rendering flesh, marble, and metal is thereby thrown away, for it is impossible to regard the picture as a whole without a swimming of the head.



"Drink health to the Zincali, wildest of tribes." From a drawing by Lockhart Bogle.

## THE HERKOMER PLAY.

A SMALL unpretentious building, the walls lined with pitch-pine, a delicate frieze of carved leaves running round the cornice; a flat ceiling in square panels, each panel ornamented with graceful stencilled arabesques on a dull red ground; a low gallery with an exquisite balustrade of carved oak-leaves, running across the end of the room; and facing it, a wide low gilt arch, framing heavy satin curtains of a dead-leaf colour: such were the surroundings of all the sorts and conditions of men and women who had come to Bushey to see the "Herkomer play."

If any single member of the audience had been asked, in the words of Scripture, "What went ye out for to see?" it is doubtful whether he or she would have arrived at a coherent answer, the general idea, to which every one seemed to hold fast, being that they were going to see "a fragment," an imperfect, more or less incoherent and unfinished pantomime. On how many, I wonder, did it dawn that what they saw was as finished and perfect a *whole* as any other work of Art, be it picture, music, or statuary? It is true that the one thing dear to the heart of the British public in all questions of Art, *i.e.* a "story," was chiefly conspicuous by its absence, or was only suggested sufficiently to allow each one the secret joy of amplifying it according to his own inclinations. And surely for any one with the smallest amount of imagination there was story enough and to spare. Love returned yet

ill-requited, sorrow, pride, joy, mystic worship, Bacchanalian glee, suspicion, and triumphant confidence—these are only some of the human passions brought before us in most expressive pantomime; and it is surely not difficult to supply the dialogue under such circumstances. In fact, it seemed to me that, if anything, the side to further develop in the play was that of pantomime, not of utterance. The human voice has a power of disillusion all its own, and a sentiment that will appear charming in dumb show, will set all one's nerves jarring when clothed in words and uttered by a voice with Cockney inflections.

But to return to the play itself. The music wailed in the unseen orchestra (similar to that of Wagner in his *Siegfried Idyll*), the Spirits of the wood and the Undines sobbed to each other from the dark places of the forest, the wind rustled through the boughs and commenced to sweep the wisps and veils of mist round the hilltops, before the dawn; with a delicate, shivering sound, the curtains parted and swept up and back to each side, disclosing a dell on the skirt of forest and moor. The moorland stretches away at the back, purple and mysterious under its swathes of mist, to a low line of hills that culminates in a cone like that of Fusi-yama, on which shines the misty light of a summer moon, as she travels slowly across the sky before the coming of the dawn. Down in the dell is the gipsy camp; the flickering light of



their camp-fire falls on the groups of sleepers, and for once we were allowed to see stage-sleepers in perfectly natural



*The Shepherd finds the Gipsy Necklace in the Deserted Camp.*

attitudes. Some on their backs, others prone on their faces on the turf, others propped against trees, or, overcome with slumber, with their heavy heads resting on their drawn-up knees, they were all perfectly natural, and the artistic merit of their grouping was only intensified by the absence of any straining after effect. Amongst the sleepers glides the sorceress, a small slight figure with black hair veiling her forehead and eyes, and clad in greyish white with jewelled girdles and breast-plates. She is not without grace, is this Gipsy Queen, but the movements of her arms are somewhat monotonous and studied; either less study or more is needed, for everything depends in a certain measure on the sorceress's mystic movements, their beauty and their appropriateness. She is restless and anxious for the return of her messenger with the stolen princelet, on whose possession the fortunes of the tribe depend. From the rock overlooking the dell she scans the path over the moor, and like Sister Ann, sees no signs of the deliverer. But a sorceress has more knowledge of the black arts than Blue Beard's sister-in-law, and in a most weird and impressive incantation, sung on the outlook rock, her form outlined against the waning moon, she prays for the luck-child's arrival; and not in vain, for the attendant brings him as soon

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as the song is over. The child is consigned to the Queen's tent, where the maid sings a lullaby, a commonplace air, and most indifferently sung; its most pleasing feature being the string accompaniment of the orchestra. The Queen, left alone again amongst the sleepers, is suddenly confronted by Jack, the gipsy minstrel, and her ardent worshipper; and a very pretty bit of pantomime, expressive of his adoration for her, and the struggle of her heart between love for Jack and duty to her followers, takes place, after which she vanishes, and leaves the love-lorn Jack to sing a love-lorn ditty, which he does in so utterly heart-broken a fashion, that it is perfectly impossible to understand the words. According to the programme they are by George Eliot. And, *en parenthèse*, may it not be allowed to ask why this dismal lover should be called Jack? The "argument" assigns the supposed date to be about 1450, and the supposed place "within the outskirts of a forest in the mountainous parts of Germany," and somehow with neither date nor place does the name of Jack, un-mediaeval and un-Teutonic as it is, fit in. In the delicate semi-mystic, moonlit mystery of that forest dell, with the diaphanous form of the sorceress, with her gold bracelets and gleaming girdles, gliding about between the boles of the trees, the name of Jack was a most distinct and jarring anomaly, and in less perfect surroundings would have gone far to spoil them. The gipsy girl's song, which follows the awakening of the camp and the entrance of the dancing-girls who tease the love-sick minstrel, was hardly a success, and Mr. Burmand's words are curiously out of place and *modern* in style for *circa* 1450; but this passing criticism is caused by



*The Captain.*

the programme that supplied the text, for not one word could be distinguished from the singer. The same reproach of

unintelligibility might, however, be made against all the company, and no doubt is one of the most serious difficulties in the path of anyone who wishes to get something sung in England. Such being the case, it is, perhaps, invidious to remark upon Mr. Burnand's words, for as they were not heard, they could hardly be considered inappropriate.

The music of the chorus "A Wandering Spirit," and also of the chorus of men, "Drink health to the Zincali," was beautiful, and both choruses were sung with immense spirit; and the grouping of the gipsies round the camp-fire, while they listen to Jack's "Serenade," which the dancing-girls have worried him to sing, might well teach something to many stage-managers. The dance of men and girls was full of life; but it must be owned that the men excelled the girls

in dancing as well as in singing. The young lady students of Bushey were too suggestive of the young lady students of Clapham, and failed to convey the idea of unfettered, unconventional gipsy grace in their wild dancing; but their entrance, and particularly their exit, when they vanish off the stage in the most unexpected way, like a whirl of old leaves blown before the wind, were worthy of much praise. After the dance the bundles are made preparatory to the start, and the men vanish after the dancing girls, leaving the captain, a picturesquely wild and uncouth figure, alone in the dell, when he sings a song, with words by George Eliot, and a clinging refrain:—

"For to roam and ever to roam  
Is the Zincali's loved home!"



*Minstrel and Sorceress.*

The music of the song itself is fine, but in the accompaniment is introduced a waltz tune, which, though no doubt suggestive of the dancing girls who have just left the dell, has a rather jarring and commonplace effect in conjunction with the sad and lonely song of the gipsy captain. As the last notes die away, the band returns, the curtain of the tent is slowly drawn aside, and the sorceress appears with the stolen child, bewildered, half-frightened at the strange uncouth beings that crawl at his feet and surround him, kissing his hands and the hem of his tunic in passionate worship and adoration. This scene is interrupted by the entrance of a stray hermit, on his way home at what would seem to be rather an odd hour for a saintly man. The gipsies, wisely distrusting him, shrink back from his proffered blessing, and the hermit passes away, leaving the sorceress seated on a rough couch covered with

skins, with the luck-child lying across her knees. The whole tribe defile past the throne, in lowly reverence bowing to the ground before their queen and her *protégé*; and this is one of the most effective scenes of the whole play, the attitude of the sorceress being full of grace and dignity. When all have passed by, the men lift the couch on their shoulders with a sudden swinging movement, and bearing thus in triumph both sorceress and luck-child, the whole tribe wind their way through the dell, singing in chorus, and vanish through the wood as the moon sets, and the rosy fore-runner of the dawn begins to mount the eastern sky.

The streaks of red grow brighter, lemon and orange begin to bloom over Fusi-yama, and the veils of mist rise from the marshy moorland, where the grey morning light is beginning to be reflected in the pools. One feels the chill in the air,



the gipsies' fire flickers in the embers, and across the silence of that most silent hour of all the day or night, the hour before sunrise, falls the faint tinkle of a sheep-bell and a few notes on a shepherd's reed-pipe, followed by the appearance of the young shepherd himself, who comes springing down

the rocks into the dell, from which the gipsies have vanished, like the coming of morning into the dark places of the night. This fair son of the dawn is light of heart and voice; he dances in sheer gladness, and when a fair little shepherdess arrives, he leads her to the rock where the sorceress



*The old Shepherd's dread of the Gipsies.*

repeated her dark incantations, and there, bathed in the glowing eastern light, their fair faces and forms outlined against the pearly shell-like tints of the morning sky, he sings to her a hymn to the dawn, and still singing this, they pass down the rocks hand in hand and out of sight. The old shepherd, who has followed his son, leans on his crutch listening to the

clear young voice; the sky grows brighter and brighter, and with the same rustling shiver as before, the satin curtains fall together, shutting us out from one of the most exquisite pictures it has ever been our lot to see.

A play, a pantomime, or a pictured poem—which title does it best deserve?

GERTRUDE E. CAMPBELL.

## THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

A NEW clique reigns in the Grosvenor, and the general complexion of the exhibition has altered considerably. It remains, however, a private gallery, serving private ends, and representing private views of Art. But what large English gallery can be called fairly representative of the Art and artists of the country? The larger institutions have no characteristic of the ideal national show, except the inevitable and inconvenient ones of size and confusion. How can it be otherwise when they are managed and hung by small cliques? If we really want that cumbrous advantage, a nationally representative annual exhibition, we can only get it by giving each coterie a room, and letting them judge their own work. It is better, and it will probably happen, that each school should get up an exhibition of its own. Meantime the Gros-

venor frowns on the imitators of the Primitives, of Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and Costa, whom it once delighted to honour. It has mainly encouraged the schools that rose with Fred. Walker, and to some extent the later developments of Art which came from the Continent. Amongst these are some unquestionably fine pictures, but the best are not always in the best places, and the gallery is perhaps a little dull. Nevertheless it keeps its old advantages over the Academy; it is tastefully hung, it is not overcrowded, and most of the pictures can be seen. Of course the walls are by no means entirely free from that sort of high official bad picture which is always jammed down one's throat among other inexplicable incongruities of society, that no one wants and every one calmly accepts. It would be indecent, however, in the

face of the Academy to grumble much at a few concessions made to bad Art coming from good reputations. The hanging has been done conscientiously, but there was want of a division of labour, of a wider sympathy, to prevent an occasional disproportion in the estimate of schools and men. Whether it could have been otherwise or not, there was certainly but a small choice of important figure-work for the main centres. We cannot, therefore, quarrel with the way in which these conspicuous positions have been filled. If, however, the two ends of the West Gallery are to be seriously considered the points of honour, the pictures which occupy them, excellent as they are in some qualities, must be said to fall rather too conspicuously short in others. Mr. Arthur Hacker's 'By the Waters of Babylon,' etc., has the faults and merits of his picture of last year. Composition, colour, and sentiment are good. The style of handling is artistically suitable to the subject, but as it is applied to a confused perception of planes, to a coarse, untrue view of modelling, it loses half its virtue. The merit of Mr. W. F. Britten's 'Noble Family of Huguenot Refugees shipwrecked on the Suffolk Coast,' lies in a vivid illustration of the story, good facial expression, and fair drawing and modelling. These are not sufficient to excuse poorness of colour and certain stiff, feeble lines of waves, etc., as conspicuous as they are meaningless and disadvantageous to the composition. More powerful and more thorough in treatment, if less dignified in intention than these, Mr. Jacob Hood's 'Triumph of Spring,' and Mr. John Reid's 'Smugglers,' fully merit the sub-centres which they occupy. The first canvas, pitched in a very high and bright scale of open-air-looking colour, shows quite a fair science of realism placed at the disposal of a poetic idea. Indeed, one feels that the artist has at times hampered himself more than need be with realistic considerations, so that his work has a little the appearance of an imaginative scene, conceived with hardly enough *abandon*. Some of the figures are beautifully painted, so are the blossoms, and the whole grouping has been done on an excellent principle. Mr. Reid's work produces the contrary effect of an ordinary realistic subject, treated with all the decorative freedom and intemperate warmth, if not the dignity, of certain old masters. Considering that Mr. Reid cares nothing for the natural conditions of his scene, why should he not choose a more suitable subject, instead of lavishing all the jammy richness and extreme decorative pomp of Rubens upon old clothes and rags? His colour, however, in itself is good, and his large and juicy touch gives point to its exuberance. Mr. Clausen's treatment of ordinary life in 'A Plough Boy' is fitted to call up all those associations connected with actual facts of eyesight, and none of those sentiments which speech and literature have woven round every subject. This picture is the high-water mark of realism in the gallery; the reliefs of the various objects from the *ensemble* are marvellously subtle

and natural, the modelling perfect in its way, without any attempt at grandeur or emotional effect. The style and technique is that of Bastien Lepage, but the work is done with a mastery which no other picture in the exhibition quite reaches, and which, had it been at the service of some of the men of more original and poetic intention, would have produced wonderful results.

Mr. E. J. Gregory's 'Miss Mabel Galloway' shows great sympathy with the type of the sitter and with the beauty of various accessories, but things do not quite keep their places, while the modelling is far less subtle than Mr. Clausen's, and the handling infinitely less clever and suggestive. Mr. J. J. Shannon, at least in his best picture, 'Henry Vigne, Master of the Epping Forest Harriers,' a picture in the chief place of the East Room, manages to convey a finer sense of form beneath his "chic" style than he did in his work of last year. All these are good works, and we could if we had space say a great deal about others by Messrs. W. B. Richmond, F. Holl, W. H. Margetson, J. Collier, T. Graham, Professor Menzel, Stuart Wortley, and a few others which, if not so conspicuous, ought to be mentioned in the same category. As usual, there are some fine landscapes; Messrs. W. J. Hennessey, Henry Moore, Mark Fisher, and Arthur Lemon, who took the honours last year, contribute also on this occasion. Mr. H. Moore does not reach his usual level; Mr. Fisher's 'Winter Fare' is a beautiful example of a personal style free from all mannerism, French or otherwise. His picture is fresh, accidental, charming, and conceals beneath its ease of method a fine study of tree form. Mr. Lemon in a 'Breezy Day,' and Mr. Hennessey in 'Spring,' have quite surpassed themselves, and to our way of thinking their work is about the best in the show. The merits of their work lie greatly in the fact that it is not base realism, but simply a true impression backed up with all the resources of style and feeling in picture-making. Mr. Lemon is bold, rich, romantic, and strong; Mr. Hennessey exquisitely delicate, subtle, and fairy-like. It is much to be regretted that these canvases are placed in the worst possible positions. We may add that Mr. D. Murray, whose big canvas 'Shine and Shower,' however, certainly deserves the distinction, has many pictures on the line out of seventeen in the show. When we take Mr. Leslie Thomson's grand and poetical little sketch 'Morning'—a large small picture, if ever there was one, and Mr. E. Ellis's bold and madly-powerful 'Full Summer, Flambro,' we shall have mentioned the cream of that sort of work, which is neither inartistically realistic nor weakly and impossibly imaginative, neither mechanically clever nor stupidly featureless, neither modern French nor old English. We should wish to speak of work by Messrs. Napier Hemy, Alfred East, F. Hind, Savile Flint, J. E. Christie, W. Rattray, Henry Simpson, Adrian Stokes, Anderson Hague, and J. Aumonier, who have all done excellently, but it is, unhappily, impossible.

## THE WATER COLOUR EXHIBITIONS.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.  
—If comprehension of an artist's aims and some sympathy with them are necessary before one can give any opinion about his work, the less we say about many of the pictures in

this show the better. We confess to not understanding the aims of men who neither care about decorating a space in fine fashion, nor seem desirous of showing how and in what proportion they feel the qualities of Nature. Not knowing



what it is that they wish to do with their strangely related stains of pink, blue, yellow, etc., and the little dots and strokes that they employ, we cannot say whether they succeed or not. There are, however, several pictures which convey to us an impression of how a man saw a scene or imagined a scene, because we can see in them the resources of style and treatment employed to forward a certain aspect, and to prevent its being overpowered by anything fortuitous. We will say a word or two about a few of these. In the so-called realistic division Mr. Arthur Melville is the most brilliant, forcible, and stylish in his statement of facts. 'Waiting an Audience with the Pasha' and 'The Snake-Charmers,' contain Eastern figures, costumes, and surroundings, beautifully painted in a most dashing and expressive manner; 'Kirkwall Fair,' again, is an impressionistically clothed rendering of grey northern weather, houses, and duskily-dressed street crowd. Mr. R. W. Allan is a sound, sober realist of a more ordinary type. He is less dashing in style, less apt at broad generalization than Mr. Melville, but such pictures as 'Evening' or 'An Old Boat-building Yard' deserve credit as strong comprehensible interpretations of a sincere sort of vision. Messrs. Alma Tadema, H. C. Waite, E. A. Waterlow, R. Thorne Waite, Eyre Walker, P. J. Naftel, and a few more send true reports of Nature. The most striking of the idealistic pictures comes from Sir John Gilbert. His 'After the Battle' triumphs in the force of its idea over a certain stringiness in the execution. All that we need demand of a picture of so noble and so inspiring a composition is that the technique shall not embarrass or stifle the real conception. This, at least, Sir John Gilbert has avoided, and indeed in places his workmanship is not very far inferior to his sentiment and intention. Pleasant feeling and an imaginative sort of treatment may also be found in Mr. A. W. Hunt's 'Wind of the Eastern Sea,' which is more effectively broad than most of his work; in Mr. A. Goodwin's 'Lincoln,' and in work by Miss C. Montalba, and Messrs. H. Moore, Matthew Hale, and one or two more. Mr. A. E. Emslie in 'Shakspeare or Bacon' paints a picture of humorous incident with irreproachable technique.

#### THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

—This Exhibition contains many good pictures of various sorts, but it is too large and miscellaneous a collection to be entirely pleasant. So many small-sized works all touching each other produce bewilderment and exhaustion. One can really enjoy and appreciate the same men's work much better when it is hung in the smaller private galleries or one-man shows. The President, Sir James Linton, to begin at the right end, sends as usual some seriously and elaborately worked costume figures, perhaps a little mechanical looking in their similarity and their smoothness of execution. 'Sacharissa,' a very pleasant blending of harmonious blues and creams, pleases us most. Mr. E. J. Gregory, in his 'Study of Costume,' adds to an equally beautiful elaboration

a more delicate charm and a greater freedom of style. As usual there are many pictures with good subjects, plenty of character and expression, pointed drawing, and telling arrangement of the illustration kind, which are yet disappointing as paintings, as decorative colour, or as consistent realisations of effect. In one or other of these respects the following clever pictures and a few others like them are lacking—Mr. W. Hatherell's 'Quarterdeck of a P. and O. Steamer'; Mr. C. Green's very amusing and sympathetically felt drawing, 'Mr. Turveydrop's Dancing Academy'; Mr. J. Nash's excellent illustration of a subject, 'The Haunted Chamber'; Mr. T. Gray's spirited and lively 'Sortie.' Among the landscapes too are pictures that would be just as pleasing were they in black and white. The scheme, for instance, of Mr. Huson's 'Hard is the Life that begs it from the Sea,' is much more effective and poetical in the slight indication given in the Catalogue than in the actual picture. A broad and suggestive dreaminess wraps the whole scene in a tranquillity centered round the one active element, a vast smooth roller majestically pouring in on the flat beach. In the picture this fine pictorial idea is weakened by hard, poor, and inappropriate colour, and overlaid and buried in useless and fidgety details. Something of the sort may be said of a large majority of the landscapes. It applies, for instance, to Mr. F. Walton's 'The Black Rock, Widemouth Bay,' and even his charming little upright of cliffs and sea would be the better for a less wiry treatment of the water. Mr. Walter Severn, in his bold and striking sunset, 'Mussel-Gatherers hurrying from the Tide, Morecambe Bay,' has succeeded in combining more force and a more logical rendering of effect with his poetic feeling than he has in any previous work that we remember. Whilst speaking of pictures of fine imaginative quality we must not forget to mention Mr. J. R. Wells's romantic 'Treasure Galleon'; Mr. Joseph Knight's 'Weeding,' an ordinary subject indeed, but treated with effective largeness and a soberly dignified realism; Mr. J. S. Hill's tender and mellow scheme of colour, 'Barns,' and Mr. Keeley Halswelle's vigorous sketch, 'On the Greta, Yorkshire.' There is, of course, plenty of good realism, some of it freely handled, as in the work of Messrs. Claude Hayes, Rickatson, Caffieri, Alfred Parsons, Ayerst-Ingram, Anderson Hague, Peter Ghent, E. M. Wimperis, John White, and others; some of it executed in a more laborious style by Messrs. Yeend King, E. Bucknall, Leopold Rivers, etc. Of course it is impossible to pretend to mention the tenth part of what is worth seeing in so large an exhibition; we might, however, direct notice to two out of the very few full-sized figures that the gallery contains. Mr. Reginald Barber sends a well-drawn portrait of a lady, painted in an ordinary convention, and meaninglessly called, unless there is some mistake in the catalogue, 'Barred Clouds bloom the soft-dying day.' The other, 'A Brother of the Brush,' by Mr. Hubert Vos, represents a boot-black, and belongs to the advanced impressionistic school.

## THE PARIS SALON.



THE catalogue of the Salon of 1888 numbers—counting oil paintings, drawings, and watercolours—3,705 works. If to these are added the 1,125 exhibits of sculpture, the engravings and architectural drawings, it will be easy to understand that before such a number of works, where mediocrity is predominant, it is only possible to give a general idea of the whole exhibition.

In a measure the Salon is only the reflection of the events and preoccupations of the day. Last year, under the influence of political anxiety, battle-pieces were many, and painters and sculptors vied with each other in portraying the features of General Boulanger. This year battle-pieces are scarce, and even pictures—such as 'The Sailors,' of M. Berne-Bellecour; the 'Manœuvres d'Artillerie,' of M. Armand-Dumaresq; the everlasting little 'Soldiers on the March,' of M. Protais; and the 'Salle d'Armes,' of M. Marius Roy—must be ranked among the *tableaux de genre*.

Following M. Roll, who last year showed us war in its gloomiest aspect, M. Beaumetz has tried to paint the victorious flight of revenge. It is very inferior to the 'Lendemain de Champigny' of M. Boutigny, who shows us the ambulanciers of the Red Cross carrying the victims of the battle; or the 'Combat de Cavalerie' of M. Bauesne, a rather heavy painting perhaps, but broadly treated.

In these works the palm must certainly be given to M. Detaille, who for the last few years had not exhibited at the Salon. He still exhibits that marvellous precision of detail and that knowledge of soldier-life which makes him the first of French battle painters. His picture 'Le Rêve' represents a bivouac of infantry on a plain lighted by fires burning here and there. The sentinel watches over the piled arms, while officers and soldiers, rolled in blankets and coats, dream of former fights; in the dark sky, as in the celebrated 'Revue de César décédé' by Raffet, appear visions of the armies. Drums beat, and torn flags wave; and away in the distance stretch long files of ghastly warriors. It is a remarkable composition, and the most impressive in the whole Exhibition.

The deplorable influence of M. Puvis de Chavannes over his contemporaries is very marked this year. Painters who prided themselves in their colouring burn now what they once worshipped; torture themselves to renounce their pristine qualities, and, like their master, paint pale and anæmic figures in colourless landscapes. Such is the case with Humbert, who once seemed to have gathered a fragment of Delacroix's palette, but now paints in greys and dull purples, so much the more disagreeable by their contrast to his first compositions. There are, however, great qualities in his tryptich called 'Maternité.' In the centre a mother carrying

two infants in her arms; on the left a young girl, pale and wretched-looking, gathering potatoes; on the right a wounded, dying soldier.

M. Pierre Lagarde, with the naïveté of a beginner, exaggerates the faults we have just mentioned. In his two pictures, 'Orphée' and the 'Legend of St. Hubert,' animals that move in impossible landscapes remind one of modern menageries.

Whilst on the subject of allegorical subjects, it may be well to notice the pictures that are going to decorate the new Sorbonne. The 'Virgile s'inspirant dans les Bois' of M. Duez is far inferior to his exhibit of last year. His figure does not live, and no muscles raise the floating folds of his tunic.

M. Benjamin Constant, in an immense tryptich, represents l'Académie, les Belles-Lettres, and les Sciences. In the centre are seated in a semicircle of columns the Rector and Elders of the Académie—all of them very good likenesses. Though we do not care for this mixture of allegorical and modern subjects, we prefer this composition, energetic and really decorative, to the work of M. François Flameng, whose composition, purely historical, is hollow, without spirit, and treated like a water colour. This represents the celebrities of the 'Renaissance,' the laying of the foundation stone of the first Sorbonne by Richelieu, and Henri IV. reforming the University. As to M. Chartran, his 'Saint Louis à l'abbaye de Royaumont' is painted with graceful feeling, great cleverness, and pleasing colouring.

Not far from the last-named picture is a large decorative panel by M. Ehrmann, called 'Les Lettres, les Sciences et les Arts dans l'Antiquité.' This is going to be reproduced in Gobelins tapestry, and is to decorate the Bibliothèque Nationale. The allegory which M. Albert Magnan has called 'Voix du Tocsin' is a vast composition, in which many nude figures, symbolic of the evils and calamities announced by the Tocsin, rush furiously out of a bronze bell. This picture is, we think, a mistake for a painter of talent. We do not like either the 'Trinité Poétique' of M. G. Dubufe, who seems to have thought more of size than quality. M. Bukovac has left the nude to treat Biblical subjects; and in his 'Christ aux petits Enfants' is interesting. In the same style of painting is the 'La Sainte Crèche' of M. Henry Martin, which is harmonious composition, bathed in warm light.

M. Bouguereau shows two pictures, a 'Jeune Fille sortant du Bain,' treated of course with the greatest care, and the 'Premier Deuil,' an irreproachable composition as to execution, but cold and utterly void of sentiment; neither real sorrow nor sympathetic feeling finds a place in this group. The *tableaux de genre* being, as usual, more numerous than any other works, we are obliged to review them very rapidly. Under the title of 'Novembre,' M. Emile Adan has painted, in a winter landscape, a young girl bending under a load of dead wood. This little picture is full of melancholy poetry and charm. The 'Jeunes Filles se rendant à la Procession' of M. Jules Bréton shows us an affected village scene by the side of the real and robust peasants of M. Lhermitte. It is,



however, remarkable for its luminosity, a feature which is common to a large number of the exhibits. The many successes in the portrayal of sunlight, especially in landscape, form quite a remarkable feature of this year's Salon.

The 'Départ pour la Noce' of M. Brispat is an amusing scene, full of life. The 'Tireurs d'Arbalète' of M. Buland is inferior to his 'Héritiers' of last year. The same remark applies to M. Gervex, who exhibits the nude figure of a woman emerging from the bath. This study is far from being as good as his 'Opération Chirurgicale' of last year. The 'Repos des Moissonneurs' of M. Lhermitte is an excellent painting, firmly and broadly treated; rather coarse, perhaps, except the figure of the young mother nursing her child, which is exquisite in grace and modelling. The 'Jeune Fermière' of M. Roll is a remarkable work, in which living figures move in an atmosphere of light and sunshine. The 'Communion' of M. Le Rolle reminds us of the 'Jeune Fille chantant dans une Église' which he exhibited some years ago. We find the same qualities, the same feeling, the same delicate figures, standing out clearly against the whiteness of the walls.

'L'Appel au Passeur' of M. Ridgway-Knight is also a beautiful, firm, clear drawing; the figures are carefully studied, and the landscape full of space and light. The 'Corderie' of M. Liebermann, the 'Joueurs de Cartes' of M. Kuehl, the 'Enfant Prodigue' of M. Swan, the 'Vieilles Femmes' of M. Hitchcock, the 'Benedicite' of Mr. Walter Gay, and the 'Pilotes' of M. Melchers, are works full of real feeling and cleverness of execution.

We come now to the exhibits of M. Gérôme, 'La Soif' and 'Le Rêve.' The first is the usual lion in the desert, whose mane is beautifully trim and neat, his tongue very pink, the water very blue. In 'Le Rêve' a gentleman in Wellington boots, lace frill and ruffles is lying by the sea, and calls up in imagination a thousand sea-nymphs, which emerge from the waves. Both are painted with a very unpleasant, dry precision. One cannot certainly find the same fault with 'L'Incendiaire' of M. Falguière, a woman's figure standing out dimly in a rough landscape; nor to the 'Nains Mendiants' by the same artist, who seems to take pleasure in exaggerating his imperfections.

Among "still life" a special notice must be given to the game of M. Vallon, the flowers of MM. Jeannin and Grivolais, the onyx and agate vases of M. Blaisé Desgoffe, and to the luscious and velvety fruit of M. Bergeret, who has kept something of the dazzling palette of his master, Isabey.

The beautiful studies of animal life of M. de Villefroy, whose Normandy cows are especially remarkable, bring us to landscape painting. MM. Guillemet and Yon have both treated with much charm an 'Effet d'orage' in the great plains of Picardy. The 'Forêt Mouillée' of M. Pointelin is a landscape full of freshness; the 'Matin sous Bois' of M. Pelouse is a beautiful landscape, but with rather too metallic effects of light. The landscapes of M. Rapin are rather wanting in space and depth. As to M. Edouard Frère, he shows us an 'Egypt' where sky, pyramids, birds, and even sand are all pink. This is true perhaps, but it is unpleasant to eyes accustomed to less fanciful colouring.

Among marine painters, which are numerous, M. Lapotollet holds an important place. His view of Rouen is very beautiful; that of La Rochelle rather too hazy; the artist has looked at the port through an Eastern mirage. With MM. Olive and Montenard we are under the blue sky of Provence, where everything takes an extreme acuteness of tone. The

views which M. Olive has taken at Marseilles and those he brought back from Toulon are extremely true as regards colouring and impression. Mention must also be made of the 'Vue du Tréport' of M. Le Sénéchal, the 'Départ sur la Tamise' of M. Walden, the 'Beach of Merlimont' by M. Jameson, and the beautiful Dutch marine pieces of M. Mesdag. As to M. Ziem, who had for a short time left Italian views for still life, his 'Pêche dans le Port de Venise' still shows the same mixture of bright colours which in the long run becomes rather wearisome.

It is rather among the *tableaux de genre* that we ought to have spoken of the 'Wreck of the Trois-Mâts Majestas' of M. Tattetrain. This young artist attempted last year, and with real success, historical painting, but he has now returned again to marine-pieces. The gloomy episode which he exhibits this year is conceived with dramatic force.

In the principal room, the place of honour is occupied by the portrait of President Carnot, stiffer, colder, and more stilted than in real life. The portrait of General Boulanger by M. Bin will certainly not make us forget the President of to-day for the Dictator of to-morrow.

The portrait of a young girl by M. Carolus-Duran is certainly one of his best works. The expressive head, with long dark hair, stands out boldly on a curtain of old gold plush. The clasped hands are exquisitely painted, and the dress and accessories admirably treated. This picture is infinitely superior to his portrait of the landscape-painter Français.

M. Cabanel still shows the same remarkable talent in the arrangement of his draperies and the execution of his figures; but his models are of polished ivory, not living flesh. M. Henner, who has made a *spécialité* of his fair women, has this time dressed in blue the same who last year was in red, and the year before in black. It becomes rather wearisome. M. Cormon exhibits a wretched portrait of the deputy Henry Marmet; the portrait of Mdlle. Darlot, of the Gymnase Theatre, is excellent, as is that of a young lady by M. Courtois, whose white shoulders, bathed in warm golden colouring, stand out of a ruby velvet bodice. M. Bonnat, in his rough style, has exaggerated to caricature the very plain features of M. Jules Ferry. His portrait of Cardinal Lavignerie is by far preferable. The spirituelle head of the old prelate stands out against the brightness of his cardinal's cloak. The portrait of M. de Goncourt is a new eccentricity of M. Raffaelli's. The head is good, but the general tone is very improbable. The eye after this wants a pleasant change which we find in the pretty portrait of a lady exhibited by M. Aimé Morot.

MM. Clairin and F. P. Laurens have both painted the actor Mounet-Sully in the part of Hamlet. Need we add that we prefer the second portrait. The women's portraits exhibited by MM. Debat-Ponsan, Rixens, Machard, and Aublet, are certainly very good, but they do not come up, in our opinion, to that of the Vicountess de Gouy d'Arcy, so refined, so full of life. This little picture by M. Stewart is in a carved wood frame of Louis XV. style. This reminds us that the mania for exaggerated and peculiar frames, that we spoke of a few years ago, has sensibly decreased; artists have at last understood that people do not buy the frame, but what is in it, and that these expensive ornaments do not always add to the value of a picture.

We must mention also a good likeness of the painter Roll, by M. Aviat, an excellent portrait of M. Henri Cain, by Mme. Breslau, two portraits by M. Tony Robert Fleury, and the

fine portrait of Professor H. Herkomer, by Mr. Hermann Herkomer. It would be unjust not to mention also the portrait of a young American beauty, Miss H. . ., by M. René Ménard. This young artist, who has only exhibited for the last few years, shows true talents and gives promises for the future.

We must now ask the reader to follow us to the garden on the ground-floor, where the works of sculpture are displayed amidst shrubs and flower beds. The attention is first drawn on a large and heavy monument to the memory of the Comte de Chambord; Joan of Arc, Bayard, Saint Geneviève, and Duguesclin, stand at the four corners of the pedestal, upon the monument of which the Prince in royal robes kneels in attitude of prayer. This work by M. Caravanniez is interesting, but it needed, to do it justice, the talent of Mercié, Paul Dubois, or Chapu. The latter exhibits a group of the brothers Galignani, the originators of the newspaper so well known to all English travellers.

M. Aizelin exhibits a pretty group, 'Agar and Ismaël'; M. Barrias, two lovely allegorical marble statues, 'Le Chant' and 'La Musique,' intended to decorate the grand staircase of the Hôtel de Ville. M. Cain exhibits an unpleasant episode in a 'Lion terrassant un Crocodile.' The 'Vainqueur de la Bastille,' by M. Paul Choppin, is also full of life. The execution of M. Delaplanche's Homer is a little too massive. As to M. Falguère, whose painting we have criticised, he exhibits a very beautiful statue of 'Diane Chasseresse,' of which the flesh seems to live. M. Frémiet, who last year won the "médaille d'honneur," sends this time two silver statuettes of

most exquisite taste. The 'Renommée,' by M. Injalbert, is done in a beautiful style, and his veiled face of 'Sorrow' is graceful and touching. The 'Pro Patria Morituri,' by M. Tony Noël, is a grand work in marble, which has already been seen in plaster at the Salon of 1883. We must also notice a marble statue of M. Mercié intended for a tomb, and a group by M. Cordonnier called 'Maternité.' Among the great quantity of busts, special note must be taken of that of Dr. Robinet by M. Aubé, the head of a country girl by M. Baffier, a bust of Henri Rochefort by M. Dalou, the bust of a woman by M. Rodin, and that of President Carnot by M. Chapu.

As we close this rapid examination, we are glad to acknowledge that, in a general way, and from an almost unanimous opinion, the Salon of 1888 shows improvement in painting as well as in sculpture. Works of real talent are numerous, and in the crowd of exhibitors, which increase every year, are some who can join the phalanx of artists truly worthy of that name. But we must also acknowledge, and we are not alone of this opinion, that the superiority of the Salon of this year does not entirely rest with the French school. Foreign artists have done a great deal towards it, and whilst with us the products of the schools, and the sometime fatal influence of the Institute, tend to stop progress and to neutralise the efforts made to break through the traditions of Classical Art, around us grows a whole pleiad of artists who draw at the true source of the beautiful; bold reformers who justly triumph by the daring which is stifled in us.

## THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE five examples of the last completed works of the late R. Herdman serve to emphasise the great loss to Scottish Art occasioned by the death of that accomplished artist. The three-quarter length portrait of Miss Williamson, of Cloughton Grange, Birkenhead, to which the central place in the great room has been assigned, is rich in all the good qualities of colour, harmony, and finish which distinguished Mr. Herdman's works. Sir William Fettes Douglas is represented by five small water-colour drawings only, gems in handling and aerial effect. Passing in the meantime the works of other Academicians, mention may be made of the striking production, 'News from Flodden,' by W. Hole, A.R.S.A., which is beyond question the most important original work in the galleries. Mr. George Reid, R.S.A., exhibits seven works. The small portrait of Professor Sir Douglas Maclagan repeats, in point of directness and force, the successes in this special walk Mr. Reid has formerly achieved. The Academician-elect, Mr. Alexander, exhibits a large picture, 'The Two Mothers.' In landscape, the exhibition is, as usual, rich. From Mr. McTaggart, besides two large sea-pieces brilliant in air and tone, is given a charming small landscape, 'Children in a Harvest-field.' In Mr. Mackay's 'Noonday Rest' the figures and the truth of colour arrest notice. Mr. Smart's works are strong and brilliant; in some points better than previous efforts. Mr. Wright's landscapes stand out conspicuous for sweetness of tone and fine colour. Mr. Vallance only exhibits in water colour this

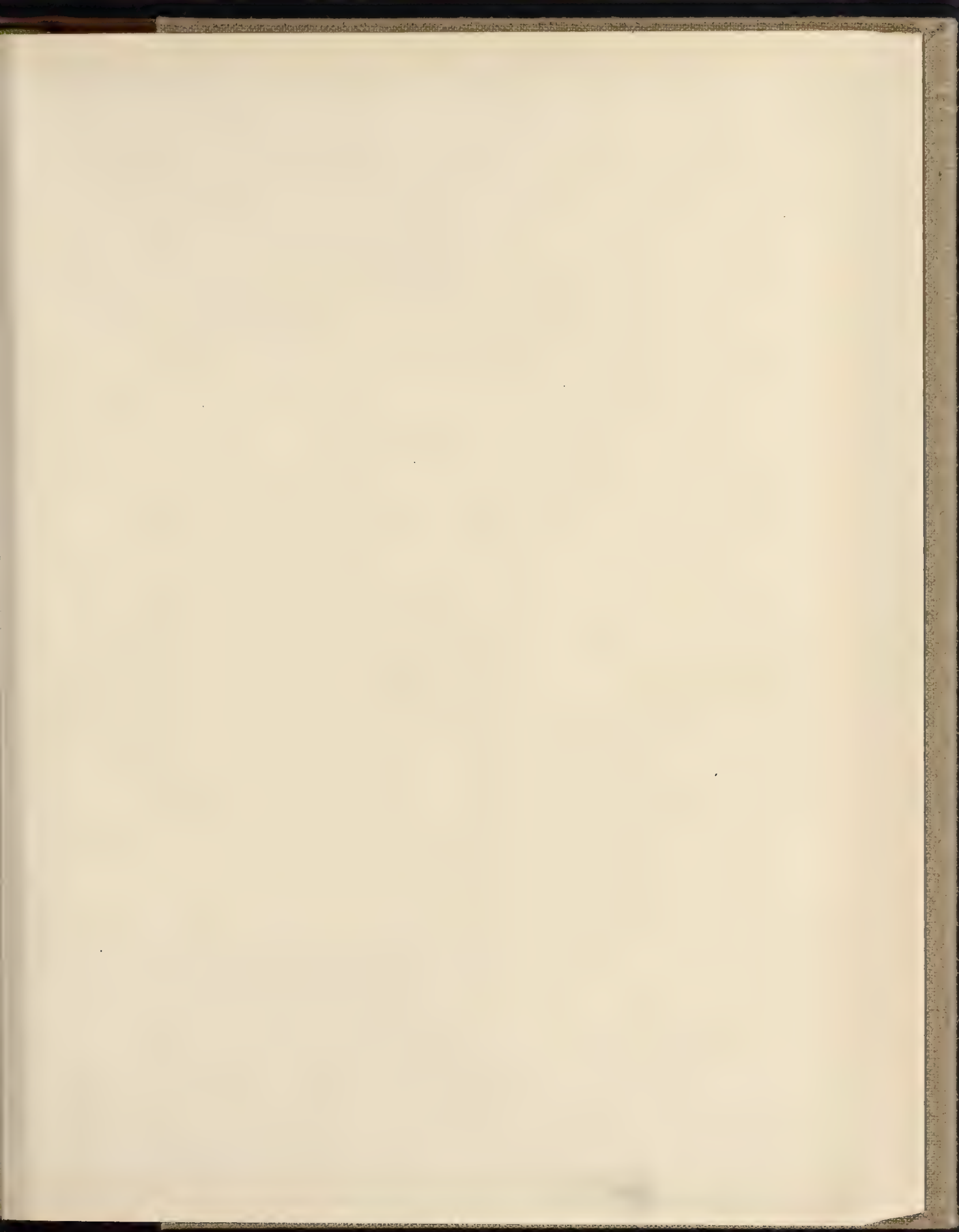
year, 'The End of the Week,' showing a boat with figures, set in a capital light. Mr. Norman Macbeth, whose death has taken place in London since the exhibition opened, contributed some pleasing landscapes. Mr. C. Martin Hardie's finely-toned outdoor scenes with figures are full of beauty and forcible in handling. Amongst the Associates whose landscapes arrest the eye, mention must be made of Mr. J. C. Noble, Mr. G. Aikman, and Mr. G. W. Johnston. Outside the Academy, the strongest work in pure landscape is 'Preston Mill,' by Mr. Robert Noble. The same artist repeats on a larger scale the 'Fête Champêtre' of last year, a daring grouping of grand colour in massed rhododendrons, etc., in a woodland scene, with figures.

Mention must also be made of Mr. G. O. Reid's 'The Author's Friend,' Mr. J. Knox Ferguson's 'Curfew Tolls,' and Mr. Brown's 'Scanty Pasture.'

In the water-colour room the chief works are a large and crowded Flodden subject by Mr. T. Scott, 'The Kirk Collection' by Mr. H. W. Kerr, and 'A Father of Fishermen' by Mr. John Mitchell. The sculpture embraces a life-size figure of 'David,' sling in hand, a group of football-players, by Mr. W. G. Stevenson, and several busts by Mr. T. Stuart Burnett. The heads of Lord Deas by Mr. McBride, and the Rev. Dr. Kirk by Mr. G. Webster, are full of power.

The borrowed pictures include examples of Mr. G. F. Watts, Mr. Poynter, Mr. Briton Riviere, Mr. Henry Moore, Mr. Pettie, Mr. McWhirter, Mr. T. Graham, and Mr. John R. Reid.







W. H. Stodder

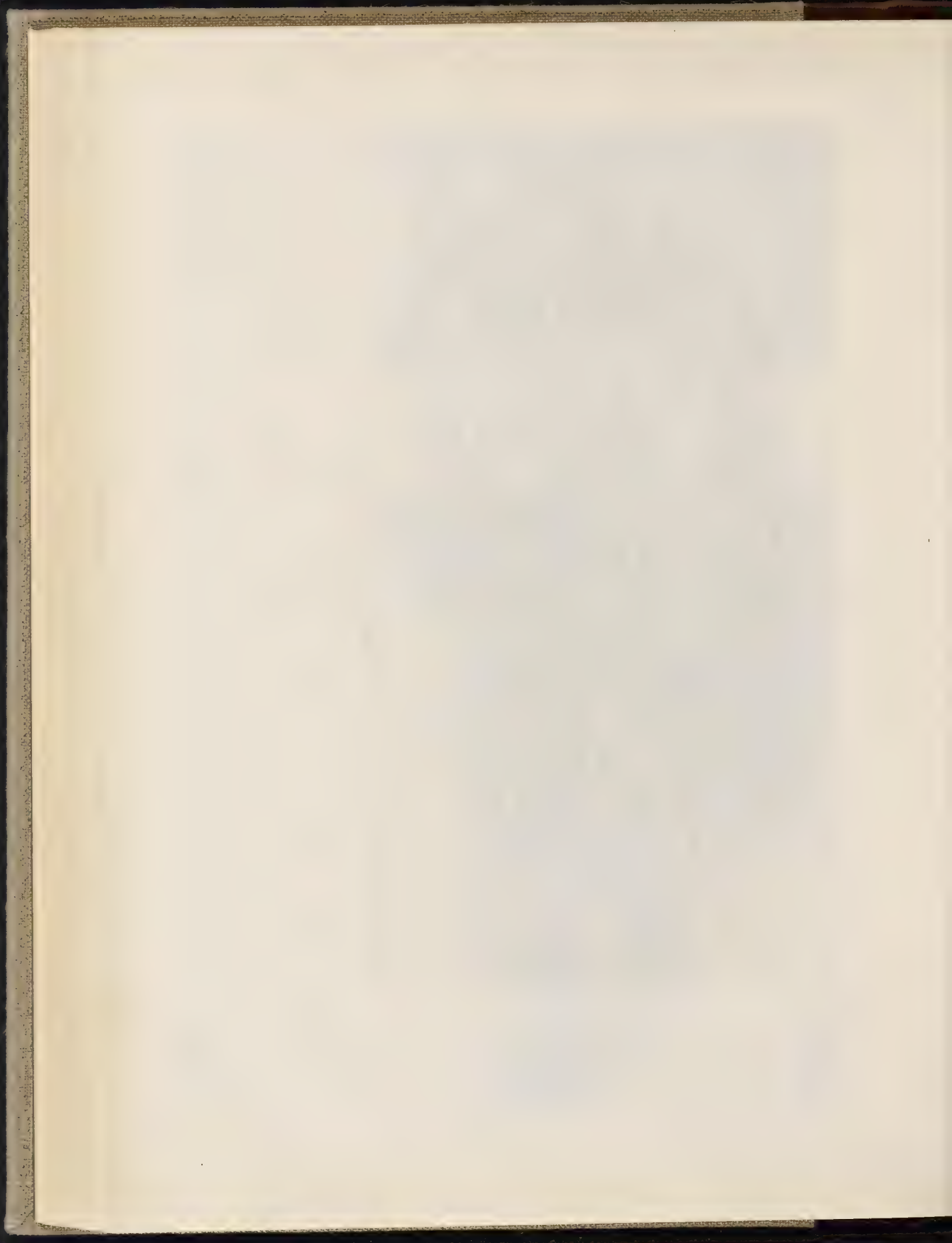
THE ARTIST

THE ARTIST

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## THE AMERICAN WONDERLAND.

THE Yellowstone National Park, which the American Congress decreed shall for ever be a public Park, is known throughout the United States as "Wonderland." In many respects it is one. Crowning the continent, and the source of rivers that run to both the Pacific and Atlantic

Oceans, it contains within its area of 3,500 square miles many of the most curious phenomena of nature. There are geysers, throwing masses of boiling water 200 feet into the air; innumerable hot springs, found in close proximity to those that are icy cold; vast forests, still undisturbed by man, and within which are countless wild animals; and last, but not least, the so-called Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, a gorge 2,500 feet deep and formed by walls of stone that nature has painted with gorgeous hues. Then, too, there is the Yellowstone Lake, 30 miles long by 15 wide, and measuring 300 miles around, and the various mountain peaks, capped with unmelting snow and having an altitude of from 12,000 to 15,000 feet above the level of the sea. Nature, usually prodigal of her gifts in the West, was particularly so when creating the Yellowstone. In her playful moods she fashioned the strange formations, and in her more serious the exquisite waterfalls, the gloriously coloured cliffs, and the winding valleys, rich with grasses and the home of clear, pure streams.

JULY, 1888.

During the summer months the Yellowstone is the centre of attraction for all travellers in the West. The Park is supplied with good hotels, owned and operated by a company to which the Government has granted certain favours, and the authorities at Washington have built many roads that bring the numerous

attractions within easy reach of the tourists. The season for visitors begins in June and lasts until October. From October to June the Park is an isolated region, deserted by all save the animals in the forests. Deep banks of snow obliterate all trace of the roads, the hotels are locked and the windows covered with boards; the storms are frequent and the cold intense; the cold springs are frozen and the hot ones send clouds of vapour into the air and upon the neighbouring trees. Those who have braved this weather report that wonderful and beautiful as the Yellowstone is in summer it is even more so in winter. It is then a bit of the Arctic regions. Old landmarks are obliterated and the quaint formations are made still more so by their covering of snow.

There are now two distinct routes to the Yellowstone. One is westward, over the

Northern Pacific Railway to Cinnabar, Montana, and thence, a dozen miles, by stage to the Hot Springs Hotel, at the northern end of the reservation. The other is by the Union Pacific Railway west to Beaver Cañon, in Southern



*Cañon of the Snake.*

Idaho, and from thence by stage to Lower Geyser Basin, in nearly the centre of the Park. To one loving scenery, and who does not fear the fatigue of a stage ride nearly 100 miles long, the Beaver Cañon route is perhaps the most interesting and attractive. A still better plan, if I may offer the suggestion, is to enter the Park by one route and leave it by another. By so doing the visitor is saved the annoyance of "doubling on one's track." Again, let time enough be taken to make the trip as it should be made. The Yellowstone is not a place to see hurriedly. You can go from its one end to the other in less than a week. So you can walk through the Louvre in less than a day. But in both instances you see but little. The Park will bear study; its lights and colours, its beauties and grandeurs, are not seen at a glance. If possible, be a month in going from Cinnabar to Beaver. At the end of that period the spirit of the region will have

entered your own, and nature will have had time to exhibit her handiwork.

Our tour of the Yellowstone was made in the month of September. For two weeks we had been idling the time away in Southern Idaho, when one day the suggestion was made that we once more see the Yellowstone. So attaching our little car to one of the regular trains on the Utah and Northern Railway, we rode northward for a night, and in the morning woke to find ourselves at Beaver Cañon. The day was perfect. A heavy rain had fallen during the night, laying the dust, and giving a new lease of life to every shrub and blade of grass, and washing from the sky every trace of clouds. After a hasty breakfast, served to us in our car, we were off for our long day's drive. Two teams had been engaged, one a waggon drawn by four horses, and the other a lighter vehicle to carry our luggage. Into this last, stowed away with bags and



*Lording the Snake.*

trunks, and free to smoke his briar-wood all day, the artist member of the party insisted on getting. "I can take my own time now," he said, by way of excuse for deserting us. "You go on, and I'll overtake you when I can."

So down the valley we drove. At our side ran a clear, cold stream, scurrying along beneath a row of overhanging shrubs. To the right were brown-hued hills, beyond which were the vast lava beds of Idaho. The air was chilly at first, and suggested the propriety of additional wraps; but by degrees there came a genial warmth, and the horses, which had started out in the bravest manner imaginable, settled into a steady gait that did not carry us much over five miles an hour. But no one wished to hasten, for it was very beautiful all around us. When we turned from the valley, and gained a high mesa or table-land, the country became extended and level. Far away were blue-hued mountains, some capped with freshly-fallen snow, and others, nearer to us and not so high, with slopes dotted with shrubs that the frost had turned

to bunches of gold. It was very quiet. No sound, other than that made by our horses, could be heard. Nowhere was there a hint of civilization. Not a house could be seen; nothing but bare brown fields and the distant ranges. For hours we travelled slowly eastward, meeting only at times a ranchman riding out in search of his stray cattle, and keeping all the while our view of the majestic peaks that rose, like huge islands, from out the level wastes about them.

At noon we came to Camas Meadows—long wood levels, overgrown with tall brown grasses. Stopping at a solitary log cabin, near which was a corral containing our fresh relay of horses, we dismounted from our seats and spread a cloth upon the ground for luncheon. Near us ran a mountain stream, and from where we sat the view across the Meadows to the ever-present hills was unobstructed. How keen our relish was for the simple fare! No need now of having one's appetite tempted. The question was not, "How shall I eat?" but "What can I get to eat?" for we were 6,000 feet above



sea-level, and when one is that high the air is bracing, and the system is given a new vitality.

Our first day's drive was to be Snake River Crossing, nearly fifty miles from Beaver. At noon we had made twenty-five miles of the entire distance, and to make the remaining twenty-five the driver suggested that we leave the boy and betake ourselves to the waggon. The fresh horses, he said, were just a trifle too fresh; that is, they were new to the work, and he doubted if they could travel as fast as the others. Recalling the doubtful speed of the first team we said good-bye to the youth and took our places once more.

The driver had spoken truly: if we had made five miles an hour in the morning we could not have been making more than three in the afternoon. But having decided long ago never to be impatient we cared but little what our speed was and prepared to take our comfort. Looking back upon that drive I am convinced that the driver was the only active member of our party. He certainly did his best to hasten his beasts. It may have been all for effect that he laboured over them as he did; perhaps it was. If so, he acted well, and we were made to feel that he had our best interests at heart and was doing all he could for us.

There is not a great deal to see between Camas Meadows and the Crossing of the Snake. That is, there is not much variety to the scenery. On getting well away from the Meadows we came upon more uneven country and forded numerous shallow streams that flowed southward toward the greater river beyond. But wherever we went the sight of the mountains was never lost. Gradually their outline grew more and more distinct. In the far south-east we could see the "Three Tetons." Every one knows these peaks, they are visible from many portions of the Park itself and are notable monuments of the entire region we now were in. They belong to the Unitah Range, and when we first saw them were over one hundred miles away. The peaks are nearly of a size and have sharp summits on which the snows of winter conti-

nually cling. The country at the back of where they stand, in Northern Wyoming, is famous for its game. There the mountain sheep thrive and the deer and elk roam almost unmolested.

Beyond Camas lies a succession of short valleys, formed by low hills, known as Gunshot, Sheridan, and Antelope. Each has its stream of water, and in all the grouse are abundant. Dozens of the birds rose at our approach. It is really a large hen, this so-called grouse, and is much larger than the bird whose name it bears. But shooting them is

excellent sport, and they make a most palatable dish when cooked over one's camp fire. The streams we forded were fairly alive with ducks. Hundreds of them could be seen, and we found a dozen different sportsmen engaged in taking a shot at them.

It was nearly dark, and had begun to grow cold again, before we were gratified by hearing the driver say that he could see the Snake. Looking where he pointed we, at last, could see it too, a cold-looking stream, not very wide, hurrying noiselessly along its way. There is much of interest connected with the Snake. It is not only a very long river, having its source in the Yellowstone and emptying into the Columbia, on the eastern borders of Oregon, but is also a most peculiar one. For a time it behaves much as other rivers do, and runs within sight of whoever cares to look



*Henry Lake Bottom.*

upon it. But on entering Idaho Territory it dives into the depths of a cañon that cuts its way for miles through a level country, covered with a thick layer of lava. And not content with thus hiding itself in a place so deep and dark, the Snake makes bold leaps over abrupt cliffs, that stretch across the cañon and form high falls that in size and wild beauty excel even those of Niagara. The largest falls of the river are in Southern Idaho, and are known as the Shoshone—the name of a once-powerful tribe of Indians. The largest falls of the group is 901 feet wide and 210 feet high, while the cañon at this point has a depth of from 1,000 to 1,500 feet. No more

wild or uncanny place in all the West can be found than the gorge in which the Snake takes its leap into a space filled with clouds of mist. It is twenty-five miles from any station, and is only reached by a narrow trail, leading down the face of the dark basaltic cliff.

We had been a week at the Falls before starting for the Yellowstone, and had therefore an additional sense of pleasure in seeing the Snake again. But here, near our resting-place for the night, its grandeur was wanting, and the river gave no suggestion of its future wildness and beauty. Fording it with ease and reaching its southern bank, we found ourselves at the door of the log cabin where quarters had been engaged. Our first day's drive was ended. Shutting out the cold night air, we sat around the blazing fire, had our supper, read our books, and then, listening awhile to the sighing of the wind through the trees near by, dropped off into slumber, and forgot alike our joys and our sorrows.

The early call of "All aboard," with which the driver disturbed our rest, and brought us back to the dull reality of life, came much sooner than was to our liking. Dressing hastily, and partaking of a breakfast that was none too tempting, we were ready for another day's drive along the banks of the Snake, and as far eastward as the Madison River valley. But although we were ready the driver was not. It looked as though it might rain, he said, and perhaps we had better remain where we were. This, however, we refused to do, and said so.

"But I can't find the horses," he said, preparing to make himself comfortable.

"Where are they?" we asked.

"Blest if I know," was the answer. "You see we ain't no grain here to feed stock on, an' have to let 'em run overnight. Guess this time they've run a little too far. Any way I can't find 'em, an' it *does* look like rain."



*Giant's Causeway, Snake River.*

But to loiter was not our intention. Impressing that fact upon the man, he again fled to the woods. In an hour he returned, leading his jaded team. He had found the horses after a long tramp, he said, and now he hoped we were satisfied. We said we were, and so the trouble ended, and we were soon packed into our respective places and well upon our way.

Nothing suggested that we might expect rain. The sky was bright and clear, and all nature fairly glistened. Our road led through a dense forest, the pine-trees growing so closely together that one could not see far in any direction. Soon we came to the river banks. The stream was shallow but rapid, and in its quieter pools the trees were reflected with startling clearness, as though the water had been a mirror. How sweet the air was that one breathed! The odour of the pines was in it. As we drove leisurely along the tree squirrels chirped defiantly at us, and birds flew across

our path. In the river a solitary stork, long of leg and beak, was quietly fishing all by himself, and near by stood a lonely cabin, the deserted home of some trapper of bygone days.

"Taint a lively place, this," quoth the driver; "but I guess you think it's pretty, don't you?"

We certainly did think that, but, remembering the prediction of rain and the loss of our horses, refrained from saying so. I do not think our silence was understood: the man did not show that it was, but chatted on, and was really entertaining, telling us of his bear-hunting expeditions, and of the game we might find if only we would take the time to go a-hunting.

Five miles from our starting point we forded the river again. Midway across it the artist hailed us.

"Stop where you are," he called; "it makes a lovely picture."

So we halted, and his camera soon transferred to its magic



plate the silently flowing river, the drooping trees, the timber-covered banks, and our heavy waggon, deep in the clear waters.

Leaving the Snake, a few miles beyond the road turned deeper into the forest, and thence entered upon a wide, long basin, perfectly level, and surrounded by a low range of hills, with here and there a mountain peak looming over all. The tall rank grasses were dyed a deep rich brown, a colouring that was in strong contrast to the brilliant green of the hill-sides. As we stopped for a moment to take in the prospect, and to have our course across the Meadows defined, something came from out the heavens and tapped us gently on the shoulders.

"By Jove! it's—"

"That's what 'tis," calmly remarked the driver—"raining, an' goin' to pour."

The man had the satisfaction of seeing his predictions fulfilled. We had not noticed the clouds, but I am sure he had; and had waited with joyous expectation for the first drops to fall. Indeed, he confessed as much that evening.

"You think 'cause it's clear one hour 'twill be th' next," he said; "but yer can't count much on th' weather 'round this part o' th' country. It's mighty onsartin."

Surely enough, we could not. In a few minutes after the first drops fell it rained in torrents. Then the wind came sweeping down upon us, cold and raw, followed later by a heavy snow squall, the wind driving the flakes into our faces and covering all the hills. We seemed to have at once stepped into the month of December; and just as we were beginning to accustom ourselves to that fact, the gale subsided, the clouds parted, the sun came out, and the day was again perfect, bright and cheery. Such is the far North-West—one minute calm and softness, the next cold and raw and wintry.

The great valley in which we now were is locally known as Henry Lake Bottom; so named in honour of a Mr. Henry, who has a cabin on the shores of a lake nestled near the head of the Meadows. Ten miles long by nearly as many wide is

1888.

Henry Lake Bottom, and its elevation above sea-level is not less than 6,000 feet. No houses, save that of the lonely trapper, are to be seen, and the isolated region is the home of myriads of herons and ducks. Flocks of herons rose from the grasses as we drove along, and once, when we stopped to water the horses, we could hear the shrill cry of the birds as, frightened at our approach, they flew away.

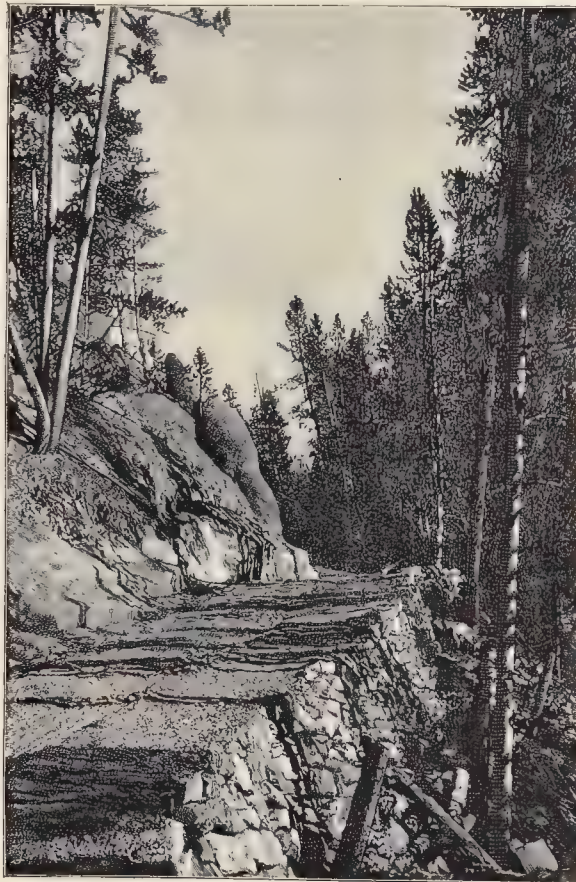
What with the storm and the consequent delays, we were a good three hours crossing the level. As we neared the Targhe Pass, leading over the range into the Madison Valley, we came

in sight of the lake.

Very bright and pretty it looked, nestled down among the tall grasses and wild shrubs. Near its western edge was a finely formed group of mountains, the highest capped with snow, and those of lesser height covered with trees, whose leaves had been coloured by the early frosts until alive with gorgeous hues. In earlier days, when there was a stage route from Bozeman, in Montana Territory, to the Yellowstone, Henry's Lake was a favourite stopping-place. Good fare and good beds were to be had at Henry's Cabin, and the hunting in the region was superb. So is the hunting now, for that matter; but the old stage route no longer exists, and the cabin is off the main road. However, we saw the place as we climbed the hills, and the driver, now the soul of good-fellowship, told us all he knew of the region.

If ever a railroad extends its line towards

the Yellowstone through this so-called Beaver Cañon Route—and the Union Pacific Railway has now its engineers in the field—it will cross the Henry Lake Bottom and thence surmount the range through the Targhe Pass. The feat will not be a difficult one. Even now the stage road is never steep, and almost before one knows it he has gained the summit of the ridge and can look eastward down upon the Madison Valley. When we reached the crest of the Divide the sun was fast sinking behind the hills that lay massed together in the far west. On our left and right were the virgin forests, pines and maples and quaking aspens, while before and behind us were



*A Mountain Road in the Yellowstone Park.*

prospects that no pen can describe, and which I think no artist should ever attempt to portray. Such a wealth of colouring as there was! the eye was dazzled, but satisfied. All the hues of the rainbow were to be seen, and the green and gold lay scattered in rich profusion over the steep mountain sides. And who can adequately express the idea of vastness, the sense of freedom, which the view gave us? From where we stood we could see mountains that were more than a hundred miles away, and between them and us was an uninhabited country, a wilderness, a land of forests, valleys, and rivers, big and vast enough to contain a million people.

It is less than thirty miles between the Snake River Crossing and Manley's Cabin, where we were to pass the second night. But, delayed at different times, we made slow progress, and before reaching our new shelter the evening shadows had begun to fill the valley.

Manners are primitive at Manley's. In the morning we took our bath in the river that runs near the house; then came breakfast, and later, but still early in the day, our old waggon was ready, and we were off. Off across the bridge of logs spanning the river, and thence into the forests again. All day we drove, emerging from the trees into park-like open-

ings, and then coming upon the river, merrily winding its way towards the great Missouri in the north.

Our afternoon work was the hardest we had encountered; for the hill we had to climb before reaching the Lower Geyser Basin, our objective point, was steep, very steep, and the road had none of the graceful curves that it should have had; in fact, it went almost in a straight line up the mountain side. It was nothing but an Indian trail (any way) the driver crossly remarked, "an' he shouldn't think even an Indian would 'a cared to use it." On reaching the summit our view of the country we had lately traversed was unobstructed. At our feet lay the valley of the Madison, with its trees, winding river, and open parks; far away was Manley's, and in the dim distance were the mountains around Henry's Lake. Long we gazed, noting each peak and valley, and then turned away and, driving down a steep and ugly grade, made our formal entrance into the famous "Wonderland" of the new world. Clouds of steam could be seen rising from among the trees; we could mark the outlines of high mountains. The long drive of a hundred miles was over, and at the end of our third day we found ourselves within walking distance of the strange phenomena which give the Yellowstone Park its wide-world reputation.

EDWARDS ROBERTS.

## MRS. ALLINGHAM.

MRS. ALLINGHAM deservedly ranks with the best water-colour painters of to-day through her appreciation of the simplest beauties of nature, and her persevering endeavours to delineate truthfully all that is picturesque in the fields and hedgerows, the cottages and lanes, the meadows and woodlands, and the daily toils and pleasures of humble dwellers in some of the most charming rural districts of England. The results of her labours have, for more than a decade of years, been numbered amongst the successes at the gallery of the Old Water Colour Society in Pall Mall. It is there she has become known, and there that we may hope to see her drawings for many years to come.

Mrs. Helen Allingham, the eldest child of Alexander Henry Paterson, M.D., and his wife, Mary Herford, was born in 1848, near Burton-on-Trent. Her early years were spent at Altrincham, Cheshire, whither her parents removed a year after her birth; and upon the death of her father, in 1862, the family went to reside in Birmingham. Helen, then thirteen years of age, devoted herself to the study of drawing, for which she had always shown a partiality and talent, and worked diligently at the Birmingham School of Design. In 1867 she came to live in London under the care of her aunt, Miss Laura Herford, whose kindness endeared her to her friends, and to whose energy and enthusiasm a great number of successful lady-artists are more indebted than they are aware of. Several years before the arrival in London of her talented young niece, Miss Herford had been instrumental in opening the Royal Academy schools to women, and was herself the first successful student who faced the ordeal of embarrassing scrutiny resulting from the innovation. After three months' study at the Female School of Art in Queen Square, Helen Paterson entered the Academy schools, and went through the usual course of study, painting at first in oil, but find-

ing by degrees a greater attraction in the use of water colour. In the spring of 1868 she visited Italy, not expressly for purposes of study, but profiting none the less by the two months spent there. On her return home she gave her attention almost exclusively to drawing on wood, her earliest illustrations appearing in *Once a Week*, and many successive ones in various magazines and children's books. She illustrated serial stories for *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, and worked for several other periodicals—at the same time carrying on her studies at the Academy. For some years she was on the staff of the *Graphic*, in which journal she did much good work, including drawings for Mrs. Oliphant's story, "Innocent," and some of the illustrations to Victor Hugo's "Ninety-Three." Her large drawing of Mr. Henry Irving as Riche-lieu, and Miss Isabel Bateman as Julia, attracted considerable notice. Miss Paterson's black-and-white work included also contributions to the *Cornhill Magazine*, in which she illustrated "Far from the Madding Crowd" and "Miss Angel." Some of her first water-colour drawings appeared at the Dudley Gallery, and two, called 'The Milkmaid' and 'Wait for Me,' were exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1874.

In August of that year Miss Paterson was married to Mr. William Allingham, of the family of Allingham of Ballyshannon, County Donegal, the author of "Day and Night Songs," "Laurence Bloomfield," and many well-known lyrics and ballads dwelling on incidents of homely pathos and scenes of tranquil beauty. At the pleasant home at Witley, Surrey, Mr. Allingham paints with the pen, while his talented wife transfers to paper her impressions of nature with the pencil and brush. Mrs. Allingham became an Associate of the Society of Painters in Water Colours in 1875, and exhibited at the gallery in Pall Mall the drawing called



'Young Customers,' which has since become so popular under the title of 'The Little Customers,' through the delicate engraving of Mr. G. J. Stodart. What could be more quaint and delightful than these two prettily dressed little creatures in the village toy-shop, conning the anatomy of the dolls with the fastidiousness and conflicting doubts of premature art-critics, while the kind dame who has grown old in the service of such small patrons patiently awaits their decision? What could be truer than the drawing of the toy-shop itself, with all its medley of tempting trifles displayed in orderly array? Mr. Ruskin must have greatly coveted this little gem when he described it as "old-fashioned as red-tipped daisies and more precious than rubies." In 1877 appeared 'The Pensioners' Garden, Chelsea,' in which the contrast between youth and beauty and the quiet sad dignity of old age is thoughtfully and beautifully suggested. Both in subject and treatment there is something in this drawing, as in a few other works from Mrs. Allingham's brush, that slightly recalls the late Fred Walker, whose memory she sincerely reveres, and to whom in her student days at the Royal Academy she was indebted for useful instruction.

Mrs. Allingham's aims in Art and her method of attaining them may be briefly and simply described. She is a painter of Nature pure and simple—Nature in her brightest and most agreeable aspects, untouched by affectation, unspoiled by sorrow or any shadow of distress. The trees are in their best spring clothing, or clad in the warmest red and yellow tints of autumn; the fields are radiant with sunshine, and sparkling with buttercups and daisies; the old thatched cottages, in their setting of creepers and clusters of flowers, are dwellings of peace; and the woods, with their masses of gnarled trunks and fresh garments of green, provide a fit shelter for the blue-bells and primroses. The small children of the homesteads are in their prettiest frocks and whitest aprons; their elder sisters, busily sewing in the neat kitchen or parlour lit by soft sunshine, appear ideal mates for the rustic lovers of their dreams; and the young mothers, guarding the cradle or zealously preserving the brightness of the hearth and of their crockery and pans, are all that good housewives should be. In Mrs. Allingham's Art there is no trace of sympathy with the stern realism to which we have grown accustomed in the works of so many modern painters. For her there would be little attraction of a pictorial kind in the marks of grime and toil on rugged hands and bronzed faces, or in the loose blouses, the dowdy brown and blue skirts, and the close-fitting caps that make the tiny Dutch toddler look nearly as old and careworn as its grandmother. Neither, on the other hand, could we imagine her sitting down complacently to study the trim little school children of a French village—such as Edouard Frère loved to paint in all their tender but monotonous simplicity, natural charm, and strong family likeness in

the matter of clothes as well as general behaviour. Still less is it Mrs. Allingham's province to portray the sadder phases of child-life—the pale faces in crowded city streets, the boisterous and grim pleasures of such young urchins and romps. Her delight is—in Mr. Ruskin's words—"painting the real inheritance of childhood in the meadows and fresh air." Her little people belong to the rosy, light-hearted tribe,—

"Pleasant as roses in the thickets blown,  
And pure as dew bathing their crimson leaves,"—

the children who gather flowers in the spring and blackberries in the autumn; who help their mothers to weed the garden, hang out the newly-washed garments to dry, and carry their baskets over the fields in the gloaming. They are placed in the prettiest setting, and whether the fruit trees are in blossom, the commons are brilliant with heather and gorse, or leaves are brown at the waning of the year, these young rustics appear just where their presence is required, and where one

might expect to find them in a ramble amidst Surrey lanes and meadows. Mrs. Allingham's drawings, neat and careful, and generally on a small scale, are equally refined and simple in execution and subject. She finishes them as far as possible out of doors, and does not burden herself with many preliminary studies. Her name is sometimes associated with that of her friendly neighbour, Mr. Birket Foster, who has been working longer amongst the fields and hedgerows, and who also resides at Witley. The works of the two artists are, however, not much alike, except inasmuch as the same subjects appeal to both. Mr. Birket Foster's sketches are more elaborately composed; his more numerous rustics have an air of rural *abandon*, and it is sufficient to look at them playing near the stiles and climbing the banks and hedges to know that the girls will get their frocks torn in the brambles and their aprons stained with blackberry juice, while their brothers

are birds'-nesting, stealing apples, and preparing patchwork for anxious mothers. Mrs. Allingham's young folks, on the contrary, might well preserve their pink and blue dresses and becoming sun-bonnets all but spotless the whole week through, while, in the cottages where their elders sit and sew, the light that comes through the lattice-window would need be strong indeed to discover any sign of disorder on table or floor.

The charming collections of drawings illustrating subjects of this category shown at the rooms of The Fine Art Society two years ago will be still fresh in the minds of those who were fortunate enough to see them. They comprised numerous delightful "bits" in Surrey, for it is in that county that Mrs. Allingham finds her best sketching-ground. There are almost inexhaustible materials for the artist in the neighbourhood of Witley, in the little hamlet of Shere that lies so picturesquely between Guildford and Dorking; the old-fashioned village of



Mrs. Allingham.

Haslemere, with its pleasant wide old street; Blackdown, with its heather and gorse; Hind-head, with its fir clumps, hills and valleys, and the wide stretch of wooded weald; rustic Chiddingfold, with its ancient inn and green, and the many other spots which seem to have grown as lovely as they are on purpose to be painted. Unhappily, though, for the lover of the picturesque, no small proportion of Mrs. Allingham's sketches of old cottages are already in the space of a few years invested with a less happy sentimental interest than poetry would like

to assign to them. Some are merely records of the past, for the hand of demolition is busily at work year after year, and the old thatch and stones "green with the moss of years" have been ruthlessly swept away. In many instances a little timely repair might have prevented this wholesale destruction; though, after all, "repair" is oftentimes more sad than demolition, when the fine old roofs of wheaten-straw are replaced by tiles and slates. Dwellers amidst the rural beauties of England have many an opportunity of realising the frame of



*The Cottage beneath the Wood. From the Drawing in the possession of Mr. Jos. Ruston.*

mind of the artist, whose reveries, as he sat sketching in the twilight and studying lovingly the many tints of the discoloured old stones, were so abruptly terminated. "If you'd only wait a week longer, sir, and come again some fine morning, there'll be a lot of new tiles and another coat of paint on this 'ere cottage," said the well-meaning labourer on his way home after a day's patching and joining.

But there is another phase of Mrs. Allingham's art to be considered besides her Surrey cottages, fields, scraps of wood-

land and common, wild flowers and trim gardens. All these she paints with minuteness and truth and a fearless love of the bright colours and general gaiety of raiment that nature dons in the sunshine. With equal skill she has treated such simple domestic scenes as 'The Children's Tea,' which, like 'The Little Customers,' was warmly appreciated by Mr. Ruskin. It appealed to him through its touch of nature, and in one of his Oxford lectures he described this drawing, not forgetting to note in it the incident of the "little girl giving her doll its



bread and milk, and taking care that she supped it with propriety." The lighting of this picture is very effective, the figures of the children are graceful and naturally drawn, and the details, even to the cat lapping the milk, and the toys strewn on the floor, are most carefully studied. 'The Children's Tea' and the picture of two little girls telling fairy-

tales, 'In the Hayloft,' have also been engraved by Mr. Stodart. Another drawing that may be named with these is the one called 'Lessons,' now in the possession of Dr. George Johnson. It represents a pretty group of children in the schoolroom with their governess; the juvenile models being two of the artist's children, a boy and a pretty fair-haired



*The Cradle. From the Drawing in the possession of Mr. M. Barron.*

girl. The latter, who is eleven years of age, is, we believe, already developing a love for the pencil and brush. With reference to family relations and inherited taste, it may be interesting to note that Mrs. Allingham is not the sole representative of artistic talent in Dr. Paterson's family, which talent is supposed to have been handed down by the maternal grandmother. As many of our readers doubtless know, her

sister, Miss Caroline Paterson, is also a clever artist and earnest student of nature.

In conclusion, we must not forget the several portraits on a small scale of Thomas Carlyle, and the carefully painted heads of pretty children which appear from time to time on the walls of the gallery of the Royal Water Colour Society.

LAURA DYER.

## A FOREIGN ARTIST AND AUTHOR IN ENGLAND.\*

### LIVERPOOL.

ON our first expedition through the crowded thoroughfares of Liverpool, we walked, preferring to mix with the people, and at the same time to be able to branch off from the main road into any by-street likely to attract our attention.

The streets are wide, bordered by lofty and substantial buildings occupied by offices and warehouses. The shops in the best streets are very good, and equal in many respects to those in London, but the display of goods in the windows is more plentiful than tasteful. It is not an easy thing to look at shop windows in Liverpool, as people pass along and jostle and rub against you in a fashion which testifies more to their busy life than to their urbanity or courtesy. They rush along at a mad pace, push you aside without the least compunction if you are at all in their way, and appear to be racing with each other. So great is the passenger traffic that at every

as evidenced by their equally varied hues of the skin and complexion.

Going round by way of a side street, we soon found ourselves in front of a very ugly-looking building, surmounted by a dome having the appearance of a half-inflated balloon, which turned out to be the Custom House.

A long and wide street separates the docks from the town; at this particular spot it is called Wapping, but it extends northwards to a distance of several miles under various names, although practically it is the same thoroughfare. Lines of rails are laid along the whole length of the street, and are used to connect the docks with the numerous lines of railway converging to Liverpool; the omnibuses, which run from one end of the line of docks to the other, are so constructed that their wheels fit exactly in the rails, but every now and then,

the line being blocked by heavy trains or carts, the driver runs off the rails, and the sensation experienced by the passengers whilst the omnibus runs over the rough paving-stones is simply excruciating.

A double stream of carts, waggons, railway trucks, cabs, omnibuses, wheelbarrows, and every kind of contrivance going on one, two, or four wheels were passing in the road, making a deafening noise as they rattled over the stones.

Within the sheds, which every one seems to be at liberty to enter, a number of men were loading carts or unloading ships, and in nearly every one was a forge, where the noise of the hammer striking

the anvil and that of the puffing and snorting of the steam cranes were heard, but not the voice of men, as the English have a silent way of going to work which is most remarkable. The only exception to that general rule are the sailors, whose manœuvres are accompanied by a sort of monotonous nasal chant, the effect of which, to any one not to the manner born, is anything but inspiring. It is, however, said that it materially assists them in the discharge of their arduous duties.

The most animated place in Liverpool is the large floating pontoon, called Prince's Landing Stage, where ferries embark and disembark passengers from morning till night, going incessantly backwards and forwards from the east to the west shore, loaded with passengers or with carts, horses, carriages, or cattle. These ferry-boats are wide and can



*A Dockyard Shed.*

other lamp-post there is a board with the words "Keep to the right" painted upon it, a warning to foot passengers that they must walk, as the carriages in the roadway run, in double files. Only the drivers are to keep their left, whilst the foot passengers are to keep their right. The general aspect of the streets reminds one of the City of London. Of dwelling-houses there are none in that part of the town, in which no one seems to live except the strangers and visitors who lodge in the hotels. The crowd also is very much like that of London in costume and general appearance, the only difference being a larger number of seafaring men, easily distinguishable from landsmen, and of foreigners belonging to the most varied nationalities,

\* Continued from page 102.



accommodate a large number of people. They appear to be nearly always full whatever their destination may be, the inference being, obviously, that the people who live on the Cheshire coast have a large amount of business to transact on the opposite side, whilst the denizens of the Lancashire coast are equally anxious to get to the west shore in order to attend to their duties and occupations.

A number of large steamers go up and down the river, small sailing boats and steam launches scud along rapidly, and the ferry-boats pick their way among the craft of all sorts crowd-

ing in the Mersey, as full of boats and ships of every description as a London street of vehicles of all kinds.

On the stage itself, people hurry on board the ferries or on land, whilst sight-seers leaning against the iron posts and chains look at the wonderfully animated scene before them.

Beyond stands Birkenhead, the suburb of Liverpool, of which it is a copy on a reduced scale.

It takes about ten minutes to cross from one side to the other, and it is said that in bad weather the Mersey is sufficiently rough for the crossing to be a matter of some incon-



*Street Arabs.*

venience to people who are liable to sea-sickness. As to that we cannot speak from experience. The weather was dull, but the Mersey was calm, and we were landed safely at Birkenhead. There we saw docks, warehouses and banks, factories and rows of industrial cottages, inhabited by the working classes, the whole being under a pall of smoke. There is a park at Birkenhead, of which we could only catch a glimpse, as we were in a hurry to get back to Liverpool, by way of the Tunnel, which had been recently opened.

The tunnel railway-station is near the Woodside pier. A short walk brought us there; not, however, without some difficulty, as the natives, whether from ignorance or for the sake

of a little enjoyment at the expense of strangers, especially when the strangers happen, as in our case, to be foreigners, generally manage to give wrong information. This we found to be the case both at Liverpool and Birkenhead. Being fond of a joke ourselves, we rather appreciated the peculiar idiosyncrasy of the Liverpudlians and of the Birkenheadites, at the same time checking every information given us by referring to our trusty guides, philosophers, and friends, the red-book and the green-book, and in particular to the maps and plans they contained. We thus managed not to walk uselessly more than three or four miles a day, which is, all things considered, a very reasonable average.

The tunnel, on the Birkenhead side of the Mersey, is at a much greater depth from the surface of the roadway than on the Lancashire side, and there are two ways of reaching the platform, a staircase and a lift. With our usual hatred of unnecessary exertion, especially in hot and sultry weather, we selected the last-mentioned mode of getting to the train, and we had every reason to congratulate ourselves on our choice, as even by the lift it takes two or three minutes to get to the bottom of the shaft. There are two lifts—one for first and second-class, and one for third-class passengers. They are roomy, upholstered in the same style as railway carriages, and well lighted.

When the lift stopped the guard opened the door, and we found the train in readiness.

The temperature in the tunnel is quite tolerable, and the atmosphere sufficiently pure. The time actually occupied in the journey from one station to the other is about five minutes, so that with the time for going down to the train and coming up again, the journey by rail is quite as long as that by boat. But the train has the great advantage of not exposing the passengers to the rain in wet weather, or to sea-sickness when it is rough on the Mersey, as it often is, if we are correctly informed.

A flight of steps and a long inclined way lead from the arrival platform in Liverpool to the level of the roadway, and we soon emerged from the bowels of the earth into Water Street, whence we resumed our promenade along the line of docks.

The street running parallel to the Mersey, from which it is separated by the dock warehouses and basins, was as busy and animated as in the earlier morning, if not more so. There are a large number of policemen in and about the docks, besides numerous gate-keepers, a by no means unnecessary precaution considering the population of this part of the town. It would be difficult to find more misery, degradation, vice and crime than in the by-streets branching off from this road. In these dirty narrow lanes, on each side of which are long rows of dens or hovels inhabited by beings which we must call human for want of a better word, but whose faces denote the most bestial instincts and criminal habits, it is hardly safe to

venture in day-time, and tantamount to suicide to pass at night. A policeman to whom we were speaking was kind enough to inform us that these men (meaning the roughs who were slovenly walking up and down the road) would cheerfully cut our throat for sixpence, upon which we quietly, but resolutely, made up our minds not to give them the opportunity of trying their hand on us, and as discretion is often the better part of valour, to studiously avoid the streets adjoining the docks in our night rambles.

At twelve o'clock work is suspended in the docks, and the men have their dinners either in the numerous public and eating-houses to be found in the neighbourhood, or in the street at the gate of the docks, where their food is brought to them

by their wives or children. There they sit on a stone or a log, or more commonly still on the pavement, eating a modest but substantial repast, whilst the wife standing near, ministers to the wants of her lord and master. These women, it must be admitted, look very untidy, with their tattered garments which they never seem to have cleaned or mended from the day they first put them on. They, nearly all, have no head covering, and wear their hair generally tied in a knot at the back of the head, or falling on their shoulders, which are wrapped in a shawl whose original colour it would be impossible to determine; about half of



*In the Docks.*

them have no shoes or stockings on their feet.

The misery and poverty of the lower classes are more conspicuous and general in Liverpool than in any place we know of. The number of men, women, and children in rags, with bare feet and heads, and covered with filth and vermin, is truly appalling. They go in small groups and knots, gaunt and hungry, casting greedy looks at the windows of the eating-houses where huge pieces of meat and extraordinary compounds of suet and flour, studded with black things said to be raisins, are simmering over low gas stoves, in an ocean of greasy fluid of a brownish hue of the most dreadful appearance. A number of what we took for yellow straw mats are piled up against the window-glass, and on closer examination prove to be fried fish. Behind the counter, where the unappetising viands of which we have just spoken are simmering, two or three men



and women in dirty aprons, their sleeves tucked-up above the elbow, are retailing their wares to a crowd of customers. Among the patrons of these establishments, the feminine element seems to predominate, and to be more difficult to please than the masculine element, if the complaints of the

female customers, to be heard from the outside, and their expostulatory gestures are to be taken as an indication of their feelings.

Untold wealth is the only expression that can convey an adequate idea of the riches of this large prosperous city, with



*Loading Vessels.*

its merchant princes, its thousands of ships, its miles of docks, and its busy population. To parody a celebrated word, if Liverpool did not exist it would have to be invented. One cannot fancy England, Europe even, without Liverpool, which

1888.

is to the old world like the antechamber of the new world, and *vice-versa*.

What a remarkable sight are these docks, extending over seven or eight miles in length, where the largest and best ships

in the world bring from the remotest corner of the globe the produce of all the lands, and the industrial productions of every nation, and from whence they carry to every country the most valuable things which European Art, Science, and Commerce have combined to bring forth! Alike to some gigantic suction pump, Liverpool draws through its numerous channels the most varied materials, produce, and wares, which it redistributes to the whole world by the same agencies. It is like the heart of the commercial universe, each beating of which draws and causes to circulate in the trade arteries of the universe, that which is essential to its life, that without which it would soon cease to exist. Such appear to us to be the functions of Liverpool in the great commercial organism of the modern world.

Liverpool, however, has not always been engaged in such harmless occupation, and its commercial record is far from spotless. If we turn to its arms, which are conspicuous enough in various parts of the town, we see that one of the supporters is a negro with a fish's tail, like a siren's, and this negro involuntarily reminds us of the slave trade which was the foundation of the prosperity and wealth of this city. Under this negro supporter, the motto: "*Deus nobis hæc otia fecit*," appears somewhat a grim joke.

With these and other sundry remarks we went from dock to dock, from shed to shed, from warehouse to warehouse, passing in review the most heterogeneous articles, and noting the most varied modes of packing which human ingenuity has contrived. Equally varied and different were the ships. Here was a big East Indiaman, painted white, just arrived from Rangoon; there one of the best-known Atlantic liners, the *Britannic*, of the White Star Line, at present undergoing repairs after a more than usually rough passage. Everywhere the same silent animation was remarkable, save during the dinner hour, when everything, engines, cranes, locomotives, and all, was brought to a standstill.

As we returned to the centre of the town in the omnibus of which we have spoken, we were followed for a considerable distance by three ragged urchins, with very scanty clothing and painted faces. Two of them were besmeared with soot,

and the third with indigo. They were turning somersaults in the road, and begging for coppers. This, we were told, is a regular trade, the children being sent out by their parents, who are worse than the urchins themselves. How is such a thing permitted we could not understand. According to English law, education is compulsory: how is it then that the inspectors, who, as we read in the local papers, the same day, are so strict in the prosecution of poor women who do not send their little ones to school because they want them to do some work at home, take no notice of the ragged boys with painted faces? Are there no institutions in England for destitute children, no reformatories, no industrial schools, no police? How can we wonder at the poverty, misery, and degradation of large English towns where such things are possible? How can we wonder at the immense number of

roughs and criminals, whose presence in and about the docks is a real and constant danger to the population? What will those children become but roughs and gaol birds when they get to manhood?

At night Liverpool assumes an equally curious but different aspect. In and about Lime Street and the adjoining thoroughfares a brutal crowd assembles, composed of men and women of the lowest and most disreputable classes. It would be difficult to find in any civilised country a more bestial set of human beings, among which one feels as unsafe as



*News-vendors.*

in the midst of a wild African tribe. Drunkenness, debauchery, unruliness, are rampant; the public-houses and taverns, the theatres and music-halls, whose lamps and lime light throw a lurid glare in the misty atmosphere peculiar to Liverpool, are full, and when the performances are over and the taverns closed, this mixed population wanders in the streets. The scene then becomes perfectly hideous; men and women half dressed quarrel and fight, exchanging blows and curses, and making the street unpassable and dangerous. At the street-corners, vendors of fried or boiled potatoes, prepare and cook them in a movable kitchen on wheels drawn by a horse. These itinerant potato-sellers are a curious feature of Liverpool.

On Saturday nights some of the streets are converted into open-air markets, whither the populace repair for their Sunday supply of food. In the darkness of the night the unprotected

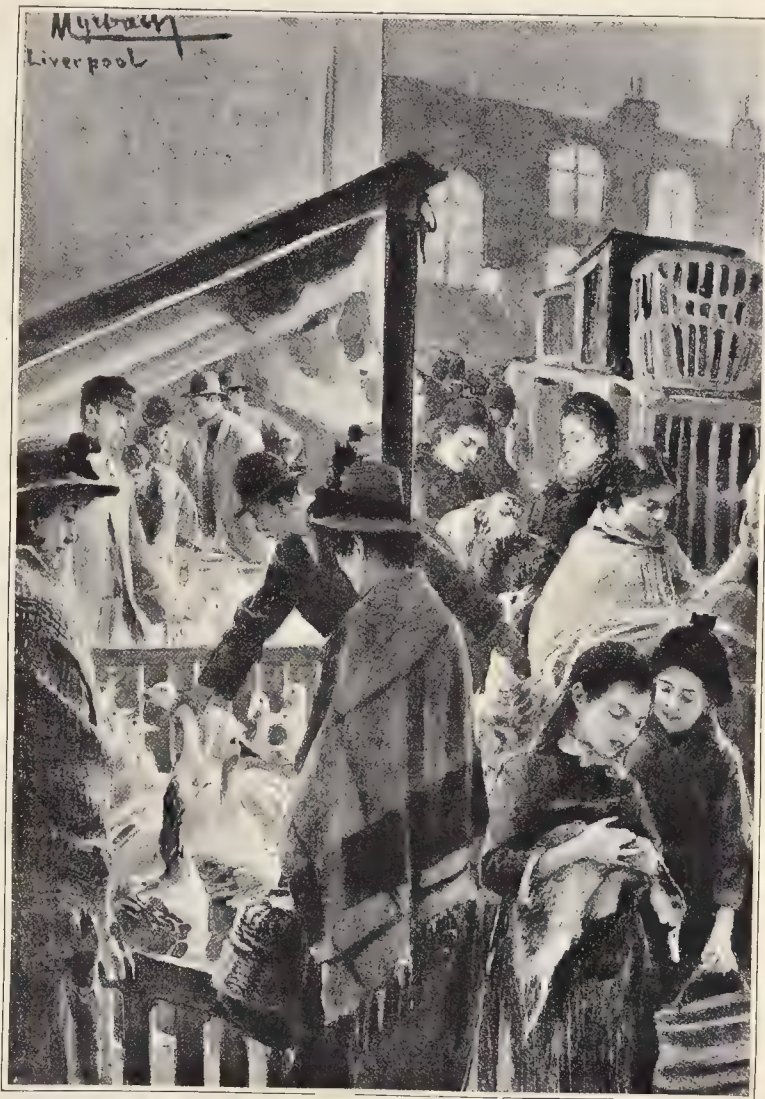


petroleum or gas flames oscillate under the action of the wind, and at a distance might be taken for the reverberation of a fire. Barrows, stalls and shops are filled with eatables of all description. Shopkeepers and costermongers vie with each other in their loud appeals to the passers-by, the butchers, fishmongers and poulterers being remarkable for the extraordinary power of their lungs, and the display of their merchandise. Huge carcasses of beef and sheep, fish of every conceivable kind and degree of freshness, or the reverse; numberless geese, fowls, turkeys and smaller birds, and enormous quantities of skinned rabbits are piled up in what they probably suppose to be a tempting array.

The English custom of closing all the shops on Sundays compels the whole of the population, rich or poor, to provide on Saturday for two days. The result is that on that day, and particularly at night, the popular markets have a striking appearance; for the working-classes have to provide, not for two days only, but practically for the week, as the men have received their wages and handed them to their wives. In consequence, there is a rush on provision shops of all kinds. One would almost think that the place is on the eve of being besieged, and that the inhabitants are laying in a stock of victuals for the duration of the expected siege.

Despite the warnings given to us, and our resolve above recorded, we found our way to the riverside and the Prince's landing-stage, being curious to see the Mersey and the docks at night. The large open space in front of St. Nicholas Church was entirely deserted, not a mouse, still less a man or woman, stirred; the night was dark, the sky overcast, and heavy clouds were hovering above; altogether the scene was somewhat dismal. On the landing-stage the gas lamps made darkness visible; a few passengers were waiting for the ferries which could be seen on the river, their peculiar build giving them the appearance of some huge marine monsters with red and green eyes.

Up and down the Mersey numberless vessels were at anchor, whose lights were like so many gigantic glow-worms. On the Cheshire coast, the lights of Birkenhead shone in the distance. Farther north small luminous spots indicated the existence of other villages, Seacombe, Egremont, Liscard, New Brighton. All was silent, and yet there was every sign



*An Open-air Market.*

that the animation we had witnessed during the day was latent and ready to manifest itself again at any moment.

Whilst we were thus looking on the now silent scene, the last boat had crossed the Mersey, the last passengers had disappeared in the darkness of the deserted streets, and all was still.

P. VILLARS.

## NOTES ON JAPAN AND ITS ART WARES.\*



No. 1. —Go-shisho  
holding up the  
Brazier.

THE folk-lore, or legendary tales, which afford such never-ending subjects for the Japanese artist, are to many the most interesting of the fields which await exploration by the Western student. The novelty of the majority of the legends, the similitude of a few to those of other races, the conglomerated whole of which each forms an atom, all add a zest which is increased by the inability to gather anything from the undecipherable explanation which lies ready to hand on the face of every illustration of them.

Japan forms no exception to the rule as to the popularity of story-telling. Children imbibe the legends woven with their nation's history with their mother's milk, and round the hibachi, or fire brazier, old and young gather, as around an occidental hearth, to hear the oft-told stories of heroism and filial piety which form a necessary part of every child's education.

As with everything else, a large portion of Japanese folk-lore is of Chinese origin: for instance, that connected with philosophers, sages, and filial piety. Fairy tales, on the other hand, are usually the product of the country.

The subject divides itself into the following headings: — Legends concerning philosophers and sages; those having their origin in history; those dealing with demons and genii; feats of strength and skill in the use of weapons; fairy stories; stories of filial piety. For further detail the reader is referred to Anderson's "British Museum Catalogue," Griffiths's "Fairy Stories," and Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan."

Amongst the philosophers who figure most frequently in Art may be mentioned Confucius, Buddha, and Lao-Tsz (or Rō-shi), discussing the symbols of the Yang and Yin (Mayer's "Ch. Reader's Manual," page 293); the same three tasting saké, and by their grimaces showing how differently it affects them; one thinking it sweet, another sour, and a third very bitter. According to some this would teach that great minds can afford to differ about trifles; according to Anderson, "that the same

religious principle, passing through the minds of different apostles, may become translated in various ways, according to the idiosyncrasies of its promulgators."

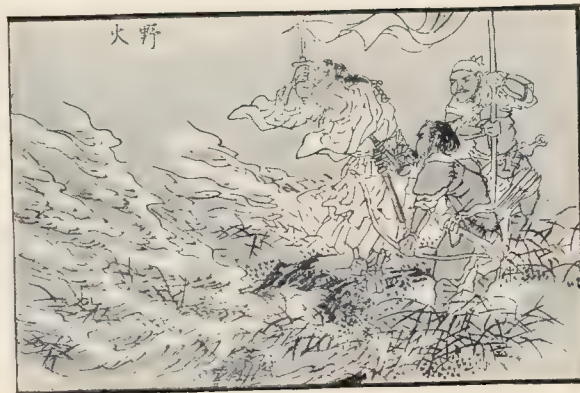
Rō-shi, who was the originator of the Taoist philosophy, is often seen riding on an ox; he is bald-headed, large-eared, and has a long beard. Kio-yo (Hū-Yeo) and his friend Sōfu (Ch'ao Fu) were philosophic hermits. One or other of them is depicted more than once on my metal-work, washing from his ear the taint of worldly ambition which had been conveyed to him in an offer by his emperor of a high post at court. The seven sages who met in a bamboo grove, and held to a doctrine "that human happiness consisted in emancipation from cares and worries and unrestrained indulgence in wine" (Thornton's "History of China"), are frequently found on ceramics. Another sage, Sō-sha (Anderson's "British Museum Catalogue," page 241), is often painted; he may be recognised by his hat of enormous width, and his riding on a mule through a snow-clad landscape. One of great renown, Kio-shiga or Taikōbo (Kiang-Tsze-yo), is to be seen fishing in order to rid himself of the wrangling of a discontented wife, and to be able undisturbed to muse upon "astronomy, geography, and the art of warfare!" He fished with a straight pin and no bait. It is also said that the fish thought so highly of him that they managed to hold on to this and be caught, and that he looked so wise over this pursuit that the emperor accosted him one day and requested him to become his prime minister.

In the Illustration No. 8 will be seen the Buddhist Daruma, who, arriving in China in the sixth century, at once went into a state of abstraction, which extended over nine years, during which he never moved; as a result he lost the use of his legs.

The Jap netsukés are very fond of treating him in all sorts of attitudes, usually without legs, scowling from a bag; the two representations here given show him rending his garments and recovering his legs.

Other personages having a Chinese origin are Kan-shin, who is often seen on netsukés, showing an example of moral courage in crawling between the legs of a low fellow who had insulted him, rather than have a disturb-

ance with him; Yo jo (Ch. Yu Jang), who is depicted stabbing his sword into the garment of the man who had murdered his king, and whom he had sworn to kill. This he had failed more than once to do, owing to his foe's generosity,



No. 2. —Yamato Laké putting out the Flames.

\* Continued from page 180.



so he implored the latter to throw him his mantle, and he satisfied his conscience by stabbing it first, and then committing suicide.

The frequently depicted scene of a man handing another a shoe is Chorio (Chang Liang), a counsellor of the founder of the Han dynasty. In early life he encountered a poor and aged man, Kōsékiko, who had lost his sandal, which he promptly restored; in return for this he received a volume, from which he derived all the wisdom which distinguished his counsels (Mayers, page 8). Upon kodzukas he is often seen in a river, seated upon a dragon, which he had conquered, handing the shoe to Kōsékiko, who is on horseback on a bridge.

Foremost amongst Japanese legends are those connected with the country's martial glory. Amongst the figures which stand out most prominently is that of Také-no-uchi-no-sukuné, who lived at least three decades for every syllable in his name, and served under six emperors. We spoke of him in the second paper, page 41.

A warrior equally ancient but of more ferocious mien than Také-no-uchi is the Chinese god of war, Kwan-yu, who lived in the second century, but is still a very popular personage in both the empires. He wears Chinese garments and a black beard which reaches to his waist, and which he is usually engaged in stroking. He carries a formidable spear, and is accompanied by a repulsive-looking attendant. A frequent subject, especially on sword furniture, is believed by Mr. Gilbertson to be connected with Kwan-yu; it represents a warrior, seated, with a retainer behind him, and another approaching with reverential mien. This must not be confounded with Kwan-yu receiving the envoy (in civil costume), who comes to try and gain him over from his allegiance to his Emperor. An early legend also is that of Yamato Daké (see Illustration No. 2), surrounded by the flaming grass which his enemies had set fire to whilst he was out hunting, and saving himself by the wonderful mowing qualities of his Murakumo blade, which is said to have been the identical one which Susano (see page 40) got from the dragon's tail.

We have already alluded (page 42) to the great hero Yoshitsuné and his henchman Benkei; a volume could be filled with the episodes in their lives which find a place in Art. Besides those already mentioned, and of two of which we gave illustra-

tions in our second article, there are many varieties of the battles of Yashima and Fujikawa. It was at the former that

Yoshitsuné rode into the water to secure a broken bow which a party of the enemy were endeavouring to grapple with boat-hooks; it was at the latter that he ordered the bridge to be dismantled, and the soldiers to swim across, when the episode of Kagésuyé and Jaka-tsuna occurred. Both these were eager to have the credit of being over first. Jaka-tsuna, who was on the slowest horse, was soon left behind, whereupon he called out, "Kagésuyé, your horse's girth is loose." Kagésuyé stopped, Jaka-tsuna passed him, and reached the opposite bank first, both riding unharmed through a shower of arrows. Yoshitsuné's headlong ride down a mountain side, so precipitous that only deer and wild boar could descend it, is also often repeated. So too is Sasaki crossing the river at the battle of Ojikawa in the midst of a shower of arrows, which he warded off with his sword. He is recognisable by his crest of four hollow squares arranged in the form of a lozenge. Benkei's feats include his stealing the bell of Mi-i-dera, his writing on the plum-tree at Amagasaki to save it from damage, and his death amidst a shower of arrows. Kusunoki Masa-shigé (page 43) dictating his will before killing himself is another common subject.

A prettier legend than any of these is that of Ōta Dokuan and the peasant girl. The doughty warrior, overtaken by the rain, begged of the latter the loan of a grass rain-coat (*mino*). Without replying she ran off to the garden, plucked a camellia, handed it to Ōta, and ran away. Ōta went off in a huff, only to find out afterwards that this was a polite way of saying she had no coat; for had not a poet centuries before written of this flower, "Although the mountain camellia has

seven petals, yet I grieve to say it has no seed (*mino*)." Griffiths tells the story, which he says is still preserved in poetry, song, Art, and local lore, at length in his "Mikado's Empire," page 265.

The story of Ono-no-komachi has been a favourite one with artists of every description for several centuries. One of Japan's types of female beauty—one of the six greatest poets, the idol of the court, a miserable hag, her corpse the prey of

dogs—in these successive epochs of her life, the painter and the sculptor have over and over again portrayed her. Most



No. 3.—Urashima. From an Ivory Ohimono in Mr. W. Tomkinson's Collection.



No. 4.—Ono-no-taka-mura and the Assassin.

frequently we find her showing the magic of her poetry by drawing down the rain in a period of drought by her recita-



No. 5.—The three Philosophers. From a Pouch Ornament.

tions, or washing a volume of her poems in the river, to prove by their erasure by the water that certain lines recently inscribed by a rival were not hers; or especially by netsuké-makers, old, decrepid, and a beggar. Another court beauty who sank to indigence was Seishō-nagon. Quickness in grasping a quotation was highly esteemed in olden days, and this fair lady is usually shown in the act of raising a blind and showing the winter landscape, thus displaying her aptness at recognising the allusion. Another of the poetesses, Murasaki Shikib, receives frequent notice at the hands of the artists, as she sits in the moonlight in a temple overlooking Lake Biwa, and composes the great romance of the Genji Monogatari.

The story of the "oil thief," as he is sometimes called, is an amusing one. Takamouchi (eighth century) was once accompanying the Mikado on a nocturnal escapade, when in one of the streets of Kiōto they met what in the rain they mistook for a demon, with flames of fire emerging from his head. The emperor retreated in haste, but the valiant Takamouchi went for the demon and threw him. According to some the demon was only an oil thief on his way to steal oil from the lamps; according to others it was an old bonze, or priest, on his round of lighting the lamps. Whichever it was, the artist always arrays him in the peasant's grass coat and straw hat.

I have not been able to ascertain for certain the meaning of a frequent subject of which I give an Illustration (No. 4). The noble playing the flute is said to be Ono-no-taka-mura; this was the name of a painter of note in the ninth century. According to one authority, the assassin who is seen creeping up behind him was so captivated by his playing that he re-



No. 6.—Erado under the Waterfall.

pented of his errand; according to another, the noble was quite aware of his danger, and went on playing until the

assassin was close behind him, when drawing his sword he despatched him with a wonderful back cut. Flute-playing was much indulged in by the fashionables, and fine-toned flutes became celebrated and of great value. A wonderful old flute with a beautiful lacquer case, by Shun-sho, is in the possession of Mr. F. Y. Edwards, of Hampstead.

Ono-no-tufu and the toad play in Japanese Art the part of Robert Bruce and the spider, as he learns the lesson of perseverance by watching the creature seven times attempt to jump to the willow bough, and at last succeed.

Erado, the unfortunate penitent who for one-and-twenty days stood under an icy torrent, is often portrayed by metal-workers who wish to show their skill, but the result is usually neither agreeable or satisfactory from an Art point of view, owing to their piling up the agony and the details. Fudo, the god of the lower world, or his messenger bearing the wand of pardon, is a usual accompaniment. Fudo, "the immovable one," who is identical with Dainichi Morai, the god of wisdom, has usually as accompaniments a sword, representing intelligence, flames typical of wisdom, and a rope to



No. 7.—The Tongue-cut Sparrow. From a Sword Guard in the Author's possession.

bind evil-doers. Although a popular Buddhist deity in Japan, little is known of him in China.

There are many legends in which demons and genii\* take a prominent part. Principal amongst these must be reckoned the stories of Yorimitsu (or Raiko) and the Shiuten Doji and Watanabé and the demon spider. These are too long to tell here, but they may be studied in a remarkably graphic series of drawings in the British Museum (Nos. 285 and 303-416); and Mr. Anderson devotes a considerable space to them in his catalogue. The latter legend often finds a place upon sword furniture, and is easily recognisable. So too does the encounter of Watanabé with the Oni: first the Oni's seizure of him by the helmet; next his discomfiture and loss of his arm, which is borne away triumphantly by Watanabé; but I have never seen the warrior beguiled by the old woman and losing his trophy.

Amongst feats of strength will be found those of Asiana

\* The queen of the genii, Sei-ō-hō, is usually depicted as a Chinese princess, with two female attendants carrying a fan, and the peaches of longevity. According to Anderson, the assemblage of the Rishis at her mountain home in Central Asia is one of the common Art motives of the old Chinese and Japanese artists. She must not be mistaken for the dragon queen, who is usually represented clothed in robes of shells and coral.



Saburō in his combats with Matano no Gorō and Soga no Gorō. He may be seen wrestling, warding off rocks thrown down upon him, struggling with sharks, etc. So too Gō-shisho (Wu Yün), a Chinese general, who showed his strength and learning in a competition by composing and writing a stanza whilst holding up a metal brazier one thousand pounds in weight. One of the most striking of the modern pictures in the British Museum collection is Hokusai's Tamé-

tomo holding his bow against the united efforts of four demons, during his visit to their island home, Onigashima. Then there is Kia'taro, or Kintoki, the boys' idol, the child of the forest, who is usually depicted on their kites wielding an enormous axe, or wrestling with the tengus, or a wild boar.

There are also many instances of skill in the use of weapons, particularly the bow. Amongst these may be cited the oft-illustrated tale of the death of the nuyé (which had the head of a monkey, the back of a badger, the feet of a tiger, and the tail of a snake) at the hands of Minamoto no Yorimasa and his follower, Ii no Hayata, illustrated in Mr. Anderson's Catalogue, page 389.

Urashima may be termed the Japanese Rip van Winkle.

He, in following his calling as a fisherman, caught a tortoise, which, as I have explained, lives to a great age. He had compassion on the animal and spared its life, whereupon it was transformed into a beautiful princess, in whose boat and company he rowed away to the "Air Castle." After a space of three years, as he supposed, he prevailed upon the princess to allow him to return home. She gave him on leaving a casket, which he was not to open if he wished to see her again. On his arrival at his birthplace he found that the last of his family had been dead many hundreds of years. He was then tempted to open the casket, whereupon he suddenly changed into a wrinkled old man, and his spirit passed into a crane. In this form he rejoined the tortoise, and lived happily for ten thousand years. A ballad on the subject is to be found in "Manyefushifu," dated A.D. 760.

The badger emerging from the tea-kettle is a very favourite subject of the netsuké and pouch ornament maker. The

kettle belonged to a priest, and one day on its being put on the fire sprouted out with a badger's head, legs, and tail. The priest did not like this, and sold the kettle to a tinker, who made such a fortune out of exhibiting it, that at last he retired, and presented it to the temple whence it came, where it received saintly honours.

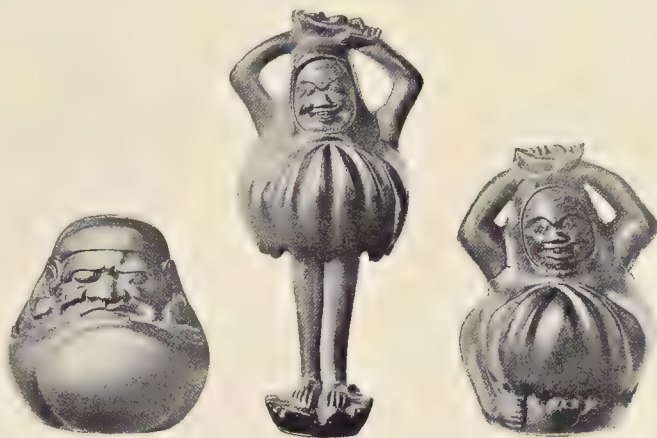
The tongue-cut sparrow has of

late years been a very popular subject, even on such inappropriate objects as sword guards. The legend, which is to be found in Mitford, is of a woman who, annoyed by the sparrows whilst washing, catches one and cuts out its tongue. Her husband, with whom it was a favourite, goes to the forest to find it, is there hospitably entertained by the sparrow family, and on leaving is offered his choice of two baskets, one much larger than the other; being old and infirm, he selects the lesser one. Upon his return home he opens it, to find it full of gems. He is upbraided by his better half for his selection, and she goes off and obtains the larger one. Upon opening it goblins emerge from it, even the cords which bind it are transformed into vipers, and these together soon make an end of her.

Momotarō, or Little Peachling, is also very popular. Many netsukés display the peach opening and the baby issuing from the kernel. His journey to the ogres' island, accompanied by the ape, the pheasant, and the dog, and his capture of the castle and treasures, is found upon pouch ornaments, etc. The old woodcutter who adopted Momotarō must not be confounded with the amiable old Chinaman, T'ung Fang-so, or Tōbōsaku, who ate three peaches, and lived in consequence to the age of nine thousand years. He is usually well dressed, and carries one or more of the peaches in his hand.

A man dreaming that he sees an imperial procession coming to court, offers a test of skill

which the Japanese are not slow to avail themselves of. I have a most successful rendering, not an inch square, in



No. 8.—Daruma in contemplation, and Daruma stretching himself. From a Netsuké in the Author's possession.



No. 9.—Capture of the Oil Thief. From a Sword Guard in the Gilbertson Collection.

metal-work. The dreamer is Rosei, who has for a thousand years been typical of the vanity of human greatness. He



No. 10.—*The Badger in the Tea-kettle. From a Netsuké in the Gilbertson Collection.*

passed in a dream from poverty to wealth, from insignificance to greatness, through a lifetime replete with events, in the space occupied by the preparation of his supper. The subject is frequently caricatured.

There are some hundred stories of filial piety of Chinese origin, and a quantity which are distinctly of native growth. Twenty-four, however, is the number of the paragons which the Japanese affect. Mr. Anderson gives a diagram of these in his Museum Catalogue, taken from Arkusai. Those most frequently met with are Mō-sō, whose act was illustrated in our first article; Yōko, who clung to a tiger's head which had sprung at her father, and saved him; Gomō, who would

not drive away the mosquitoes which stung him, lest they should settle on his parents; and Shiba-onko (Sze-ma Kwang),



No. 11.—*The Birth of Little Peaching. From a Netsuké in the Author's Collection.*

having the sense to break the saké jar into which one of his playmates had fallen (Mayers, 199).

There is little room left to describe the anthropological and zoological myths, which add nothing to Art except repulsive ugliness. They too hail from China, and Mr. Anderson considers that the Japanese have added to them all that is interesting and amusing. Those oftenest met with are Long Arms and Long Legs helping one another to fish, Whirling Neck craning his head over and round his fellows, and the vampire women, whose lower extremities die away into mist.

MARCUS B. HUIISH.

## 'THURSDAY.'

By W. DENDY SADLER. FROM THE PICTURE IN THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL.

MONKS have been painted in many ways—the heroic manner, the sentimental, the ascetic, the satiric, the derisive, the melodramatic—but they still await a painter who shall treat them in the true modern manner, which is simply the observant. An artist studying the cloister and its ways for himself, freshly, without *parti pris*, and with no predetermination to see saints, heroes, villains, hypocrites, or sensualists under the cowls of Franciscans, would give us pictures quite unlike anything in the galleries, but like a simple, unconscious, and honest truth. The real monk's life is full of the quaintest anomalies, simplicities, and familiarities, accidents and incidents which no one could invent for himself, but which no one with eyes for action, or character, or simplicity, could see without pleasure. Mr. Sadler, in his singularly clever series of pictures of Capuchins (of which the one of 'Friday,' engraved in *The Art Journal* in March, 1885, formed one), has painted precisely what he was ex-

pected to paint—little jokes without too much malice, but still, little jokes that he has hardly noted in a real refectory, or by a veritable monastic fish-pond. Had he gone there for his subjects, as he has for his accessories, he would have seen something equally humorous perhaps, but altogether unexpected. He would not have so inevitably found a greedy little group with the equally inevitable contrast of one pale ascetic—the monk who does not care how little there is for dinner in one of Mr. Sadler's pictures, or what kind of fish is hooked for to-morrow's larder, in the present case; but he would have found faces telling of every human variety of nature under one rule—that of a universal simplicity. He would have seen nothing ready-made, but everything full of direct and vital experience. Mr. Sadler is quite right to make the most of his own property in subjects from monastic life; and he may yet make his subjects more valuable by further observation.

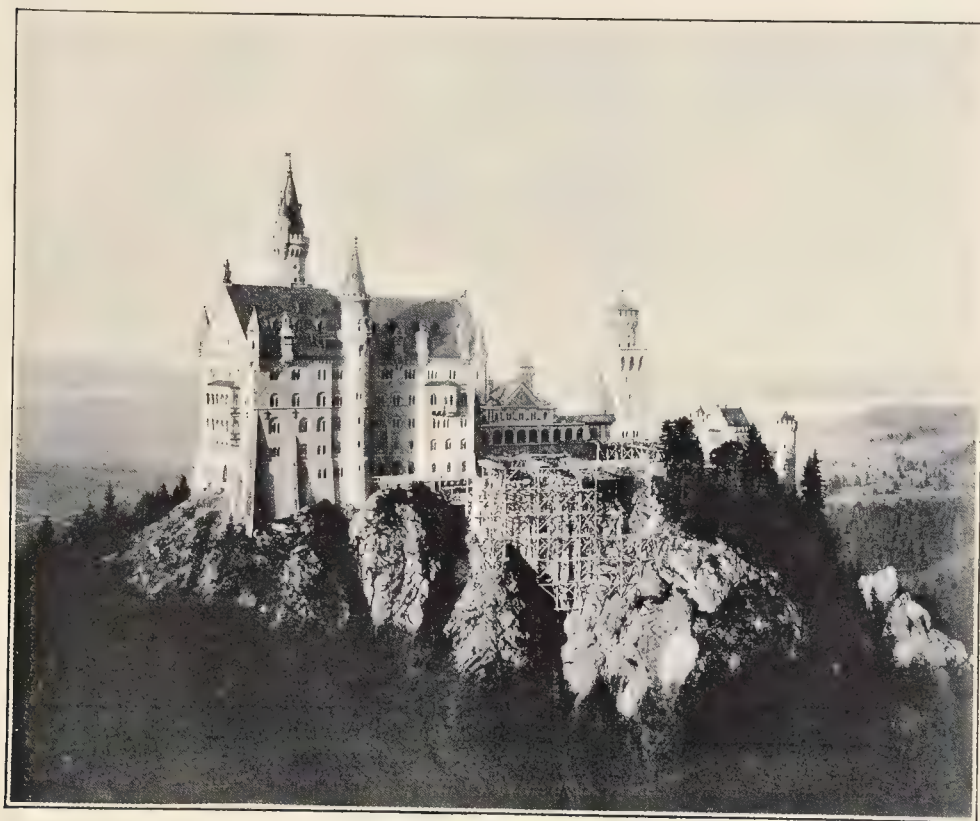


## THE PALACES OF THE LATE KING OF BAVARIA.

LUDWIG I. of Bavaria, the most eminent Art-patron of this century, conceived the idea that the most effectual way to raise the standard of Art in his kingdom would be not only to enrich the museums and picture galleries of his capital, Munich, with the finest works of antiquity, but to erect buildings which should be copies, more or less exact, of the monuments of past and bygone styles, and more especially of those which have been accepted as the best types. With this object new streets were laid out, and in the most con-

spicuous positions museums, picture galleries, entrance gateways, churches, palaces, and other monuments were constructed in imitation of Greek, Roman, Italian, and Romanesque buildings; near Ratisbon also he built the Walhalla, an exact copy of the Parthenon at Athens; and near Kelheim, the Befreiungshalle, a modified reproduction of the Pantheon at Rome.

The monuments he erected in Munich were not grouped together, but left with wide spaces between them, so that the



*Castle of Neuschwanstein, Bavarian Alps.*

casual traveller, a quarter of a century ago, might have imagined he was on the outskirts of a great town when he was really in the centre. It was the cherished hope of Ludwig I. that as the capital (it may be said he was almost creating) increased in population, the intervening space would become covered with magnificent structures, influenced in their design by the purity and high qualities of those which he had caused to be set up.

How far this object has been realised can best be judged  
1888.

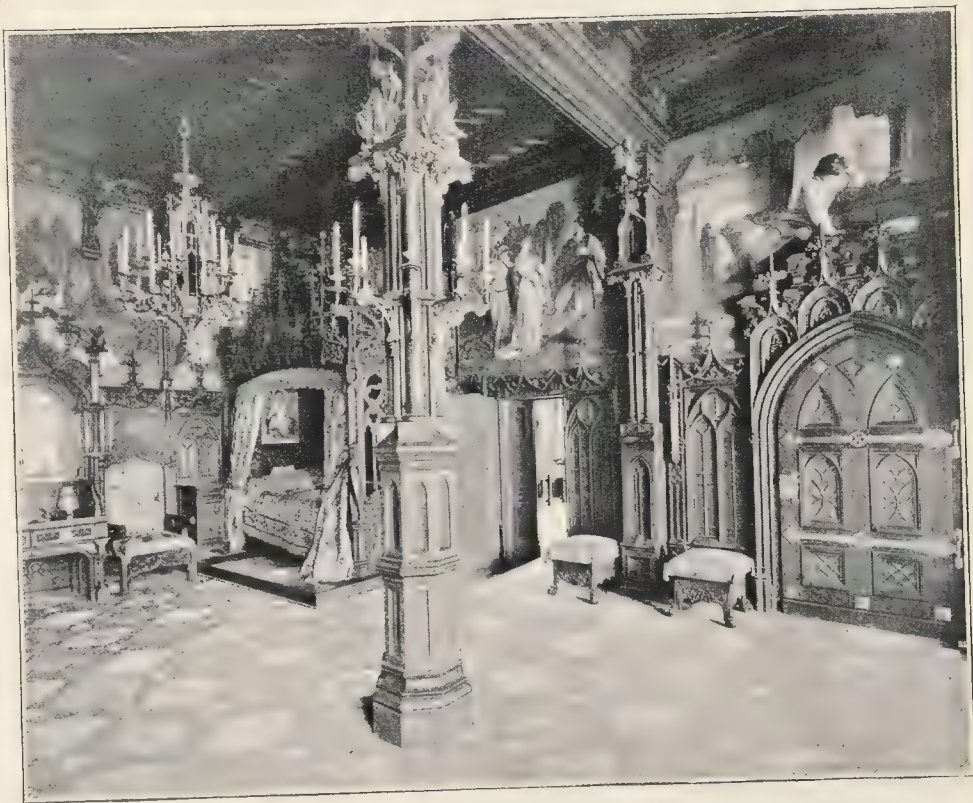
by the buildings erected during the reign of his son Maximilian, buildings which, as a rule, revel in depravity of taste and absence of knowledge of true design. Maximilian's son, Ludwig II., the late king, is said to have inherited from his grandfather much of his artistic instinct; he had hoped on his succession to the throne to have an opportunity of continuing the embellishment of Munich, plans for which were already prepared by the well-known architect, Semper; owing, however, to the opposition created by the intrigues

of the ultramontane party in the town council he gave up the idea, and devoted his attention to the design and erection of numerous palaces and castles for himself of the most sumptuous and expensive nature; palaces on which fabulous sums were spent, of which some are not yet finished, and none were ever inhabited, except for a short space of time.

The most important of these are the Castle of Neuschwanstein, the Palace of Linderhof, and the Palace of Herrenchiemsee; of these three a series of admirable photographs, taken by Herr Jos. Albert, of Munich, have been sent to us, from which we are able to judge of the artistic value they possess as architectural works. We are further informed

that King Ludwig II. himself was his own artist, and that with the greatest perseverance he studied every detail and consulted every book and drawing, especially the decorative portions, before he was satisfied with his designs. From the special reference made to the *decorative portions*, we may assume that the king employed architects and draughtsmen, both architectural and decorative; the former to prepare the plans, elevations, and sections, and to provide for their proper construction and supervision of work; the latter to elaborate the decorative drawings under the immediate supervision of the king.

If it were contended that Ludwig I. was too great a purist



*Schlafzimmer, Palace of Neuschwanstein.*

for this century, and that the severity and simple treatment of the Parthenon, of the Pantheon, or of the Loggia dei Lanci and the Palais Pitti at Florence, are not in harmony with the requirements of the age or its popular recognition, the same will not be put forward in favour of his grandson, for his decorative taste seems to have led him to select the most debased examples of the French Renaissance of the eighteenth century, departing only from this selection in the Castle of Neuschwanstein, where for his exterior, the throne-room, and some other parts, we find a version of cold, unsympathetic Romanesque work, and in other rooms the most debased and badly-designed late German Flamboyant work it has ever been our misfortune to see.

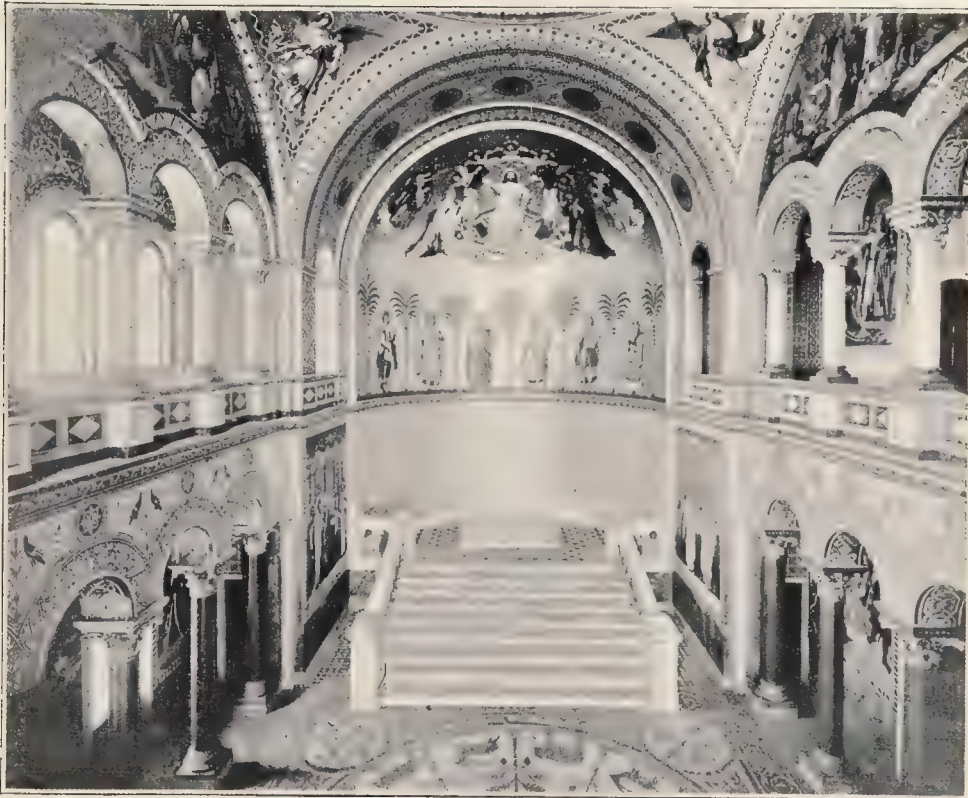
The Castle of Neuschwanstein is built on a lofty eminence in one of the prettiest parts of the Bavarian Alps, and commanding one of the finest views in Bavaria. It is within a stone's throw of the Castle of Hohenschwangau, the favourite residence of King Maximilian, the father of the late king. The illustration here given is taken from the south, and its position on its rocky base is sufficient to suggest that the cost of scaffolding alone must have been enormous. The best that can be said of it is that its outline is not unpicturesque, and that it harmonizes well with its position. When we come to examine it in detail, we find that: 1st. The main block looks as if it were broken in the middle, partially owing to the change of plane of its two portions, and the slightly lower



elevation of the ridge of the roof of the right-hand portion. This might have been remedied if a gable had been carried up between the two; but it probably did not show in the architect's drawing, being masked by the circular turret. 2ndly. There is a terrible monotony in the windows, and the attempt made to vary this by projecting bow windows, balconies, and square turrets set diagonally on the springers of the gable coping is unfortunate, because these are *picturesque* features out of harmony with the severe style selected. 3rdly. The buttresses at the base of this great block are so badly designed that they look as if they were afterthoughts put on to keep the building from slipping down.

4thly. The huge machicolations on the square tower on the right of the main block are too wide apart and out of scale, and the circular tower on the top is an anomaly; and 5thly. Either the building on the right is in miniature, or the main block is out of scale.

When we come to the interior there is a certain element of grandeur in the throne-room, as there must always be when so fine a type as St. Sophia at Constantinople is taken as a basis. Had the architect followed his prototype more closely, however, he would have retained his piers at each side of the arcades, and not introduced angle shafts, and he would have brought out his solid stone balustrades to the



Throne-room, Palace of Neuschwanstein.

front, and not placed them in the central axis of the shafts or columns. The flight of steps leading to the throne is heavy and unpleasing, owing probably to the fact that the pedestals terminating the balustrades are brought out in front of the steps. These pedestals should have been set back to the third or fourth step, leaving the lower steps to turn round them, so as to break the line of balustrade, lessening the apparent length of the narrow passage on each side.

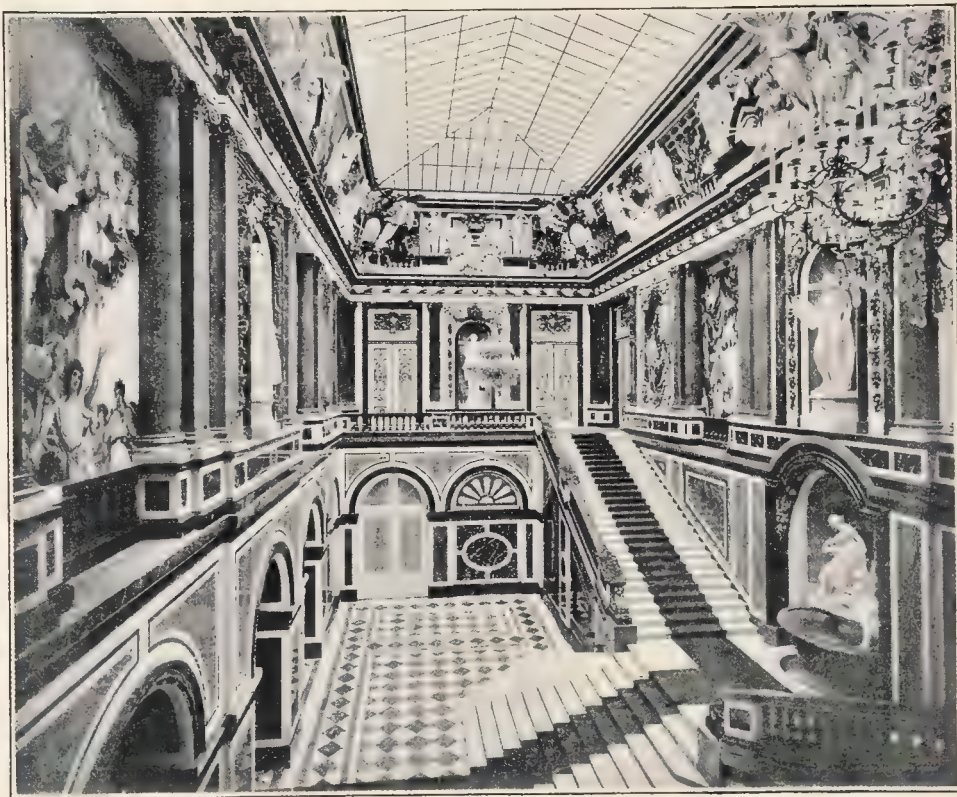
Of other halls of the interior the Sängersaal is one of the worst designed we have ever seen; it is a long room, spanned by an immense roof, suggestive of the roof in a garret, and the side walls are brought out into the room to allow of a narrow gallery above, which rises nearly to the height of the

wall plates, so that there is no apparent support to the roof. This might have been partially remedied if the side walls had had strong horizontal lines, but, on the contrary, they are divided up by vertical lines, so that, as seen in perspective, there is no apparent connection between them and the roof trusses. Words would fail to describe the execrable design of the Flamboyant woodwork in the Schlafzimmer, which seems to violate every canon of proportion, harmony, fitness, repose, or truthful construction.

In the Palace of Herrenchiemsee we recognise its prototype in Versailles, but the example before us is wanting in those projecting wings which at all events give some variety of skyline. If the walls here were stripped of their columns

and pilasters, the building might be taken for a warehouse of the ordinary type. Taking one of the bays, the ground and first floor are well-proportioned, the attic story is wanting in relief, meaningless, and poor; there is no visible roof, and the groups of arms introduced to break the sky-line look as if they were cut out in cardboard. The grand staircase, fine in its first aspect, owing to its size and richness of material, shows the "cloven hoof" so soon as one begins to analyse its design. The ground story is too evidently veneered with marble; that is to say, its constructive features are not sufficiently insisted on. The first floor is divided vertically into piers, richly panelled, flush with the wall, and recesses,

in which the wall is set back about twenty inches; on each side of these recesses are three-quarter detached columns, which are actually set back behind their own antæ, so that the architrave they are supposed to carry projects out in front of their capitals. The wall forming the back of the recess also is painted as if it ran behind the columns, but the columns being set back, the painting runs into the column itself. The attic storey leans forward, which would be allowable if there was some apparent support, but the whole of the roof is an ordinary greenhouse skylight, so that the figures and other features decorating this attic look as if they were going to fall into the staircase. Of the rooms in the palace the



*Grand Staircase, Palace of Herrenchiemsee.*

Grosse-Spiegel Gallery is a very fine room, more or less copied from Versailles. The Salle de l'Œil de Bœuf is very bad, the figures in the frieze being out of scale with the decoration below, and the "œil de bœuf," which gives the name to the room, hideous. In the Salle de Paix the vaulted ceiling, both in colour and the heaviness of its decoration, is entirely out of keeping with the room itself, where the projections are slight and the whole treatment flat; and in the Bad-toilette Zimmer it is impossible to say where the ornamental relief, which is of the most debased character, ends and the wall-painting and mirrors begin.

There remains the Linderhof, in which the exuberant richness of decoration and the decadence of its type is on the lines

of the interior of Herrenchiemsee, only more pronounced. The main portion of the walls is covered with the most elaborate detail. The carpets are all of the most variegated description, with flowers and garlands shaded as if in relief; the furniture carved in the most exuberant manner and gilded, and the seats and cushions embroidered all over, so that there is absolutely no repose whatever; and this is what we may expect when so august a personage as a king condescends to take up the design and superintendence of decorative details. The collection of photographs of the palaces is at present on view at Mr. Deighton's, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross.

R. PHENÉ SPIERS.





*Summer. By W. Reynolds-Stephens.*

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.\*

### GALLERY IV.

TO the left, just above the line, on entering from the third gallery, hangs Mr. JOHN S. SARGENT'S 'Cecil, Son of Robert Harrison, Esq.' (314). One of the fine portraits of the year, this picture is remarkable for the brilliance and purity of its flesh colour and for the truth with which the boy's navy-blue costume has been represented, as being of the same stuff both in the light and in the shadow. Quite skied is a marine called 'Moonrise' (318), by Mr. ALEXANDER HARRISON, in which the drawing and modelling of the waves call for special praise.

'Mrs. Arthur Sassoon' (316), a lady in black, by Mr. H. HERKOMER, A., will hardly compare in fineness of colour or dignity and breadth of style with this painter's lady in black of last year. A harmonious landscape, 'Sons of Toil' (317), by Mr. E. ELLIOT; a clever portrait of a girl, 'The Last Strawberry' (320), by Mr. G. HARE; 'Euterpe' (322), a staring young lady, by Mr. E. J. GREGORY, A.; the huge 'By the Sea of Galilee' (329), of Mr. F. GOODALL, R.A.; a cadaverously coloured portrait, 'Mrs. Lorin A. Lathrop' (328), by Mr. P. MORRIS, A., and a vague but pleasant dream of colour, 'The Last of the Hay' (334), by Mr. PEPPERCORN, bring us to another of the chief portraits of the year.

Like Mr. Sargent's 314, 'Mr. C. Somzee' (335), by Mr. EMILE WAUTERS, is a portrait of a boy. He wears a knickerbocker suit and blue stockings, holds a hoop in one hand, and pats a dog with the other. The colour is a sober scheme of slate-like greys, which recalls, in its dextrous and masculine handling, some of the pictures of Hals, Verspronck, Van der Helst, etc.

'Mrs. J. A. Fuller Maitland' (345) is a lady in a reddish gown, painted in one of those affected styles in which Mr. W. B. RICHMOND, A., sometimes indulges.

'The Seal Diver: Co. Mayo' (346) (see the illustration), comes from Mr. W. H. BARTLETT, an artist who early showed remarkable promise. Mr. Bartlett is still so young that it is very possible that he may overcome a tendency to hardness and photographic stiffness which he has lately exhibited. The present picture suffers a little from this fault; otherwise it is true and sincere, and without many of the falsities of tone commonly introduced in the boats and figures of marine pictures. The rocks, the boat, and the men in it, who are lifting the diver out of the water, though wooden, are well drawn, and coolly and freshly coloured as if wrapt in the atmosphere of the scene.

In his large 'Pool of London' (350), Mr. VICAT COLE, R.A., endeavours to do something different from his accustomed models, something at once more robust and more realistic. He has brought courage and energy to bear on his task, and for these he deserves credit, but, though in places, as in the swirling water, for instance, he has been remarkably successful, on the whole his picture is very much better in sentiment and intention than in truth of observation or soundness of technique.

Mr. F. BRAMLEY'S 'Hopeless Dawn' (351) has more concentration of composition and more intensity of feeling than perhaps any other picture of the school to which it belongs. A young girl is kneeling at the feet of an old woman; both sorrow for some one who will never come back from the stormy sea just visible through the window. Mr. Bramley reserves all the force that can be gained by firm definition, strong lighting, and important position, for the clasped hands of the two women, which we think a perfectly justifiable stroke of sentiment.

'Mrs. Henry G. Marquand' (365), the work of Mr. JOHN S. SARGENT, with his 314, and Mr. Emile Wauters's 335, makes the third really fine portrait hung in the fourth room. This lady has been observed and rendered in a most refined and

\* Continued from page 183.

gracious manner, with all Mr. Sargent's fine technique and very much more than his usual tenderness and feeling.

Landscapes by Messrs. A. G. BELL, LESLIE THOMSON, C. G. MORRIS, and A. HAGUE, should not be overlooked. These, and one of Mr. BRETT'S, A., marines, 'The Earth's Shadow on the Sky' (386), brings us to the end of this room.

#### GALLERY V.

After passing a careful portrait, 'Mrs. C. W. Keighley' (402), well treated in the dress and accessories by Mr. T. F. DICKSEE, and a bright, tinny landscape, 'An Old English Homestead' (408), by Mr. B. W. LEADER, A., we come to the centre, occupied by 'Requiescat' (413), the work of Mr. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A. A dead knight in full armour is seen lying on a blue tapestry, watched by a large hound, perhaps the best bit of painting in the picture.

'The Ivy-clad Tower' (419) is a strong bright specimen of Mr. PARTON'S work; 'The Right Hon. the Speaker' (420), a rather hot portrait by Mr. H. HERKOMER, A.; and 426, 'A Yorkshire Beck,' a very pleasantly coloured little landscape by Mr. F. W. JACKSON, showing a wooded water-worn chine running down towards the spectator.

Mr. JOHN S. SARGENT'S 'Mrs. E. D. Boit' (432) is unusual in colour, handling, and arrangement; but, although all this dash and vigour keeps in place, the canvas has not the gentle charm of the 'Mrs. Henry G. Marquand.'

Mr. ALBERT AUBLET'S 'Turc en Prière' (433), a tall upright, is drawn with great precision and handled with a dry but stately stiffness.

'The Viscountess Hood' (439), one of the good portraits of the show, is far away the best work sent anywhere this year by Mr. W. B. RICHMOND, A. The lines of the black dress are noble and flowing, the flesh is simpler and richer in colour and texture than that in his other portraits.

Mr. EDWIN LONG, R.A., occupies the centre with 'The Crown of Justification' (453), a representation of the ancient Egyptian custom of judging the dead. Strong and vivid portraits, 'Frank Lockwood, Esq., Q.C., M.P.' (454), and 'The Lord Chancellor' (462), by Mr. HERMAN G. HERKOMER, and 'Henry Roscoe, Esq.' (458), by the Hon. JOHN COLLIER, call for notice.

#### GALLERY VI.

Mr. ALFRED EAST'S finest landscape, 'A Frosty Sunset' (492) is the first thing that strikes one as remarkable in this room. His mountain torrent, as it rushes through a wild waste of stones and pine trees, has been painted with great vigour and true character.

No. 499, 'The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.,' Mr. FRANK HOLL, R.A. This is a very striking portrait, though somewhat coarse and brutal in colour.

No. 494, 'Comtesse di Rigo,' by Mr. CAROLUS-DURAN, another powerful portrait, shows a lady in a red velvet dress. The flesh colour is extremely high and brilliant in tone, and tells with great effect against the bold simplicity of the dress and background.

Mr. J. W. WATERHOUSE, A., sends 'The Lady of Shalott' (500), a romantic subject, treated with realistic power. The figure is clothed principally in white, and sits in a boat upon a sort of embroidered cloth very skilfully worked.

We now pass 'The Hon. Baron Huddleston' (506), an ordinary example of Mr. F. HOLL, R.A.; a stiff but sincere landscape, 'Pasture Land, Kent' (515), by Mr. R. W. A.

ROUSE; a strong portrait of a lady in a red dress, 'Mrs. Henry Lumley, by Mr. S. J. SOLOMON, and a landscape (527) by Mr. D. FARQUHARSON, with a sky of beautiful quality, and reach a most admirably sincere impression of natural effect, 'A Rainy Street' (525), by Mr. ALEXANDER HARRISON.

Mr. MOUAT LOUDAN sends a fair-sized canvas (537) called 'Fish Sale, Polperro,' in which it is difficult to determine the respective distances of the many figures and accessories of the picture. Mr. HERBERT SCHMALZ'S 'Faithful unto Death—Christina ad Leones' (542), a number of naked girls tied to pedestals in the arena, also seems flat and void of distance.

Mr. WILLIAM LOGSDAIL has struck a curious vein of blue in his 'St. Martin's-in-the-Fields' (548). Mr. HENRY WELLS'S, R.A., large view of rolling country, 'Holmbury Hill' (553), would not be the worse for broader treatment somewhere; it is too evenly made out in every part. Mr. PERCY BELGRAVE'S solemn landscape with rocks (559), and Mr. W. H. S. LLEWELLYN'S cleverly-handled 'Boiling Tan for Fishing-nets, Runswick' (566), deserve attention.

#### GALLERY VII.

Mr. WELLWOOD RATTRAY'S 'Where the Burnie rins wimplin' down tae the Sea' (582) is fresh and gay. In 'Venetian Costume-makers' (583), Mr. MELTON FISHER treats, in the approved clever fashion of the day, the sort of subject that Messrs. Van Haanen and de Blaas first made popular. Mr. HUGH WILKINSON'S bright and vigorous 'Sunny Afternoon' (585) fully justifies its title. Mr. A. D. PEPPERCORN'S 'Common' (588) has a pleasant dreamy sentiment, and Mr. PETER GRAHAM'S, R.A., large marine, 'Driven by the Wind' (593), differs very little from his usual sea-pieces. He has introduced a capsized boat, and it seems curious that he should allow one to dwell on the grain of wood and similar details in the midst of so much turmoil.

No. 599, 'J. M. Hall, Esq.,' is the best and soberest of Mr. J. PETTIE'S, R.A., work; Mr. HORACE FISHER'S 'I Primi Passi' (607), an infant in a baby-walker, resembles Mr. Melton Fisher's picture in style.

Mr. FRED. HALL sends two cleverly-handled and amusing illustrations of the story of the goose that laid the golden egg (619 and 624). There is not much else of interest in the room. Mr. HERKOMER'S, A., two portraits are not in his best style; Mr. SEYMOUR LUCAS, A., gives a dry, uninteresting account of 'St. Paul's: the King's Visit to Wren' (648). Landscapes by Messrs. J. W. LAIDLAY and ARTHUR TOMSON, however, show both good feeling and thorough education.

#### GALLERY VIII.

The first picture that really strikes one in this room is 'Edinburgh, from St. Anthony's Chapel' (686), by Mr. MACWHIRTER, A. It is by far the best of his contributions to the shows of the year. The poetry of the sky and distance pleases us most; a want of strength and reality in the foreground and in the ruin somewhat mar the effect. The following are fine studies of open air: Mr. LOUIS GRIER'S 'Golden Autumn: Eventide' (688), a peaceful stretch of sea leading to a distant town; a splendidly broad, hilly landscape, 'Grey Willows in a hollow Down' (701), by Mr. ARTHUR LEMON, containing two or three horses painted in masterly style; a river scene, 'Near Arundel, Sussex' (702), by Mr. CLAUDE HAYES, in which the fine sentiment of air and distance is a little spoiled by a tight foreground of reeds.

We now come to Mr. S. J. SOLOMON'S 'Niobe' (712), one



of the largest and boldest figure pictures of the year. It is composed and handled with a broad and showy vigour, and is far from disagreeable in colour. Niobe stands on a flight of steps, holding one of her children in her arms, while others are strewn in effective attitudes at her feet.

Some good landscapes, amongst which are Mr. LESLIE THOMSON'S 'Early Summer' (719), Mr. YEEND KING'S 'Sylvan Solitude' (715), Mr. A. W. HUNT'S 'Wings of the Wind' (730), and Mr. E. ELLIS'S 'Wild Weather, West Hartlepool' (736), lead to Mr. HOLL'S, R.A., portrait of 'John L. Townsend, Esq.' (742), in which we feel the whites of the collar and waistcoat rather too strong for the head.

Mr. ERNEST CROFTS, A., sends 'Marston Moor' (746), a picture so clean and neat, that the battle seems conducted in a toy shop.

## GALLERY IX.

There are so many small pictures in this room, and so many of them are good, that one cannot do more than choose a few at hazard. Inevitably passing over some pleasant things, we reach Mr. COLIN HUNTER'S, A., bluish-green 'Lac du Bourget, Savoie' (798), a vigorous picture, not so hard as some of his work. Mr. E. J. POYNTER, R.A., has a pleasant little figure of a girl amongst classic architecture, 'Under the Sea-wall' (814); Mr. E. ELLIOT a quiet green little river-scene, very tender in colour, 'View at Ely' (818); and Mr. LESLIE THOMSON a charming bit of colour, 'On Poole Harbour' (844).

Mr. AUBREY HUNT'S 'Old Breakwater, Honfleur' (847), is one of the most stylish little pictures in the place. Beyond the large stones in the foreground, he shows a stretch of sand



*The Seal Diver: Co. Mayo. By W. H. Bartlett.*

pleasantly diversified with figures, and surmounted by a cloudy sky full of life and motion. Mr. E. A. WARD sends a good portrait, 'Mrs. Howse' (848); Mr. HENRY WOODS, A., a bright little picture, 'On the Giudecca, Venice' (859); and Mr. FRANK DICKSEE, A., in 'Combe Martin, North Devon' (869), makes a successful essay in landscape, or rather in coast-marine. A low-toned, solemn picture, 'In Maremma' (926), by Mr. HEATH WILSON, deals with a river flowing among pine-trees and deep grass. No. 949, 'Summer in Venice,' a canal, houses, and bridges in sunshine, has been very neatly executed by Mr. WILLIAM LOGSDAIL. 'A Sketch at Sturry' (962), by Mr. DANIEL PORTER; 'Afternoon: Carradale, N.B.' (971), by Mr. WELLWOOD RATTRAY; and a lively little picture, 'Winter Fuel' (973), by Mr. A. H. RIGG, are all good, sound, atmospheric work.

## GALLERY X.

By Mr. J. FARQUHARSON (994), 'Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,' is a large landscape with figures rich in subdued colour. A woman and her children struggle across a waste of heath against the violence of a storm of wind and rain.

Mr. R. CATON WOODVILLE sends two canvases, painted for Her Majesty the Queen, 'The Marriage of H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice' (999), and 'Too Late: the Last March of General Sir Herbert Stewart' (1011). Artistic qualities and composition of a noble sort must not be expected where the artist is obliged to arrange so many figures, and yet stick close to the illustration of a particular incident. In their own way these pictures are successful.

Mr. ADRIAN STOKES has struck on a broad and most effective arrangement of simple elements—a hillside, cattle, and

a vast sky in his 'Upland and Sky' (1024). A little girl in pink silk holding a huge fan is called, 'La petite Marquise' (1030). Mr. DAVID MURRAY'S 'In Dartmouth Harbour' (1054) is not treated with the largeness of manner and the regard for relative value of masses necessary to make a long view effective. Mr. MARK FISHER'S huge 'Marlow Meadows' (1056), though it lacks the finesse and charm of his smaller work, shows a really broad comprehension of effect. Mr. E. A. WATERLOW'S 'Orphan' (1059), a figure in the midst of a wild and savage coast landscape, is a picture with a sufficiently truthful general aspect, which would be the better for finer aerial gradations.

## GALLERY XI.

'Charles Wyndham as David Garrick' (1065), by Mr. PETTIE, R.A., is as bad in colour as his 'Song without Words' in the Grosvenor is good. 'Reeds and Rushes' (1066), by the Hon. DUFF TOLLEMACHE, is a sober and serious landscape, in which near-hand reedy growths are treated with excellent breadth and power. No. 1077, 'H. Pickersgill Cunliffe, Esq.', is one of Mr. WILLIAM CARTER'S strongest and finest portraits.

The large-size centre-piece, 'Esther denouncing Haman to King Ahasuerus' (1080), by Mr. E. NORMAND, is somewhat glassy in texture and tame in execution.

No. 1088, 'A Hit, a very palpable Hit,' by Mr. G. C. HINDLEY, shows a lunch party, probably taking place in one of the inns of court in the last century, and it is painted with very much more regard to truth of effect than the generality of its kind.

No. 1108, 'In the Wake of the Tug,' is one of the strongest in effect and least forced in colour of Mr. AVERST INGRAM'S marine pictures. Mr. HUBERT VOS sends a fine head of an old man, low in tone and broad, called 'A Breton Beggar' (1118), and Mr. KENNINGTON, 'Widowed and Fatherless' (1126), a specimen of the application of a slick modern realistic style to the old English sentimental domestic story.

Mr. JOSEPH FARQUHARSON'S 'Hour of Prayer' (1135), the interior of a mosque bathed in a broad effect of light, very worthily fills the centre of a wall. On one side of it hangs Mr. STANHOPE FORBES'S 'Village Philharmonic' (1143), a picture of a rustic concert, painted with his usual interest in problems of lighting, and with all his usual cleverness of handling. Good pictures come from Messrs. LORIMER, E. A. WARD, T. BENHAM, PERCY BELGRAVE, P. GHENT, H. G. HERKOMER, A. K. BROWN, and Miss M. J. SHUBROOK.

## THE WATER-COLOUR ROOM.

There is naturally not much to detain us here, considering the enormous drain of work made by The Royal Society, The Royal Institute, and The Royal British Artists. The following, however, are worthy of some attention.

No. 1184, 'Harmony in White and Gold,' a strong, broad,

still-life of flowers, by Miss A. M. SWAN; No. 1187, 'The Coming Gale,' a fine decorative scheme of blue, by Mr. FRITZ ALTHAUS; 'Stormy: Sussex Coast' (1191), a large drawing extremely grey in colour, by Mr. C. S. MOTTRAM; No. 1212, a fine study of a garden with sunflowers in the foreground, by Mr. H. BECKER, and 'Winter' (1215), a faithful study of snow, by Mr. CLAUDE HAYES.

'Summer' (1227), by Mr. REYNOLDS-STEPHENS, is the subject of one of our illustrations. It is a small-sized water colour, showing some girls dressed in violet robes seated on a white marble seat, and playing with a wreath of flowers. Above them is a greenish mosaic, bearing the word *Æstas*.

Other good drawings are No. 1288, 'Aberlady from Luffness Links,' by Mr. R. B. NISBET, a quietly coloured view of the estuary; a tranquil bit of nature, 'Evening' (1297), by Mr. F. HINES; a really grand pastel, executed with wonderful brio after the finest traditions of the art, 'Portrait of the Artist' (1326), by Miss ANNA BILINSKA; a splendidly decorative pastel of a nude figure, done in the manner of J. F. Millet, by Mr. H. FANTIN, and called 'Ariane abandonné' (1363); a third and excellent 'Pastel Drawing' (1378), by Mr. G. F. WATTS, R.A., full of feeling and Art; and fair work from Messrs. LEOPOLD RIVERS, H. DICKSEE, MAX LUDBY, and Miss ROSE BARTON.

In conclusion, we may say that in imaginative and idealised work, the first place belongs to Sir F. Leighton's 'Captive Andromache,' the second to Mr. F. G. Watts's 'Dawn.' It must be admitted that nothing runs these pictures closely. The temperament of the day favours realism, and in that branch of Art two or three successful efforts have been made. Nor are they without high qualities of feeling, imagination, artistic arrangement, and broad handling. Mr. Solomon's 'Niobe' and Mr. F. Bramley's 'Hopeless Dawn' are conspicuous examples of this large, intelligent, and unphotographic realism. In portraiture M. Carolus Duran's 'Monsieur Pasteur,' Mr. Sargent's 'Mrs. Marquand,' Mr. Richmond's 'Viscountess Hood,' Mr. Herkomer's 'Master of Trinity,' Mr. Holl's 'Lord Spencer,' Mr. Wauter's 'Mr. C. Somzee,' Miss Bilinska's pastel of herself, and, perhaps, one or two other portraits, would do honour to any exhibition in Europe. We see in small pictures and landscape as well as in portraiture a growing sense of style, a conviction that patience and observation of nature will not cover the whole field of Art. Still, most artists have much to unlearn in the way of bad habits. Nothing tends to produce uncomfortable galvanized-looking work so much as fixing the eye upon small divisions of a scene and treating them as if they were the entire subject of the picture. Undue importance is given to insignificant detail by thus proceeding from the small to the large masses. The definitions of objects become arbitrarily exaggerated and the general aspect of the scene is sacrificed to a false clearness of petty detail.



## EXHIBITIONS.

THE NEW GALLERY.—The advantages of the New Gallery are manifest; not so its defects. So judicious, from a decorative point of view, is the hanging that one is slow to become conscious of the common fault of private galleries: an equal prominence of the good and the bad of certain favoured schools. The rooms themselves co-operate very powerfully in the pleasant fascination of the new exhibition. In the first place, sculpture has found a home in the marble entrance-hall, where it stands some chance of being enjoyed as it never was in the Grosvenor. Not unlike the open court of a Roman house, this gallery, with its cool marble walls, green plants, and limpid fountains, seems made for statues and bronzes, and an occasional sojourn in it gives the visitor a new fund of energy for further examination of the pictures. It is surrounded by a balcony very well adapted for the exhibition of drawings, water-colours, and small pictures which demand close study. In this way the two fine picture galleries are left unembarrassed, and we are spared the ordeal of hunting for good work through small overcrowded rooms.

The West Gallery contains two or three large figure works, which have an especial value and interest for an age that is perhaps beginning to be tired of indiscriminate and unselected realism. These are Mr. Burne Jones's three upright decorative panels, 'The Rock of Doom,' 'The Tower of Brass,' and 'The Doom Fulfilled;' Mr. Legros's magisterial 'Dead Christ' and his austere and sober canvas, 'Femmes en Prière;' and, finally, Mr. Watts's poetical idea, 'The Angel of Death.' Mr. Burne Jones has not dealt effectively with the human interest of his subjects, he has not steeped his work in the terror or passion of the story, nor has he attempted to strike people by making them feel how the thing really took place; but he has woven luxurious, elaborate, and precious workmanship into a scheme of decorative import. Mr. Legros is more classic in the breadth, simplicity, and dignity with which he handles his subject, and separates it from the base and trivial, and even from such sorts of beauty as are distracting or inappropriate to the severity of his ideal. The manner of the modelling of his 'Dead Christ' is very noble and expressive; the landscape surroundings are conceived in the same spirit of solemn, quiet, antique stateliness. The purity and suave evenness of the flesh tints in 'Femmes en Prière' do not prevent the heads from showing their progressive envelopment in the dim atmosphere of the old church. Mr. Watts's 'Angel of Death' touches one in virtue of the poetry of idea rather than of the poetry of treatment or colour; he has done firmer, broader, more classic work than this, and work equally penetrated by sentiment. Mr. Alma-Tadema's 'Venus and Mars,' Mr. C. N. Kennedy's 'Fair-haired Slave who made himself a King,' and Mr. J. R. Weguelin's 'Bacchus and the Choir of Nymphs' are figure subjects of more realistic intention than the preceding. Mr. Tadema's colour is the most mellow, and Mr. Weguelin's the hardest and coldest. All three are seriously studied, and give a more or less true notion of the figure in its natural relation to the environment. Mr. Tadema also sends a little sketch for his Academy picture, 'Heliogabalus.' Comparison of the two is an excellent lesson in composition, and affords proof that no

elaboration, no technical thoroughness of individual parts, will atone for a lack of unity in the large arrangement of a canvas. This small sketch explains itself and charms and rests the eye. A proper theory of finish would have enabled Mr. Tadema to make the larger picture a more complete exposition of the masses and groups of the smaller. Any change of composition, however, has been for the worse, and all elaboration has been to the confusion and detriment of the meaning of the whole picture. Mr. Clausen and Mr. La Thangue represent a far more modern development of realism. Mr. Clausen's old woman, 'A Toiler still,' seems out of place thus shut in by a screen of verdure; and, in spite of the truth with which she is rendered, she cannot plead beauty or appropriateness to her situation as an excuse for her appearance. Mr. La Thangue's 'Gas-Light Study' shows feeling for style, even if it does not convince one that the facts of illumination have been very sincerely observed. His 'Yeoman'—an old man sitting in the shadow and relieved against a stretch of country and distant strip of sea lit by the sinking sun—is a finer and more natural work. In their several ways all the foregoing pictures reach a good level, and are worthy of the occasion and the place.

The section of portraiture has not much to show that can be called excellent. Too much of the work repulses one by carelessness, dirtiness of colour, and modelling poor and void of distinction. Sir J. E. Millais has not succeeded in making much of his 'Forlorn'—a damsel in a rich red dress, relieved against a conventional suggestion of landscape; the face is chalky, and the dress rather rudely than broadly handled; strong as the whole thing may be in general aspect, it lacks refinement of every kind. Mr. Herkomer sends several portraits, of which the 'F. C. Burnand, Esq.,' is perhaps the best. Mr. Richmond's strongest and most powerful effort is the 'Miss Gladstone,' painted for Newnham College, Cambridge; he generally succeeds best when he works, as here, in a dark key of colour, and denies himself the use of accessories. Mr. Frank Holl sends two portraits, the softer and more natural of which is 'Robert Symon, Esq.,' in the West Gallery. 'Lady Thompson' and 'The Rev. A. D. Adama van Scheltema' are examples of Mr. Alma-Tadema's clever and workmanlike portraiture. Mr. John Collier paints 'Miss Ethel Huxley' as a full-length in a white dress, and under an open-air effect, with great vigour and a look of straightforward, unadulterated truth. Mr. J. J. Shannon has done worse and better things than 'Mrs. Williamson;' his brushing is clever, his colour bright, his general aspect aerial and broad; but he might have got more subtlety of modelling and greater charm of flesh colour. Mr. S. J. Solomon's 'Phyllis' is a picture of the same sort; light and grey in tone, marked and broad in handling; stiffer and less graceful in general aspect, it is perhaps truer and more forcible in effect. We must not forget Mr. Sargent's head of Claude Monet, the *impressioniste*. Nothing in the whole gallery is more solidly modelled or handled with more gusto than this; unfortunately it is placed in the balcony, where it runs the risk—a bad one in the case of such good work—of being seen either from too close or from too far.

In landscape, or rather landscape with figures, Mr. Arthur Lemon has made a new departure in the direction of romantic realism. The realism applies to the important conditions of the scene, the nature of the illumination, the effect of air, the large structure of the ground, and so forth. The romance is conveyed in treatment, handling, and choice of subject; all which elements have been conceived of together in a single jet of inspiration. An excellent harmony of character unites them, and the sentiment of the subject seems to have determined the treatment—the treatment the technique. The pictures in question are 'The Vendetta,' the death of a Centaur; and 'The Struggle,' a fight between two Centaurs; and in them one feels that Mr. Lemon has just hit an amount and a kind of realisation which suits such imaginative beings and prevents them from appearing either ludicrous or incongruous. Very different are these poetic realities from the common camp-stool naturalism of some late schools, and the flimsy, impossible fancifulness of too much older Art. Several other fine landscapes have style and poetry in them, though not to so marked an extent as Mr. Lemon's. Mr. M. Fisher's 'Stream that turns the Mill' is full of a thousand suggestions of form and subtle indications of colour and air; but it may be perhaps a little overcrowded with objects. Mr. Peppercorn's fat green landscape, 'The Willow Stream,' tends just the other way. It seems a little empty—empty of gradations as much as of objects; and yet it is most exquisite, soft, broad, and harmonious in general aspect. Mr. Boughton's 'Harvest of the Dawn' has all the sentiment of his larger Academy work, but has not quite the charm of colour or the vigour of execution. Mr. Arthur Tomson's picture of 'Sheep at Twilight on the Downs' shows an effect of light both deeply felt and rendered with breadth and scientific force. A closer transcript of ordinary vision, and yet one touched with grace of style, Mr. Clausen's little 'Cottage Gate,' renders the effect of looking away from a setting sun without any of the usual exaggeration of blue, or of orange, or of both. Equally realistic, Mr. W. J. Hennessey's 'April Day' deals with a beautifully close range of silver colour and delicate aerial values. In 'Gulf of Ajaccio' Mr. Sidney Cadogan gives a soft atmospheric sky and distance; Mr. D. Murray, his best and most artistically pictorial arrangement in 'Early October in Picardy'; Mr. W. D. Urban, a fine dark rich scheme of colour, after the fashion of the romantic school; and Mr. Maurice Pollock, a thoroughly conscientious and well-observed view of nature in 'The Bracken Harvest.' Mr. David Carr shows a much greater regard than usual for nature in his several exhibits; Mr. Napier Hemy is bright, fresh, and brilliant, and Mr. A. Goodwin gives more body to his dreams in 'The Enchanted Lake' than he has done hitherto.

Mr. Costa, with 'The First Smile of Morn,' and Mr. Corbett, with 'The Orange Light of Widening Morn,' occupy the places of honour. Mr. Corbett's work, the better of the two, is the most powerful canvas he has yet shown; but a certain dirtiness of colour and smallness of style mar the general effect of both. Perhaps the cream of the exhibition consists in the exquisite silver-points by Mr. Legros, which are to be found in the Balcony.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—The late President sends nothing to Suffolk Street, and has taken no part in the arrangement of the present exhibition. Mr. Whistler himself is a serious loss, and it cannot be denied

that his view of hanging tended to produce a curious and uncommon show entirely free from any suspicion of a commercial ideal. Though specimens of mechanical and commonplace Art are more conspicuous than on former occasions, several fine pictures are to be met with at Suffolk Street. Mr. William Stott, of Oldham, is always awake to impressions, and courageously ready for experiment in matter and style. This year he sends an ideal view of Endymion, visited by Diana at night on the shores of a lake. The picture is consistently worked in style and technique, so that nothing incongruous destroys the dreamy imaginativeness of the scene. The scheme of colour is based on tones of tender aerial blue, the subdued red of poppies, and a flesh tone mellow like old ivory. Mr. Stott's work, though original in conception, belongs entirely to the modern French school of treatment. On the contrary, Mr. Edwin Ellis's big landscape, 'Summer,' though also a contribution to the late revival of a broad manner, betrays a more distinctly English origin, and seems derived from the school of Constable; it is very powerful and brilliant in tone, and its composition, a pleasingly romantic one, deals with a charming place by the seaside: trees and grass border on the flat sand, and a wooded headland beyond taking a fine form full of interesting character. Mr. Alexander Harrison sends a subtle study entitled 'Hoar Frost,' and Mr. Birge Harrison a very true rendering of the opposition of light shining through leaves and shimmering on the top of their polished surfaces. The latter picture, 'Sweet Summer-Time,' is painted with remarkable sureness, precision, and elegance of style. Mr. Leslie Thomson, another thoroughly English painter, and a man full of sentiment, is represented by a dark low-toned canvas, 'Southampton,' and Mr. W. C. Symons by 'Diana and Endymion,' a work of ingenious fancy, some grace of line, and some charm of colour. Mr. Sidney Starr's life-size portrait of 'Miss Gertrude Kingston,' though rather hard and cold, and Mr. H. M. Paget's vigorous head, 'Gudbrand Vigfusson,' are perhaps the most notable things in their line. Mr. James Patterson sends the strongest piece of tone in the water-colour room, a full, richly coloured picture of near-hand trees, called 'Alders'; Mr. Cyrus Johnson, a most delicate and atmospheric evening, 'Backwater at Staines'; Mr. H. S. Tuke, excellent realism in 'Falmouth Roads,' and Mr. Stott, a pastel, 'The Blue River,' remarkable for the deep ethereal quality of its atmospheric colour.

MEISSONIER.—Messrs. Tooth and Sons are exhibiting a large water colour by Meissonier. It is a variation upon the theme of the well-known 'Friedland' in the Stewart Collection in New York. The present picture is larger in size and somewhat broader in handling than the earlier work. It strikes one, nevertheless, as a remarkable illustration, or assemblage of facts for the purpose of showing the position of the performers in a certain incident, rather than a well-composed picture or a purely artistic design. A certain stiffness about the grouping, and a tendency to repetition in the attitude of many of the figures, give it an uncomfortable general aspect. It is needless to say, however, that individual groups are full of action, or that the technique is thorough and workmanlike, though the general composition lacks concentration and unity of effect. Unquestionably the work will reproduce well; as a magazine of interesting drawing and spirited illustration of fact, it may be called almost inexhaustible.



## ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

**PERSONAL.**—The new R.A. is Mr. Hamo Thornycroft.

Mr. Whistler and some twenty of his followers have seceded from the Royal Society of British Artists, of which Mr. Wyke Bayliss has been elected President. Lord Albe-marle has sold his Reynoldses, eleven in number—the Keppel portraits, in fact—to Messrs. Agnew. The sculptor Ringel has been commissioned by the Administration des Beaux-Arts to produce a bronze of his "Marche de Rakóczy" for the Grand Opéra. Mr. Legros is at work on a statue—"large life-size"—of a Greek actor, seated, and in the act of putting on his mask, which is destined to be cast in bronze and exhibited next year at the New Gallery. Mme. Édouard André—"Nelly Jacquemart"—has given her jewels, some £40,000 worth, to the Société Philanthropique. Mr. W. Knighton has offered to present a statue of Shakespeare, the work of M. Fournier, to the city of Paris. Mr. Knoedler, the New York picture-dealer, has been fined fifty dollars (under the Comstock Act) for showing and selling photographs of the 'Rolla' of M. Henri Cervex. The winner of the Prix Duc (biennial, 4,000 francs) is M. Albert Ballu, architect of the Palace of Justice at Bucharest. Mr. Church's 'Damascus' has been destroyed by fire. A somewhat tardy recognition of Mr. A. W. Franks's services to the nation has been made by the gift of a C.B.-ship. The French Government has purchased from the Salon of 1888 M. Agache's 'Enigme,' M. Henner's 'Saint-Sébastien,' the 'Manda Lamétrie' of M. Roll, M. Detaille's noble and powerful 'Le Réve,' and works by MM. Buland, Rapin, Lobre, and Cabrit. Mr. Harvard Thomas has been chosen to execute the memorial statue of the late John Forster for the town of Bradford. This year's Medal of Honour is M. Detaille's.

**EXHIBITIONS AND MUSEUMS.**—Neither the English nor the Austro-Hungarian Government will take part in the next Paris Exhibition. The 'Salomé' of M. Alfred Stevens has been purchased (30,000 francs) for the Musée Royal, Brussels. The King of Italy has presented a large and noble piece of Gubbio ware—signed and dated "G. da Urgubio, 1509"—to the Museo Artistico, Rome. Mme. Hamoir has bequeathed to the Musée de Valenciennes two superb Paters, for which she had refused £10,000. The opening of the new Museum buildings at Lille has been indefinitely postponed. A fresco of Giovanni Ant. Pordenone has been stolen from its place at Valeriano, Friuli. The Metropolitan Museum, New York, has purchased the portrait of Washington, painted by Gilbert Stuart for Daniel Carroll. A Museum of Antiquities is to be built at Tripolitza, in the Peloponnesus. Mr. East's picture at the New Gallery has been purchased for the City of Manchester Art Gallery.

**THE CHANTREY PURCHASES.**—This year the Trustees of the Chantrey Fund have purchased from the Exhibition of the Royal Academy (1) 'The Pool of London,' by Vicat Cole, R.A., for as much as £2,000; (2) 'St. Martin's-in-the-Fields,' by W. Logsdail (£600); and (3) 'Upland and Sky,' by Adrian Stokes (£400). It is understood that the acquisition, at such an enormous price, of the first of these was

regarded with extreme disfavour, and that it was proposed in one or more of the Art Societies to enter a protest against the transaction, in the form of a petition to the Trustees.

**WANTED A DESIGNER.**—There appears to be no possibility of a decently designed Diploma. In France, and even in Germany, there are a score of artists any one of whom may be relied upon to produce a work of merit. But here, the Exhibition authorities seem unable to find any one whose work does not excite derision. The lamentable failure at South Kensington, in the case of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, has been followed by another hardly less conspicuous at Manchester, where a badly-drawn imitation of an etching is to perpetuate the artistic triumphs which that Exhibition achieved.

**THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF ART.**—"It is proposed to form a National Association for the Advancement of Art on the analogy of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Like the British Association, the National Art Association will hold an annual congress in one of the great provincial towns after another. Its first congress will be held in Liverpool, where the project was started, in the month of November next. The officers of the first congress will be as follows: President, Sir F. Leighton. Section of Painting: President, Mr. Alma-Tadema. Section of Architecture: President, Mr. G. Aitchison. Section of Sculpture: President, Mr. Alfred Gilbert. Section of Art History and Museums: President, Mr. Sidney Colvin. There will also be sections devoted to the Decorative Arts, and to what the promoters call 'Public Art.' The honorary secretaries will be Mr. H. E. Rensburg and Prof. W. M. Conway." To this we may add that it is greatly to the energy and initiative of the gentleman last named that the establishment of the Association is due.

**ART IN THE PROVINCES.**—Several Art Exhibitions have lately been held in that very pleasant part of England through which the Severn wends its way. The proud Salopians have inaugurated a society at their capital, and its first exhibition has been sufficiently successful to render it probable that one may be held there annually. At Kidderminster a Loan Exhibition has been held in the handsome buildings where the School of Art finds a new home. The town and country side, following the lead of the Lord Lieutenant, Earl Beauchamp, and the Mayor, Mr. M. Tomkinson, a well-known collector of Art, contribute some very interesting things.

**OBITUARY.**—The death is announced of Mme. Renvier—"Claude Vignon"—the sculptor; of the engraver, Gustave Bertinot, a pupil of Drolling and Martinet; of the sculptor, Gustave Saint-Jean; of the painter, Gustave Allemand; of the sculptor, Jules-Clément Levasseur; of the Norfolk sculptor, Thomas Milnes; of the painter, Felix Dupuis, in a duel with the art-critic, Habert; of the distinguished art-critic, M. Castagnary, for some time Directeur des Beaux-Arts; of the Alsatian painter, Frédéric de Neiderhaussern; of Matthew

Holbeche Bloxam, F.S.A.; of the landscape painter, Frank Dacey; and of W. Q. Talbot, a rising landscape painter, who has fallen a victim to the rigours of the spring.

NEW PRINTS.—It is seldom that an etcher has succeeded so well with such scanty materials as Herr Lobisgich in the recent "dry-point" of 'La Chaumière,' issued by Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co. A barn, a shrivelled tree, a stagnant ditch, are all he has had to deal with, but these, under artistic arrangement and treatment, have resulted in a singularly delicate and refined picture. The plate being all dry-point etching has only stood a comparatively small *tirage*.

CARICATURE.—In "LES MAÎTRES DE LA CARICATURE FRANÇAISE AU XIX<sup>ME</sup> SIÈCLE" (Paris: Quantin) we have, together with an intelligent and comprehensive introductory note by M. Armand Dayot, a good selection of examples, reproduced in fac-simile, of the masters late on view at the École des Beaux-Arts, from Carle Vernet and Isabey down to Gill and Cham. It was in 1830 that caricature, like so many of the arts, began to be in modern France, and of the men here represented nineteen-twentieths belong to the generation of the *Romantiques*. We start, it is true, with Isabey and Carle Vernet, but we leave them behind almost at once, and fare forward with Decamps (as great a caricaturist as he was a painter), Traviès (the creator of Mayeux the hunchback, a "type" in these days unquotable and all but forgotten), Grandville, Raffet, Charlet, Henri Monnier (the inventor and, if we may believe M. Alphonse Daudet, the original of M. Prudhomme), Gavarni, Giraud, Durandean, the incomparable Honoré Daumier, and the active and daring Philippon, the founder of *La Caricature* and *Le Charivari*, the *boute-en-train* of the whole set. All are fairly represented in M. Dayot's selection; and, one is bound to add, the one who suffers most is precisely the one of whom the most is given—is, it need scarce be noted, Honoré Daumier. M. Dayot classes his immense achievement under twelve heads, and only one or two of the divisions thus defined are exemplified in the present book. *C'est tout dire*. Decamps, on the other hand, is shown to advantage, and so are Grandville and Gavarni. One side of Traviès is well exemplified; and of Monnier and Gavarni there is a sufficiency, to say the least, while the talent of Raffet and Charlet is as well illustrated as, we presume, M. Dayot cared to illustrate it. Giraud is represented, not by his "Alexandre Dumas," which would have been interesting to everybody, but by his "Flaubert" and his "Ste.-Beuve," which are interesting to but a few. Durandean's "Frédéric Lemaitre" is admirable, and Gill, in his travesty of Thiers as Clairette, is almost a man of genius. There is plenty more to admire; but the result of all of it is that the greatest of them all is Daumier, and that the sooner there is a Salle Daumier in the Louvre the better for French art.

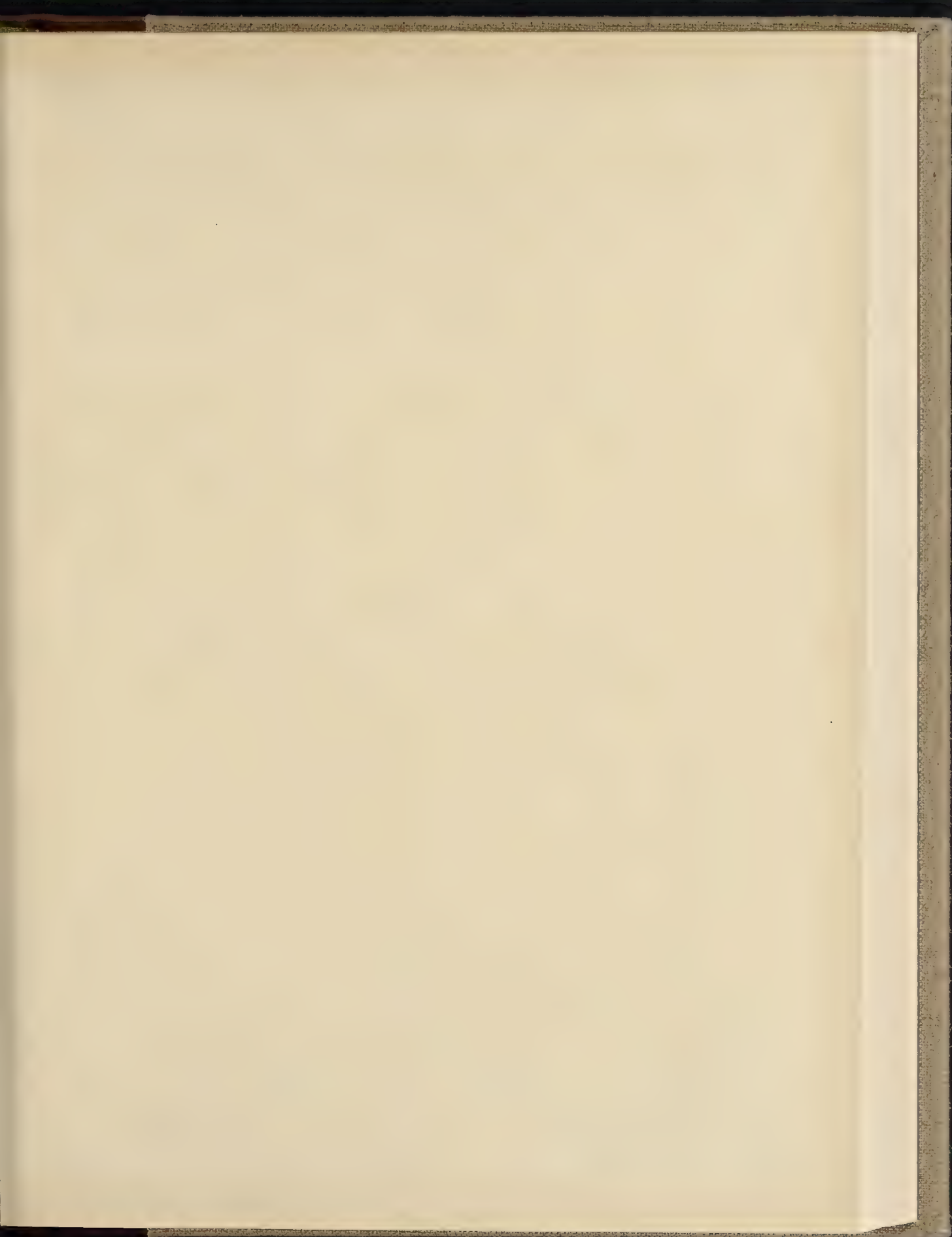
JAPAN.—From publishers, English, French, and German, we continue to receive works treating of Japan. Child life in that country is told of by Mr. Chaplin Ayrton (Griffith, Farran & Co.), in a style which may interest grown-up folks, but is much too advanced for children. Japanese youngsters must be very precocious if they discourse as Yoshisan and O'Kiku do in the tale O'Shogwats; such concentrated essence of folk-lore as they babble is too absurd. Those illustrations which are not done by a Japanese artist

are shockingly inartistic translations of native productions, in which not even the copying of the Japanese lettering has been attempted. We turn with a sense of relief to the illustrations in "MADAME CHRYSANTHÈME" (Paris: Calmann Lévy), where we find that our collaborateur M. Myrbach has been quite as much at home in his rendering of scenes in the land of the Rising Sun as in foggy England. It is a thousand pities that the volume will hardly bear presentation to English readers, treating as it does of the life of certain French officers during a short stay at Nagasaki, marrying and divorcing being resorted to at their pleasure. We have already had occasion (page 156), to speak favourably of the more ambitious work of Mr. Netto's "PAPIER SCHMETTERLINGE AUS JAPAN" (Leipzig: T. O. Weigel), a work which not only by its characteristic and ably drawn illustrations from the pencil of Mr. Paul Bender, but from its carefully compiled text, gives a fuller and more graphic presentment of Japanese life of to-day than any illustrated work which has appeared in this country. The one hundred and forty illustrations include chromolithographs, photogravures, fac-similes of photographs, and engravings in tint. Mr. Bender seldom fails to introduce a spice of humour into his drawings, which adds to the enjoyment of them. We single out in this respect the peasant praying to the colossal Buddha upon which *gamins* sport, and the tiny womenkind saluting in the street.

BEGINNINGS.—The first number of "The Universal Review" (London: Swann Sonnenschein) is of great promise. The cover is conspicuous, and the head and tail pieces throughout are rather ambitious than artistic. But the editor (Mr. Harry Quilter) contributes an article on the current Academy, remarkable for its recognition of the genius of Rodin, and its excellent reproductions of certain originals in the exhibition; there is a first instalment of a novel by Alphonse Daudet; there are articles, in French and English, by Mrs. Lynn Linton, M. Louis Fourcaud, Mr. Lewis Morris, and others; and, in brief, the thing promises. The first number of Mr. Eugène Muntz's "Histoire de l'Art pendant la Renaissance" (Paris and London: Hachette), is a sign of the times. It is said, and with perfect truth, that the age is no more artistic than its predecessors. It is, however, by far the most "aesthetic" which has ever been; and this adventure of Mr. Muntz's—which is to be contained in five volumes, and to be published as a sixpenny weekly—is a proof of it. The text is good, sound, suggestive work, and the illustrations are well chosen and well presented.

FURNITURE.—The second volume of M. Henri Havard's magnificent "DICTIONNAIRE DE L'AMEUBLEMENT ET DE LA DECORATION" (Paris: Quantin), takes the reader and student from "Dobonis"—"et par abréviation Dobis, toile blanche de coton qui se fabriquait aux Indes"—to "Hydrocérame," "nom donné à une sorte de poterie poreuse." Between these two terms there lies an enormous continent of learning, and of this M. Havard, while deriving (as is the wont of his countrymen) the most of his knowledge from examples ready to his hand—while writing, in other words, as a Frenchman to France—is sufficiently master to impose respect and to command attention. His articles are learned and complete, his quotations entertaining and appropriate, his illustrations significant always, and often of remarkable interest. To be brief, his book is the best of its kind which has yet appeared, and no amateur can afford to be without it.















## WITH THE CAMERA FROM LECHLADE TO OXFORD.

THE question, "Where shall we go?" is always interesting and always fresh to those in whom the vagrant instinct awakens with the first breath of summer. There are the old paths, charming because of their wealth of associations, like well-known faces whose every change we await with secure expectation of pleasure. And there are the new ones, replete with all the interest of the unknown. It was a new path that attracted us when, leaving the popular stretches of the Lower Thames, we took train to Lechlade and rowed down thence to Oxford. We took two days, but hard rowing would cover it in one; only hard rowing would not leave time for leisurely enjoyment of the beauties by the way.

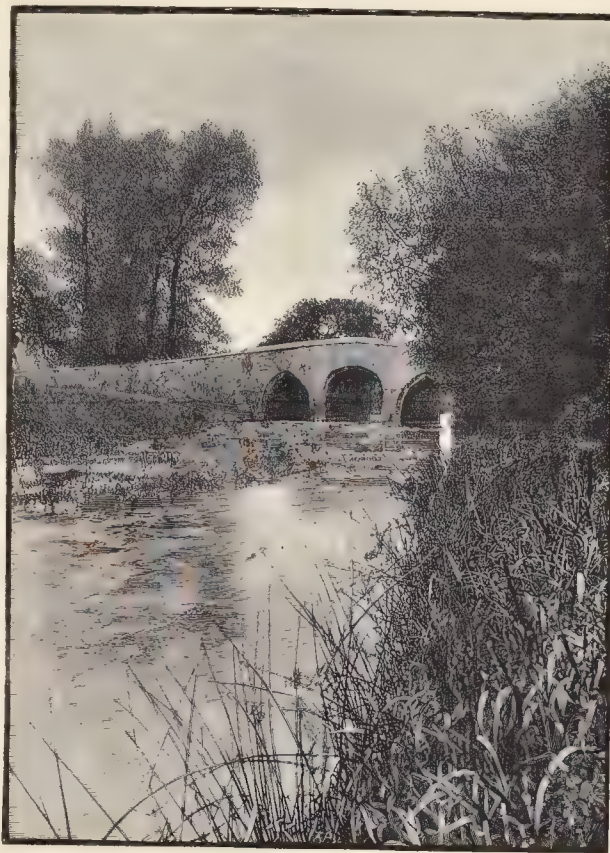
The Thames makes its small beginnings in the south-eastern slopes of the Cotswold Hills. Its first twenty miles belong to Gloucestershire, and afterwards it separates Berkshire first from Oxfordshire, and then from Buckinghamshire. Two streams, both rising from the Cotswolds' southernmost slope, strive for the place of honour as source of the Thames. One rises at Thames-head, three miles from Cirencester. Its spring is very often dry, and its surroundings are at all times bare and unpicturesque until its junction with the Swillbrook, which rises near Tilbury; thence it flows in an augmented stream, close by the Thames and Severn Canal, till it unites at Cricklade with the Churn.

AUGUST, 1888.

Though the inhabitants of the neighbourhood have always looked upon this as the source of the Thames, it is the Churn which is now considered by geographers to be the real source. This charming little stream rises two-headed near Leckhampton Hill, three miles south of Cheltenham. Seven Springs is the chief branch, and the spot where it first ap-

pears, deep in the picturesque seclusion of a rocky dell overhung with foliage, seems to the mind a natural birth-place for the river that later on in its course becomes one of the most beautiful features of English scenery. Drayton calls it the "nimble-footed Churn," and it is not unlike a Yorkshire stream as it runs, a narrow slip, between steep banks clothed with rich and overhanging wood. An excellent trout-stream it is too, not inferior to its northern kind, which it resembles in that as well as in other respects. Past Cirencester it runs its reedy way. Skirting the Cricklade road, until within a mile from the town, and close to the North Wilts Canal, it finishes a twenty-mile course by joining the stream from Thames-head, now seven miles from its source, and both, flowing on together,

henceforth become the Thames. It is possible to start rowing from Cricklade, but as the town is uninteresting, the scenery not particularly pleasing, and the stream at that point both shallow and slow, we decided upon Lechlade as a starting-point, and found no reason to regret



*Radcot Bridge.*

our decision. We reached Lechlade one afternoon, climbed outside a rickety little omnibus, and drove three-quarters of a mile into the town. Leaving our luggage at the inn, we ordered supper, and started on foot to St. John's Bridge to see if our dingey, that had been sent up-stream from Oxford, was awaiting us. Through the churchyard and across some meadows scenting the evening summer air we wound our way to the river, and followed its banks to St. John's Lock. No use to be in a hurry in these parts, and one's habits of stress and time-economy, acquired by long contact with London life, suddenly appear in the light of absurdities as we sit vainly waiting for the appearance of the lock-keeper. His daughter has gone to fetch him, and presently we see him being brought in tow, but on the bridge he meets with an acquaintance, stops several minutes to talk with him, and then continues to stroll

of detailed expression, thus describes this part of the Thames:—

"The nimbler-footed Churne by Cirseter doth slide  
And first at Greeklade gets prebeminence, to guide  
Queen Isis on her way, ere she receive her traine,  
Cleere Colne and lively Leech, so doune from Cotswold's Plaine  
At Leechlade linking hands, come likewise to support  
The mother of great Tames."

Our best view of Lechlade was obtained as we approached it on our return. Straight in front of us it rose behind the fine modern bridge that spans the river, its red and grey roofs picturesquely grouped, the whole being crowned by the tall and delicate spire of the church of St. Laurence, a landmark in the landscape for all the country round. The church, of Gothic structure, was rebuilt by Conrad Ney, the vicar, with the help of the inhabitants of the town, in the reign of Henry VIII. The New Inn is hard by, and might be made

attractive to the angler and boating man; but although large, its ways are too casual to admit of its being a pleasant sojourn, much resembling in that many of the old posting-houses that have now lost their custom in out-of-the-way country towns.

We had considerable difficulty in getting breakfast betimes, but at last the camera was stowed away and we were off—not very hopeful as to weather—under a grey and cheerless sky. The river for many miles down is



*Below Lechlade.*

towards the lock, still chatting to his companion. We took our boat up-stream to Lechlade, the lock-keeper's old friend smiling largely at our difficulties with the thick weed that clogged the stream, and steering us in a cheery way as he walked alongside. Leaving the boat at Lechlade, as it was still early, we walked farther up-stream to Inglesham Round House, the first point of any beauty on the Upper Thames. There the Thames and Severn Canal joins the river, the Coln flows into both, and the little thirteenth-century church, with its adjoining parsonage, nestles in isolation among tall elms. What a contrast this quiet spot, so secluded, wild, and overgrown, makes as the starting-point of the broad stream which lower down finds itself the playground of every wealthy Cockney who chooses to disturb the waters with his screaming steam-launch, and defile their beauty with the remnants of his meals.

Drayton, in the "Polyolbion," with his usual felicity

narrow, winding about with innumerable abrupt turns and full of weed, but presenting no difficulties that cannot be overcome with a little careful handling of the skulls. This weed, with its white star-like flowers, each erect on a separate root, is one of the most picturesque features of the Upper Thames, and in its abundance gives to the narrow serpentine river a brightness peculiarly its own. Sometimes for many furlongs the boat glides slowly over this tangled carpet of sparkling weed, while birds of all kinds may be seen walking almost dryfoot from bank to bank.

The keeper of St. John's Lock has charge also of the next, and while we were making our way by the circuitous stream he walked across the fields to open Buscot Lock, a little over a mile down. A glimpse of Buscot Church, half buried among trees, not far from the river side, made us want to take our first view, but the weather was still too grey, and we passed on through Hart's Weir, which is open in ordinary weather,



past the church of Eaton Hastings, framed like Buscot in wooded landscape, and halted for the first time in a deep pool where used to stand East Weir. There was a sudden gleam of sunshine and the landscape was transformed and burst into life and colour. How still it was! Not a boat had passed, and no sound came near but the whirr of the hay-cutting machine in the meadows, softened by distance and mingled with songs of innumerable birds peopling the sedge-lined banks. Birds and flowers are the chief attractions of this part of the river—as yet comparatively undisturbed. The tall yellow iris is very abundant among the flowering rushes by the bank, which itself is lost in a wealth of forget-me-nots, loosestrife, and meadow-sweet. Water parsnips grow in the stream, and the wrinkled leaves of the sweet flag are discernible every now and then in the rich vegetation. The habits of the birds are a sure sign of the isolation in which they live; full-throated warblers pour forth their song as one passes, without moving from their poise upon the reeds, and kingfishers gleam and flash a few feet in front, while the cuckoo crosses the river immediately over our heads. Pee-wits are standing on the soft banks or circling above their haunts, and waterfowl seek shelter among the osiers as the boat in its noiseless approach comes upon them unawares.

At Radcot Bridge, of which an illustration is given on the first page, we were attracted by the Swan Inn, a pleasant-looking farmhouse, in a garden sloping to the water. There we lunched, and decided that if ever we came again we would take an earlier train to Lechlade, and row thither our first evening—only seven miles—for the bed-rooms were good and the place comfortable and old-fashioned. It would then be possible to reach Oxford next day, a distance of twenty-six miles.

A monotonous and circuitous two miles, still weedy, and we neared Rushy Lock, the most picturesque spot we had yet seen, and here we made a long halt to photograph, for by this time the sun had cleared away all cloud and the wind had dropped, though not so much but that the foreground of rush and sedge presented considerable difficulties. The old lock-keeper and his daughter were not long in grasping the situation, and placed themselves at once on the weir bridge, while his sons, cutting hay in an adjoining field,

stopped their work to offer friendly advice as to the best point of view. No one was in a hurry: the old man stayed motionless long after his picture was taken, and when we thought of setting off again the son suggested, as they were not particularly pressed, we might like to take his father and sister punting hay just outside the lock. Of course the suggestion was accepted, and we soon had a picturesquely composed group, of which prints were afterwards sent to the son, a farmer at Bampton. The kindly, leisured family seemed quite regretful when picture-making came to an end.

A mile more and we reached Tadpole Bridge and the Trout Inn, standing on the river-side two miles from Bampton, and possessing excellent accommodation. The evening was brilliantly fine, and though past six o'clock we decided to walk into Bampton—such a straight, dusty road, but alleviated by hedgerows tangled with wild vine, and bright with pink roses,



*New Bridge.*

briony, and crow's-bill, while the damp evening air was heavy with the scent of new-mown hay. Haymaking was there in all its stages, and a field or two still untouched showed in its brilliancy of colouring the different character of riparian meadow-land to any other pasture. Across one field close by the road a heavily laden wain, crowned with a human freight, was making its slow way. Seeing our camera, a man on the top called out to know if we would take a view, and in a trice the camera was set up, the group arranged, and a picture taken. We bade them good-night, wondering why human nature, whether in a drawing-room or a field, is always so delighted at being "taken."

The villages of Berkshire, or rather towns, as the inhabitants delight in calling them, like many other parts of the country where the scenery is not emphatic enough to attract the general tourist, are less known than they deserve. If it were not that to the real lover of boat and stream any devia-

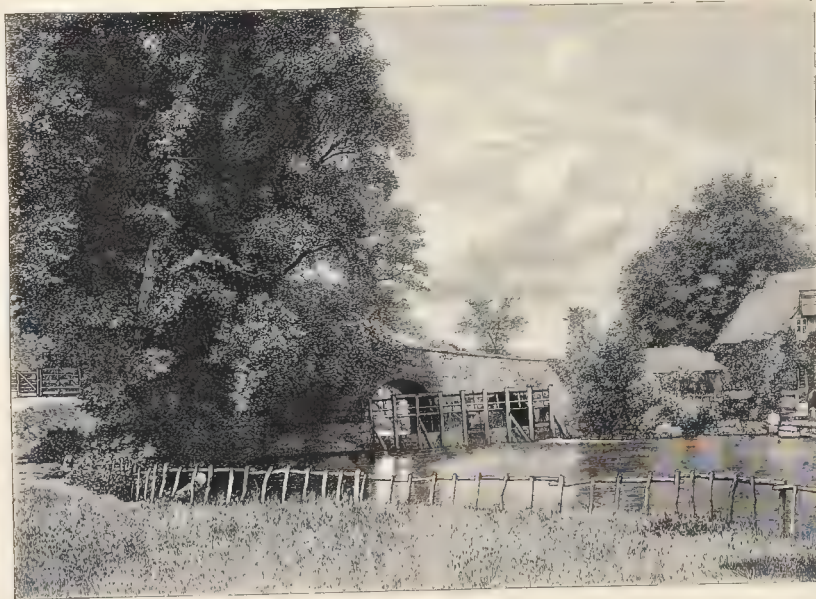
tion from the water way to the dusty road is an unpardonable lapse, one would make acquaintance with more of these peaceful out-of-the-world haunts of men. Farrington, for instance, three miles distant from Radcot Bridge on the Berkshire side, is a good specimen of the English market-town. Edward the Elder died in the Saxon palace here, and Farrington House, garrisoned by royal troops, remained uncaptured through the successive attempts of Cromwell and other Parliamentary generals. The old house was rebuilt by one of the Pyes, to whom the manor belonged. All this part of the country, indeed, is full of historical and antiquarian interest; there are barrows and encampments and Druidical remains, and all that delights the heart of the archæological Rambler.

But to return to Bampton. Bampton-in-the-Bush, as it is called, has a larger number of pretty cottage gardens than

with innumerable roses budding and blowing. On the left side of the bridge is Standlake Common, always either a lake or a bog. The village of Standlake, a good deal farther on, is unattractive except for its church, a fine specimen of Early English. Near there the Windrush, another stream from the Cotswold, joins the Thames. Some good reaches, edged with pollard willows, white and yellow lilies taking the place of our starry weed, bring us to Bablock-Hythe Ferry. It was here that we saw the first steam-launch, and that and the surly reluctance of the ferryman made us aware that civilisation was approaching. Boats indeed now began to appear rapidly on the scene.

Pinkhill Lock, only a mile farther down, is but eight and a half miles from Oxford. The Earl of Abingdon's woods at Wytham give the river a more cultivated appearance, and we had evidently left behind for good all the distinctive features

of the upper stream, its isolation and repose, disturbed only by the happy warblers among the reeds. There were still, however, flocks of pee-wits and a couple of herons on the wing, with their long legs hanging down motionless, and ducks and waterfowl were more abundant than ever. At Eynsham Bridge, an ugly massive erection, we left our boat to secure rooms in the town for the night. The town itself is uninteresting enough; but the Swan Inn, at the ex-



Godstow.

any place I know. It has also a fine church, with an interesting Norman porch, but its restorations have been many since the days of the Conquest, and it bears traces of work of every period from that date until the time of George III.

We were sorry to leave our pleasant resting-place next day. It is one of the few remaining homely inns where the people seem really glad to see one, and do all they can for one's comfort. The morning, like that of the previous day, was cold and grey, but Ten-Foot Bridge, a mile below, was too picturesque to be hurried past, and we took a view with the inevitable rustic leaning over the top. The river is very winding here, and not so beautiful as higher up, though weed is still abundant.

New Bridge, fifteen miles from Oxford, is of great antiquity. We lunched close by, at the Rose Inn, really deserving its name, for it was covered up to the chimney's top

at the extreme farther end, has a pretty garden, and offers comfortable quarters with very moderate charges.

Next day we rowed down to King's Weir, trundled our boat over the rollers, and soon came to Godstow, whose rose-covered inn and gardens by the weir are so familiar. It was a blazing hot day, with Oxford lying in a summer haze in the distance, and the cattle lazily standing up to their knees in the water made such an ideally English river scene we had to get out the camera and take it. Alas! it was the last bit of beauty before Oxford. The remaining three miles were disfigured by the usual attempts of man to supply himself with light and locomotion in a large town. Gas works and railway bridges destroyed the approach to Folly Bridge, but this was the only unattractive part of our trip from Lechlade to Oxford.

S. T. PRIDEAUX.





# Christ's Hospital.

**M** IDWAY down Newgate Street, in the City of London, the shops give place to a stretch of forbidding iron

railings. There, on fine days, at a few minutes past one o'clock, a crowd always assembles. The street cries, the rumble of the heavy traffic, the Cockney slang of the idlers, are all of the nineteenth century, but the sight within the railings is of the sixteenth. It is the daily parade of the Bluecoat boys—the Tudor children of the Religious, Royal, and Ancient Foundation of Christ's Hospital. The bugle call dies away, the order, "Quick march," echoes round the buildings, and to the strain of a full band the army of boys, each hatless and clad in a long blue gown, with yellow stockings peeping from beneath, sweep along the playground, and disappear, ward by ward, within the dark shades of the Hall cloister.

A hundred years ago the loiterer by these gates might have seen among the boys of that generation, who now rest in unvisited tombs, Coleridge "in the day-spring of his fancies, the dark pillar not yet turned," and Lamb, and Leigh Hunt. The principal entrance to the Hospital is from Christ Church Passage, and the scene is little changed since the time of those famous Blues. We probably see, as they saw, the porter dozing in the lodge; the sunlight along the footway of the cloisters; the frowning portals of Christ Church with Wren's imprint on every stone; and the cemetery with its flowers and broken tombs and trees nodding their tall heads against the warm red wall. From a niche in this wall a Blue-coat boy looks

down; he, poor child, had little enough of playing or marching. It is Edward VI., "the boy patron of boys—the flower of the Tudor name—the serious and holy child who walked with Cranmer and Ridley," and the founder of the religious, royal, and ancient foundation of Christ's Hospital; and, in the words of its own prayers, may those prosper who love it, and may God increase the number! Hardly was the school founded than the boy king died, praying God to receive his spirit and to defend the realm from Papistry.

It all came about in this way. Bishop Ridley had been preaching in Westminster Abbey, the subject of his sermon being "Charity." Edward VI. was among the congregation,

listening eagerly to every word.

No sooner had the Bishop descended from the pulpit, than he was summoned to the King's presence. The impulsive boy broke forth at once:—"You willed such as are in authority to devise some good order for the relief of the poor, wherein I think you mean me, for I am in the highest place; and, truly, my lord, I am before all things else, most willing to travail that way. I pray you therefore to say your mind." For a moment astonishment sealed the Bishop's lips. Perhaps he was hardly prepared, on such short notice, to carry into effect the pious dreams his imagination had conjured up. The King went on to praise the sermon, to which the Bishop replied, "Truly, truly," which, according to Stowe, was commonly his oath. The boy's importunity for advice, however, as to the channel through which his goodness might flow was so great, that the good Bishop was perforce obliged to offer it. He mentioned the City of London, and pointed out how

much the poor by reason of their great number needed help. Overjoyed, the King, there and then, wrote a letter to Lord



*An Oriel Window.  
From a Drawing by Herbert Railton.*

Mayor Sir Richard Dobbs, and gave it to the Bishop, who that same night called upon the chief magistrate. "Dine with me to-morrow," said Sir Richard, "and we will talk it over." Covers were laid for ten, including two aldermen. They discussed the matter, and over the walnuts and the wine drafted a scheme, which in due time was submitted to the King.

It was a regal scheme and carried out in right regal style. The poor were divided into classes: the aged, the diseased, rogues, including "the rioter who consumeth all," and the destitute children. Alms-houses comforted the first class; the hospitals of St. Bartholomew and St. Thomas were founded to cure the second; and the third ceased from troubling by being clapped into Bridewell; the children only remained, and they were housed in the dilapidated monastery of the Grey Friars, which Henry VIII., in a moment of repentance or weakness, had made over to the City of London.

Edward VI. was delighted with the Lord Mayor's scheme, and gave four thousand marks to aid the good work. A little longer and he ceased to suffer. The extent of those sufferings students of the period know. To

die at sixteen—King of England—and to leave a name which the multitude blessed then, and bless still, is reward enough.

Four years after its establishment in 1557, the school contained 400 boys. Of these 250 "lodged and learnt," and 150 were "suckling children." Supported by ward collections within the city, there is no doubt that for a time at least the city fathers used it as a kind of glorified workhouse. In 1624 some children of tender years, found begging in the streets, were forthwith tossed into the open arms of the Hospital. Shortly afterwards the governors decided that no

child should be admitted whose parents were not free of the City of London. To-day the boys of Christ's Hospital are of the same social position as the boys of our other great middle-class schools, St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors', and University College School. Its portals are opened by influence with a capital I. To the embryo Blue-coat boy there is a glamour and a fascination about the famous school, which is well. His young eyes are blinded to the fact that from childhood till well advanced in his teens he will be a mediæval boy, but

without a mediæval framework. To a sensitive lad this means something. In London streets he will pass unnoticed; in fact, he is part and parcel of them. But when summer has beguiled him to the sea-shore or to some deserted village, the rude taunts of the natives will make him curse his yellow stockings.

The gross revenue of Christ's Hospital, according to Mr. Blanch, is now over £70,000 a year. Many and strange bequests go to the making of that comfortable sum. Here are a few of them. In 1669 one Arris left a sum of money to be expended in purchasing white gloves, and a paper with the words "He is risen" upon it, to be worn by the boys at Easter. The custom still



*The Entrance from Christ Church Passage.*

survives. Each Easter Tuesday the traffic in Cheapside is congested by a stream of boys, eight or nine hundred strong, with the words "He is risen" inscribed on the left breast, marching down to the Mansion House. There to each the Lord Mayor hands a shilling, half-a-crown, or a guinea, according to his rank in the school, together with a bun and a glass of wine, and back they struggle, refreshed. Another kind-hearted soul left enough money to buy sixty leathern caps and sixty pairs of woollen "mittings," to be worn by the "sickest" children in the school.



Thanks to the foresight of Charles Adams, each boy on leaving should receive a copy of "The Whole Duty of Man." Few of these bequests are honoured to-day. The money is put to other uses.

Any person who happens to be quite free from an infectious disease, and is not smoking, may walk from Christ Church Passage, past the porter's lodge, and into the precincts of the Hospital. Thereabouts, a dozen home-sick boys may generally be seen gazing out into the freedom of Newgate Street. Cloisters branch forth in all directions, and their vaulted roofs echo with the shouts of the boys at play. It is worth while to pause a little, for this place is historic. Just in front is a rectangular piece of ground fringed with cloisters and rendered almost sunless by the huge school buildings

they support. A weather-beaten pump stands in the centre, and itself alone knows the myriad of young parched lips that have lain in its broad spout. This is the Garden; only the name survives. But once upon a time there was green turf in the place of asphalt and a spreading tree where the pump now stands, about which the good monks took the air. The garden is now consecrated to rounders; and few of the boys, who there play and plan, the long summer afternoons, think of the great ones who sleep the undisturbed sleep a few feet beneath. There, in the London clay, repose the bones of four queens, four duchesses, four countesses, dukes, earls, barons, knights, and others of the upper ten, together with godly monks and a sprinkling of commoners. The Royalties include the second wife of Edward I., and the wife and the



*The New Cloister from the Garden. From a Drawing by Herbert Railton.*

daughter of Edward II., whom David Bruce, King of Scotland, led to the altar. It was a most genteel thing to have one's body laid in the burial-ground of the Grey Friars; and the fashion, while it lasted, detracted somewhat from the glory of Westminster Abbey.

The Dominicans and the Franciscans, or the Black and Grey Friars, came to England early in the thirteenth century. A generous sheriff at once invited the latter to stay at his house in Cornhill. There, history says, they made themselves cells and tarried awhile. The good friars multiplied (by converts) so exceedingly that it became necessary to look out for a larger dwelling. Then uprose one John Ewin, a mercer, and purchased a plot of ground near St. Nicholas Shambles, the spot where Christ's Hospital now stands. There he built and beautified, and when he had finished others came forward

with gold in their hands; famous citizens, aldermen, lord mayors, earls, and, finally, kings and queens, vied one with another in building a lordly dwelling-place for the Grey Friars. It was held a great and a fine thing to have been a Franciscan. Bacon wore the grey habit. Then in good time they fell from their high estate and went after strange gods, till Henry VIII. turned them out bag and baggage; or, rather, he retained the baggage. The rest we know. How he gave the monastery for the relief of the poor of London; how the gift lay dormant; and how Edward VI., inspired by Ridley's sermon, confirmed his father's grant and established the school.

Little of old Christ's Hospital remains. The Great Fire had a merry time there, and the builder has pulled down and rebuilt to his heart's content. One fragment, however, has resisted both man and the elements, and still stands in all the

cracked glory of old age. It is the cloister of the Grey Friars' Monastery, known to-day as the "Gyffs." Two or three feet below the level of the Garden it lies, and it is musty and mouldy as becometh an old cloister. The gloomy wall is studded with the monuments of departed worthies. Upon one is inscribed this solemn injunction, read and respected by generations of boys:—"Here lies a benefactor, let no one move his bones." The "Gyffs" is full of memories and has acquired a certain notoriety. It has been found a safe place for bullying; and here, also, on recurring Guy Fawkes' days, the illicit bonfires struggle bravely with their own smoke. The picturesque buildings seen from Christ Church Passage, of which Mr. Railton has given a drawing, were erected shortly after the Great Fire by Sir Robert Clayton.

The principal playground lies at the other end of the Gyffs. Here the boys parade, and upon its asphalt floor the chief games are played. At the back of the playground, sharing its weight between the foundations of the monks' refectory and the site of the old city wall, stands in solitary grandeur the Great Hall. It acknowledges no supremacy, and its only rival is Westminster Hall. In length it is 187 feet; in width, 51½ feet; and in height, 46½ feet. The Hall is not very old, although it looks so. It was opened in the year 1829.

Three times a day the boys file ward by ward into the hall, and arrange themselves in comparative silence (if the warden happens to be late) at sixteen long wooden tables. Then the matrons sail in, and take up positions at the head of their respective tables. Then the Grecians stalk, bored and indifferent, up the middle gangway. One of this body ascends the pulpit. The bench of honour beneath the clock is occupied by the warden and the steward. The former then, with a pretty exercise of strength, brings a mallet into contact with a deal table. The first knock signifies comparative silence, the second complete silence, and the third the commencement of prayers or grace, as the case may be. A hymn or a psalm is sung at every meal, in which each boy must help to swell the chorus, however bereft of voice or of tune. Throughout mealtime the organ gallery is open to strangers. It is odds they remark one to another

on the thrilling effect produced by the unison of "Amen" in the prayers, and the sudden burst of treble chatter which signals the finish of grace.

Strange to say, it is in Lent that the hall dons its gayest apparel. On Thursdays throughout that season the boys sup in public. Visitors crowd round the sixteen tables, and divide their attention between the supping boys and the distinguished personage who, supported by governors, presides over the feast. He may be the Duke of Cambridge (the President), or Mr. J. D. Alcroft (the Treasurer), or the Lord Mayor, and, sometimes, even a stray prince. Whoever it is he will find

that chair no sinecure. For a custom still prevails, dating from immemorial times, which is styled "bowing round." When the feast is over each boy must march up to the dais, toe a metal rod let into the floor, and bow to the chair. Courtesy compels the chair to return the bow. As there are about eight hundred boys in the school, it is easy to calculate how many times the distinguished neck must bend.

If you stand in the organ gallery you will just see on the wall at the far end the outline of a large picture. Damp and dark, it represents Edward VI. delivering the Charter of Christ's Hospital to the Corporation; and, as a genuine Holbein, has been praised for centuries. A latter-day critic, however, has discovered that Holbein died several years before that event took place. Another picture many yards long, visible in Mr. Jellicoe's drawing of 'Dinner in the Hall,' faces the painted windows—James II. receiving an audience from Christ's Hospital, by Verrio. Like Nelson's monument, its

size is its chief merit. The tall windows are divided into small squares, each containing the coat-of-arms of a benefactor. Beneath the hall runs another of the dim cloisters, which might have been built solely for the playing of games.

Another playground is "The Ditch," christened after one of the town ditches, which in past and less crowded days there meandered. Here stands the Royal Mathematical School, founded by Charles II. In it the boys destined for the sea live, and move, and have their being. Their ways are not like the ways of other boys, and their education is different. They are taught much navigation, and little or



*The Entrance from Little Britain.*



no classics. Once a year, oiled, and curled, and cleaned, they show their drawings to the Queen. These sailor boys are a hardy race, and a terror to their weaker schoolfellows. In Leigh Hunt's time it used to be a point of honour among them, when journeying from one spot to another in the playground, never to walk otherwise than in a straight line. They bore no ill-will towards their lesser schoolfellows thus upset; it was merely the outward and visible sign of the dignity of the order.

This upholding of dignity is important at Christ's Hospital. The boys, themselves, use the word "degraded," and they use it in a wrong sense. One hears such an expres-

sion as "a degraded fool." This signifies that the "fool" is proud, conceited, and will not degrade himself. The etiquette of this fancy is as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. A Grecian (in public) will neither speak nor play with a Monitor, and a Monitor (in public) will neither speak nor play with a lower school boy. The Grecians receive high honour. Their number is few; they wear their hair long; they have many buttons down the front of their coats; they each possess a private study; they pass unchecked out of bounds; they are the elect, and inspire feelings of awe tempered with admiration. In due time they go to one of the Universities, and there discover



*Dinner in the Hall.*

that they are mortal after all. About two boys in a hundred become Grecians. A quick and a brilliant passage through the various classes brings the honour within reach. Grecians herd with Grecians. They monopolise one of the cloisters—that termed the New, which separates the Garden from the Ditch.

Each Grecian is attached to a ward, of which there are sixteen, and is expected to expound the Scriptures on Sunday afternoons. The health and the linen of the fifty or sixty boys constituting a ward are in charge of a matron, in whom those among the scholars still some distance off their teens find a confidante and a friend.

The day of a Blue-coat boy's life runs somewhat in this

fashion. He sleeps in a little narrow bed in company with his wardmates. At six (in summer) the bell rings. Up he jumps, hurried by the monitor's peremptory command to "Turn out." With some haste he tugs on his yellow stockings—yellow once, but now pale and sickly with repeated washings. The knickerbockers follow, and then he scurries away to the lavatory. There, he will foregather with his fellow fags, and probably get his full measure of bullying. Seated on the cistern, the elder boys will perhaps play the rôle of the Roman nobles, the "scrub" being one of the gladiators. Or he may be called upon to receive chastisement on the open hand with mottled soap deftly tied in a towel. Whatever form the pleasantries takes, it is likely enough he will bear it in good part, knowing

that in good time it will be his turn to chastise other little boys, who at that moment may be crowing in their nurses'



*The Hall.*

arms. Once escaped from the lavatory, the remainder of his toilet is soon completed. If his "preparation work" is well advanced, or he is too idle to advance it further, the next hour is spent in the playground.

The premium placed upon intellect affects even the meals. Take breakfast. Bread and a bowl of milk for the common herd; bread and coffee for the monitors; and bread, coffee, and bacon galore for the Grecians. Many a dyspeptic old Blue-coat boy, grown corpulent and commonplace with successful barter, learns to honour the simple diet once despised, and wishes he had kept to it.

Morning school lasts from nine till a quarter-past twelve,

when the playground is once more alive with the young monks. Bells and bugles summon them to parade at one o'clock.

The drowsy schools are open again from half-past two till half-past four, and then the heart of the Blue-coat boy is filled with joy. Some take the train to the cricket-field; some go a-swimming; and for others "jump little nag-tail" in the playground suffices. However they have disported themselves, all troop, tired and hungry, into the hall for six-o'clock supper. Then follow more play and a little more work till half-past eight, when the senior monitor reads prayers before the assembled ward, after which the lower school tumble into bed and perchance dream of home.

The elder boys remain up till a quarter to ten, when an importunate bell sends them also to roost.

There are other things too—the school at Hertford; the annual speech day, when behind the bulwarks of a dead tongue one always suspects the orators of "guying" the audience; the manner of teaching; the governing body; the school slang, unique and lusty; the subterranean passages; the buried treasure; the

ghost of the false queen, who still haunts the Gyffs—of all these there is no time to speak. They are with us now, but for how long?

Already the spokesman of the New Democracy—that modern realisation of "the rioter that consumeth all"—is stirring. He came down to the House the other evening with a plan to modernize, economize, and otherwise improve the old school. "Remove it to the country," he cried, "cut down expenses, educate double the number of children, and sell the ground on which it now stands to a railway company." Here one grows thankful to Ireland; for while legislation concerning that is needed Parliament has no time to bother about Blue-coat boys.

C. LEWIS HIND.



*I. J. H. H. H.*

*On Parade.*



## THE REPRODUCTIONS OF FOREIGN ART IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.\*



Fig. 1.—English Flagon, (1613), at the Kremlin.

IN a former paper we have referred to the national needs which have been anticipated, and the national purposes which have been served, by the fac-simile reproductions of masterpieces of foreign Art in the South Kensington Museum. We have seen the disadvantages under which the English Art student had formerly laboured, owing to the impossibility of consulting rare and jealously guarded treasures of the goldsmith's art; and we have given some idea of the importance of the specimens of the Dutch school

of silver-working, which the Art Department have been allowed to copy for national purposes. It now remains to turn to the other great Continental groups of gold and silver work, and the other treasures farther afield than Holland, to which access has been obtained; and, in conclusion, to draw some lessons and warnings from the steps which our successful competition has forced upon foreign rivals, in order to enable them to challenge, if possible, the English bid for the supply of the Art wants of the world. No long time after the acquisition of the Dutch specimens of silverwork, an opportunity, in some ways more important, presented itself. This was no less than permission received from H.M. the late Czar of Russia to inspect and select from the treasures of the Imperial collections at the Winter Palace, the Hermitage Museum, and, above all, the collection in the Kremlin at Moscow. It is unnecessary to say that the contents of these treasures were practically unknown. Until then they had never been examined

for any such purpose as that for which the present permission was so graciously accorded. It had been rumoured that the

collection in the Kremlin was rich in specimens of English plate of great size and antiquity, many of them taken to Russia, so it was believed, by Peter the Great himself. But beyond this nothing was known. To describe the collections, from which the present writer shared the responsibility of selecting specimens for reproduction, would take much space. It must suffice to say that the native Russian specimens proved either very ancient or very modern; the most ancient being of Greco-Scythian origin and of a period far before the commencement of the Christian Era. Of this class are some most interesting vessels of electrum and an immense assemblage of ornaments of gold, of which copies were obtained. The more modern were the drinking bowls and ladles called "Bratins" and "Puisoirs," which almost exclusively represent the purely Russian Art of the seventeenth century. Of the intermediate specimens some were presented by English sovereigns, from Queen Elizabeth to Charles II., and it appeared, from a comparison of these with other pieces in the collection called that of the Patriarch of Moscow, to which access was also granted, that on occasion of a royal present being sent to the Czar a corresponding, if less valuable, offering had usually been made to the head of the Greek Church. A large selection of each of these classes of objects was made, and can now be consulted in the South Kensington Museum. A good illustration of the English pieces is a flagon of the time of James I. (Fig. 1)



Fig. 2.—Casket (c. 1730), at the Winter Palace.

found in the Treasury of the Kremlin. It is one of a series of such vessels of the fashion of the English communion flagons of late Elizabethan times; and it is curious to note that there are as many, if not more, examples of these flagons preserved

\* Continued from page 175.

in this single Russian collection than are known to exist in England at the present day. The work is of the typical English style of that period—the body embossed with strap and leaf-work, scallop shells, and sea monsters in medallions. Amongst the priceless treasures of foreign Art was a toilet service of solid gold in the Winter Palace, which had belonged to the Empress Anna Ivanovna (1730—1740). This consisted of an immense number of pieces, engraved and chased with strap work, festoons and cartouches, with animals in landscapes, the whole forming one of the most magnificent examples of the work for which Augsburg was so famous in the eighteenth century.

The specimen selected for our illustration (Fig. 2) is the casket, standing on eight lions' feet in pairs. There is reason to believe that it is the work of Ludwig Biehler, or Biller, a member of a family celebrated through more than one generation for their skill as goldsmiths, and of whom Ludwig is known to have worked for the Russian court. Several members of the Russian nobility followed the liberal example of H.M. the Czar at this time, and to commemorate this liberality, as well as to give our readers a specimen of very beautiful French work of the later days of Louis XV., we have selected for our next illustration (Fig. 3), a salt-cellar, by J. R. Auguste, the property of Count Bobrinsky. It is formed as two kneeling boys, supporting a gadrooned, shell-shaped cellar, with hinged lid; the base decorated with floral ornament and standing on four feet. With these remarks we must pass to another country, but not without repeating, that almost every specimen of the two or three hundred selected in Russia and now in the South Kensington Museum has its special interest.

A smaller but extremely valuable collection has since been made from Denmark, where the royal, as well as the national collections, have also been opened to English inspection with the freest and most gracious hand. But if of less extent than the Russian treasures, they prove not less interesting, partly owing to the admirable arrangement which has been adopted in Denmark in order to render the national collection as valuable and illustrative of Danish history as possible. The Rosenborg Castle at Copenhagen is a model of what a national museum should be. The specimens are arranged throughout the building in historical series, running from room to room and floor to floor in chronological order, each room filled with the illustrations of a different reign, so that by the time the intelligent student or visitor has completed his tour of the building, he has obtained a

complete and consecutive view of Danish domestic art, extending through several centuries. It is difficult not to feel some regret that it seems impossible to arrange a similar collection in England, or that failing this, some such arrangement could not be adopted in the case of the Art treasures in the South Kensington Museum itself. It is hard to believe that such an arrangement of, at all events, the very complete series of gold and silver work, original or reproduced, of which the greatest of all Art museums is the fortunate possessor, would be impracticable. To return to the Danish collection, let us give as an illustration (Fig. 4) a fire screen of Augsburg work, dating from the end of the seventeenth century. There is much silver furniture of this description in the Rosenborg Castle, chiefly of German work, or else of native Danish work of a very similar character. In this screen four bracket-shaped feet support the frame, which is decorated on both sides with masks, strap-work, and floral ornaments in repoussé. In the centre is a representation of Mars and

Venus, with Cupids forging arrows, and a car with swans, also in repoussé. Here too is preserved a magnificent toilet service, in this case French, once the property of Hedwig Sophia, sister of Charles XII. of Sweden. We have selected for illustration (Fig. 5) the ewer, of which the base is ornamented in repoussé, with leaves and flowers, a piece well representing the fashion prevalent in the earliest part of the eighteenth century. Perhaps the most celebrated examples of silver work in Denmark are the three great lions, in different



Fig. 3.—Salt-Cellar (1767), the property of Count Bobrinsky.

attitudes, which guard the Danish throne at the opening of Parliament and other state occasions. These are of native workmanship, and are attributed to the hand of one Ferdinand Kublich, an artist who flourished in the third quarter of the seventeenth century. It would be difficult to overestimate the value of the Rosenborg collection, limited in extent as it is, to the students of the admirably equipped technical school which flourishes in another quarter of the city of Copenhagen. Whilst upon the subject of museum management, it may be remarked that intelligent arrangement, which is the feature also of the Hamburg Museum, under the care of its conservator, Dr. Brinckmann, seems almost to have given birth to more than one Art industry, now flourishing in that city. A school of artists in leather work, an art once carried to a degree of high excellence in England, but since extinct, has drawn its inspiration from the ancient bookbindings, which in Dr. Brinckmann's hands form a series of examples of great educational value, owing to their happy arrangement and distinct labelling. The needlework and



Art-pottery of the city also owe much to Dr. Brinckmann for the same reasons.

Other schools there are adequately represented by the re-



Fig. 4.—Fire Screen, in the Rosenborg Museum, Copenhagen.

productions of their best pieces in the South Kensington Museum; but justice cannot be done to them in the space at our disposal.

France, for example, which has been dealt with to a certain extent by means of the specimens of French work preserved in Russia and Denmark, contributes a very important example of early work discovered in Portugal, in collecting a temporary loan exhibition of works of Art from the Iberian peninsula at South Kensington two or three years since. It is a pyx of tazza form (Fig. 6), the original being the property of the Academy of the Fine Arts, Lisbon. The bowl of this beautiful piece is repoussé and chased, with winged terminal figures, cherub heads and scroll ornament; the interior being also engraved and chased in as finished a manner as the outside. At the time of its discovery it was attributed to Portugal, but it is in reality of the finest French Renaissance work, dating from the best period of the sixteenth century.

Last of all, to mention an undoubted specimen of Spanish Art work, may be given an excellent ewer in the Royal Museum at the Hague (Fig. 7). It is in every way an admirable illustration of the art in Spain. The foot and a band on the bowl are engraved with floral ornament, the handle and spout resting on grotesque heads. It has the advantage also of being a specimen of some historical interest, having been captured from the Spaniards in 1618 by the Dutch admiral Pieter Pieters (Hein).

We have now briefly indicated what has been accomplished 1888.

for a single art in England. It remains for the public to avail itself of the advantages rendered so easy of access. The difficulty of a great country is to make its opportunities known. There are signs in almost every speech in Parliament, as well as those delivered at metropolitan meetings and conferences about technical education, that this branch of the work undertaken by the Science and Art Department is not as yet fully appreciated. It is only beginning to be understood that the English collection of examples is unrivalled, and that it is at the free disposal of all whom it may concern. This would not be the case in Copenhagen, nor even in Berlin or Paris. We are apt to look upon the South Kensington Department as a single and expensive metropolitan school and museum. Rather is it an immense magazine and storehouse, which can be drawn upon to any extent; and it will, no doubt, be some day used and valued as other nations and cities use and value their smaller treasures. England is a little behind in the race. It is the present writer's belief that demand is as important a matter as supply, and that such collections as those we have been describing might, if more generally known and used, improve the taste and educate the eye, not only of the workman, but of the public itself, and gradually create a national distaste for anything which is not good Art. We are far from this as yet, but it is a sign of the times that in a recent list of country church-plate may be noticed a "brass almsdish of Byzantine design, made at the Keswick School of Art, the medallions taken from mosaics at S. Mark's, Venice." Such schools equally with London workpeople now have a complete collection of the best examples of Art work of all ages and countries at their disposal, and it is for the Science and Art Department to go on with its good work and to aim at being the great central storehouse of examples for circulation, whether in the way of original pieces, fac-simile reproductions, or photographs. It is not unlikely that it will be found in the near future, that of all the spending departments of the state, the Science and Art Department, with its system of multiplying and circulating Art



Fig. 5.—Ewer (c. 1700), in the Rosenborg Museum, Copenhagen.

examples through the length and breadth of the land, is the one which repays to the public, by its results, the most

handsome interest of all upon the public money annually, but at present with too niggard hand, allotted to its extension.

In conclusion, the interest of the archaeologist and the historian, and even to a certain extent that of the artist, in the South Kensington collections has been for the purpose of



*Fig. 6.—Pyx, or Tazza, at the Academy of Arts, Lisbon.*

these notices subordinated to the consideration of their value from a trade point of view. Interesting as they are as illustrating the history of the goldsmith's art in every European country for the past four centuries, they are not the less for the silversmith of to-day, master or journeyman, a gallery of models from which to draw inspiration. Our object has been to select for engraving specimens that may be useful for the purposes alike of the workshop and the show-room. Why

should not the salt-cellar of every-day life, the claret-jug or the presentation casket, of each of which we have given illustrations well worthy of the student's best attention, show that the designer has studied the work of those masters who have left their mark on Art-history, and that the craftsman has brought



*Fig. 7.—Spanish Ewer, in the National Museum, at the Hague.*

an educated eye as well as hand to the execution of his work? Better still, may not a day return when the working goldsmith shall again be artist and craftsman as of old? It is hard to believe that the nineteenth is to be the only century destined to pass away unfruitful of any English Art-work in the precious metals with characteristic features of its own, and a distinctive name, in the annals of the future.

WILFRED CRIPPS.

## STIRLING CASTLE.

DRAWN AND ETCHED BY J. MACWHIRTER, A.R.A.

WHILE so much of the skill of the younger English painters is devoted to the simplest and humblest passages of nature, avoiding nothing so carefully as a landscape demonstratively picturesque, Mr. MacWhirter, with almost all his Scottish brethren, still goes in search of hill and castle, waterfall, forest, and lake, and the other incidents of a view which make "scenery." In this respect, doubtless, nationality has helped to form a school, for Scotland has always been dear to tourists precisely because it possesses abundant scenery. For Mr. Peter Graham not to revel in misty glens and foaming torrents, or for Mr. MacWhirter to abandon wood and mountain-side, would be a renunciation of subjects and an asceticism out of all character; for the scenic landscape, rugged for the dwellers therein, is the very luxury of Art, while the spare and shabby field and road in which the

newer school finds charms, make but an austere picture. Indeed, some of the younger painters have almost attained to the severity of Thomas-à-Kempis, who was satisfied because even in his cell he could see the elements out of which all things are made. A study of the elements doubtless makes a painter satisfied with little subject. Not so the brave Scotsmen who, first appearing at the Royal Academy some twenty years ago, have held together robustly ever since, painting always with national vigour. Mr. MacWhirter in the etching before us has taken Stirling Castle in its noblest mass, and from the shadow side, placing it against a shining sky, as the shadowed trees are placed against a lighted landscape. From the building, the abrupt crag, and the river that feels for its level among so many hills, he has arranged a scene essentially romantic.



## NOTES ON JAPAN AND ITS ART WARES.\*

IF there is one characteristic which marks taste and refinement in a nation it is a love for nature and the beauties which adorn it. In European nations this culture has advanced *pari passu* with civilisation, but only within the last century has it really permeated downwards so as to infiltrate through all classes. But now, if one touch of the love of nature makes the whole world kin, then indeed must we join hands with eastern nations.

The poets and painters of China and Japan enjoyed nature

long before ours thought of it. Here is a translation from a very ancient poem :

"Should the mountain cherry cease,  
In the spring-time of the year,  
With its mass of new-born bloom  
Us poor mortal men to cheer,  
Then would heart of spring be doomed  
And its brightness fade away."

In the British Museum may be seen pictures dating from the eleventh century in which the herbage and rock are drawn



No. 1.—*Donchi, or Market Day.* From the *Tō-to-sai Ji-ki*.

with a fidelity and truth which render them capable of accurate definition.

In the "Genji Monogatari," a romance written in the tenth century,† we find the hero, the Prince Genji, frequently exclaiming at the landscape. For instance, as his gaze over the trees fell on the far-off capital, enveloped in haze as dusk set in, "What a lovely landscape!" said he. "The people to whom such scenery is familiar are perhaps happy and contented." "Nay," replied the attendants; "but were you to see the beautiful mountain ranges, and the sea-coast, the picture would indeed be found lovely." During his exile "he sketched every beautiful landscape in the neighbourhood."

Although the Japanese originally received his education in

landscape Art and his love for the picturesque in nature from the Chinese, and these were fostered by the teachings of the Buddhist religion, they have undoubtedly been for ages innate in the nation.

The Chinese influence has been in reality a restraining element, which compelled the Japanese artist to look at nature in a false way and depict its forms in a manner entirely inconsistent with its aspect as presented to him. Nay more, fashion and the rules of the school in which he worked compelled him for centuries to turn his back on nature and create a world of frowning rocks and Chinese pagodas which was entirely unlike anything Japanese. These, until within the last hundred years, prevented his taking up a flower, a bamboo shoot, or a bird, and copying it; he was obliged to draw it in a certain manner laid down for him in the ages

\* Continued from page 212.

† Translated by Süeyinat Kenchis (Trubner)

long past, and embodied in manuals whose authority he dare not question. Those who watched the very second-rate artists who figured in the London Japanese village may remember the manner in which they drew—a manner which was identical with that of the whole school. Their paper was divided up into squares which they had to fill in regular rotation, their design was elaborated either out of a copy-book, or, if they had learnt their lesson, out of their head.

It must never be forgotten that the educated and highly-trained Japanese esteems a fine specimen of calligraphy far more than a good painting. A single word written by a noted calligraphist will exceed in value a painting by an artist of equal fame. It is on this account that in metal-work, and in lacquer, and in porcelain we find so many imitations of brush-work. In looking through my collection of metal-work an intelligent Japanese will always prefer incised to relief work, and very often the signature at the back to the work on the front. It is quite curious to notice his enthusiasm over a finely engraved signature. Hence one can understand that in a large proportion of cases fidelity to nature would be of small account as compared with technical skill in handling. We see an instance of this in the criticism of Shiū-zan (translated by Mr. Anderson in "Pictorial Arts of Japan," p. 186), who wrote in 1777, shortly after a section of the artists had begun to look at nature: "Amongst pictures is a kind called naturalistic, in which it is considered proper that flowers, grasses, fishes, insects, etc., should bear exact resemblance to nature. This is a special style and must not be depreciated, but as its object is merely to show the form, neglecting the rules of Art, it is commonplace and without taste. In ancient pictures the study of the art of outline and of the laws of taste were respected without attention to close imitation of form." On the other hand, in the "Genji Monogatari" there is a long and enthusiastic eulogy upon pictures which are taken direct from nature.

But if the artist is not allowed to study nature as much as he might, that pursuit is undertaken by a large section of the nation. Prominent amongst these are the botanists and herbalists, who for centuries have been noted for their knowledge of the floral and vegetable kingdom, and who enjoy, in common with the Chinese, the distinction of having the most elaborate and oldest vegetable nomenclature in the world. This is hardly to be wondered at, for their country is the most interesting one in that respect outside the tropics.

Captious critics insist that even now the Japanese does not draw his trees and flowers accurately. Even one so generous as Mr. Anderson considers that their representation is distinguished by graceful composition and harmonious colouring rather than by botanical correctness. To the ordinary admirer of Japanese Art this will indeed come as a surprise; he, like myself, will probably rest quite satisfied with the repast which has been spread before him, and will refuse to let his enjoyment be lessened because each petal does not always conform in drawing to accurately defined rules of perspective or is not relieved from its fellow owing to an absence of chiaroscuro.

The present article, like its forerunners, will confine itself to a short gossip upon those trees and flowers which the Jap uses so lavishly in ornamentation, and the customs which have sprung out of his admiration for them.

Flowers are associated with every act of a Japanese's life: they herald in his birth, they are his daily companions, they accompany him to the grave; and after that they serve as a link between him and those he has left, for his relatives and friends do not rest satisfied with piling up his coffin with floral tributes, they show their remembrance by offerings for long years afterwards.

No home, however humble, is complete without its vase of flowers: in the wealthier ones this is of porcelain or metal, in the cottage it is often merely a bamboo shoot. The flower markets are thronged by all classes, and hawkers parade the streets with them. The altars, too, of the temples are almost invariably adorned with flowers. The arrangement of flowers has its literature and professors, who have laid down regular codes, which extend even to the composition of bouquets, the number of

flowers, the proportion of leaf to flowers, and the contrast of colours between the flowers and the receptacle in which they are placed. Mr. Anderson states that four centuries ago the greatest artist of his age did not consider it derogatory to furnish designs for the guidance of ladies in the practice of this offshoot of decorative art. Like many other Japanese customs it is of Chinese origin. Specimens of the bouquets used, from which our florists might gather hints, are to be found in many Japanese hand-books.

The gardens attached to almost every class of house are illustrations of the motto, *multum in parvo*. As a rule, they are not for use, but for ornament; they are laid out with the utmost care and precision. The landscape artist need not travel beyond his garden for much of the material with



No. 2.—Hanami, or Cherry-Viewing.



which he illustrates his work. Dwarfed pine groves, tiny bamboos, a miniature rice-field and meadow, each no bigger than



No. 3.—Pruning the Pine-tree, from *Banrei-ki*.

a chess-board, a pebbled stream, a lakelet stocked with carp, gold fish, and tortoises, lotus flower, iris, and flowering reeds; even the puny bridge, the waterfall, and tiny mountains a few feet high, are almost invariably present. A Japanese almost invariably takes all his garden away with him if he changes his dwelling. Rocks are considered a *sine qua non*, and as an instance of this it may be mentioned that at Tokyo, where no suitable material can be found, they are transported from a distance of fifty miles; there are regular dealers in rocks, which attain, when they present rare shapes and colours, to a cost of £20 apiece. Books too are written which treat of the proper positions in the garden which should be assigned to them. Professor Morse, in his exhaustive treatise on "Japanese Homes," says that legends are frequently carved upon them, and he quotes one as follows:—"The sight of the plum bloom causes the ink to flow in the writing-room." Stone lanterns (*ishi-dōrō*) are to be found in every garden, and abound in picture-books; larger ones resemble pagodas, the smaller ones mushrooms. They also line the approaches to the temples, to which they have been presented as votive offerings. Every garden which is large enough has a rustic summer-house, over which vines are trained; it is placed, whenever feasible, where a good view can be obtained. Speaking of this reminds me of another singular trait which has characterized the Japanese for many centuries, their real fondness for the picturesque in nature; in olden times almost every nobleman's house had its "Chamber of the Inspiring View," whence the best view of the scenery could be obtained, and the rooms, and even the houses, were named after flowers, as the "Kiri," "Wisteria," the "Villa of Falling Flowers," and this practice is continued in many modern houses; the banks of Lake Biwa were studded with arbours or booths, and thither poets and authors retired to compose the classics of the country. The porcelain garden seats which are now imported in such numbers were originally designed for use in these arbours.

No notice of Japanese gardens would be complete without some mention of the dwarfed trees, in which horticultural sorcery has been carried to its extreme limits. Professor Morse mentions his seeing a blackened, distorted, and appa-

rently dead stick, which all at once sent out long, delicate, drooping twigs, soon to be covered with a wealth of beautiful rosy plum blossoms; a pine-tree not two feet in height, and with a flattened top twenty feet in circumference. Siebold, in 1826, saw an oak which could be covered with the hand, lime-trees in full bloom, yet not more than three inches high, and bamboos and pines of even smaller size. Then, on the other hand, the gardener prides himself on the enormous dimensions to which he can increase his flowers by careful selection, the variegation he can effect in their leaves and petals, and the freaks of nature he can bring about. These are the result of long-continued hereditary patience, for this occupation always passes from father to son. Our Illustration No. 3 shows a gentleman (distinguishable by his sword and medicine box) pruning a pine-tree. The Illustration No. 9 is from a volume which treats of nothing but miniature gardens, each of which represents a different view on the Tokaido, or great road.

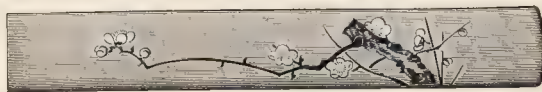
The varied and exceptional climatic conditions of Japan naturally affect its flora very considerably. Consequently we find in the country's Art, representations, often in the same picture, which to a naturalist present almost incomprehensible incongruities. We see the palm and the bamboo, side by side with the pine-tree and the oak of northern regions; and the same thing is noticeable in the animal kingdom, as, for instance, the bear and the ape. In no country are the flora more beautiful or more various than in parts of



No. 4.—A Chrysanthemum Show.

Japan, where in short distances one can pass from almost tropical growths at the sea-level to alpine vegetation round

the snow limits. I mentioned in my first article that Japan has been described as a veritable country of flowers, and



No. 5.—*Prunus Blossom*; from a *Kozuka*.

that in hedge, and orchard, and garden they abounded. I may here add Herr Rein's testimony to what it is like beyond the limits of cultivation: "Before reaching the woodland," he says, "lies a sort of prairie; this is usually a living mosaic of flowers and is called by the Japanese 'the great flower field.' Here may be recognised many an English wild flower oddly associated with many of our garden adornments and numerous complete strangers; for instance, violets, milkwort, pimpernel, blue scabious, bluebells, common bright-eye, bugle, sorrel, hart's-tongue, toad flax, osmunda, orchids—mingled with these will be lilies of varied descriptions, with great white, blue, and yellow flowers, the *pyrus japonica*, azaleas, deutzias, wild roses, and lilies of the valley."

The forests which cover such vast tracts of the mountainous parts of the country are not less remarkable for their wealth of floral beauty, and this not only from the different species of trees but from the growth of climbing plants which cover them and the ground. Any one who will take the trouble to look at the labels which in our Kensington Gardens are attached to most of the flowering trees will see that the majority of them have been imported from Japan. Rein states that, "early in June nearly a hundred kinds of tree and seventy shrubs may be found in flower on many of the mountain slopes."



No. 6.—*Cherry Blossom*; from a *Kozuka*.

No one who has studied the artist's delineations of Japanese trees but must have noticed his apparent fondness for girdling them with creepers, and how he loves nothing more than to portray their elegant curves and flowing lines; especially is this noticeable in metal-work, where the various coloured metals and the pliable wire-work afford scope for their successful rendering. But in all this he has only been copying nature as it is presented to him. One especial favourite of his is the *hydrangea*, which is found attaining a height of from twenty to thirty feet and in summer is covered with white flowers. The *wisteria* with its flowers is found on lacquer, ivory, and metal-work. It is as common as our bramble, and the sprays of its flowers often exceed three feet in length, whilst a hundred persons may rest under its shadow and its stem grows to the thickness of a man's body; its branches are used as cables. It typifies youth from its coming in with spring. Then there is the fir-tree, which for many reasons is a great favourite of the artists, especially when its trunk is twisted and gnarled. As it typifies long life it is introduced in a multitude of cases. The red and black pine are the commonest of the coniferous trees, and are found most abundantly on the sea-coasts. The bamboo (*také*), probably from its lending itself so readily

to dexterous treatment with the brush, is a prime favourite. As the tender shoot, as the full-grown tree, as the shrivelled frost-bitten reed, it is repeated again and again. Nothing so readily assists the artist at giving a hint as to the state of the weather: it droops in the hot air, it flutters with the zephyr, it bends under the breeze, it bows beneath the typhoon. It is drawn in connection with the tiger, who hides in its brakes from his enemies; and with the sparrow, because both are of a gentle and timid nature!

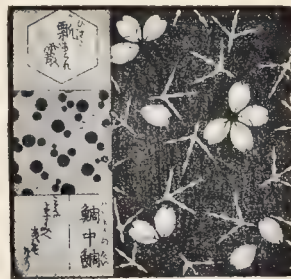
Then, again, it is a necessity to the Japanese's existence. It is used for everything—houses, hedges, bridges, boats, carriages, conduits, vases, mats, baskets, fans, umbrellas, pipe-cases, tobacco jars, in fact, every article of household use and ornament.

The pine (*matsu*) is found in great quantities over the whole of Japan; it is not, therefore, to be wondered at that it constantly recurs in its landscape; but it is also introduced on account of its typifying prosperity; and, in conjunction with the tortoise, crane, and bamboo, longevity; with snow, ripe old age. Fukusas, on which it is embroidered in company with the crane, are for presentation to the newly-born.

The blossom of the plum (*prunus*, Jap. *ume*) is one of the greatest favourites with the Japanese, for it appears at the close of winter and

tells that the spring is at hand. Hence poets sing its praises, and the artist delights in it, for it tells him that sketching time is at hand.

"Ice-flakes are falling fast  
Through the chilly air,  
and now  
Yonder trees with snow-  
bloom laden  
Do assume the wild plum's  
guise,  
With their mass of snowy  
flowers  
Gladdening winter's  
dreary time."



No. 7.—*Design, Cherry Flower and Birds' Feet*.

The blossoms appear before the leaves (see Illustration No. 5) and are often depicted as laden with snow. *Ume-také-matsu*—the plum blossom, the bamboo, and the pine—fragrant, green, and everlasting, are the emblems of longevity. The plum blossom is often drawn athwart the moon; this is symbolic, but of what I do not know; it is also associated with the nightingale. Siebold mentions that it has been cultivated to yield flowers of every shade from white to red, and even yellow and green, and, of course, single and double.

The cherry-tree (*sakura*) has, according to Mr. Anderson, displaced the plum in the affections of the artists of the late school. Nowhere in the world is it seen to such an advantage as in the land where it is principally cultivated for its flowers. Both it and the plum-tree grow wild, and excursions take place (see Illustration No. 2) in the spring to the mountains to see it in its beauty, when, as the old poet sings:

"The dark massed shades are flecked  
By the mountain cherry's bloom."

It also grows single and double. In the "Chinshingura" we read of one Rikiya bringing a basketful of rare eight and nine-fold wild cherry blossoms to cheer his lord.

The peach-tree is used in Art much seldomly than either of the foregoing, although it is emblematic of longevity, is a great



favourite in China, and grows everywhere in magnificence. One would have imagined, seeing that such endless streams of "hawthorn" china came from the middle kingdom, that this tree is a favourite with the artists. But the truth is that the European does not take the trouble to discriminate between the varieties of flower. So called "hawthorn" is plum blossom, and the design upon the jars is said to be derived from a pattern made by blossoms fallen upon the ice. For the assistance of my readers I give side by side the flowers of the prunus and cherry, by which it will be seen that the petals of the latter are indented at their tops.

To give a complete list of the flowers which find a place on Japanese wares would require a volume. One can only touch upon those which oftenest occur, either portrayed in their natural form or conventionalised into ornament; it is some knowledge of this latter department that foreign designers should endeavour to attain to, for at present, in their ignorance, they seize hold of a conventionalised flower, and they alter and adapt it until it loses its individuality, its beauty, and its meaning. There is hardly an English wall-paper or stuff in my own house in which I cannot trace ignorant attempts at improving Japanese floral designs.

The flower of flowers in Japan is the *chrysanthemum*. Being the imperial crest, it has, of late years especially, found its way into the decoration of almost every species of article. This, no doubt, has arisen from the wily Jap finding that the foreigner was easily gulled into accepting as a piece from the Mikado's palace any ware which bore his badge. We gave at page 44 of our second article an illustration of the conventionalised chrysanthemum.\* We now give an instance of a chrysanthemum show, which, it will be seen, differs little from one in our Temple Gardens, save for the folk who visit it. The flower has long been a favourite. In the "Genji Monogatari" we read that "the chrysanthemums in the gardens were in full bloom, whose sweet perfume soothed us with its gentle influence; around us the scarlet leaves of the maple were falling. It was altogether romantic."

The peony (*botan*) perhaps comes next in the floral kingdom to the *prunus* in the frequency of its delineation. The

Japanese cultivate it until its flowers attain to an enormous size, and it is easy to understand its attraction to the artist by its gorgeous colour and massive structure. It lends itself admirably to bold designs, whether in the flat or in relief. The double kind is that which is most frequently employed, but it has none of the cabbagey appearance which its relations in this country assume.

The iris (*kosai*) is another popular favourite, and we find it in stuffs (see illustration), in inlaid ivories, and mother-of-pearl, to which its delicate coloured flowers lend themselves (see tobacco-bon, page 177). The metal-worker twists its graceful leaves into delightful patterns for his pierced sword guards. The iris, with its brother the lily, is very common throughout the country, growing almost without cultivation.

The tea-plant is one of the most ornamental of Japanese shrubs, as it is allowed to grow to a good size. It is a camellia, and has creamy, white-scented blossoms.



No. 8.—Tropical Vegetation and Rain. From "L'Art Japonais."

The lotus flower is the Buddhist emblem of purity; for it grows unsullied out of the mud. Upon it the fortunate entrant to Paradise is seated. It therefore forms the resting-place for Buddhas. Its leaves are usually gemmed with dew-drops, and this effect the artist seizes upon at once, whenever he finds it; for their insertion, or that of sparkling rain-drops, will not only afford to whoever looks at his work a clue to the state of the weather when his work was done, but its portrayal is a difficulty which he delights in overcoming, especially if he is a metal-worker; for will he not then have to drive a tiny hole into his metal, make a minute silver globule, and fix it firmly, for every dew-drop he wishes to represent?

\* Oh! Lotus-leaf, I dreamt that the whole earth  
Held nought more pure than thee,—held nought more true:  
Why, then, when on thee rolls a drop of dew  
Pretend that 'tis a gem of priceless worth?"

HUNZEN, A.D. 830—836.

\* An illustration was also given of the other Imperial badge, the *Paulownia regalis*. This is similar to our purple foxglove in form, size, and colour. It flowers in April.

Pinks have long been favourites. A bouquet of the Nadeshiko, or "little darling," is presented by the Genji prince, and in the poetical strain which it was the fashion then, and for long after, to adopt, he says, speaking of it by another name (Tokomatz, or "Everlasting summer") :—

"When with composed gaze we view  
The mingled flowers in gay parterre,  
Amid the bloom of radiant blue,  
The Tokomatz, my love, is there."

Another flower which attracts the Genji's admiration is the Yugao (or evening glory), whose "white blossoms one after another disclose their smiling lips in unconscious beauty." Of these his lady love writes—

"The crystal dew, at evening's hour,  
Sleeps on the Yugao's beauteous flower."

It will be noticed that the fronts and entrances to the Japanese houses are frequently represented as decorated with flowers, branches of trees, etc. These decorations are set up at various periods of the year upon the occasion of various festivals. Of these the principal is that on New Year's Day. They then consist of the bending bamboo and the stubborn fir, representing long and vigorous life; the red and black stemmed pine, typical of man and womanhood and of a felicitous union. A rope of straw suspended between them stops the entry of evilly disposed persons; so does a piece of charcoal hung from it. Other ornamentations of this rope are a boiled grasshopper crab, typifying old age; yudzurika boughs, upon which new leaves sprout before the old ones fall, indicative of successive generations of children; the red berries of the nandina shrub: upon the bamboo are hung small oranges.

But the flower festivals are the prettiest and most peculiarly Japanese. They commence in February with the *prunus*, followed in March with the peach, and in April with that of the

wild cherry. At this latter one all the roads are crowded with folk proceeding in their holiday attire to certain well-known spots which are famous for their wealth of bloom. Every one is in high spirits, for the winter of discontent is over and the cherry, the sign thereof and the pride of all the flowering trees, is arrayed in all its beauty. This lasts for weeks and certain villages have all the aspect of a fair, for the cherry-viewing is an excuse for picnicking, at which it is the correct thing to indulge in cherry-water. In May comes the wisteria festa at Kamédo, where groves of this tree, covered with blossom,

surround a small lake. Then the Japanese has more picnicking and, being poetically inclined, covers the wisteria branches with verses written on slips of paper and composed in praise of its beauty. In June and July come the iris, the calamus, the peony, and the lotus; in August and September the hibisci; in October the chrysanthemum and the maple. The year closes with the sasankwa and cha, as it is ushered in with the camellias. Most, if not all of these, are honoured with festivals.

Lastly, falling leaves and petals have always exercised a great fascination upon the poetical and artistic mind. We read of the great warrior Hachiman even reining in his charger to watch them. Poets have sung of them for a thousand years.

"Too lightly woven must the garments be—  
Garments of mist—that clothe the coming spring;  
In bold disorder see them fluttering  
Soon as the zephyr breathes above the lea."

YUKIHIRA, A.D. 818—893.



No. 9.—Miniature Garden of one of the Tokaido Hara (or posting places).

The artist frequently utilises them to fill a vacant corner in his composition. No one, probably, who has not seen the country has any idea of the beauty of the showers of colours which an equinoctial gale would carry over the face of a land so full of blossom as this.

MARCUS B. HUISE.

## MY ASTER PLATE.

MY Aster plate hangs safe upon the wall  
In rounded perfectness, nor large, nor small,  
No more 'mid yon swart Hebrew's wares to be;  
I saw, I bought, I bore it joyfully  
In hidden triumph from the huckster's stall.

The sun may hide his rolling golden ball,  
The moon may sulk behind her purple pall,

But thou art sun and moon and stars to me,  
My Aster plate!

Have mercy, Fortune, on thy trembling thrall!  
And spare this dark blue disc, his all-in-all;  
Wife, children, friends, I'll freely yield to thee,  
My books, my buhl, my much-loved marquetry;  
Take these—but let no evil chance befall

My Aster plate.  
GRAHAM R. TOMSON.



## A FOREIGN ARTIST AND AUTHOR IN ENGLAND.\*

### YORK.

WHEN the people of the provinces find fault with the London climate because it is foggy, and unblushingly assert that "it is only in London that one sees such fogs," they are entirely mistaken or wanting in candour. The fact is that the country is just about as bad as London in that respect, a clear atmosphere being as seldom met with in the provinces as in the metropolis, the only difference, as far as we could judge, being that they call "mist" in the country what is termed "fog" by the Londoners. Between fog and mist there is very little practical difference, both being equally unpleasant.

It was early morning when we arrived in York, to find that a very thick mist enveloped the town, and the density of it was so great that even the huge mass of the Cathedral was entirely hidden from view. But as there was every hope that it would soon disappear, we decided to walk round the town and have a look at the walls and bars.

The bars are the gates of the old city, and very remarkable they are, as being excellent specimens of the military architecture of the fourteenth century; they are connected by the walls, which are very much like the walls of Chester, but not so well preserved as the latter, as they do not completely surround the city. At Chester, once on the ramparts, you can make the whole circuit and return to your starting point without leaving the walls; not so at York, where you have to go up and down several times, and there are points where there is no access to the walls, or "no thoroughfare" when once you get on them.

The most picturesque of these gates is Micklegate Bar. It

has a fine Roman arch, flanked by two turrets with cross-shaped loopholes, and is crowned by battlements, on which are curious figures representing men-at-arms in various attitudes. At a distance these stone warriors look very well, and might almost be taken for sentries or watchmen. The gate is also ornamented with several shields and other armorial devices. One of the bars, the Walmgate Bar, has still its

barbican, which has remained intact; but it is far from being equal to the Micklegate Bar in interest or in beauty of aspect and proportion.

The Castle, like that of Chester, is a modern building, or rather a number of buildings, of no great interest or picturesqueness, and after a hasty look at it we hastened to enter the city and to wander in the streets.

We were greatly disappointed to find that in the narrow, tortuous, and dirty streets of York there were hardly any old buildings or houses, except in College Street and Stonegate, where a few examples of ancient architecture, with overhanging storeys, still remain, and seem almost to hide themselves in dark corners, as if ashamed to be seen. In most old cities in England the ancient buildings are numerous, generally interesting, and easily found. In York, on the contrary, one has to undertake a real expedition before meeting with anything worth looking at, and even that is very little and of very slender merit.

As a matter of course, all the interest centres on the

Cathedral, the celebrated and far-famed York Minster, which stands not in the centre of the city, but in the angle formed by the meeting of the old north-west and north-east walls. The approaches on the west and south sides are convenient, but not on the other sides; a large space in front of the edifice is cleared of all buildings, and although it would be

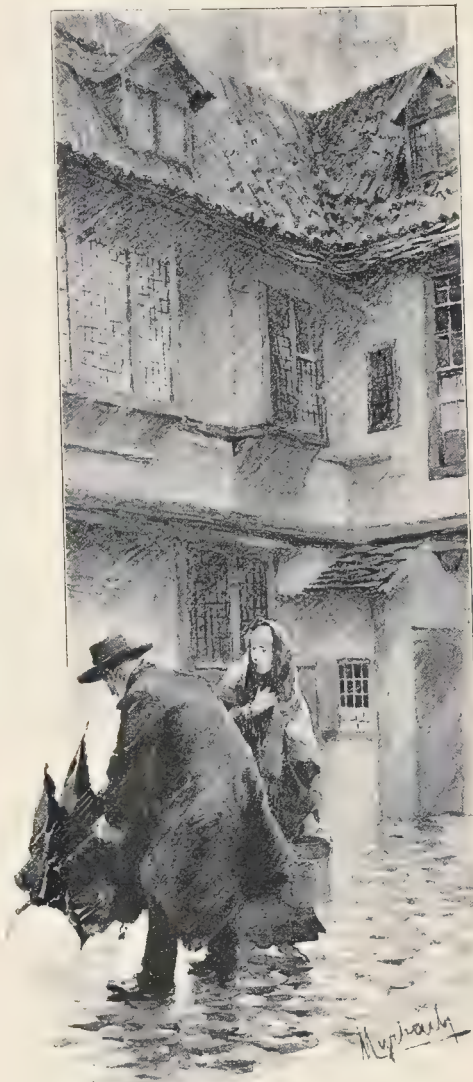


*York Minster from the Walls.*

\* Continued from page 207.

infinitely better if it were larger, still a good view of the Minster can be had.

The first impression on seeing the Cathedral is one of wonder at its enormous size, and particularly at the height of the roof; there is something stupendous in its massive proportions, in the immense size of the square tower, a pon-



*A Court near the Cathedral.*

derous donjon crowned with battlements, having the appearance of a fortress. We have seen larger churches than York Minster, yet few struck us to the same extent on account of their size; this is possibly due to the comparatively small height of the surrounding houses.

The west front is remarkable for its elegance and har-

monious proportions, and fully deserves the praises that have been lavished upon it by archaeologists, architects, and artists. A careful examination of its details is one of the most interesting studies that can be made of ecclesiastical architecture, and a more excellent specimen of the decorative style it would be difficult to find. Standing before the Minster, the west front gives to the observer a very accurate idea of the interior disposition and size of the edifice. The centre portion, composed of a portal surmounted by a lofty window ornamented with tracery of a very beautiful design, above which rises a pediment equally decorated, shows exactly the height of the roof; whilst the buttresses which separate the centre portion of the front from the two towers indicate the width of the immense nave. The towers are the continuation of the aisles, of which they denote the precise dimensions.

The front portal is usually closed, and the Cathedral is entered by the south transept. The entrance we found carefully guarded by policemen and vergers, whose presence somewhat surprised us, but we soon understood why they were there. England was, at the time of our visit to York, suffering from a dynamite scare, which seemed to have turned the heads of all the officials, from the Custom House officers one met on setting foot on British soil, to the Speaker of the House of Commons.

At York the dynamite scare prevailed as everywhere else, and people were prohibited from entering the Cathedral with bags, parcels, or coats on their arms, or else must submit to a close examination of the same by the policemen on duty.

The interior of the Minster is even more striking than the exterior, and although a careful observer can form some idea of the height of the edifice from its external aspect, the view inside more than fulfils his expectations.

The nave, which is a few inches within one hundred feet in height, is of proportionate length, nearly three hundred feet. It is difficult, at first, to grasp the enormous dimensions of this portion of the Cathedral, but they soon become apparent, and the more closely the nave is examined, the greater is the impression of vastness produced on the mind. Striking as it is, York Minster has not the harmonious and imposing effect of the Cathedral of Canterbury; vast it undoubtedly is, but it is also unsatisfactory from various points of view; and its immense proportions make it appear more naked and bare than English churches generally are. Fortunately the eye experiences a welcome sensation of relief when, after examining the tall and rather slender piers, the arches, the vaulting, and the roof, it rests on the magnificent window over the great western entrance, a splendid example of flowing tracery of most graceful design. It is filled with old stained glass dating from the fourteenth century, and divided in three rows, the lowest of which contains eight figures representing archbishops or bishops; above these is a second row of saints, and the third row contains smaller figures. The rich colouring of the stained glass is of great beauty, and the contrast between modern and ancient glass is perhaps more striking here than in any other cathedral we have seen. It is surely most unsatisfactory that our artists and artisans, with all the boasted progress of science and the industrial improvements of which we hear so much, are not able to turn out work equal to that of the monks and handicraftsmen of five hundred years ago.

It is very remarkable, and most fortunate, that the stained glass at York Minster escaped destruction at the time of the Reformation. It is said that this was because, when



York surrendered to Fairfax in 1644, it was stipulated that none of the churches should be defaced. Another explanation, given to us by a man who seemed to be very conversant with the history of the Minster and of the city, is that Fairfax,

the true one matters but little; the important fact remains that the splendid stained glass in York Minster has been preserved, a superb monument of early Art, and a subject of admiration to posterity.



*The Shambles.*

being himself a Yorkshireman (he was born at Otley, near Harrogate), and being proud of the glorious Minster of his county town, made every effort to preserve it and protect it against injury at the hands of the soldiers. Whatever explanation is

imense height and width. We were hurried through it too rapidly by the vergers, who took us down to the crypt, where we saw a number of gas and other pipes for heating purposes, contrasting vividly with Norman and Early English masonry

From the nave we proceed to the transepts and the choir, after examining the central tower and lantern, resting on four pillars of gigantic size. The south transept, which is said to be the oldest portion of the Minster, and through which access is gained to the interior of the Cathedral, has a very florid porch, recently restored and repaired by Mr. Street.

The great weight of the tower on this part of the Minster has caused some of the south arches to shift, and from the choir one of them is clearly seen to be sinking out of its proper shape.

The north transept is chiefly remarkable on account of the five windows, called the "Five Sisters," which occupy practically the whole of the north end of the transept. They are filled with stained glass of various colours, forming geometrical or diapered patterns, very effective, no doubt, but inferior in beauty to the figure subjects in other windows.

In the choir, again, which we next visited, there is another very splendid window, partly hidden from view by the altar-screen. The most remarkable feature in this choir is its im-

of a very interesting character to people of an archæological turn of mind; but, as we have said before, the people who worked at these fragments of walls and their history concern us a deal more than the stones we now see encased in modern stone or brickwork, which, with due respect to the Roman and early English artisans, struck us as being quite as well, if not better done.

In the matter of Art, however, we have to admit that the sculptors who carved the abominations, misnamed monuments, to be seen at the Minster, are sadly inferior to their predecessors, whose work is to be seen in the capitals of the piers, in the niches of saints, and in the carvings of the portals and the fanciful ornaments of the Chapter House. It is perfectly evident to any one whose mind is not prejudiced, that if we have made immense strides in Art from a technical point of view, we are very deficient in inspiration, for the simple reason that the great incentive to real Art, faith, is wanting in modern artists. Painting and sculpture, which, like dancing and even acting, were originally hieratic arts, and so partook of a sacred character, with the result that the believers devoted themselves to them with great ardour and religious zeal, thus giving expression in their work to their feelings of reverence and faith, have now become lay arts, and are deprived to a great extent of their noblest characteristics. Modern artists have faith in their art, no doubt, but artistic faith and religious faith are two very different things. In former days Art was a means of expressing religious belief; men devoted their lives to the planning and erection of a church, to its embellishment, adornment, and decoration.

But we have been wandering away from the Minster. Let us return thither and give a last look round. As we were on the point of leaving, we noticed in a dark corner a tomb surmounted by a kind of marble slab supported by four pillars. Under that slab was a recumbent figure of a man which attracted our attention, although for want of light we could

see it but imperfectly. On closer examination this proved to be a very remarkable specimen of what would be called at the present time realistic Art. The monument, two or three centuries old, was that of a clerk who died of a wasting disease, and the artist has represented him in the state of illness, emaciation and suffering, immediately preceding death. It would be difficult to find anything more impressive than this stone effigy of a dying man. The lifeless form carved in white stone, to which time has imparted a vellum colour, not unlike that of the skin of the sick, stands out curiously on the black slab which supports it. The face is

like a death's head; the emaciated limbs, the body whose bones seem as if they were going to burst through the distended skin, are as plainly shown and as carefully and correctly represented as in an anatomical preparation. In modern phraseology, this is as realistic a work as ever came out of an artist's hands.

There are a number of churches in York besides the Minster, but by the side of the Cathedral they sink into insignificance, and are of comparatively little interest. And if one has any spare time after visiting the Minster, it had much better be employed in going over the museums in the grounds of St. Mary's Abbey, situated near Lendal Bridge.

Of the old abbey, founded a few years after the Conquest, very little now remains. The monastic buildings shared the fate of all edi-

fices of the same kind, and were gradually allowed to decay. At various periods the hands of men came to the assistance of time; permission was given to remove some of the stone to repair other buildings, and the Beverley Minster was restored with materials taken from St. Mary's Abbey, the necessary authorisation having been granted by the enlightened minister of King George I.

The ruins of the abbey church are about the most interesting remains of the monastery, together with a large hall (*hospitium*), which has now been converted into a museum, where antiquities, Roman, Saxon, and Anglian, are carefully pre-



*A Street in the Old Quarter.*



served, well arranged, and excellently described in a catalogue sold at the museum.

In the same gardens stands a Grecian building, containing the Natural History Museum and lecture-room. The collections, chiefly of local interest, are arranged with great care, and comprise, besides collections of natural history, fossil and geological specimens of considerable rarity, as well as some curious examples of early English tapestry work. There is also a large and valuable collection of coins. There were very few people in the galleries when we went there, and we were told that the attendance is by no means large at any time.

Is it necessary to add that York being a cathedral city we found there the Salvation Army well represented? We have already noted the fact at Canterbury and at Chester. York is no exception to the rule. The warriors commanded by General

Booth hold the town under the indifferent eye of the regular clergy. This is a very striking fact, and one that requires an explanation which we have not been able to obtain from any one we questioned on the subject. The surprising development and extension of the salvation craze is certainly one of the things that forcibly strike foreigners travelling in England. Another curious fact in connection with this institution is the reticent manner in which English people speak of it, especially people belonging to the middle classes. The higher classes do not hesitate to express freely their contempt for it; but with that exception almost any one else to whom the subject is mentioned runs off at a tangent, and replies in an evasive manner, at the same time pointing out the success of General Booth's undertaking, the facility with which he gets money, and the steadily increasing number of his adherents.

P. VILLARS.

## THE BUSINESS SIDE OF ART.



IVEN to approximate the number of persons of both sexes who are now engaged in painting would be difficult. When we consider the numerous Schools of Art throughout the country, and the multitude of pupils under instruction, many showing great ability, it is easy, however, to see that the market for such skill must be greatly overstocked.

This would not be so to as great an extent if the ability to sketch and paint were regarded, like music and singing, merely as a graceful accomplishment; but unfortunately when the young student produces a little picture, however weak and amateurish it may be, there arises a strong desire to sell it. If it should happen to find a place in some exhibition there is a slight chance that some unwary visitor may buy it; this, with the chorus of congratulation and praise from foolish friends and parents, convinces the young aspirant that he or she is a genius, and unless unusual modesty or common sense prevails, another competitor is added to the already too numerous artistic fraternity. Then there are a large number who having some private means are able to add to their income by the sale of works upon which much time and no little talent have been bestowed, and which they can afford to dispose of at small prices—thus the professional artist is handicapped by outside competition.

This swelling of the ranks of the artistic profession affects but little the fortunes of those who have achieved success, but rather enhances and secures their position; it is the rank and file, the humbler members who suffer from the competition of a daily increasing number of amateurs, who seek the means of living by a pursuit which appears to hold out the prospects of profitable and even fascinating occupation.

When it is remembered that in addition to the thousands of pictures produced annually and hung in the London and provincial exhibitions, there are many more thousands that are rejected, some idea may be gained of the number of people who are endeavouring to earn money by painting.

What becomes of all these works, good, bad, and indifferent, that do not find purchasers? Notwithstanding disappointed hopes and repeated failures every succeeding year

brings to the surface the same multitude of misdirected efforts, the inevitable rejection of which is rarely attributed by the producers to any want of merit, but to envy, malice, and uncharitableness on the part of those to whose judgment they are submitted. And it is not only the really bad works that fail to gain admission, but many of great merit from various causes come back to their owners, or, if admitted and hung, are so "skied" that their chances of being sold are almost *nil*.

It is sad to think of all the crushed hopes represented by these annual rejections of works which have cost so much thought and labour; whether the work be good or bad, the disappointment is the same. In many cases the failure is deserved, but when the bright hopes of capable men, for whom success or failure means so much, are rudely scattered, the effect upon natures so sensitive as those of artists must be cruel indeed.

From what is at present known of the difficulty experienced by artists in disposing of their productions, it would appear that the supply of pictures is far in excess of the demand; and it is to be feared that this state of things will continue in a still greater degree unless some means are adopted to widen the field of operations, and to cater for the vast number of people who as yet have but little knowledge of Art, and consequently no desire to possess pictures.

Of late years the wealthy have been extremely liberal in their purchases, and, in forming large collections, have paid quite absurd prices for pictures by artists of eminence. When once a taste for Art is acquired, and the means available for its gratification, the desire to possess examples of rare excellence knows no bounds; but it is daily becoming more difficult to dispose of important works, because the houses of those who have money and taste are filled—many of them from "garret to basement,"—and unless artists seek "fresh woods and pastures new" they must not look for the ready sales and the high prices which, during the past twenty years, have made them prosperous.

But, although the present outlook for artists is clouded, there is still hope for better times, especially for those who are content with moderate incomes, and who have not encumbered themselves with responsibilities and costly modes of

living, which makes even a temporary check in prosperity a disaster.

There still remains, as an almost unworked mine, the powerful and wealthy middle class, who have hitherto been almost forgotten and neglected by artists; who, while grasping at the shadow of sudden fame and rapid fortune, have given but little heed to the substantial possibilities that might result from less ambitious but none the less worthy aims.

Those who are familiar with the houses of the middle class will have noticed that while they are well, and in some cases elegantly, furnished, there is a marked absence of pictures. As a rule, a good wall paper seems to be all that is thought necessary in the way of mural decoration. An old family portrait is frequently seen, generally a very bad one; some engravings or oleographs, but decent oil paintings or water-colour drawings are conspicuous by their absence. And this does not arise from want of means, but because our comfortable *bourgeois* has not yet come to regard them as necessary, even as objects of decoration.

Any outlay on pictures is generally regarded as so much extravagance, mainly because the real value of any work of Art seems a mystery; the value of watches, rings, carpets and curtains, sideboards and pianos, may be pretty well understood, but there is something mysterious and indefinite about the money value of a picture, which causes a dread of making a bad bargain and buying something that will not realise anything like its cost. And it must be said, with regret, that our citizens' wives are even more disinclined to buy pictures than their husbands.

In what may almost be called the craze for Art which existed only a few years since, we have seen that works by leading men sold for extraordinary sums, and even the lesser lights in the world of Art put prices on their works which can no longer be expected now that the public are in a calmer mood.

The result of this inflation of prices has caused pictures to be painted far too large in size and much too costly for the average buyer. Artists seem to forget that there are but few who can spend, say, a hundred pounds on a picture, but many that can afford twenty, and that even the twenty-pound picture will not sell readily if it be of the "pot-boiler" character; for those of the public who *do* buy have been educated by the multiplying of Art galleries and exhibitions, and show very excellent judgment in their purchases and are very shrewd in obtaining full value for their outlay.

The annual exhibitions held under Corporation auspices in many places, notably in Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Nottingham, afford artists greatly increased facilities for disposing of their pictures.

These facilities are very largely taken advantage of, but it is questionable if they are sufficiently valued or utilised by artists generally. Pictures that have run the gauntlet of a London exhibition without finding purchasers may be of very excellent quality, but on the other hand there may be something about them either in size, subject, or price, which accounts for their being left on hand. The public are fond of novelty, originality, and freshness, and prefer works that have never been seen before. What may be called the failures of London exhibitions often go travelling about for years, without finding a permanent home, and what is their ultimate fate is shrouded in mystery.

The average visitors to provincial exhibitions are principally of the middle classes, who would most probably purchase more frequently, if their tastes and their pockets were more studied.

It is seen that what are known as "nice little bits" sell readily, and for the reason that they are within the reach of people of moderate means; and these are the very people who should be encouraged to buy, for, as before remarked, when once a taste for pictures has been formed, it does not remain dormant; a good little picture acquired and taken home so shames others of inferior quality on the walls, that the necessity for further purchases becomes obvious, and it is known that large collections have arisen from the buying of one good work. It would seem, therefore, that if the circle of picture-buyers is to be enlarged, artists would do well to take more into consideration the general requirements of different classes, to pursue their calling with a more definite aim, to decide beforehand what is likely to be the ultimate destination of their works; in fact, to pay greater attention to the business side of Art, and without lowering the quality of their pictures, endeavour to suit the tastes of the large number who, knowing but little, if anything, of technical methods, are still to be brought under the influence of Art by those pictures which appeal to the instinctive feeling for truth and beauty which is common to all.

The ambition to be hung in the Royal Academy is frequently the motive that prompts the painting of a large canvas. This is an undertaking sometimes justified by success, but more often proves but vanity and vexation of spirit. Even artists of great repute might do well to ask themselves what is likely to be the ultimate fate of a large picture, but the comparatively unknown man, especially if he paints to live, should enter upon such a task with still more serious consideration. Many things are necessary to the making of a great picture; the complete mastery of technical details; the power to draw with such facility that the mind is relieved from all doubt as to the correctness of outline; the inventive faculty; the poetic or dramatic instinct that can group and arrange a subject harmoniously and effectively; the judgment to choose a worthy theme; the knowledge of many things, and the lucidity or genius to use all these qualities in a production that is intended to enhance the reputation of the artist, and to delight and instruct the world. But what can be expected of a huge picture, painted in a hurry perhaps to be in time for "sending-in day," submitted with all its incompleteness, its crudeness, its want of care, its want of thought, as a candidate for the favour of the public? An indifferent picture of a large size is a misfortune in several ways. It is bad for Art and bad for business. If it does not sell the artist has wasted his time as far as profit is concerned. If it does sell it corrupts the taste of the unwise purchaser, and monopolises space that might be more worthily filled with smaller works of merit. Looking at the relations between producers and possible picture-buyers, those who have had opportunities for observation have long seen that many artists and the public are at cross purposes. Artists, especially the young and impulsive ones, paint what they think the public *ought* to buy; but in the meantime those of the public who think at all on the matter, if they are not persuaded otherwise, have a natural inclination for something totally different.

It does not follow that as regards the technical quality of his work the artist should paint down to the public standard, the public care but little how a picture is produced, all they want is to be provided with something that gives them pleasure.

On looking round the walls of a picture exhibition and noting the unsold works, it would not be difficult, in the majority of cases, to give reasons why they have not found purchasers. These would probably be, the canvas being too large for the



subject, unsuitable frames, unattractiveness, probable error in drawing, confused composition, the "tone" of the work being too low, or the price too high; and there are many which come under neither of these drawbacks but which seem, although they may have good qualities, to excite no desire to possess them or even to examine them. The public like pictures that seem comfortable in their frames, something compact and self-contained. Figures in awkward or strained positions are objected to, mutilated bodies are disliked. Some artists have a taste for cutting off portions of arms and bodies, slicing up the human frame generally, at times giving us a head or a portion of the figure at the edge of a canvas as though the picture had been cut out of some larger composition; this is at times regarded as the daring of genius, but it can only be justified when the work as a whole is of that high quality that we are ready to forget or forgive this or even greater defects.

In considering the business side of Art the scale of prices is of very considerable importance, and it may be questioned if the practice of having fixed prices for certain sizes is not a mischievous one. A picture a foot square may be so fortunate in its subject, and so happy in execution, as to be worth treble that of a much larger but less successful one by the same artist; the result of this is that a possible purchaser, seeing a large drawing marked fifty guineas, thinks he ought to get the little gem by the same artist for fifty shillings. As regards exhibitions where works are for sale, the mercantile spirit of the age has led to a deplorable system of bargaining, so that no matter what price is put on a work the person wishing to buy thinks he ought to get it at thirty or fifty per cent. reduction, and so general has this become that the catalogue price is regarded in many cases as merely a basis for negotiation. This evil is a most difficult one to suggest a remedy for; many would not feel happy in the possession of a picture unless they bought it at what they consider a bargain, and on the other hand artists, knowing this, put on a greater sum than they expect to get, in order to protect themselves against an unreasonable abatement; and consequently much depends upon the financial position of the painter. If he be needy it is a great temptation to him to accept a very low offer in order to obtain relief from some pressing necessity; the effect is to utterly demoralize the buyer, who ever afterwards feels quite justified in offering half price for anything that takes his fancy. The man who has put a fair remunerative price upon his work is thus placed at a disadvantage, and his productions perhaps remain unsold because he cannot afford to submit to a reduction in price which he has been too conscientious to provide against. The remedy seems to be in the hands of the artists themselves; it would require some time to effect a cure of this growing evil, but if each would resolve, after having named a fair remunerative price, to accept no less, a stop might be put to a bad system.

It is found, as a rule, that a really good picture sells itself, on the principle that "good wine needs no bush." There is that quality in any work that combines clever workmanship with an agreeable or striking subject, that commends it to the spectator with irresistible force, not only compelling the attention of the experienced, but persuading the timid buyer that he

is on sure ground in acquiring a picture that gives him sensations of pleasure even at first sight. And this is the case with pictures of all sizes and prices—let it be unmistakably good, and it is sure to find a buyer, very likely before it leaves the easel. Why should not artists resolve only to submit what they feel to be their best and most successful efforts, and not lay themselves open to adverse criticism by the exhibition of works for sale, of which they themselves must have a very poor opinion? One bad picture does infinite mischief to an artist's reputation, as people judge by what they see, and are slow to change their opinion of a painter's capabilities when their minds are possessed by prejudice through the inspection of a work that the artist himself regrets having put before the world before his powers had become matured; many would gladly withdraw these evidences of feebleness, if they could, when in after life they have achieved success.

When we consider the various grooves in which the artists of the present day are working, we find that although there is a considerable dearth of employment for many, but little effort is made to create a demand for pictures amongst the great mass of the public. Many artists of eminence are occupied with painting gallery pictures or portraits, others are devoting their attention to etching and book illustrations. Many are able to prosper by adopting methods of painting peculiar to themselves and their disciples, each having his little coterie of admirers and adherents. As in various religious sects each has its followers, so in Art there is nothing that is whimsical or eccentric, even to absurdity, but finds a sufficient number of upholders to maintain its existence. In the meantime, those who find it hard to live by Art would do well to consider whether by paying more attention to what is practical, and a little less to what is theoretical and visionary, they cannot create a demand for their productions where little now exists. While the artists of the first rank are supplying the salons and galleries of the affluent there remains for those of lesser note, although, perhaps, of equal ability, the enormous majority of the British public, who have still to be brought under Art's influence; they know nothing about technical methods, but they are keenly alive to beauty, simplicity, and truth. They are repelled by the too evident parade of affectation in Art, they care nothing for hysterical rhapsodies or mysterious allegories, they want instead common sense, sanity, and coherency.

If the public generally are to be educated to a due appreciation of Art, in its highest forms, they must be enticed by a supply of such works as will awaken their interest and sympathy; suitable subjects and moderate prices will create a class of buyers whose capacities and tastes for the most part have been hitherto overlooked and neglected. There are a thousand phases of human life that could be utilised by artists to this end if they only would exercise more imagination. The people at large are interested in every sentiment or incident common to humanity: homeliness, domestic happiness, love, courtship, marriage, merry children, sweet girlhood; they love pictures of our country lanes, of nature in her happiest moods, something wholesome and human that goes straight home to the heart and the understanding, which impresses and captivates by that one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

## PICTURES AT PLAY.

ART criticism is not always popular reading. The sentences are often too long, and the meaning is generally hidden with unnecessary care. Yearning to know something



Mr. Gladstone: *I am very sorry; there must be some mistake. I took you for one of the Sirens of Homer.*

The Siren: *No, sir, Mr. Harmitage's, sir; never sat to Mr. Homer, not as I remember of.*

Mr. Gladstone: *Then you must excuse a very natural and not unflattering error. I have the honour, madam, to wish you good morning. (Exit.)*

The Siren: *Lor'*

about Carpaccio, you hunt up an authority and discover that "a glowing, ruddy, somewhat adust and uniform tone in the carnations was produced by this noble and energetic Belinesque by technical means, not involving the use of semi-opaque tints." From the above example, taken at random, one might almost infer that Art criticism lacked humour. That inference would only be another instance of the folly of generalising. For do we not now know that two Art critics have stepped down from the heights and written a little book called "Pictures at Play" (Longmans: London), which Mr. Harry Furniss has illustrated, and which is pure, undiluted fun? This is a very dull season, and everybody will be grateful to these critics for brightening it. They write, and sing, and quarrel as A and B. Each has the least flattering estimate of his colleague. B is, in the opinion of A, a heavy-handed wag; while A (to B's mind) is a frivolous pedant. They address their preface to the "Christian Public," and they are as full of Mr. Gladstone as a Radical newspaper.

The book is based on the discovery that after the galleries are closed the people in the pictures get out of their frames, "stroll about, and exchange ideas about Art and life." For instance, at the Royal Academy 'The Rev. the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge,' by Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A., finds himself in close proximity to Mr. Albert Moore's 'Maidens.' He muses: "Time was I would have turned and looked on those

damsels, but Mr. Herkomer has given me a high light on my forehead, which compels me in honour to remain exactly as I am. Otherwise where would my effect be?" To him enters 'Julia at Capri,' by Sophie Anderson.

Julia: How am I to prove history a liar? See, here! What do they say of me? "In her banishment she was deprived of wine and of all the luxuries of life." Now look. Here I am banished to somewhere; so much was true. Yet here is no lack of luxury! If that couch were but in perspective on none more deliciously could one woo...

The Master . . . ???

Julia: Come, my only friend, let me sit by your feet and sing to you a song that was made for me in other years (*she sings*).

The Master: I seem to remember the words.

Julia: They were honest Ovid's.

The Master (*uncomfortably*): Ovid's?

Julia (*archly*): Jealous, Master . . . already! (*looks up appealingly*).

Enter 'H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, K.G., as an Elder Brother of the Trinity House,' by Frank Holl, R.A.

H.R.H.: . . . !!!!! (*Exit H.R.H. on tiptoe.*)

CURTAIN.

The Lady of Shalott, of which we give an illustration, thus soliloquizes: "I am a seemly thing in my way, but they are few who stay to dote on me, and fewer still that come back. Ah, 'tis a goodly gift and imperishable to be Right Art; but 'tis something to be a popular picture."

The portraits of the ladies with fans, fiddles, dogs, and first-born children, run against 'Faithful unto Death,' by Herbert Schmalz, whereat the 'Christian Martyrs' sing this song:—

"Though un-dressed for Ancient Rome,  
Though our drawing full of fault is,  
Happy Hampstead is our home,  
Both mistakes are Mr. Schmalz's.  
There we wander, there we wait,  
Each to keep an aged mother,  
Sitting early, sitting late,  
This for that, and that for t'other.

"If a 'Mermaid' you should lack,  
'Nymph,' or other classic party,  
'Ariadne' (that's the back),  
Or a torso for 'Astarte',  
Or a 'Venus,' or a 'Flower',  
Or a 'Gathering Watercresses',  
All at half-a-crown an hour,  
Please remember our addresses."



The Dicksee proposes to read a Ballade to the Lady of Shalott.

The conversation of the pictures at the Grosvenor and the New Gallery is also reported by these irreverent Art critics.

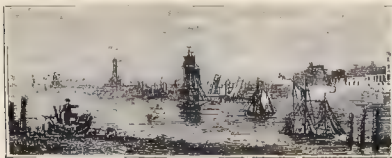


## HOLIDAY HAUNTS SIXTY YEARS AGO.



NY one requiring proof of the over-population of the great metropolis, need only betake himself to one of its principal railway stations now that the national stampede to the sea-side has begun. It may therefore interest our readers if I point out the condition of some of our holiday haunts sixty or seventy years ago.

In my old guide, Margate holds the place of honour, being of "easy intercourse with the metropolis, either by land or water. Hence, it is enlivened by a more numerous company than any other sea-bathing place in England." "Vehicles innumerable" seem to have taken people there; and "sailing packets left Billingsgate every tide; and when the wind is favourable, an easy, cheap and rapid conveyance may be depended upon. But the recent introduction of steam-vessels has rendered the passage independent of both wind



and tide; and the voyage is now constantly effected in the space of from six to nine hours." "An exposure to the north and east winds nearly precluded foreign trade," but "the constant resort of genteel people" to the town must have been sufficient compensation. We are told that the "bathing rooms were seven in number," and that the machines were the invention of one Benjamin Beale, a quaker, of Margate. People in those days, and long after, bathed with a "guide." Margate in 1824 possessed an Assembly Room with "mirrors and other appendages, in the first style of elegance," and a



Master of the Ceremonies who requested a "strict compliance with the following regulations." "That on ball-nights no ladies be admitted into the great room in habits, nor gentlemen with swords, boots, or pantaloons." (Military gentlemen were exempt from this apparent want of necessary clothing.) "That balls do begin at 8 o'clock precisely, and finish at twelve, even in the middle of a dance." "That the rooms be opened on Sundays for sacred music."

Ramsgate was in those days a "hamlet belonging to the parish of St. Lawrence," and "although it may be considered as the rival of Margate and is filled with a very respectable com-

pany, it is never likely to supplant that favourite place; the point of land between them, the North Foreland, being sometimes weathered with difficulty." In 1811, Ramsgate possessed 4221 inhabitants, but having no theatre, it did not attract "the young and the gay" from Margate.

"The success of our neighbours generally excites either envy or emulation. Accordingly Margate, on the one side,



and Ramsgate, on the other, having risen into high reputation as bathing-places, Broadstairs, adopting the common principle, has attempted to rival them." But the envy and emulation seem to have been productive of little success, for we read that the town "is still without a place of worship of the Established Church."

Dover, "so much frequented by visitors to France, has of



late imitated many of its neighbours in aspiring to the rank of a regular watering-place." What has become of the "samphire" which "grows abundantly upon the chalky cliff, and makes a finely-flavoured pickle, the gathering of which causes the spectator to shudder?" It is pleasing to find that the water of the baths is "shifted for each bather," which seems to suggest that such was not always the case.



Gravesend is described as "the nearest sea-bathing place to the metropolis. The communication from London is easy, as stage-coaches set off at all hours; while the hoys sail from Billingsgate every tide. Here are machines for such as are inclined to plunge into the tide. The river is extremely salt, and the views cannot fail to afford delight. Such as rejoice in

rural walks may pass along the margin of the stream; and whoever is disposed to walk to Windmill Hill will be delighted with the panoramic prospect from its verdant summit."

"The general aspect of the country around Tunbridge Wells is romantic; and of late its salutary springs and its artificial allurements have induced many to select it for their residence. The hamlet proves very inviting, and the turf on the common is covered during the summer with flocks of



sheep, pedestrians, equestrians, and assinarrians of all ranks, sexes, and ages; asses being first brought into fashion here. Here the epicure will be delighted to find that his favourite wheat-ear may be had in perfection; and the more serious and reflecting part of the company will perhaps find the circulating libraries replete with the most rational amusement. Here, too, the easy freedom and cheerful gaiety, arising from the nature of a public place, extends its influence over them, and every



species of party spirit is hushed into peace. Here divines and philosophers, Whigs and Tories, debate without anger, dispute with politeness, and judge with a considerable degree of candour."

"The romantic walks and rides in its elevated vicinity, the purity of the air, and the amenity of the situation render Hastings an eligible station either for bathing or recreation. It is also dear to those who have a regard for morality, for vice



has not yet erected her standard here; the numerous tribe of professional gamblers and fashionable swindlers find employment and rapine elsewhere; innocent recreational delight, card assemblies, billiards, riding, walking, reading, fishing, and other modes of pastime, banish care from the mind; whilst the salubrity of the atmosphere expels disease from the body. The society of Hastings is gay, without profligacy, and enjoys life without mingling in its debaucheries." The one remarkable possession of All Saints' Church was a part of

the canopy held over Queen Anne at her coronation, which did duty as a pulpit cloth.

Brighton is spoken of as "a delightful place, which has become fashionable, elegant, and universally known. Till lately it had the name of Brighthelmstone; but, like low persons rising to eminence, who are often ashamed of their origin, it has now assumed the title of Brighton; which certainly has a more genteel sound, and passes trippingly o'er the tongue." Those



who were "in haste could reach it in six hours." As to the bathing, the ladies resorted to the water at the east-end, and "the gentlemen now bathe on the west; thus public decency is preserved, without which no well-bred society can long exist." The *now* seems to suggest other customs in times of yore.

The water of Southend is said to be "clear and sufficiently salt, notwithstanding its mixture with the Thames." What would the writer think of it now? The place was very select,



the "lower orders of the community not having, as yet, intruded themselves."

The "polite amusements of Yarmouth" differed from those of the present day, being mostly "concerts and aquatic excursions;" but visitors had the advantage of twelve machines, "for those who might desire to commit themselves safely to the bosom of Neptune."

Of Cromer, we are assured that if "health could ever be



wafted on a breeze, there the goddess might well be expected to be found."

At Weymouth, there seems to have been some especial importance and distinction in Tuesdays and Fridays, for on those days gentlemen could not enter the Assembly Rooms in boots, nor were ladies ever permitted to wear coloured gloves in the dance. Whether it was a habit of our grandfathers to run about with tea-tables at other places, I have not discovered, but at Weymouth we learn that they were "not allowed to be carried into the card rooms."

SOPHIA BEALE.



## GREEK CERAMIC ART AT THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.

THE Burlington Fine Arts Club has now for a number of years organized a series of exhibitions standing, perhaps, apart from the many claiming the attention of the public, but none the less deserving the attention of those having a love of Art, and desirous of adding to their knowledge of its past history. Neither advertising, nor demanding gate-money, the visitors are confined to those having a genuine interest in the subject. At the same time it is well known that while an order of admission is needed, any person, professional student, or layman, may readily obtain one on application at the club. In thus gratuitously performing a public duty, the club is unquestionably deserving the warmest commendation. It shows that patriotic regard for the higher interests of Art in this country, the desire to disseminate the knowledge which will stimulate and assist our artistic industries, and the kindly feeling which will always prompt cultivated Englishmen, whose means enable them to acquire objects of artistic excellence, to allow others to participate in the pleasure of examining and studying them. This having gone on so long as to become almost an institution, the club is somewhat in the position of the Oriental merchant who daily, as he passed on his way to the bazaar, gave a dole to a beggar at the street corner. In the litigation following the withholding of the alms, the Kadi's judgment affirmed that long-continued custom had established a claim, which could only be abrogated by due and sufficient notice. Fortunately, here there are no signs or indication of an intention on the part of the club to discontinue its exhibitions, but in another particular it has, by lengthened precedent, given hostages to its visitors. It has always been understood and recognised that only works of Art whose authenticity was beyond a doubt were admitted to the gallery. Of course, it will sometimes happen that in a numerous collection of objects, a clever forgery might occasionally slip in by accident or oversight, but any works known to be fictitious, or of which there were reasonable suspicions, have hitherto always been rigorously excluded. Indeed, the whole value of retrospective exhibitions depends on firmly maintaining this rule. It should be like the laws of the Medes and the Persians, inexorable. It were absurd to pretend that all visitors to this class of exhibition are able to detect a skilfully concocted imitation of a particular style of class of work, especially when the art is of a remote period. It is only special knowledge and long training which can give the requisite knowledge. Therefore, in this matter, and with its present educational opportunities, the general public must take much that is placed before it on trust. None the less has it just cause for complaint if it be deceived or misdirected. In such an event, the interests of Art suffer a serious blow, and one which is equally detrimental to the advancement of science and culture generally. Hence it is the duty of a journal dedicated to the interests of Art, to call attention to certain works in one particular class of the Art displayed in the Burlington Fine Arts Club summer exhibition of this year: we refer to the so-called Asia Minor and Tanagra figures. It would, indeed, be affectation to ignore the fact that all, we believe, who have made a special study of Greek Art, or the business of whose lives is the charge of the various

national collections in that department, are of opinion that a certain number of the terra-cotta statuettes in the gallery of the club, purporting to be Greek work of the centuries preceding our era, have really been fabricated within the last few years; the rule has its exception, for an ex-conservator of imperial (French) museums maintains their genuineness. The writer in question, Dr. W. Fröhner, has compiled the present catalogue. Dr. Fröhner flippantly alludes to the "doubts" expressed by those gentlemen who have written on the subject and exposed the untrustworthy claim to authenticity of the objects, but without attempting to prove their genuineness, and in his controversy in the columns of our contemporary, the *Athenæum*, he has simply evaded the questions raised. There is another particular in which this year's exhibition of the club is a departure from the rule which should always be maintained, that the whole of the works should be classified in their respective sections, irrespective of ownership. To allow gentlemen to exhibit their objects in separate glass cases is a concession to personal vanity which ought never to be permitted, and, if persisted in, will destroy the reputation of any gallery. There are instances, of course, where a collector may have devoted himself to a particular class of Art, and which he had illustrated with such success that it would be most valuable to show his collection in its entirety and separately, but then, for the time, the gallery should be given up to him alone. We have to point out a still further breach of taste in this unfortunate exhibition: a certain number of the cases have the owner's name placarded on painted boards above them! This procedure is appropriate in a bazaar or an international exhibition, where dealers expose their wares. It was never understood, nor is it, we believe, in the intention of the club, that its gallery should have the appearance of a sale-room. It must be admitted, however, that the exhibition has served one useful end, in placing before collectors and the public a larger number of these fictitious terra-cottas than they could see together in the rooms of the dealers who have devoted themselves to this particular class of ware. And when examined at leisure, it is not, perhaps, so very difficult to distinguish the true from the false, if the visitor has made himself acquainted with the genuine figures, like those at the British Museum or at the Louvre. Bearing in mind their characteristic qualities, he will perceive wherein the modern imitator has failed, and pick out the original work in the exhibition. He will soon detect the trick of the thing, the prettiness after the style of a Dresden china doll, the affectation of grace in the attitudes, and the mannerisms common to the series. The exhibition would doubtless have been more numerous, had it not been known that the above-mentioned terra-cotta figures would form part of it; however, it comprises a collection of Greek vases that is alone worthy of repeated examination. It is enough to mention the collection of the Marquis of Northampton, and there are others able also to bear comparison even with these masterpieces of an art which, in its noblest examples, will for ever stand at the head of all the arts, because here only, in their original purity, are found the absolute and identical creations of the race which, in artistic faculty, surpassed all others.

## ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

**PERSONAL.**—Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson has been elected Roscoe Professor of Art at Victoria University, Liverpool, *vice* Mr. W. Martin Conway, resigned. M. Gustave Larroumet has been made Directeur des Beaux-Arts, in room of the late M. Castagnary. Messrs. W. E. Henley and Robert Walker have engaged to write the text of a memorial volume on the Loan Collections at Glasgow. At the Salon this year's Medals of Honour have been awarded to M. Detaille in painting; to M. Turcan in sculpture, to M. Deglane in architecture, and to M. Hédouin in engraving.

**MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES.**—Mr. Frank Bramley's 'A Hopeless Dawn,' in the current Academy, has been purchased under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. A Linnell—the 'Health' painted in 1860—and Mr. L. Alma-Tadema's 'Vintage Festival,' have been purchased (the latter at a large cost) for the Melbourne Museum. It is finally announced that the Musée Guimet will be opened early in the autumn. At Leeds, a new foundation, the Public Fine Art Gallery, will be opened by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., on the 1st of October. An example of Luis Morales has been presented to the National Gallery. An exhibition of pastels will be opened at the Grosvenor Gallery in October.

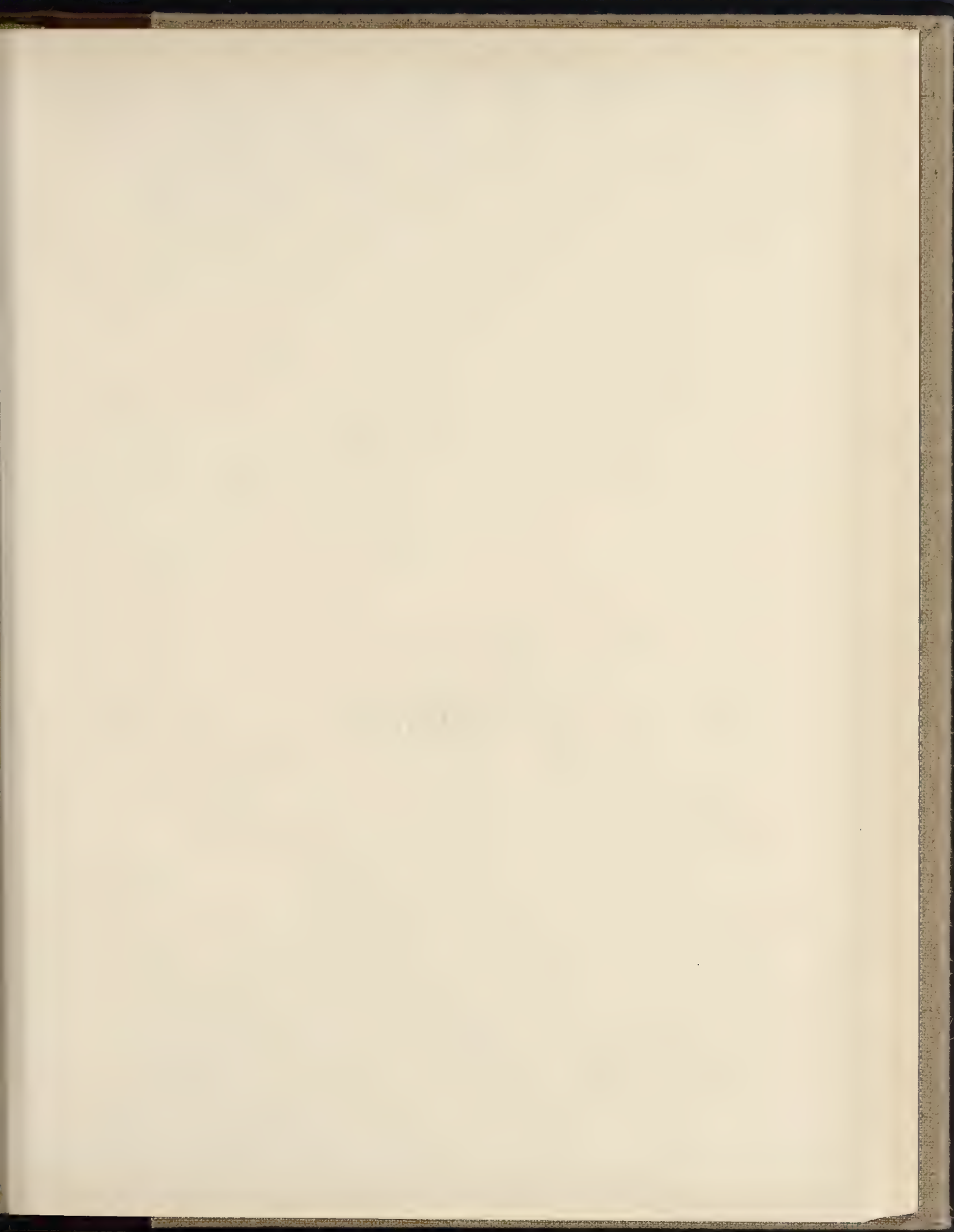
**OBITUARY.**—The death is announced of the Italian painter, Pietro Aldi; of the eminent etcher, Paul Rajon; of the architect, Félix Roguet; of the Belgian archaeologist and Art critic, Karel Vosmaer; of Eléonore Escallier, a pupil of Ziegler, attached for many years to the manufactory at Sèvres; of the painter and Art critic, Luigi Mussini; of the painter, Théodore Maillot, a pupil of Picot and Drolling; of the American illustrator and designer, Felix Darley; of the Boston landscape and cattle painter, Thomas Robinson, a pupil of Courbet and Auguste Bonheur; and of the American landscape painter, John Rollin Tilton.

**BEGINNING.**—The *Revue Universelle Illustrée* (Paris: Rouam) opens with brilliance. The novelists are MM. Sacher-Masoch and Ivan Turguenieff; the musical critic, M. Adolphe Jullien; certain aspects of Art are considered by MM. Eugène Muntz, Paul Leroy (who contributes an admirable note on the painter of 'Le Rêve'), E. Chevalier, E. Garnier, E. Molinier, and Dr. Guerrier; M. Tiersot publishes the words and music of a set of Breton rounds; there are articles on some recent poetry, on Bulgaria, on Lionardo da Vinci, with three letters of George Sand's, and a certain amount of verse. There is so much, indeed, that one knows not how it has been got together for a franc, especially as it is all well illustrated. Mr. Bing's "Artistic Japan" (London: Sampson Low) is, so far, a great success. The text of the first part is the work of Mr. Bing; that of the second by M. Louis Gonse. The illustrations, some twenty in number, are excellently done, and are so selected as to be representative of Japanese Art under most of its aspects. Particularly to be remarked are the

charming landscape after Kwan Yei, and the 'Arabs' and the 'Shower' of Hô-ku-sai, with whose work (it should be noted) the text itself is brilliantly decorated.

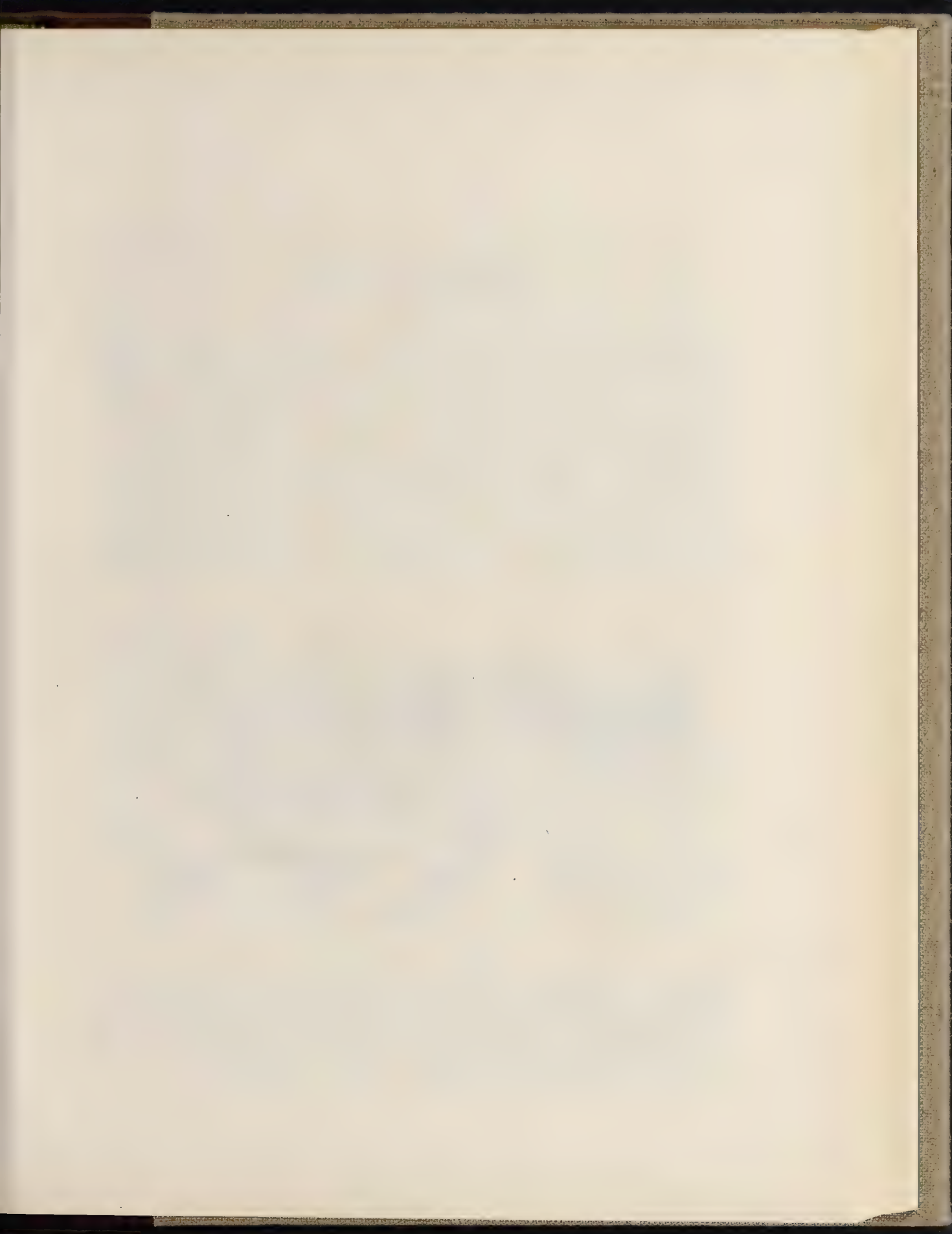
**BLACK AND WHITE AT THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION.**—The works in black and white have always met with much appreciation in Glasgow, and the three exhibitions of this description of Art held by the Institute in 1880, 1881, and 1882, had a wonderful success, both in the amount of patronage bestowed on them, and in the benefits they conferred in the way of educating the public taste. It is pleasant to find, therefore, that the collection of black and white in the International is one of great value and interest. The *fusains* of Lhermitte always command attention. His splendid draughtsmanship and composition show to great advantage in charcoal work. He gains striking effects through his thorough command of his material, and yet never wanders from simplicity and truth. His large *fusain* of 'The Fish-Market at St. Malo' (property of J. D. Hedderwick, Esq.) is one of the best and most representative of his contributions. The 'Church Procession' (property of J. Forbes White, Esq.) is also a fine drawing. His 'Laveuses à Arcachon' is spirited and natural. We have four large frames filled with etchings by J. McN. Whistler, Méryon, Legros, and Seymour Haden. These are among the important exhibits of this section. The Méryons (nineteen in number) have been selected from the complete set of that artist's etchings in the possession of B. B. Macgeorge, Esq., and include some of his best plates. Two pencil drawings, 'Le Pont-Neuf' and 'Tourelle, Rue de la Tisseranderie,' are also given. The collection is thoroughly representative. The Whistlers (some thirty in number) are lent by B. B. Macgeorge, Esq., and T. G. Arthur, Esq. There are not a few who hold that Mr. Whistler's genius finds freer and truer expression in etching than in oil painting. Fourteen etchings by Professor Legros, all lent by T. G. Arthur, Esq., show his grave spirit and noble masculine style. They include 'Death and the Woodman,' and portraits of Rodin, Watts, Dalou, Manning, and others. In the frame of Seymour Haden's etchings (eighteen in number) we have the 'Breaking up the *Agamemnon*'—both as a pure etching and mezzotinted—'Sub Tergmine,' 'Egham,' 'Whistler's House at Old Chelsea,' 'Mytton Hall,' 'Sunset on the Thames.' From Francis Powell, P.R.S.W., we have four charcoal drawings, wherein he shows his mastery over wave forms. James A. Aitkens' 'Montrose's March' is impressive; 'The Monk,' by A. Wasse, is a powerful study; mention must be made of Mr. A. W. Henley's solemn and poetical *gouaches*; and we must call attention to the etchings by Félix Buhot, Forel, Brunet-Debaines, Massé, Los Rios, Jacquet, and Bracquemond. Among the loan exhibits are etchings by Rajon, Millet, Jacque, M. Maris, and others, which give distinction to the collection. The original drawings by Small and others, lent by the proprietors of the *Graphic*, make an interesting exhibit. The photographic and the architectural exhibits are of great importance and value.

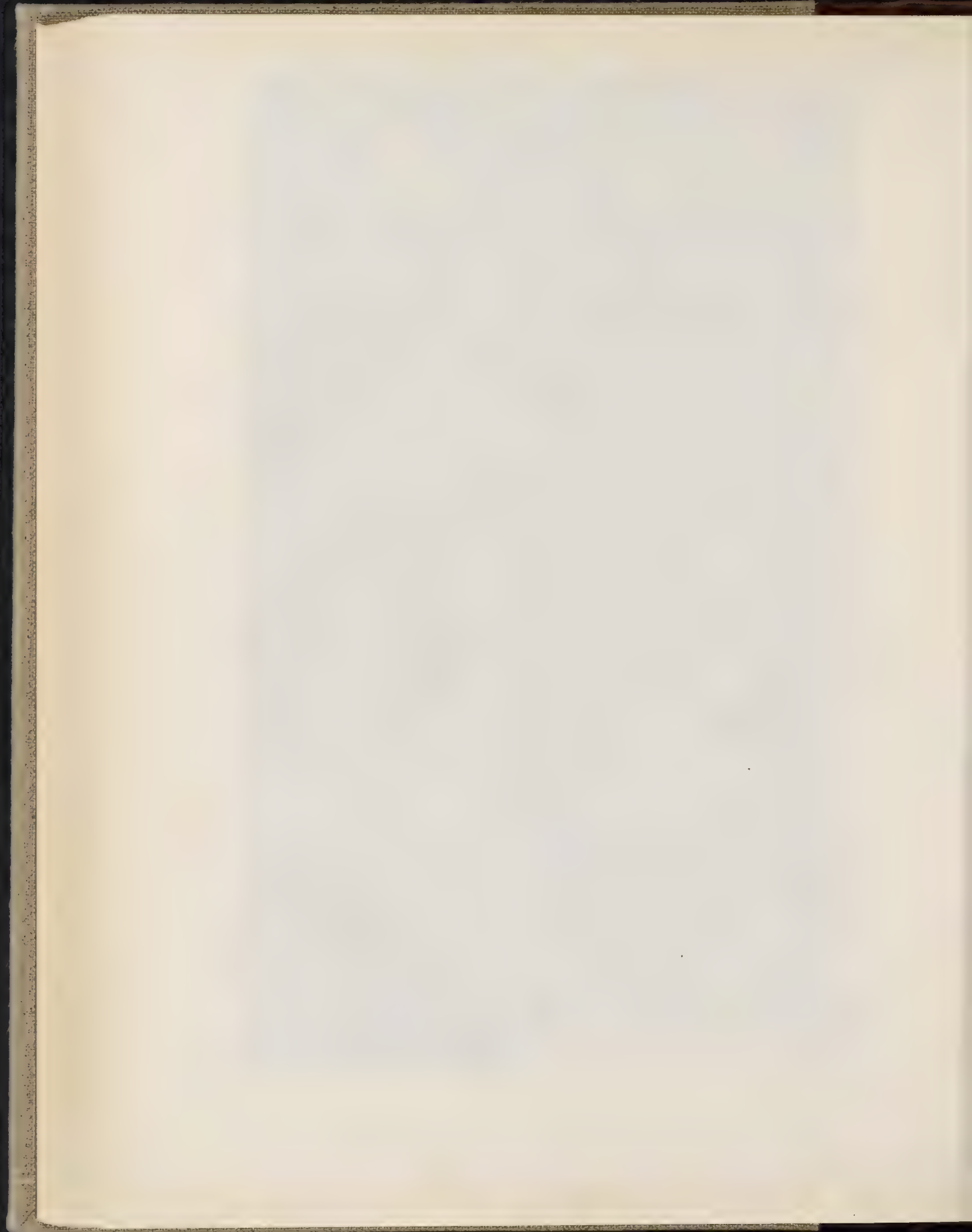














## WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.\*

**A**T the village of Wickham, in Hants, in the year 1324, William of Wykeham was born. His parents, John and Sibill, seem to have belonged to the class of yeomen, though his mother is said to have been of noble descent, being the granddaughter of the "Lord of Stratton." He was educated at Winchester, at the school connected with the Priory of St. Swithin, which had been established since the ninth century. He is said to have studied "grammar," which term no doubt includes all that is now meant by a classical education. Besides this, he learnt French, arithmetic, and dialectics, and last but not least, "geometry;" that is to say, he was initiated into the mystery of architecture. He does not appear to have studied theology, and at a later date was held to be deficient in knowledge of this subject. His first appointment was as secretary to Sir John Scures, Sheriff

of Hampshire, under whose successor he also served. In 1346, when Edingdon was appointed Bishop of Winchester, Wykeham was taken into his employment, in what capacity is not recorded; but as Edingdon was engaged on important architectural works at Winchester Cathedral, it may be presumed that he had the opportunity, at least, of testing Wykeham's quality in this branch of Art. It is indeed possible that the character of Edingdon's work may have been considerably influenced by Wykeham's suggestions, as we shall see in criticising the work in Winchester Cathedral; but this is more or less conjectural. By Bishop Edingdon Wykeham was recommended to the King, who, after the successful campaign in France, of which the battle of Créci is the most famous event, was seeking on all sides for men capable of assisting him to realise the great architectural enterprises which he had in view. Wykeham then was transferred from Winchester to Windsor by Edward III., at the age of about



twenty-three. The King had been intent on founding a new Order of Knights, more or less on the model of King Arthur's Round Table, and in building for it a suitable home. Some portion of his scheme was probably executed before Wykeham's removal to Windsor, but much still remained to be done. In 1350 the King began to convert the ancient

"Domus Regis" into a college for the new Order of the Garter, for which work he appointed several surveyors, among whom Wykeham does not figure, being probably still employed in a subordinate capacity. In 1356 he was appointed clerk to all the King's works in the manors of Henley and East-hampton; and later in the same year he was made one of the company of surveyors of the works at Windsor Castle, at a salary of one shilling a day, two when he travelled on

\* Continued from page 165.

business, and three shillings a week for his clerk. The salary seems to be moderate, even when we reckon the difference in value of money then and now, a proportion of about one to fifteen. But it was not by direct payment that the main reward for Wykeham's services was to be given. A far more economical system was in vogue, that namely of "robbing Peter." Wykeham had qualified for Church preferment, certainly as early as 1349, probably earlier, by taking the tonsure, and the King did not fail to heap upon him preferment after preferment, until he had made him one of the most wholesale pluralists even of that age. Such

appointments must have been practically sinecures, as we find that Wykeham's secular responsibilities increased, *pari passu*, with the number of his ecclesiastical benefices. He was made surveyor of sundry Royal Castles in 1359, chief surveyor at Windsor about the same time, or soon after, and was employed to build Queenborough Castle in 1361. In 1364 we find him acting in a new capacity, being made Keeper of the Privy Seal, and King's Secretary. So that at this stage he is architect, priest, and statesman; and if in the second of these categories he was little more than a recipient, his function in the other two kinds must have given ample scope for one man's energies. Of him Froissart says, "At this

time there reigned (*sic*) a priest in England called Sir William de Wican, and this Sir William de Wican was so much in favour with the King of England, that by him everything was done, and without him they did nothing."

I have so far followed Wykeham's career in some detail as the process of his advancement throws an interesting light on the manner of the times. It was his skill in architecture which led to his promotion both in Church and State. He was an architect both by bent and by education; an ecclesiastic, as it would appear, in the first instance that he might be qualified for the sort of reward which it was most eco-

nomical and convenient to the King to bestow; a statesman, because in the conduct of his technical business he showed qualities which would be likely to be of service in enterprise of a larger kind.

Though there is not space here to follow the history of his career in detail, there are one or two points of interest which must not be passed over. Those who wish for more detailed information cannot do better than consult Mr. Moberley.

We noticed above that William of Wykeham belonged to the national party in the Church—that is the party which was opposed to Papal interference—even if the story of his life

shows him as a passive rather than an active opponent of the Papacy. Though as the protégé of Edward III. he could scarcely have occupied any other position in the protracted combat between the King and the Pope, and though so far as he was a personal agent in any such disputes he seems to have shown a conciliatory rather than a pugnacious disposition, still it is worthy of note that he was for years, in connection with various preferments which the King assigned to him, and especially with the last and greatest—his appointment to the Bishopric of Winchester—the main subject of the long-standing controversy for the patronage of the Church in England. And as we have seen that at a critical moment



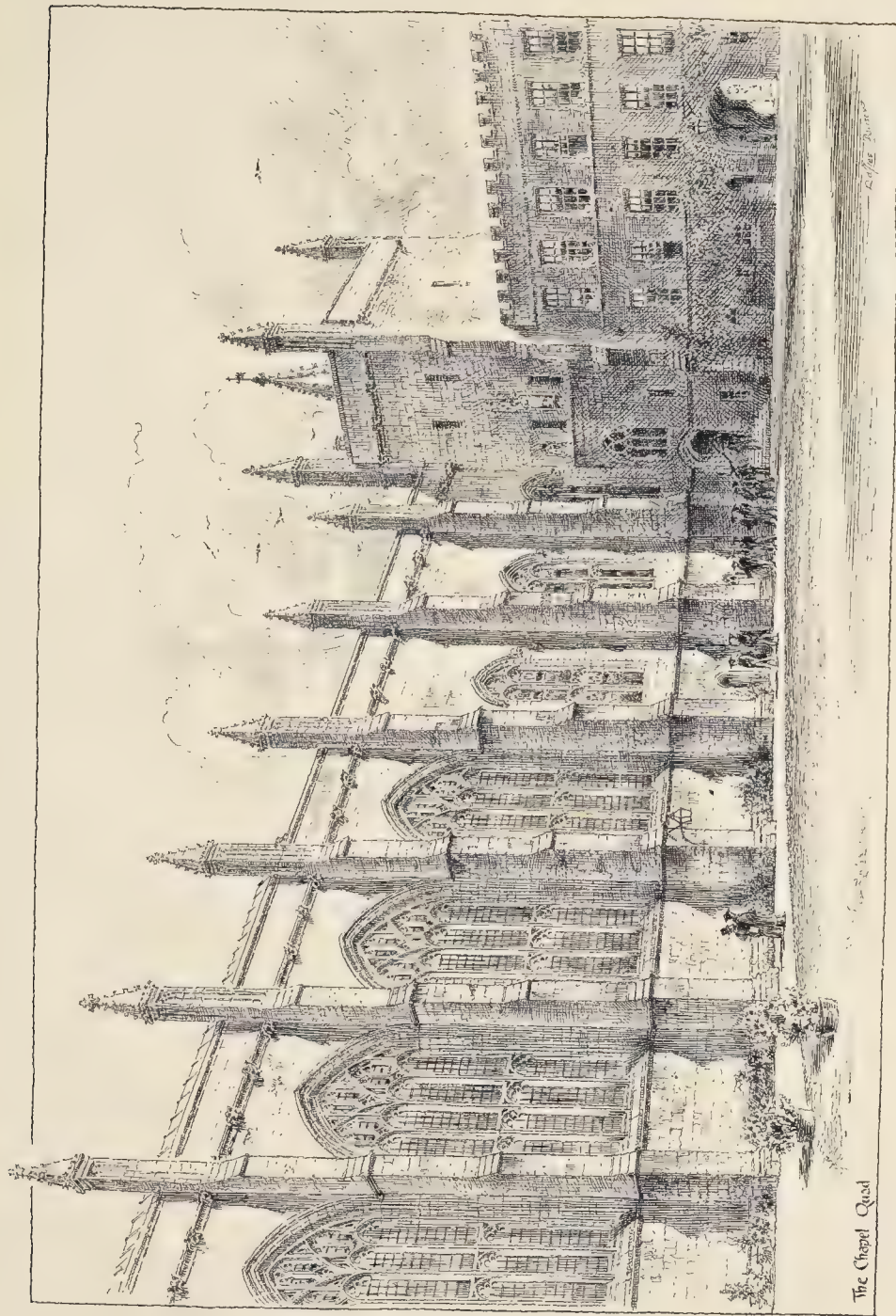
In the cloister court

he saved English architecture from deterioration under foreign influences, it is at least a pleasant coincidence to find a suggestion of strong patriotic feeling in other matters.

In 1366, Wykeham was nominated Bishop of Winchester in succession to Edington, but, owing to delays in obtaining the Papal sanction, was not consecrated till the following year. In the same year (1367) he was made Chancellor of England, and may be considered to have attained to the zenith of prosperity and influence.

It was not long, however, before he fell on more troublous times. The King's health began to fail, and with it the





The Chapel Quad

strength and consistency of his character, as also his fidelity to his friends. Success ceased to attend his enterprise in war and the kingdom was rent with factions. Wykeham was made a scapegoat to popular discontent, and was impeached for his conduct of public affairs as Chancellor; and though few of the charges against him were pressed home and none fully substantiated, he seems never to have regained the confidence of Edward. With the accession of Richard II. he was restored to royal favour. If, in his full and careful discussion of these events, Mr. Moberley appears occasionally to show some degree of partiality for his hero, we can scarcely blame him, and may at least maintain that in factious and troublous times, when the tone of public morals was not of the highest, no charge of serious misconduct was definitely established against Wykeham even by an unscrupulous faction.

But enough space has been allotted to his public career, which after all is a phase of the subject with which *THE ART JOURNAL* is not specially concerned. We must return once more to his architectural work, which is to us of more importance and interest.

Wykeham appears at an early date to have contemplated the establishment of a seminary for the education of clergy, a body which had been greatly reduced in numbers by "plagues, wars and other miseries of the world." It is said indeed, that it was a modest sense of his own deficiency in theological learning that suggested the idea of giving to others the opportunity of a better education. He had long fed and clothed the poor scholars of Winchester, and in 1375 began to get together a company of scholars in Oxford, having already, in 1369 and 1370, made purchases of land with a view to future building. In 1380, the first stone of New College was laid, and the first portion of the building, the main quadrangle, was completed and occupied on April 14, 1386. Some three years later he purchased additional land to the west of his chapel, and built the cloister to enclose a garden which was to serve as a burial-ground to the college. Meanwhile he had been making preparations for his younger foundation, and in March, 1387, the first stone of the buildings for Winchester School was laid. These were completed and taken into use on March 28, 1393, each portion of the great scheme having thus taken six years to execute. The year of the completion of the college saw Wykeham launched on his last architectural enterprise, the repair of the Cathedral, which idea soon grew to a scheme of greater ambition, that of remodelling the Norman nave in the Perpendicular style. On All Saints' Day, 1394, he began the work and as he was now seventy years old we are not surprised to find that one Simon Menbury was appointed to act as architect, no doubt under Wykeham's superintendence. This work lasted through the remaining years of his life, and was not completed when, ten years later, he died. He left £2,000 to be expended on its completion. In 1404, he finished his chantry on the spot where as a boy he had been used to attend "Pekismass." He died on September 27th of the same year, and was buried in this chantry. Seeing that his architectural work alone would have been a sufficient result of a long and busy life-time, that in addition to this he was an able administrator in matters of ordinary business, in Church and in State, and that his statutes evince the most careful and well-digested thought for the future of his colleges, it would be difficult to select a more productive lifetime even from the list of octogenarians, while the disposal of his

enormous property in a manner which has both directly and indirectly proved of immeasurable advantage to the cause of education in England, would seem at least to condone the pluralism by which it was acquired.

But we must now use the little space that is left in considering critically the special and individual characteristics of Wykeham's architectural work. We have already discussed his relation to the discovery of Perpendicular architecture, and have seen that if we cannot absolutely trace the invention to his mind, we may at least give him the credit of having established and fixed it. The works we have seen to be his, are the buildings at Windsor, founded by Edward III. for the Order of the Garter, Queenborough Castle, New College, the College at Winchester, and the remodelling of the nave of Winchester Cathedral. Of these Queenborough Castle has almost entirely disappeared. The buildings at Windsor have undergone so considerable a mutilation at the hands of Sir Christopher Wren and Wyattville, that it is not easy to detect Wykeham's hand in more than the general grouping. In New College, though the general aspect of the quadrangle is greatly changed by the addition of a storey and the modernisation of the windows, and though the chambers have been modified according to contemporary uses, the chapel, hall, cloister and tower are sufficiently unaltered to give an adequate idea of Wykeham's characteristics. But it is his work at Winchester which gives, at least to the ordinary student, the best criterion of his power.

We shall be better able to form a theory of Wykeham's architectural career by referring in the first instance to the illustration given at the beginning of the former article, which shows in combination the work at the west end of Winchester Cathedral attributed in part to Edington and in part to Wykeham. It will be seen that the west window of the nave and aisles, and the two westernmost windows of the north aisle, are of a different character from the more easterly windows of the same aisle and from the whole tier of windows of the clerestory. The former and, to a great extent, the entire western façade, are assigned by what seems incontrovertible evidence to Bishop Edington; the latter are proved no less by documentary records than by their character to be Wykeham's, the earlier work being of the date of about 1346, the latter of 1394-1404. Both are definitely of the style known as Perpendicular, and the archæologist, unaided by reference to written evidence, might well be at a loss to decide which were the earlier. But when we fully appreciate the fact that an interval of nearly fifty years had elapsed between the execution of one and the other portion, and that at so early a date as 1350 we find here fully developed Perpendicular architecture in the ascendant, the problem before us becomes one of great difficulty and perplexity; it seems hard to maintain that Wykeham was the father of Perpendicular architecture if Bishop Edington had already employed the style; and if that is the case we must reconsider the claim made for him in our first article. A further complexity arises if we accept Mr. Moberley's statement that Wykeham's work at Windsor followed the earlier or Decorated manner. If this were so the conclusion, would necessarily be that Wykeham, having become acquainted with the later manner of architecture by his connection with Edington at Winchester, had, yielding either to external pressure or to a reactionary tendency of his own, reverted to the antecedent style in the first work which he designed independently, and had subsequently, in mature age, taken up once more the later manner which Edington



had invented. I cannot, however, find in the Windsor buildings which were executed under Wykeham's supervision any trace of such a reaction. It is difficult, after the ravages of Wren and Wyattville, to detect the original work of any mediæval architect in the upper ward of Windsor, but there do seem to me to be some few windows which retain the look of original work, and these happen to be remarkably like some of Wykeham's elsewhere, resembling closely in character both of tracery and of detail the windows in the dining hall of New College. If this be so, we may at once acquit Wykeham of any reactionary tendency, though his claim to the origination of the new phase of architecture seems still to be in jeopardy.

There is, however, a solution of the problem which, though it is and must remain conjectural, will be found to meet all difficulties. Wykeham, as we know, was in Edingdon's employ while the work at Winchester which goes by his name was in progress, and we have only to suppose that he was the real designer of the work which is assigned to Edingdon, for our difficulties to disappear. Such a claim on his behalf may doubtless seem somewhat arbitrary, but there are many considerations which will make the theory appear at least a reasonable one. Edingdon seems to have acquired no special fame as a designer, such as would attach to the inventor of a new style, while the great appreciation shown for Wykeham's architectural talent both by Edingdon and by the King, his early and rapid advancement to the control of the most important building enter-

prises of the time—all seems to point to some special and striking attainment on his part, such as the invention of a new and original type of design. Another point worthy of note in connection with this illustration is the presence on the west gable of the bold niche which we find to be a salient feature of Wykeham's work elsewhere. It may be seen upon the western gables of the chapels, both of New College and of Winchester, and, so far as I know, no similar feature appears

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in contemporary work elsewhere. In this case again it is open to any disputant to urge that Wykeham "annexed" an invention of Edingdon's, but as it was open to all other architects to commit the same plagiarism, and Wykeham alone adopted this feature and used it invariably, it appears to be far more probable that its original invention was his, and that his consistent love for it was a fatherly preference for the off-



The College Chapel  
from The Wardens' Garden

spring of his own mind. It seems, therefore, to be at least a reasonable conjecture where certainty is impossible if we suppose that the work at Winchester which is attributed to Edingdon was, in so far as it was inspired by new ideas, really due to Wykeham's invention, and that the origination of Perpendicular architecture may be justly assigned to him.

To continue the consideration of Wykeham's architecture as illustrated in the former article, it is worth while to note

that his work in the nave and aisles of Winchester was a transformation (or "rebuilding," as it was called) from the Norman, which still remains in the transepts, to the Perpendicular. The arcade and triforium were together thrown into a greatly heightened arcade, the clerestory was raised and fitted with a gallery to serve as a sort of triforium, and both nave and aisles were vaulted in the new manner. The nave became therefore, though increased in height, one of two instead of three stories. The substitution of two imposing subdivisions for three of modest dimensions seems to me both here and elsewhere where it occurs, as in the choir of Lichfield Cathedral, to give an increase of dignity. The scale of English cathedrals is seldom sufficient to give full scope to the normal three stories, which seem to demand the more ample dimensions usual in Continental Cathedrals. Another special characteristic of Wykeham's work is the absence of flying buttresses, an omission by which the breadth and simplicity of the exterior, qualities eminently characteristic of Wykeham's hand, are certainly enhanced.



The Chapel Quadrangle

It is worth noting that in carrying out this transformation or "rebuilding," Wykeham used two methods. The earlier was to cut the mouldings of the perpendicular piers out of the solid Romanesque pillars as they stood. Later, when he found this method too costly, he cut away the stone of the piers more freely and recased them with new stone. The evidence of the two modes of operation may still be seen in the jointing, the more frequent beds of the Romanesque work marking the earlier and the larger spacing the later method.

The last two illustrations in the first article show Wykeham's chauntry and tomb. There is no cathedral in England so rich in chauntries as Winchester, the eastern portion of which is almost a museum of such features of almost every period of Gothic art. This chauntry is the most colossal, though perhaps scarcely the most beautiful specimen. It takes complete possession of one bay of the nave, and such is the scale of the columns, though somewhat reduced in size from the Norman originals, that, large as the chauntry is, it is almost included in the depth of the bay.

The work at Winchester and at New College, Oxford, which is illustrated in the present number, give a better display of Wykeham's architectural powers than the Cathedral, as they express his ideas unhampered by any conditions previously existing; and the two considered in connection are of more value than either can be if studied separately. There are many features possessed by both which show the same hand, as well as many points of difference which prove that the architect was no mere copyist of himself. The arrangement of chapel and hall in one continuous block with an entrance tower at the angle is common to both. So, too, is the low-pitched gable crowned by such a niche as we have already noticed in the Cathedral. In the latter it adds dignity and importance to a gable which is already lofty; in the College buildings of Winchester and Oxford it has even a more important function assigned to it. Doubtless the change from high to low pitched roofs, probably due to the increased use of lead for covering, must have been more or less depressing to those accustomed to the earlier manner. Nothing could so effectively redress such a

defect as to plant a lofty and salient feature on the lowered gable. The effect of this arrangement is as excellent as it is original; but, alas! it is now at Winchester College only that the beauty of the design may be seen. At New College, as is shown in the bird's-eye view, a roof of higher pitch has been erected behind the low stone gable, giving as a result a confused and broken line as essentially hideous as the original was beautiful. Thus, under the disguise of so-called restoration, are the most charac-

teristic, the most important and most beautiful features of our ancient buildings too often sacrificed. All that can be said in mitigation of the present solecism is that even the most casual observer will at once place it to the credit of the restorer; so the ultimate mischief which unfeeling tampering inflicts upon antiquity in the confusion of history and the destruction of ancient reputations may in this instance be escaped. If the two buildings have the above-mentioned features as well as a great similarity in the tracery of the windows in common, so, also, have they important points of difference. In New College the buttresses are terminated by pinnacles; at Winchester College they end in crocketed gablets. At New College the tower placed against the end of the hall is more elaborate in design and rises to a greater height than the adjoining buildings. At Winchester it is terminated on the same level; but each of these towers is in its way a gem of design, that at Oxford forming an almost unrivalled feature in the great museum of architectural beauty which the city displays.

BASIL CHAMPNEYS.



## SOME PROVINCIAL CLUBS.

CLUB life in the provinces is essentially different from that of London. Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, all the great towns and cities outside the metropolis, go to bed early.

Life in London may be said to begin when the provinces are abed. Every year the great cities of the north are becoming more and more the workshops of trade and commerce, such as Kingsley dreamed they might be, with the homes of the workers among the woods and fields and on the banks of running streams. At midnight Manchester is as dead as the city of London round about the Bank, and more so, for it is not as well lighted. The great squares are as silent as St. Petersburg on winter nights. The scavengers and police moving about the principal thoroughfares might be engaged on those man-hunting missions which, in "the silent watches," fill the Russian prisons. The provincial clubman rarely dines at his club. He goes home after business hours, and there is nothing much in the city to attract him from the suburbs until the next morning. Luncheon is the great meal of the day in provincial clubland. The morning's work at an end, the citizens of the midlands and the north meet each other over a very substantial luncheon, which, in many respects, might fairly be called dinner, though it comes within the meaning of the French breakfast. One often hears men lament that we do not live in Eng-

land on the Parisian system—the morning coffee and roll, and the mid-day breakfast or luncheon. But this is, in fact, our provincial custom, and as much time is occupied with the mid-day meal in Manchester as in Paris. There are always afterwards the cigar, the friendly chat, sometimes a game at billiards, once in a way a hand at whist. As a rule,

at least a couple of hours are devoted to eating and resting.

It is in the middle of the day that clubland in the country is brisk and lively; not so in London. Men of leisure lunch or breakfast at their clubs, but those who are at work in the city, at the bar, or in West-end counting-houses, have to be content with a snack at their offices, or in their rooms, or at a restaurant-counter, a sort

of "run and eat refresher," reserving themselves for the evening dinner. As to which is the healthiest mode of life there can be no question, though there are many sticklers for "a short life and a merry one." Special reasons why the metropolis must always keep later hours than the country could be advanced. In regard to the clubs, one reason among many may be found in the claims of strangers. London is always crowded with visitors. They have to be entertained. The club is the chief reception ground of the stranger guest, and

he also represents a large floating population of honorary club members. It is his business to see London, and however early he may be at home he delights for the time being to drop into the London ways, and his entertainer is nothing loth. Work begins later here in a morning than in the country. The mornings are darker than country mornings. Having less of the sun, the artificial light of bright fires and glowing rooms obtains with us a heartier appreciation on that account. Moreover, Londoners are more tolerant of the late riser than

are the people of country districts, where "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise," has always been an established if homely proverb.

Just as there seems to be a heartier welcome for a club visitor in New York than in London, there is a more real home feeling for the guest in provincial than in metropolitan



*Birmingham Liberal Club.  
From a drawing by W. H. Margetson.*

*The Tower.*

clubs. London clubland will give its guests the best of its larder, the choicest of its cellars, but it reserves, "for members only," its inner circle, its sanctum. Every London club has its "holy of holies." The purely social club is excepted from this remark, such as the Savage, the Green-room, and Beefsteak. But in the great clubs the stranger, as a rule, is relegated to small rooms, from which, under the auspices of his host, he catches glimpses of the glories beyond, and is content. In New York, as in the English provinces, the stranger has the run of the clubhouse. Nothing is too good for him. He is not cut off from the most secret corner. He may not play cards or billiards as a rule; but he may visit the card-rooms and see the members play billiards. In London he may not put his inquisitorial nose into these apartments, unless he be elected an honorary member, and then he is free of the club, except that, of course, he has no voice in its management.

In the following notes on some provincial clubs let it be understood that it is not intended to give precedence to any club or to any great town or city over another. It happened that we visited Birmingham first, *en route* to the north, and found our first welcome in the newest, the humblest, and yet not the least interesting of the outposts of provincial clubland. The Birmingham Press Club is one of the youngest of the Birmingham clubs, but it represents in the country a very important addition to the journalistic and literary institutions of the land. It is in friendly communication with the Manchester Press Club and other kindred associations. Its annual dinner is a reunion of local press men, and the exchange of telegraphic greetings between it and other press clubs are not the least of its pleasant incidents. Its home is not in a garret, nor is it exactly in a cellar, but it is artfully arranged with a view to economy. There is no reason, however, why it should not soon pass through its probation and join the larger societies of clubland.

There are traditions in Birmingham of old and curious clubs of the past, but the records of them are somewhat hazy, and the truth is, as compared with the metropolis the provincial club is a very modern institution. The smoke-room meetings of the chief tradesmen and leading citizens of provincial towns, which still obtain in many an ancient city, were clubs in the social sense, and they are almost as old as the inns and taverns. These gatherings were varied in Birmingham by holding meetings at stated times, and no doubt the Bean Club, which has existed since 1660, had its origin in these smoke-room assemblies, just as the London clubs had their beginnings in the old taverns of St. James's Street, Covent Garden, and Fleet Street. The Union Club, which is non-political, was the first club of any importance in Birmingham. An attempt was made in 1840 to establish a club in the modern sense of an institution which has its own house and servants, but it was a failure. The present Waterloo Rooms was the scene of its beginning and end, and now forms the home of the Midland Conservative Club, having in the interregnum been occupied by the Commissioner in Bankruptcy and his court. The Union Club was first located on Bennett's Hill; it dates from 1856, and has had a flourishing career. Its present house is one of some architectural pretensions at the corner of Colmore Row and Newhall Street, whither it removed in 1869. It is essentially a social club, quiet, comfortable, and eminently respectable, entirely free from the party excitement which characterizes the other two great clubs of the midland metropolis.

The Conservatives seem to have been first in the field in the establishment of a prominent political club in Birmingham. They had a good substantial house in Union Street in 1872, but their present quarters are on a palatial scale, and may be said to provide the aristocratic company of their fighting army with the luxuries that are supposed to be more necessary for the Tory leaders than for the Liberals, though each party is vying with the other in the splendour of its clubs. The Midland Conservative Club is the working club of the Conservative party in Birmingham. It is here in exciting times that the pulse of the party is to be felt. The club has a regular electioneering organization. Its libraries of reference, its committee rooms, its secretarial arrangements are of the most business-like and practical character. The Conservative Club-house in Temple Row has only been opened this year. It is quite in character with the surroundings and objects of the club that its front windows look out upon the Burnaby Memorial, a notable addition to local sculpture, which is not always commendable except in the town's good intention of honouring its illustrious men. The old Bean Club was a Conservative organization, which is not a little odd in so eminently Liberal a centre as Birmingham, and it was at the Bean Club that some daring old English spirit was wild enough to suggest a regular and sturdy club of Tories. Mr. Sampson Lloyd, the Rev. W. K. R. Bedford, Mr. Frank James, Mr. J. D. Goodman, Mr. Walter Williams, Mr. Joseph Ludlow, Mr. J. B. Stone, Mr. George Wise, and Mr. R. Mayo, however, took up the idea and found for it a prompt approval and support. The gentlemen named are considered to be, not only the projectors, but, to a great extent, the founders of the club. Lord Dartmouth was the first president. The architects of the present house were Messrs. Osborn and Reading. The building cost about thirteen thousand pounds; the site and other charges run the total outlay to upwards of twenty-five thousand pounds. The architects have triumphed over great difficulties in regard to the shape and form of the ground they have covered. It often happens in artistic works that difficulties lead to unexpected successes. In the luncheon-room, for instance, a dead wall is happily dealt with. It is prettily masked in with a conservatory that presents a pleasing aspect both in summer and winter. The architectural style of the building is Roman of the early Italian Renaissance, and the leading features of the front are a boldly outlined entrance portico, and lofty bay-windows which are carried up on either side to the level of the third story, with balconies and parapets on the two principal floors. A broad flight of steps leads to the ground floor and terminates in a vestibule with inner and outer screens filled with enamelled glass. The floor is paved with mosaic tiles. The staircase hall is thirty feet by twenty-five, lighted by large windows of coloured glass on the staircase and with a lantern in the roof, and partially heated by a handsome fireplace which is both decorative and useful. The staircase, which opens conveniently upon landings for the various lofty and beautifully furnished rooms, is wide and has broad easy steps. It is of the well-pattern; and the guard, a very artistic open wrought-iron scroll balustrade, by Messrs. Brawn and Co., is a fine example of modern metal-work. Left of the entrance is a convenient morning room, and leading out of the staircase hall is a handsome luncheon room, fifty by twenty-six, with the conservatory, previously mentioned, running the entire length of the room. The new house had only just been opened at the time of our visit, but this annex promised great possibilities and was evidently regarded with



much satisfaction by the members, who were wandering over the building with the air of proprietors inspecting a new domicile which they had built for themselves upon their own freehold. Everything was new. There was a suspicion of turpentine in the atmosphere of the rooms, a suggestion of paint and putty, but at the same time the establishment was being pushed into working order, and the kitchen was already well organized. And after all it is in the kitchen that much of the success of a club is to be looked for. The strangers', stewards', clerks', and other rooms are on the ground floor, and in every department the latest inventions, in the way of fittings and furnishing, have been introduced. The front first floor is occupied by the grand dining-room, the windows commanding views of the busy thoroughfares intersecting and surrounding St. Philip's Churchyard, and behind this room are card and billiard-rooms, the latter lighted from the roof. The second floor is occupied with the smoke-room and private dining-room, and above are the steward's and servants' chambers and store-rooms. The kitchens are in the basement, and together with all the domestic offices, are lined with white glazed tiles. All the staircases, corridors, and halls are of fireproof construction. The ventilating and heating appliances are the work of the *Æolus* Company. The exterior of the building is mostly of white dressed stone, and where stone is not used the material employed is a white hard glazed brick. The furniture is chiefly dark oak, upholstered in maroon and morocco.

The Birmingham Liberal Club dates from 1877. It entered upon its present handsome premises in 1885. Situated at the corner of Edmund and Congreve Street its aspect is towards what has been called the Forum of Birmingham. The Forum is unfortunately too crowded for either architectural or picturesque effect, though taken in detail the local works are worthy of the historic importance of the place, and in themselves are not excelled in the provinces. They are fitting memorials of the municipal spirit, the learning and the taste of the midland metropolis. The Mason College, the Art Gallery, the Free Library, the Council House, and the famous Town Hall, represent a cluster of grand buildings,

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only needing a fine open site to have presented to the eye a noble architectural picture, but representing none the less, in their somewhat crowded proximity to each other, food for reflection, and objects of national pride. One may also include as decorative works fronting the Liberal Club, the statues of Sir Josiah Mason and George Dawson and the Joseph Chamberlain Memorial, three men of our time, such as the whole country may delight to honour, and to see honoured in the town of their birth or adoption. The constant splash of the fountain which forms part of the Chamberlain erection, makes pleasant music amidst the din of New Street, which comes humming up



*Birmingham Conservative Club and Burnaby Memorial.*

the quiet thoroughfares near the Club, and one is fain to acknowledge the excellence of the site not alone for its opportunity of a fine elevation but for its associations. The institution and statues around it are more or less mementos of modern Liberalism. Josiah Mason was a strong, self-made man. His philanthropy was as practical as George Dawson's religion, and it is as rare as it is commendable to see a public man honoured with a memorial in his lifetime—in the case of Mr. Chamberlain one may say in his early manhood. The Birmingham Liberal Club differs altogether from the style of architecture which is prominent in its neighbouring buildings.

It nevertheless harmonizes pleasantly with them, and helps by its picturesque sky-lines to heighten the dignity of the Forum. As in the case of the Union and the Conservative, the club is the property of a company formed of members, the nominal capital being fixed at a hundred thousand pounds, half of which was subscribed before the club was built. The freehold cost thirty thousand pounds, the building twenty-seven, and the furnishing four thousand. The exterior materials are terra-cotta of varying tones and shades of red, and a hard brick; the former supplied by Edwards of Ruabon, the latter by Partridge of Kingswinford. The effect of tone is rich but harmonious. Mr. J. A. Cossins, the architect, may be congratulated upon his work, which has not only added a

worthy public building to the town but has given to his clients a light, elegant, and comfortable home. The house is a fine example of the best form of the modern revival of architecture in England, warm with red-tiled roof, light and pretty with projecting angle turrets, and here and there exterior galleries; altogether a pleasant realisation and reminiscence of much that was beautiful in English architecture in the old days, and for the pleasure of contemplating which, in our modern life, we have all travelled into the old cities of Europe. Birmingham in many ways is showing an active interest in the revival of the picturesque in street and domestic architecture.\*

The midland capital has always taken an intense interest in music. Its festivals have introduced to the world of mu-



*Principal Staircase, Birmingham Conservative Club.*

sical art some of its rarest modern compositions, and given to music an impetus which has done much towards popularising among us the best composers and performers, vocal and instrumental. There are no less than a dozen important musical associations in Birmingham for the practice and popularisation of high-class works, without counting the Clef Club, which more particularly belongs to the scope of this necessarily brief glance at the local clubland. The Clef Club was founded in 1881, combining with the purposes of a club the study and practice of vocal and instrumental music. Beginning in a modest way, with large aims but patient in its working, the Club was enabled within four years to lease sufficient premises for its purpose in Paradise Street, near the Town

Hall, and the members had the good fortune to enroll the name of Sir Arthur Sullivan as its President. Smoking concerts form a leading feature of the social evenings in Paradise Street, and it is claimed that the club has already exercised a good educational influence, more particularly in the diffusion of a more correct musical taste than was possible hitherto, when men interested in the art and delighting in its practice had not the opportunities of discussion and example, which they now possess in the Clef Club.

JOSEPH HATTON.

\* Since this article was written the members of the Birmingham Liberal Club have found their house too costly for maintenance on the lines above suggested. The luxurious rooms are no longer inhabited, but the building remains, a picturesque addition to the Forum.



## NOTES ON JAPAN AND ITS ART WARES.\*



No. 1.—A Badger. From a Netsuké in the Gilbertson Collection.

THE Japanese artist is certainly not so successful in limning the higher forms of animal life as he is those of the floral kingdom. For one thing, he is obliged very often to draw creatures which are not indigenous to the country, and which he has never seen in the flesh; for instance, his Buddhist deities, owing to their Indian origin, insist on attaching to themselves as attributes the elephant, the lion, and the tiger; these he is often called upon to introduce into pictures. Moreover, as he is not proficient at drawing the human face in profile, he has very often to foreshorten his animals, and the mess in which he then finds himself is terrible; his elephant

appears to be modelled on the form of one of those blown-out, elephant-shaped balloons which come to this country from the East; his tiger takes the similitude of a striped cat, whilst his lion is a puppy with hairy appendages placed just where his fancy pleases. He is evidently more at home as he descends the scale, and he is hardly to be equalled in his portraiture of birds, fishes, and insects.

Japan is less bountifully supplied with beasts, whether wild or tame, than almost any other country. Wild ones are scarce, owing to the small quantity of uncultivated ground. Domestic animals are not plentiful, possibly because the Buddhist doctrine of transmigration prohibits the eating of meat, and vegetables are in common use; so the ground is given up to them and not to pasture. Carnivorous animals are confined to the bear, wolf, racoon, fox, marten, and badger.

It may be well to commence our notes upon animal-drawing by a mention of the twelve members of the Chinese duodenary cycle which have been adopted by the Japanese. The day in these countries is divided into twelve horary periods of two hours, to each of which an animal appertains. They start from 11 P.M. in this order: the rat, ox, tiger, hare, dragon, serpent, horse, goat, monkey, cock, dog, pig. Thus the delineation of one of these upon the reverse of a sword-guard will usually afford an indication as to the hour at which the event upon the front is taking place. The months and the years are also called by the names of these animals, and hence they have been termed the signs of the Zodiac. Their origin has been traced to the Tartars, and it is singular that our ram, bull, scorpion, and lion, have an affinity to them.

Of the members of this cycle we have already noticed the tiger, dragon, and ox, in former articles.

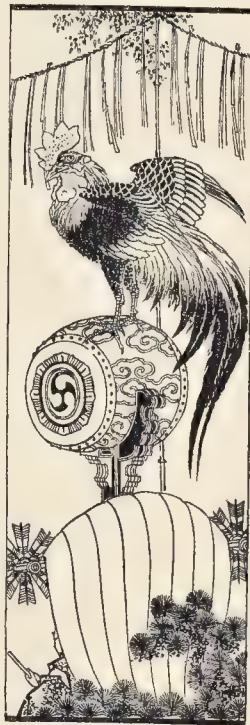
The rat is a prime favourite in Japan in spite of its infesting every house until it becomes a positive nuisance; it

waits upon Daikoku, the god of wealth, and makes inroads into his rice bales to show that, when acquired, riches must be watched; I find it depicted upon my metal-work, criticising a kakemono. Metal workers are very fond of making their rats piebald, often for the reason that their so doing makes their task harder. Mice are few in comparison with rats.

The hare figures very frequently in Japanese Art. It was once a sacred animal, and as such worshipped. It lives to a thousand years, and turns white when half that age, though it is not, curiously enough, emblematical of longevity. It has been associated with the full moon for long ages past, partly from a supposed resemblance to an outline marked upon that satellite, and partly because the unselfish hare of Indian legends which threw itself into the fire as food for Buddha, was transferred to the moon.\* I am informed by the Rev. S. Coode Hore (who has collected the folk-lore on the subject) that the legend of the hare in the moon has left its mark in every quarter of the globe. When drawn in conjunction with the moon it is almost always sitting, and surrounded by the scouring rush. It is often to be seen pounding in a mortar the elixir of life; this has probably an Indian origin. The Chinese represent the moon by a rabbit pounding rice in a mortar. The hare is also drawn gambolling over the waves, whereby it is supposed to impregnate itself.

Although the horse is frequently rendered by the Japanese artist he is seldom, if ever, successful with it, as may be seen by the great Hokusai's portrayal of a rampant steed in the legend of the lady who showed her strength by holding it in with her foot (Illustration No. 5). This is the more remarkable, because many artists spend their whole life in

painting nothing else, as pictures of horses form votive offerings at more than one celebrated resort for pilgrims.



No. 2.—Cock on a Drum. From Hokusai's "Ehon Tei-kun Orai."

\* Continued from page 244.

\* See Harley's "Moon Lore," pp. 60—58.

So, too, a frequent feat is to draw a horse in eight strokes, or to compress a herd of a hundred scampering within a



No. 3.—Cormorant Fishing. From Hokusai's "Ehon Tei-kun Orai."

very small compass. The horse is very often associated with a flowering prunus; I have come across as many as three or four such in quite a small collection of sword-guards, but I have not yet learnt the reason for the connection. The hours allocated to him are from 11 A.M. to 1 P.M.

The goat, although one of the cycle, was until recently unknown in Japan, which probably accounts for its being so seldom met with in Art; sheep are also rare, but deer are common, and are kept tame in many of the parks attached to the temples.

The pig, or rather the boar, is a great favourite with netsuké makers, who delight in the story of the artist O-kio, who painted so realistically, that a wild boar which he thought to be asleep and drew as he saw it, was declared by a critic to be dead, which it turned out to have been. The artist Tamétaka was especially notable for his boar netsukés. There evi-

dently is some reason which I have not yet ascertained, for the frequent delineation of such an ugly creature upon delicate articles such as inros.

In no particular does the Japanese betray the Chinese origin of his work more than in his draughtsmanship of monkeys (*saru*). He finds the long-armed breed so very attractive and useful, that he is continually introducing it, although it is not indigenous to the country, where the only species is the red-checked ape. The monkey is a great favourite with artists, and many, notably Sosen, have made the portrayal of its downy coat a speciality, in which they have not been excelled by any other nation on the face of the earth. Its playfulness and grotesqueness were sure to attract the sympathies of the humorous Jap, who has even enlisted it in the service of his (Shinto) religion. Whilst statues are erected in its honour in that rôle, it does not escape the degradation of serving the wandering showman, as recent ivory carvings so often bear witness.

The cock (*niwatori*) is especially attractive to the Japanese eye by reason of his plumage. His connection with the temple drum has been already noted (page 41). The ornament at the end of the drum, in Hokusai's Illustration (No. 2), consisting of three balls with tails, which form a circle, after permeating Japan and being the commonest decoration in the empire, has come to be received even into

English millinery, for the writer saw it recently at Ascot adorning a wonderful dress of white and gold. Called the *tomoyé*, its origin is unknown, but in Buddhism it is held to be significant of the heaping up of myriads of good influences, good luck, long life, etc. It is the second badge of the once-powerful house of Arima, but, besides this, is found on roof-tiles, lanterns (at the *matsuri* or religious illuminations), and on drums at the *Fanabata* festival. Fowls are common in Japan, and the Jap's fondness for young ones and pets is evidenced in his drawing of hens with chickens.

No one who has studied the Art of the country will be surprised to hear that the fox (*kitsuné*) and badger, or racoon-faced dog (*tanuki*), are everywhere abundant. Both are credited with the power of assuming other forms, as we have seen (page 119); the *tanuki* is often drawn sitting on its haunches, drumming on its stomach apparently to the moon, but in reality in the hope of misleading travellers by this delicious sound; it also hides amongst the lotuses with the same intent (see Mr. Gilbertson's netsuké, Illustration No. 1). I have before spoken of the fox (page 119): it is found associated with the chrysanthemum, perhaps because it has a fondness for gardens which it frequents, even to those in the large towns. In our Illustration No. 4 it will be found putting out lanterns in order to eat the candles. The inscription to this engraving states that there is an old legend that foxes used to practise this, and that it is still true. Whilst the *tanuki* metamorphoses itself into inanimate objects, such as articles of furniture, the *kitsuné* prefers to assume the form of lovely females.

There are but few other animals which find a place in Art. Squirrels are frequently met with in conjunction with the vine, but they are not numerous in any part of the country.

The king of birds in Japan is undoubtedly the crane. It is



No. 4.—Foxes extinguishing Chochin (Lanterns).

termed by country folk "my great lord." It is one of the representatives of longevity, and is held in great veneration.



The Japanese evidently delights in the manner in which it lends itself to decoration, by the graceful lines of its body both when flying and at rest, and by its colours, for he drags it into his work on every possible occasion, although the bird is by no means common in Japan. The two kinds which are found there are the white, and the ashen coloured, save for a red crown and black tail feathers and upper neck. The big bronze cranes which we see at so many curio bazaars, degraded by holding an umbrella in their beaks, have been used in gardens in Japan. Silver herons are more common, and are usually to be seen following the labourers amongst the rice; they share with cranes the common appellation by foreigners of "storks," of which there are none in Japan.

The gorgeous plumage of the peacock naturally attracts the artist in every branch, especially in coloured metals. But as it is only two centuries since it was introduced into Japan, it is only found upon modern art. It must not be confounded with the Ho, of which I spoke at page 118.

The pheasant, on the other hand, originally came to us from China and Japan. The beautiful plumage, especially of the male bird, is taken advantage of wherever colour is required, notably in embroideries. So, too, the Muscovy duck, which, with its mate, is typical of conjugal felicity, is an oft-repeated subject.

Wild geese have apparently always been an attraction to the artist; their rapid motion and formal flight have both been most useful to him when he wished to import into his work vigorous action. Novelists and poets have

been similarly attracted, and many stories of the heroic days are connected with it, notably that of Keyowara Takénori, who at the battle of Toriumi guessed the whereabouts of his opponent, Atemo Sadato, by the movements of the wild fowl.

Falconry was a sport which was formerly enjoyed by the upper classes, and many pictures bear witness to this, as do the embroideries, where the bird sits on a perch with a cord round its leg. Falcons (*taka*) and eagles (*washi*) are to be found more frequently on old than new work, but they continue to be objects on which the metal-worker lavishes all his skill. The eagle by Miochin at South Kensington, for which the enormous sum of £1,000 was paid, is an instance of this.

Another bird which is still employed in the service of man is the cormorant, which may often be seen perched on the bows of a boat, whilst the fisherman holds the torch which attracts the fish (see Illustration No. 3).

The sparrow is as much at home in Japan as in England, 1888.

and is not, I believe, an importation, or voted a nuisance, as it is elsewhere. The artist in metal-work delights in introducing its copper-coloured body, and the painter finds it a useful adjunct in imparting life and movement to his simple subject of waving grass or bamboo. We referred in our paper on legends to the story of the tongue-cut sparrow; it also figures in other stories.

Flights of small birds will be frequently seen in seascapes scudding over the surf. These are chidori, small sea-birds, which fly in flocks, and are very numerous (see Illustration No. 7). The expert, M. Kataoka, calls them "snipe," but they have not the snipe's long beak. They utter a plaintive cry, which has for long ages affected the poets.

The thrush is common, but the bird most frequently met with is the nightingale; it is olive-green, mingled with grey, its breast being a greivish-white: it is often depicted flying across the moon.



No. 5.—Kugutsumé Kaneko, the Strong Woman of Kaizu Omi. From Hokusai's "Man-gwa."

Other European birds are the raven, house swallow, red-breast, wren, tomtit, finch, snipe and the quail (very frequently met with and almost always associated with the millet).

The finest work of the great metallists has been lavished upon imitations of lobster and crayfish fac-similed in every joint. One belonging to Mr. E. Gilbertson is so wonderfully flexible, that it feels quite uncanny when laid in the open hand. What an interval separates this production of Miochin's from those of later artificers!

One of the instruments of martial music was a spiral shell of large form, which, being bored at the point, was used as a trumpet. It is often seen in Art, and there is a Japanese proverb apropos of bragging, "He blows the Triton's horn."

I have a sword-guard on which a Jap, partly in fun, but principally from fear, is retreating from an ungainly animal, which I find out to be the giant salamander; it attains to a length of five feet.

The tortoise and the marine turtle are the reptiles which

find the most frequent delineation in Art; but the latter can hardly be called a denizen of the country, and it furnishes little or no tortoiseshell, which is all imported. The tortoise is kept in confinement, either in the temple tanks, or in the gardens. The toads, which, in bronze especially, the artist is so fond of modelling, and frogs, are common, and are the same species as ours. The toad is often seen in company with an eccentric individual called Gamma Sennin (see page 72).



No. 6.—Hare, or Usagi, pounding a Machi, or Rice Cake.

Snakes are common, and attain to a length of five feet; they, too, are favourites with the artists in metal-work. Every Jap is a fisherman. It is his favourite pursuit, and his patience is worthy of the most devoted disciple of the gentle craft. But, in so far as regards the sea, it is amply rewarded, for it teems with various specimens of the finny tribe; in fact, it is said to be more plenteously furnished than any other water on the face of the globe. The *tai*, or bream, is highly thought of: it is the one associated with Ebisu, the god of daily food (see page 72). There are also myriads of mackerel, plaice, flounders, herrings, tunny, and enormous bonitos; and in fresh water, trout, carp, and eels.

There is a curious custom in Japan to send a piece of dried fish with every present. It is supposed to be a memento of the time when the nation were all fishermen, and such humble fare was the rule, and therefore is a suggestion of lowliness. A dried head and shoulders is the commonest representation in Art of this custom.



No. 7.—Chidori. From the "Yanagawa Gwa-jo."

No one acquainted with Japanese Art will be surprised to learn that vast quantities of insects (*mushi*) find a home in

Japan, or that its inhabitants do not dislike them, but rather the contrary. The wealth of beetles and butterflies is enormous; and Rein states that more varieties can be found within a few miles of Tokyo than in the whole of the British Islands. In the autumn especially the air is alive with the chirping of the grasshoppers, etc., and songs a thousand years old testify to the pleasure which the inhabitants derive therefrom.

"Fain would one weep the whole night long  
As weeps the sudu-mushi's\* song,  
Who chants her melancholy lay  
Till night and darkness pass away."

From the *Genji Monogatari*, A.D. 950.

To Europeans the monotonous chanting of the insects becomes wearisome, but apparently the Japanese differ from



No. 8.—Crane. From a Sword-guard in the Gilbertson Collection.

us in their musical tastes, for they sometimes even rave about the croaking of the frog.

In a recent, facetiously written, French work upon Japan, the author harps upon *les cigales*, which "*cela va sans dire, font leur joli bruit sonore*" until one is certainly more distracted with them than the author appears to be.

The quantity of stagnant water in the rice-fields favours the propagation of dragon-flies, which abound in great numbers. They are always being met with in Art, and the empire even is named after them, from its shape bearing some resemblance to that creature.

The praying mantis and the grasshopper are great favourites with artists, the ugly form of the former being even perpetuated in silver models. Grasshoppers and other insects are kept as pets in those delicate little wicker cages which frequently come over to this country.

MARCUS B. HUISE.

\* The sudu-mushi, or bell insect, is one of the most sweetly singing of the tribe; its song resembles a tinkling bell.



## A PLEA FOR SCHOOLS OF ART.



THE Middle Ages, so the story runs, a caricature was published at Vienna. It was a woodcut of an unclothed Englishman, with a pile of garments over one arm and a tailor's shears in the other hand, with a legend or motto below that ran thus:—

"I am an Englishman, and naked here I stand,  
With new-cut garments ready to my hand;  
But wear I this, or that, or yet another,  
I can myself resolve nor to the one nor t'other."

The English are in these days, as in former times, apt to find, or to think they find themselves, unclothed and unprotected in more than one phase of life.

The particular need of the day about which there is no doubt, nor has been for some years, is technical education for all those engaged in manufactures in England; and also technical, or rather commercial, education for those engaged in finding a market for, and distributing those manufactures of our country. With the commercial part of technical education we do not propose at this time to say more than that it evidently requires organizing for the great masses of the population, by means of continuation schools and night classes for imparting information not only before, but after the particular work of each man's or woman's life has been chosen and entered upon; such information to be such as may be rightly termed technical, inasmuch as it aids to observe carefully and reason accurately upon the results of observations.

Technical education of manufacturers is alleged to be necessary because other European nations have improved so vastly in their manufactures, on account of the technical schools that have certainly been established at a very considerable outlay in different parts of Europe.

In the City and Guilds of London Technical Institute we possess machinery for furthering, in a practical manner, the needed instruction in many manufactures. This Institute examines throughout Great Britain and Ireland into the knowledge of technology possessed by the youths engaged in certain manufactures, and gives rewards to the teachers of the local technical classes who prepare the students for the examinations, and prizes in money and medals to the students who excel in these examinations. The Institute works in parallel lines to the Science Classes examined by the South Kensington Department of Education. These Institutions are doing a great work in technical instruction, and the Guilds' Institute also has several centres for the higher teaching of the laboratory and the engineering and electric sciences at Finsbury and elsewhere.

It is in these institutions that we shall find a great means of developing the teaching required for the manufactures of Great Britain and Ireland, but it is in the Art Department of South Kensington that we must look for a large factor in the whole subject. A hundred years ago the invention and taste of England were largely shown in the furniture, carriages,

dress, gold and silver articles, and other luxuries of daily use required by the wealthy classes of our country and its dependencies. But competition arose among our manufacturers, and the introduction of machinery and division of labour, whilst it cheapened the cost of production, lowered the standard of excellence, and taste and beauty of workmanship became the last thing thought of. Fifty years ago beauty in our works and artistic excellence had so vanished, that the first International Exhibition of 1851, which showed us real Art manufactures from the continent of Europe, came upon us with surprise, and we seemed to awaken from a bad dream, to find ourselves, like the Englishman in the caricature of Vienna, naked and ashamed.

The first remedy for the state of our powers of designing in 1851 was to learn how to draw better. The remarkable difference between us and foreigners in design was their talent of sketching their ideas on paper with the pencil or chalk or with the paint-brush in colour. The workmen of France and Italy have for a hundred years designed first and made it clear to their eyes, as well as to their heads, what it was that they wanted to do before they executed it. We work out our ideas by the rule of thumb. But workmen can improve their taste as well as develop their ideas by learning to draw and colour well. The practice of the arts will do this by giving force and direction to the power and artistic taste already within them. Workmen can all admire beautiful objects and begin to possess ideas of what might be done; but it is not until they try to draw and copy and design that they realise how fleeting are their impressions of the elegance of the object admired, and how superficial their knowledge of the proportions and colouring. By actually copying or recording upon paper whatever they admire, they make their impressions definite and lasting; and this process, continually repeated, gradually educates and develops and improves their taste. To this end, practice in freehand, model drawing, perspective and projection, studies from statues, casts of ornament, and studies of living plants, flowers, and animals are all most useful, and schools in which these studies can be pursued are necessities in other countries, and it was considered should be established for the artisan and Art students of design in Great Britain and Ireland.

We founded, therefore, Schools of Art to improve the designing of our manufactures, and Birmingham, Nottingham, Bradford, Stoke-upon-Trent, Sheffield, and London are only a few of the centres of industry that can trace and boast a wonderful change in the great artistic development of beauty in what they now produce. Mr. Swire Smith, who was one of the Royal Commission on Technical Education before mentioned, read a paper on the subject in February last. He said "that although the Science and Art Department had its defects, yet it was marvellous what it had produced in many towns: for instance, in Birmingham twenty-five years ago there were no English designers in that town, and no superior English workmen in any of the great works; that Messrs. Elkington employed twenty-five foreigners, and in many other works they had foreign workmen for all the leading

positions. At the time, however, that the Commissioners visited Birmingham, such had been the influence of the School of Art that English talent had almost superseded foreign designers and workmen. In Nottingham and Keighley and other towns the same healthy and gratifying change had taken place with regard to the growth and development of native artistic talent." In 1878, at the International Exhibition of Paris, English glass and English china products were admitted to be among the best, if not the best of existing artistic works in Europe.

In the earlier days of Schools of Art there gradually gathered to them as centres a large number of elementary scholars who attended many hours per week and were consequently well taught, or at least had the opportunity of being well taught, for they attended six to thirty-six hours per week. But since 1870 a large number of teachers have qualified, and in the board schools and denominational schools, and in classes held by night in these schools, the greater number of scholars receive their elementary education; and England has for the last ten years been led to believe that a vast number of our youth have been receiving a good education in drawing at a very moderate expense. Unhappily the reverse is the truth; in a few only of these children's schools has the teaching been really effective, whilst in the vast majority drawing has only been taught three-quarters of an hour per week on freehand copies, with a result wholly misleading to the student and unsatisfactory to the teacher—the time given to the study of drawing has been much too short per week, whilst the reaction on the Schools of Art, deprived of their elementary scholars, has been disastrous, and most of them are discouraged and no longer flourishing, but languishing and not paying their way. In this disheartening position, another blow has been given to them by the simultaneous reduction in the Government grants throughout England and Ireland, inspired, it is supposed, by a fear that the cost of the Science and Art Department would become too large to put before Parliament. If the manufactures of England are the backbone of the nation, now that agriculture is neglected, a

million a year would be a small annual grant to try and keep up the reputation of its manufactures, and maintain their artistic qualities.

In most Schools of Art a very fair education is given to the student who tries to pass in the second and third grades examinations, after which time they are awarded a free admission to the classes for a year, on condition that they assist in teaching others one or more days per week. This extra supply of teachers might be utilised for the benefit of the local elementary schools, whilst it would help to draw elementary scholars to desire further and higher instruction when they left the elementary schools. Such teachers might introduce more varied examples to the elementary scholars; the present copies and models do not arouse sufficiently the artistic imagination. Girls would like to copy pictures of costumes; boys, soldiers and sailors. Variety of copies would be very desirable, and would willingly be supplied from South Kensington, but there is always the baneful influence of payment by results, and teachers think only of putting before the children copies such as are sent from the Department at examination time, so as to earn grants on the subjects over which so many of the scholars have trifled during the miserable three-quarters of an hour per week for the preceding year.

As to Schools of Art, they have been of more use to England than superficial observers imagine; they should be double in number, be liberally supported by the nation, and made the centres of Art instruction and Art examinations for each locality, and placed more under, and influenced by, county government. Let each locality be gently but firmly urged to arrange for its own technical and Art schools, Art galleries, free libraries and museums, and empowered to raise by rate half the necessary funds for the buildings, and obtain the other half from the Government, who could see that all that was necessary was done by the locality, without prescribing an unelastic cast-iron rule for all parts of Her Majesty's dominion.

G. A. THRUPP.

## 'BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON.'

FROM THE PICTURE BY ARTHUR HACKER.

MR. ARTHUR HACKER has chosen a subject that has inspired no little poetry and painting. If all captives are picturesque, the captive Jews are the types of all captivity.

"We sat beneath the Babylonian river;  
Within the conqueror's bound weeping we sat;  
We hung our harps upon the trees that quiver  
Above the rushing waters desolate.  
A song they claimed—the men our task who meted—  
'A song of Sion sing us, exile band!'  
For song they sued, in pride around us seated:  
How can we sing it in a stranger's land?"

Metrical paraphrases of Scripture are so seldom tolerable that Mr. Aubrey de Vere's verses are exceptionally memorable. It is towards the close of his tragedy, *Alexander the Great*, when death is approaching the young conqueror across the stagnant waters and the wastes of wet land that stand about the lake Pallacopas. Hearing certain barges move to a song unlike the chanting of the slaves of many races, he asks who sings—

"That song's a dirge with notes of anger in it."

And he hears that the singers are the progeny of the few slaves left in Babylon after Cyrus the Persian had loosed the exiles from their bonds, and sent them back to their own country.

Some years ago a young German painter made a sudden reputation by a picture of 'The Waters of Babylon,' preserved in the gallery at Cologne. Unfortunately, having painted this learned and promising work, which seemed to contain what a Spaniard might call the *madre vino* of much that was to come, life and Art closed for him together. Mr. Hacker made his reputation before the production of his picture of the Hebrews among the osiers of the Babylonian lake—a picture which all lovers of serious Art must hope will have many successors; but that reputation is still new. It is also distinctive, if not unique, just now in England, where few have the purpose, power, and self-command necessary for work so grave. The copyright of this picture is reserved.



## SCOTTISH ART IN THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION.

**S**HORTLY after the proposal to hold an International Exhibition in Glasgow had taken definite shape, it was suggested that the Fine Art collection should be one exclusively of pictures painted by Scottish artists, and should illustrate the rise and progress of Art in Scotland. This suggestion had much on the surface to recommend it, and appealed strongly to the national feeling that has a pretty firm hold on Scotsmen in general. It was urged that as at Manchester fifty years of English Art had been dealt with, so at Glasgow there might be a collection that would fitly represent the best Scotland had produced in the way of pictures, giving in this way that definite aim and purpose to the ex-

hibition which a miscellaneous collection can never hope to possess. There were grave reasons, however, against the adoption of this proposal, and fortunately these prevailed with the committee. In the first place, the general exhibition was to be international; it would have been inconsistent to have narrowed the scope of one of its most important sections. Then, again, Scotland has produced many brilliant painters, but it is more than doubtful whether examples of their work could have been obtained in sufficient number to fill, in an attractive and interesting manner, the large galleries at the disposal of the committee. The demands for the Manchester Exhibition, which included, of course, many



*Kelp Burners. From the picture by Joseph Henderson, R.S.W., in the possession of J. G. Orchar, Esq.*

pictures by the most eminent living Scottish artists, had seriously taxed the good-nature of owners, and naturally limited the sources from which contributions could be drawn to represent the most modern Scottish work. The work, again, of many of the Scottish painters of last century, interesting as it is to the student and the artist, would not have appealed to the general public, no matter in what profusion it had been shown. Taking all these considerations into account, the committee resolved to make the exhibition an international one, and yet, at the same time, to endeavour earnestly to secure as thorough a representation as possible of Scottish artists. A glance at the names

in the catalogue will show that they have been successful in their efforts.

Scotsmen have every reason to be proud of the names their country has given to the illustrious roll of great artists. The circumstances in Scotland were not for centuries propitious to the cultivation of the Fine Arts. The kingdom was poor, its people rude, its history almost one continued record of fightings abroad and tumults at home. But in spite of these disadvantages, Scotland is able to boast of a native portrait painter who appeared in an age when even England had to depend for pictures altogether upon foreign talent, and whose works yet command for their natural style and good colour

the respect of connoisseurs and artists. George Jamesone, the Scottish Vandyck as he is often called, has already received extended notice (July, 1884) in these pages. Of this early Scottish master the Glasgow Exhibition contains one example, a portrait of himself, showing a grave, serious-looking man, one evidently not untouched by the influences that were then abroad. This most interesting portrait is the property of Major John Ross. We cannot pretend to give here any chronological history of Scottish Art; we can only point out here and there how its development is illustrated by the pictures now at Glasgow. Jamesone has had many able successors in the branch of Art which he practised. In portrait painting Scotsmen have excelled; the strongly-marked features of the people, like the rugged mountains of the country, have in their picturesque and varied lines that appeal to a painter's heart, and give his hand fine scope and exercise. For example, what a gallery of vigorous and striking canvases Sir Henry Raeburn has left us! He lived in the golden days

Scottish ladies had a wonderful amount of character in their faces. 'H. Houldsworth, Esq.' (James Houldsworth, Esq.) is a strong portrait by Sir J. Watson Gordon, P.R.S.A. The art of J. Graham Gilbert is too frequently too pretty to be in any way great, but he can be graceful enough with his portraits of women. 'Miss Oswald, of Scotstoun,' is an exceedingly good example. The work of Sir Daniel Macnee, P.R.S.A., is better known north of the Tweed than in England. He was one of the most popular portrait-painters that Scotland has ever produced, and his popularity was due to his genial manner and his story-telling gift almost as much as to his artistic powers; yet these were of no mean order. He could render character with much insight, and his execution and colour, while not of a distinctly great order, demonstrate in his best canvases that he possessed good judgment combined with facility and technical skill. He was much sought after to immortalize the features of the men and women who formed the aristocracy of the Glasgow of his day. In one of his

four pictures at Glasgow, Macnee excels himself. In 'Charles Mackay,' the comedian, as Bailie Nicol Jarvie (belonging to Mrs. E. Glover), he gives us a portrait that holds rank with the best works of British portrait-painters. The flesh tints, the pose, the expression, are admirably rendered. It will be remembered that Sir Walter himself was an ardent admirer of this impersonation of his own creation, and that he ended the famous speech at the Edinburgh Theatrical Banquet, in which he acknowledged the authorship of the Waverley Novels, by proposing a bumper to the health of the actor.

We have three portraits by Sir David Wilkie, one of himself (Robert Rankin,



Wigtonshire Coast. From the drawing by F. Powell, P.R.S.W., in the possession of B. B. Macgeorge, Esq.

of Edinburgh, when Scottish nationality, softened it might be by the influence of growing refinement and wider culture, still preserved in manner, face, and speech, much of its old raciness and strength. It was not then thought "genteel" to be able so to look and talk as to be mistaken for an Englishman. These were the glorious days of Sir Walter Scott and his contemporaries, the most brilliant days for matters intellectual that Edinburgh has ever seen. She was "the Modern Athens" then; and now—well, every age has its own virtues, we suppose! Raeburn lived among strong men and kindly-hearted women, and he painted their portraits with sympathy and manly vigour. There are at Glasgow seven examples of this artist, of which one of the best is the portrait of 'John Douglas, Seventh Duke of Argyll.' Raeburn as a rule excelled in the portraits of men, but his 'Girl sketching' (George Holt, Esq.) is graceful and tender. Much praise must be given also to his portrait of an old lady, belonging to Colonel Robertson Reid. Some of those old

Esq.), 'Sir Walter Scott' (Sir Donald Currie, K.C.M.G.), and 'George IV.' (Her Majesty the Queen). His own portrait is a delightful bit of work, full of character and delicate painting. Similar praise may be given to 'Sir Walter Scott,' with a fine light in his eyes, and yet the "homeliest featured of the demigods—Apollo with a broad Northumbrian burr." As for 'George IV.,' all we need say is that we should like to know what the artist thought of it himself. It is "fearful and wonderful;" "the first gentleman of Europe" in a kilt looks decidedly neither pretty nor engaging.

Of George Paul Chalmers, R.S.A., whose untimely death deprived us of the full fruition of his genius, and who promised to become one of Scotland's greatest painters, we have several examples. His portrait of 'J. C. Bell, Esq.,' is masterly in its broad, effective style. 'Running Water' (E. Priestman, Esq.), by the same artist, is one of his most important landscapes. It is a grand rendering of a tumbling, rushing river, faithfully painted from nature, and yet with all



the poetry thrown into it of a fine imaginative genius. It contains the promise, too, of much higher achievement that might have been reached had not "the blind fury" intervened.

The work of the Rev. John Thomson, of Duddingston, practically unknown in England, possesses qualities that show he was in spirit one with Rousseau and Courbet. He had a fine feeling for nature, and evidently an anxious wish—not always realised—to escape from the trammels of the conventionalism that in his day clogged the aspiration of the landscape painter. His 'Glenluce Castle' (D. MacRitchie, Esq.) should be appreciated by all who have a kind side for Courbet. The painter-minister was in advance of his times. One of his legitimate Art descendants is Horatio McCulloch, R.S.A., who was stronger in his sympathy with the poetical aspects of nature than in his technical ability. Let us be grateful to him for what he has done. If he was conventional and mannered in his methods of expression, he at least appreciated the grandeur of the Scottish mountains and the wild beauty of the Highland glens. His genius in painting was akin to that of Scott in literature. Just now the undisguised and desperate effort to be free from what is called conventionalism, is to the full as tiresome and as unreal as the conventionalism against which it is a studied protest. In every reformation it is only the first movements of rebellion that are altogether spontaneous and natural. The examples at Glasgow of Horatio McCulloch are all very characteristic; we must content ourselves just now with calling attention to his 'Kilchurn Castle' (Lady Macnee).

Sam Bough, although a born Englishman, takes rank always as a Scottish painter, for it was in Scotland that he for the most part lived and laboured. We have numerous examples of his work at Glasgow, and these will tend to confirm the opinion that good judges have often expressed, that his water colours will live when his oil pictures have been forgotten. His water colour, 'View from Cambuslang' (A. G. Macdonald, Esq.), delicate and tender, 'Kirkwall Fair' (Wm. McTaggart, Esq.), and 'Stye Head Pass' (J. J. Weinberg, Esq.), may be quoted in support of this view. Bough had always a fine idea of composition—his scene painting experience may have helped him here—and a quick eye for a good sky and a breezy effect. In this he followed Cox. The Glasgow Exhibition is unfortunate in not possess-

ing a really first-rate example of Bough's oil work. 'The Vale of St. John' (Mrs. Smietson), the best that is exhibited, is striking in general effect, but raw in colour. James Reid, Esq., lends two very nice little landscapes by Patrick Nasmyth. No. 360 is especially good.

'Among the Surrey Hills' (Joseph Agnew, Esq.) is one of the best pictures Alex. Fraser, R.S.A., has painted. Its beautiful composition, its rich tone, and its general quality, entitle it to high praise. 'A Fisherman's Home' (James Muir, Esq.) is another example of Fraser's good colour. J. Milne Donald is an artist whose reputation is much too local for his merits. He had a fine feeling for nature and a most unaffected manner of working. His 'Highland Shieling' (David Thomson, Esq.) is admirable in tone. James Docharty, A.R.S.A., a west of Scotland landscape-painter,



*Effie Deans in Prison. From the picture by Robert Herdman in the possession of Alexander Kay, Esq.*

who died in 1878, was a faithful student of nature, and although he had not much subtlety of expression, produced very effective pictures. His 'Gaffing the Salmon' (Mrs. Whitelaw) ranks among his important works. Peter Graham's 'Wandering Shadows' (Robert Orr, Esq.) is a wonderfully realistic rendering of light and shade on a rugged mountain side. Mr. Graham has never painted a better picture than this, with the exception perhaps of his famous 'Spate.'

Coming down to the living Glasgow landscape-painters, we may mention as among those who have made their mark, Joseph Henderson, A. K. Brown, and James A. Aitken. Of Mr. Henderson's 'Kelp Burners' (J. G. Orchar, Esq.) we give an engraving. This artist has of late years made the sea a speciality, and he paints it with vigour and truth. His pictures smell not at all "of the lamp;" they are filled with fine open-air feeling and breezy freshness. In A. K.

Brown's pictures there are always much quiet poetry and sincere work. His 'Clyde below Bowling' (Peter Denny, Esq.) has an admirable sky and foreground. J. A. Aitken finds his most congenial subjects among the Highland hills. 'The Sanctuary in the Deer Forest' (Colonel Hargreaves) is a broad, effective representation of mountain scenery.

Than Robert Scott Lauder, R.S.A., no artist ought to be held in greater respect in Scotland. He did good work himself, and he was the means of inspiring others to do still better. As teacher in the schools of the Royal Scottish Academy he exerted by his enthusiasm, his earnestness, and his knowledge, a most beneficial influence at a time when interest in Art matters in Scotland was at its deadest. To what he did we owe such men as Orchardson, Pettie, Peter Graham, MacTaggart, and many others who are now famous in both London and Edinburgh. Lauder's best picture, 'Christ teaching Humility,' is in the Scottish National Gallery, but in the Glasgow Exhibition there is a small replica of it, belonging to Wm. Johnston, Esq. Another of Lauder's well-known pictures is in Glasgow, 'The Bride of Lammermuir' (Earl of Ellesmere). His colour is sweet, but there is a little formalism in all his figures.

Thos. Duncan is an historical painter who deserves to be kept in remembrance. His 'Entry of Prince Charlie into Edinburgh' (Sir Robert Jardine), well known from the engraving, possesses all the interest that attaches to picturesque composition and a fine sense of stir and excitement. It is not in fashion, in Scotland at least, to paint such pictures nowadays, and there are artists among us who sit in the seat of the scorners when composition is mentioned. Of Sir David Wilkie's subject pictures there are some good examples at Glasgow, notably 'The Rabbit on the Wall' (Lord Armstrong), 'Original Sketch for the Penny Wedding' (Sir Donald Currie), and 'Washington Irving in the Convent of La Rabida' (W. H. Matthews, Esq.). Sir George Harvey, P.R.S.A., is well represented by 'Study of a Group of Boys for Picture of Village School Examination' (C. Halkerston, Esq.), a charming little work, and 'The Drove Road' (T. Graham Young, Esq.). Robert Herdman's 'Effie Deans in Prison' (Alexander Kay, Esq.) is one of this artist's best pictures. The colour is very fine and the arrangement most effective.

Of Thomas Faed's domestic scenes, which are always popular from the story they tell and the feeling that imbues them, we have two good examples at Glasgow, 'When the day is done' (James Houldsworth, Esq.) and 'A wee bit fractious' (Mrs. Baird). His 'Sir Walter Scott and his Friends' (A. Dennistoun, Esq.) is very interesting from the portraits it contains. Round Sir Walter are grouped such men as Hogg, Mackenzie, Christopher North, Wordsworth, Jeffrey, Campbell, Wilkie, Davy, etc. Of several able living Scottish artists who, like Wilkie and Faed, have sought inspiration in scenes of domestic life, we have numerous examples. Among them are John Burr, Alex. Burr, Hugh Cameron, and Tom MacEwan. MacEwan is rapidly taking a good position. Among other Glasgow artists whose work both in oil and water deserves commendation are Wm. Young, D. Mackellar, J. D. Taylor, Tom Hunt, A. S. Boyd, Wm. Carlaw, James Henderson, and W. M. Henderson. George Pirie is proving himself an admirable animal-painter.

The Scotsmen who have gone south to London and taken

the walls of the Royal Academy by storm are for the most part well represented. They include Orchardson, Pettie, Macbeth, and Murray, whose 'Last Leaves' (G. W. Parker, Esq.) is very tender in colour.

There is in Scotland, and notably in Glasgow, a band of young painters who have broken from the traditions of the past and boldly struck into the road that is marked with the footprints of Bastien Le Page. Among these men are some of the ablest artists we have in Scotland. Their future lies all before them: several of them will, without doubt, do great things, and they will be all the more certain to succeed if they bear in mind the lessons that all the past of Art can teach. Wisdom did not begin with Le Page; no, nor even with Velasquez. Freedom from conventionalism is in an artist an excellent thing; but protests against conventionalism are apt in their turn to become conventional. For their earnestness, their devotion to Art for Art's sake, their lack of respect for what is merely respectable and popular in Art, these painters deserve the highest praise, and we feel sure that as the years roll on that bring the philosophic mind and lead to changed outlooks, the result will be good for Art in Scotland. Perhaps the ablest of "the new school," as it is sometimes very absurdly called, who have already attracted attention, are James Guthrie, John Lavery, E. A. Walton, James Paterson, George Henry, and A. Roche.

Of late years the practice of water-colour painting north of the Tweed has made decided progress. It may be that the success of Sam Bough in this medium induced other artists to follow his example. There can be no doubt, however, that much of the advance that has been lately made in Scotland in this beautiful branch of Art, and much of the increased interest taken in it by the public, are due to the exertions of the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water Colour. This society was founded in 1878, and holds autumn exhibitions annually in the galleries of the Glasgow Institute. The president, Francis Powell, R.W.S., has been indefatigable in his attention to the interests of the society, and the result is highly gratifying. Of one of Francis Powell's drawings, we give a reproduction—'The Wigtonshire Coast' (B. B. MacGeorge, Esq.). Mr. Powell is a member of and a well-known contributor to the Old Society in London. An experienced yachtsman, he has a practical knowledge of the sea and wave forms, and he renders these with great truthfulness. He has a quick eye for grace and beauty, and all his work is careful and thoughtful. The vice-president of the society, Wm. MacTaggart, R.S.A., is also an accomplished water-colour painter. His style is free and broad, and his sea and boats and sky are full of motion. His 'Fresh Breeze' (James Muir, Esq.) is a capital bit of sea painting. Of the late George Manson, who died in 1876—too early for his fame—we have twelve examples, and the committee did well to bring these together. Another Scottish water-colour painter who deserves honourable mention for good qualities, differing altogether, however, from those of Manson, is W. L. Leitch, of whom sixteen examples are given. 'Carlyle's Funeral,' by R. W. Allan, and Alfred East's 'New Neighbourhood' (W. Spindler, Esq.) are both excellent drawings. We must also speak in high terms of E. A. Walton's 'Pastoral' (James Gardiner, Esq.). This is the work of a man who has in him that spirit and sympathy—so difficult to define in exact words—that are essential elements in the temperament of all who are entitled to bear the noble name of artist.





## OLD ENGLAND'S BOSTON.

THE first impression of a visitor walking this old borough's streets is "that it is played out." All the way down the river, which intersects and is the true thoroughfare of the town, there is a fringe of great barn-like structures—picturesque warehouses, such as are never put up nowadays—standing for the most part empty and desolate; the quays are silent and moss-grown, and the bulk of the population seem more inclined to lean on balustrades and gaze into the water than struggle and strive against what seems the inevitable languor of the place. When, however, more is known, this view will certainly be modified, and it will be found that the sturdy, energetic character of Boston's past is not entirely dead, although it may be somewhat sleepy.

Boston is dominated by its church, big enough to be a cathedral; it towers above everything else; the few factory chimneys put up in no sort of way interfere with its precedence, for they stop where the tower begins. Irreverent spirits may say that it is the cause of the sleepy shadow under which the town rests; certain it is that the air of the place is very like that of some dead-alive minster city, where the want of life and growth may be traced to the omnipotent presence of the "parsons," who are, as George Eliot sapiently says, "too high learnt to have much common sense."

In looking out for the picturesque, the grand old tower was *the* subject of the place, but I was hardly prepared to find, as I did later on, that it is



*Views in and round Boston.*

practically impossible to get any view of the place at all without getting the inevitable tower; and at last this weighed upon me till I felt quite overburdened by it. "Boston Stump," "Boston Stump," "Boston Stump," wherever I looked, till it became like those dreadful pyramids one always sees in pictures of the desert, and with which one became nauseated long before one left the nursery, from seeing them so often on the covers of the missionary magazines. To take the language of the serious guide-books, Boston is a seaport, a municipal and market town, and is situated in the middle of a large tract of agricultural country. Formerly—such is the whirligig of time—it ranked close to London itself in importance as a mercantile port, and in 1204 paid a tax of £780, whilst the metropolis paid but £56 more, namely, £836; and we are told that later on, in the fourteenth century, the customs actually exceeded those from the port of London. "How are the mighty fallen!" for now, if a single ship comes in, the local papers are in a flutter of excitement, and with the majority of mariners Boston is almost unknown as a port. To give all the ancient history of this town would take far more space than is at my disposal; suffice it to say it has a history which dates back to Roman days, and it is surmised that it occupies the site of some old fort. A monastery built by good St. Botolph in 870, was destroyed by the Danes, and in each century onwards there are records that show it must have been esteemed of some importance. The market-place is very large, and indeed claims to be the second largest in the country, Nottingham, we believe, taking premier honours.

On one side of the market-place, against the river Witham, stands Boston's church of St. Botolph. Its huge tower—familiarily known as Boston Stump, and which is visible far out at sea—is the first thing one is compelled to notice. Tradition says "the foundations of Boston steeple were laid

upon woolsacks;" and this is figuratively correct, for it may be doubted whether these foundations would ever have been laid had it not been for the woolsacks that then contributed so largely to the prosperity of the town;\* for at the time referred to merchants from the Continent came, and made their fortunes here, and then as freely gave away to the church an honest tenth. But although figuratively laid on woolsacks, it is literally planted on rock. Deep down the foundations go—far below the bed of the river alongside—until a bed of rock is found; rock that at some distant date must have been the bed of a great glacier, for scored all over its surface are those tell-tale incised lines that speak so clearly of the action of ice. It would be well if all the buildings in Boston had as firm foundations, for on my last visit I found that some picturesque riverside buildings that had been the foreground of one of my sketches were in a condition of melancholy collapse, cracking, slipping, and subsiding into the great bank of mud which fringes the river.

The tower was laid in 1309, and Stukeley gives an exact account of the proceedings on that occasion:—"Anno 1309, in the 3<sup>d</sup> year of King Edward ye 2<sup>d</sup> the foundation of Boston steeple, on the next Monday after Palm Sunday in that year, was begun to be digged by many miners, and so continued till Midsummer following, at which time they were deeper than the haven by 5 feet, and they found a bed of stone upon a spring of sand, and that laid upon a bed of clay, the thickness of which could not be known. Then upon the Monday next after the feast of St. John Baptist was laid the first stone by Dame Margery Filvey, and thereon shee laid five pound sterling; Sr. John Truesdale, then parson of Boston, gave also 5*l.*; and Richard Stephenson, a merchant of Boston, 5*l.* more. These were all ye great gifts at that time." Positive record shows that it was long in building, and it seems certain that it was at least two hundred years before



*The old Church House.*

it was completed. Begun in one style, so slow was its growth that before half its height was reached another style had become general, and so the architects adopted the newer; and yet once again before it was completed another change

is engrafted. This is, of course, what is usually found in all our largest ecclesiastical buildings; still a good number were

\* Thomson's "History of Boston."



built in a shorter time than this was, and did not straggle into ten different sovereigns' reigns as they say this did.



The local guide claims that "St. Botolph is the most magnificent parochial edifice in the kingdom. Its actual measurements exceed those of most other parish churches. Grantham, Coventry, Bristol, Newark, Louth, etc., are far surpassed by the splendid proportions and gigantic dimensions" of Boston's church. "Its nave is of greater width, and its tower of more glorious architecture, than is to be found in any of the English cathedrals." This is a little strong, but every mother fancies its particular baby to be the prettiest in the world, and every guide-book its own possessions the finest in the universe. The height of the tower and lantern is 300 feet, and the size of the whole church is such that, in spite of the exceptional character of the steeple, the whole building seems proportionate: its length is 282 feet, width 99 feet. Considering everything, however, the church cannot be said to be as interesting as one would have thought it to be; the interior is simple, and has hardly anything to detain the visitor's attention. Some of the carvings of the small shelving stools or seats in the stalls, which are visible when the seat is turned up, are very quaint, and good in showing what an amount of interest and story can be got out of a small amount of rightly directed labour. To myself, however, the most interesting thing of all was that part of the building restored by the subscriptions of dwellers in the larger Boston across the water. Very pleasant it was to see the decent tidiness and neat fittings procured by these modern Bostonians in



*Boston Church from the Town.*

memory of good John Cotton, who being the first pastor of

the new Massachusetts settlement in 1630, was so beloved that the town was christened as it grew, Boston, after the old Lincolnshire town he had left behind, and where we are told he had for "more than twenty years enumerated what he conscientiously believed to be the holy truths of Christianity."

And on leaving the church and walking about this little quiet market town it is impossible but to be continually thinking of its great grandchild, "the hub of the universe," as her citizens love to call her. John Cotton, the Lincolnshire clergyman, who for so many years paced this pavement, is certainly Boston's most notable product, although the truth must be told that he was not, in the true sense of the word, a Boston man, for he was born at Derby and was educated there. Still he did live the bulk of his English life in Lincolnshire's Boston, and the town rightly claims him. Many years, however, before John Cotton was, John Fox was born in Boston in 1517, who, by his great work, the "History of the Martyrs," made a name which will never die. Many others there are connected in some way or another with this old town, but none of world-renowned celebrity. Indeed, it is I think certain that the whole fen district, of which Boston is a sort of centre, produces most excellent work-a-day sort of people, not the kind, as the world says, to set the Thames on fire, but still very praiseworthy in whatsoever line of life they walk. There is a characteristic of these people that is so clearly marked that it must strike all who come to mix much with them, which is hard to exactly label; it is independence, but it is not the independence of Yorkshire stamp; it is originality and vigour of mind, and yet not anything like the same quality which is so called in Lancashire or Nottingham, for it is, if I may so say, crossed with rural simplicity, which may lessen, but certainly improves its sweetness. I have read that one explanation of this peculiar character is, that in no parts of England do you get such large areas of land so sparsely inhabited by local gentlefolks and titled aristocrats, and that this causes the common people anyhow to grow up naturally unfettered by the example of those above them; certain it is, that without the semi-rudeness of the various shires and ridings, you are yet met by a distinct assertion of the general equality of manhood. These great fen districts are some of them without a single house larger than a day-labourer's cottage. In Scotland you get large areas sparsely inhabited, but there you will always find that there is the remnant of the old clan feeling, and a great looking up to and worshipping of some laird, or the local magnate who has the shooting. But in the fens there are none of these to look up to, the whole land is growing corn or cattle, or else is still a useless morass. There is no reason for the rich and luxurious to live there. It is not immediately attractive, no towns noted for their fashionable gatherings, no watering places or spas are there, all is given up to general utility; and this it is which has caused a growth of men who, though they may not be of the first magnitude, yet still show an amount of steady independence, persistent industry, and quiet virtue which is hard to overpraise. They are not showy men, and but few of their number ever rise to be of the elect of the earth; yet there is many a man there who so lives and rules his house that I believe he might well rule a kingdom; and let those scoff who will, it should be remembered that the firmest ruler England ever had was a fen man, plain Oliver Cromwell by name.

One custom, and that a bad one, the people of this town have (this is not peculiar, however, to Boston, but common

to all fen villages and towns) is that of laudanum-taking. This they get in small amounts from the chemists, and it is quite a common thing to see in the morning children come in to the shop and just put down on the counter three half-pence. No need to say what for, the shopman knows, gives them the little packet and away they go. Perhaps they come with clock-work regularity every day, or if the habit is less deeply rooted, they may take it but once or twice a week. Some time ago, when in quite a different part of the fen country, I went into the subject and tried to discover how far the habit was growing or decreasing. If one were to take only the opinion of the chemists themselves, one might be led to believe that the practice did not now exist—so keenly do most endeavour to hide the matter—but I obtained distinct evidence the other way, and have, as I have said, seen with my eyes that the custom is far from given up. It, however, is equally probably true that it is not increasing, but rather declining. The damp climate is an excuse, which, when fully understood, is a fairly good one; but what would be a far better remedy, and one which would want no excusing, is quinine, and it is gradually getting known and taken. Up till the last year or two, its expense has been much against its chance of being used by the poor. But now that it has become so much cheaper, one hopes it will be accepted as what it is, the true friend of those who suffer from damp and fever, and abolish this depraving drug, laudanum.

We show in our picture of the church house, an old building that, in former years, did in simple, homely, kindly fashion the work which nowadays is done by our modern ugly work-houses. "Before the Reformation there were no poor's-rates, the charitable doles given at religious houses, church ales [O ye teetotalers], etc., etc., in every parish, supplied their place. There was a church house in every parish, to which belonged spits, pots, etc., etc., and every necessary article for cooking provisions. Here the housekeepers met, were merry, and gave away their charity. The young people came there too, and had dancing, bowling, and shooting at butts, etc., etc.; so here, at stated times, came the poor and needy to receive an apportionment of what had been given in money, or a division of the doles of bread, meat, ale, etc., which had been left for distribution." What a picture this, and a pleasant one, of what now is a task so gruesome and debasing, that every one who has seen much of it loathes to think about it!

The present townspeople are singularly political, and so great is their partisanship that it is feared in their zeal they are not always wise; for instance, certain dock works, which had been carried on with great vigour by one of their mayors, was approaching completion, when a general election commenced. At once a devoted band of brothers, who had, till then, been working hard for the welfare of their borough, became a cantankerous crew. The mayor got ousted from office, and all public work was at a standstill, and so continued for some years, till at last their common-sense got the better of them, and the new dock, of which Boston hopes much and is very properly proud, was as the result opened. There are some large mills here for making oil-cake, and the last time I was at the dock there had come in a full-rigged ship of 2,400 tons burthen—the largest ship that had ever entered the port—with a cargo of 14,000 quarters of linseed for the cake mills. A fishing trade has always existed here



from very earliest days—at times it has risen to some importance, but again has sunk. This has been very much owing to the altering of the navigable channel, which has also more or less affected the whole prosperity of this place as a port. At the present time there is some hope that its prosperity is again rising, and indeed the most competent authorities look with more hope on the future of this picturesque old-time town than they have for some years past. The dock is

situated on the south-eastern side of the town, and can be approached by the picturesque old walk shown at the top of one of our illustrations. The old windmill, which is shown lower down the same page, has, we regret to say, been destroyed; but there are still endless bits about the town which are well worth the artist's pencil, and the neighbourhood contains, amongst other charms, far-famed Crowland Abbey.

CHARLES WHYMPER.



*Crowland Abbey.*

## THE FÜRSTENBERG GALLERY OF PICTURES AT DONAUESCHINGEN.

THE little town of Donaueschingen, on the south-eastern borders of the Black Forest, lies somewhat out of the ordinary track of travellers who every summer frequent the romantic regions not far from which it is situated. It must be owned, indeed, that its position on an exposed plain, at an altitude of some 2,264 feet above the level of the sea, is not peculiarly picturesque. But it possesses nevertheless attractions of a substantial kind, which are well deserving of recognition. Besides the picture gallery, of which it will be the main purpose of this paper to treat, it can boast of a very fine library, consisting of 80,000 volumes and about 1,000 manuscripts. The latter include the best manuscript of the *Nibelungenlied* after those of Munich and St. Gallen, besides others of early German origin; here, too, may be seen a goodly collection of coins and engravings. In another building near the picture gallery there is an armoury, containing a well-arranged, but not very extensive, assortment of ancient and modern weapons and implements of the chase.

Hard by are the palace and park of the Princes of Fürstenberg. To the former, a plain substantial building, the public are not admitted, but they are generously allowed free access to the beautiful park, where they can range at will through shady well-kept walks and pleasant avenues of stately trees.

Between the palace and the church, whose quaint twin towers are a conspicuous feature of the place, is a round, walled-in basin, destined to receive a spring of clear sparkling water. The basin is surrounded by a handsome balustrade, and is adorned with a fine allegorical marble group by Reich, representing a female figure and a youth pouring water from vessels which they hold in their hands. This is the real, or supposed, "Source of the Danube," or Donau, whence the

1888.

name Donaueschingen. The water of the spring is conducted by a subterranean channel to the Brigach, which flows through the town at about 100 feet distance.

Whether this limpid fountain, or the Brigach and its sister stream the Brege, which have their origin higher up in the Black Forest, are to be considered as the true and proper source of the mighty river, is a question which has long been hotly debated by the learned.

"Brigach und Brege bringen die Donau zu weg" ("Brigach and Brege start the Danube on its way"), says the popular doggerel couplet. The opponents of this theory, however, assert that, as the two streams above mentioned occasionally dry up, which the spring in the Fürstenberg Park never does, the latter must be the true source of the great river.

It is quite out of our power to contribute anything towards a solution of this impenetrable mystery, so, leaving the matter in the hands of the cosmographers, we proceed on our way to an eminence behind the church, where stands the Karlsbau, another plain, substantial building, containing the Art and other collections, the inspection of which is the principal object of our present visit.

Compared with the great collections of Germany and other countries of Europe, the Fürstenberg gallery of paintings at Donaueschingen can only pretend to claim a modest rank. It contains no great work by any of the masters who are usually looked upon as possessing pre-eminent merits. As a natural consequence, its existence is not even so much as suspected by the great majority of tourists who every summer hurry, guide-book in hand, along the principal thoroughfares of the Continent. Nevertheless this gallery, small and unassuming though it be, is well deserving the attention of the

genuine lover of Art and its history. For here may be seen an extremely interesting assemblage of works by early German masters, among which not a few possess merits of no ordinary kind, besides claiming on other grounds the attention of the Art student.

The principal treasures of this little collection are a series of twelve scenes from 'The Passion' by Hans Holbein the Elder, and a number of pictures of that rare master, Barthel, or Bartholomäus, Beham, paintings by whom are seldom met with even in Germany, and not at all elsewhere.

The engravings by this latter artist, as well as those by his elder brother, Hans Sebald Beham, are of course well known to connoisseurs. Among the pupils or followers of Dürer, named from the smallness of their plates the "Little Masters," these two brothers occupy the most prominent position. The piquancy and daintiness of their brilliant little prints are a delight to all with any taste for Art. But with their efforts in this direction we are not now concerned. Indeed, with Hans Sebald Beham we are, properly speaking, not concerned at all, there being no work by his hand at Donaueschingen.

It is at Donaueschingen, however, that we can best learn to appreciate the powers of the younger brother, Barthel, as a painter. Examples by his hand exist also at Augsburg, Berlin, Karlsruhe, Nürnberg, Munich, and elsewhere. Two pictures in the old Pinacothek at Munich are attributed to him. One of these, 'The Death of Curtius,' is of very doubtful attribution. It is much harder in the handling, and altogether more sharply defined in the outlines than is the case in his acknowledged works, and can hardly be by his hand.\* The other work in the Munich Gallery, representing the resuscitation of a dead woman by means of the Cross discovered by the Empress Helena, is quite different in character, and displays a much freer treatment and more agreeable colouring. It bears, moreover, the dated signature, "1530, BARTHOLOME BEHAM," and is the only picture of the artist which is so distinguished. Mr. Wornum pronounces it to be "one of the most remarkable productions of the early German Masters" ("Epochs of Painting"). And so no doubt it is; but unfortunately its present position in the first room in the old Pinacothek is rather too high to enable a just appreciation of its merits to be easily obtained.

Although so excellent an artist, some of the paintings produced by Barthel Beham must be admitted to be mere journeyman's work, which he turned out with the aid of his pupils; but as such it is bold, easy, and decorative. Pictures of this class were styled by Dürer "gemeine Gemäl," a whole heap of which could be manufactured in the same time that it would take to produce a really good work carefully executed throughout.

The works ascribed to him at Donaueschingen, however, must be almost entirely exempted from this category. The greater portion of them display the artist's powers at their very best. They consist of altar-pieces, or portions of altar-pieces, which formerly belonged to a Count von Zimmern, whose possessions lay in the romantic neighbourhood of the Lake of Constance.

It was in or about the year 1535 that Barthel Beham was brought into contact with Count Gottfried Werner von Zimmern, who employed him to paint pictures for his residences, and for the churches and chapels dependent upon them. Pictures of this class were rarely painted in Germany

\* "Wahrscheinlich von einem Schüler oder Nachahmer Behams," says the Catalogue (1884).

at that particular period. The influences of the Reformation had produced so powerful an effect on the minds of the people that works of Art were in many districts refused admission into the churches, while in others the display of such works was at all events restricted. Pictorial art as applied to religious subjects was thus forced to find a new field for its operations, and the illustration of books, a taste for which had been engendered by the recently invented art of printing, had now for some time begun to occupy the energies of artists. But in the region to the north of the Lake of Constance, where the home of the Zimmern family was located, these influences had not operated to the same extent as elsewhere in Germany. The doctrines of the Reformers had not been accepted by the people, who accordingly clung with pertinacity to the old faith. The abuses then prevalent in the Church may have given rise to occasional murmurs and complaints, but the new religion found no footing in the district, and an open field for religious art was thus still preserved there. Had it been otherwise the works of Barthel Beham, which we may now study at Donaueschingen, would never have come into existence.

What strikes the visitor first with regard to these pictures is their excellent preservation. The colours are to all appearance as fresh and as bright as the day they were laid on. The execution and drawing are in general excellent. It is only in the difficult task of painting the human hand that the artist seems occasionally to falter. Two decided influences are distinctly traceable in his work. First, the influence of the Renaissance movement, which shows itself in the roundness and completeness of the figures, in the cast of the drapery, as well as in the general character of the accessories. Secondly, the influence of the painter's great master, or model, Dürer. This appears not only in the precision with which the hair is treated, but also in the manly and expressive character of many of the heads.

These characteristics of the painter are seen at their best in the small altar-piece in this gallery, comprising a series of pictures (Nos. 76-80) belonging to the year 1536—the latest and best period of the master's work. The middle picture of this series, of which an illustration is given, represents the Virgin surrounded by a golden glory, with her feet on the crescent moon, having the child in her arms. Two little angels are holding the crown over her head. All around her appear in a circle a number of saintly personages in attitudes of adoration, who show themselves in half figures through the clouds. We see SS. Ursula, Magdalene, Ottilia, St. John the Baptist, SS. Sebastian, Rochus, Erasmus, St. Martin of Tours with the beggar, St. Christopher with the Infant Christ on his shoulder, St. George (a portrait of Count Werner von Zimmern), St. Andrew, St. Anna, with Mary and the Child, SS. Catherine and Barbara. Beneath the feet of the Virgin may be seen numerous heads of angels or cherubim peering through the clouds.

This is without doubt a charming work. The figures are true to nature, and full of distinction. The drapery falls in easy natural folds, while the colouring throughout is bright, clear, and harmonious. The blue garment of the Virgin is a marvel of brilliancy and careful execution.

The side pictures to this central composition are also highly interesting. Considerable dramatic power is shown in many of the scenes, notably in that of the parting of Christ from his Mother (No. 79), and the landscape backgrounds and architectural accessories are full of merit.



Opposite to these works hangs another group (Nos. 73-75) belonging to an altar-piece, of which the central picture, an Adoration of the Magi, is still in the church at Messkirch. The same excellences appear in these pictures as in those above described, although perhaps not in quite so high a degree. The colouring is again brilliant and rich, especially in the garments, and the heads are full of character. The figure of a beggar in a kneeling attitude clutching the cloak of St. Martin, who looks down upon him with an expression of pity, is especially noteworthy.

The other pictures here by Barthel Beham are an altar-piece (Nos. 81-85), 'St. Anne, with other Saints'; 'Christ on the Cross' (No. 86); and four fragments of an altar-piece (Nos. 87-90),

which are held to be genuine, but are of less merit than the foregoing.

In contemplating these works we must bear in mind that, although painted by the order of a Catholic patron, their author did not himself profess the ancient faith. Quite otherwise indeed, for so deeply had his soul been moved by the turmoil of ideas which the Reformation had brought into play throughout the greater part of northern Europe, that like many other fervent spirits at the time, he went much farther away from Catholicism than had ever been intended by Luther. In fact, so far did his rationalistic opinions lead him and his fellow-students, Hans Sebald Beham and Georg Pencz, that they got themselves excluded from Nürnberg by the town



*Madonna with Saints. From the Picture by Barthel Beham.*

council in consequence. It is a matter for some astonishment, therefore, to find in these pictures so much depth and earnestness of feeling. The painter's mind can have had little real sympathy with the stories of the saints he was called upon to depict. And if occasionally he fails to reach the highest expression of religious sentiment, he was too much of an artist not to enter upon his task with all sincerity and seriousness. The work he achieved forms no inconsiderable contribution to the pictorial art, and well repays a visit to Donaueschingen.

But it is now time to turn for a few moments to some of the other works exposed to view in this collection.

In the series of twelve scenes from the 'Passion of Christ' by the elder Holbein, to which allusion has already been made, we are taken back to an earlier period of Art, before the struggle

between the two opposing principles of Gothicism and the Renaissance had been finally brought to an end in Germany. The fight is going on all along the line, but it is not over yet by any means. Indeed, it was reserved for the painter's more distinguished son ultimately to shake off the trammels with which the Art of his country had been for so long encumbered. Hence in these scenes from the 'Passion' we must be prepared to meet with much that is grotesque, and with forms that are sharp, meagre, and not seldom unpleasing. But we must remember that the conventionalities of the time called into existence works embodying motives which appear to us now of a sufficiently repulsive character. The religious dramas of that age doubtless furnished the models from which these Passion scenes were taken. The people were rude and unlettered, and representations of an exaggerated kind were

necessary in order to call their dull emotions into play. From influences of this kind even so excellent an artist as old Holbein was not exempt, and they are plainly to be discerned in the series now under consideration. Still, we find much to commend. Many of the heads are dignified, and in the faces of Christ and St. John an ideal tenderness and softness of expression may be observed, which contrast finely with the harsh forms of the soldiers and the repellent features of the red-haired Judas. How strikingly, too, has the artist delineated in the features of Pilate the internal conflict which agitates the mind of the Roman Governor as he washes his hands before the people!

Old Holbein's undoubted skill as a colourist cannot, however, be realised in these paintings; for they are, with the exception of the flesh portions, executed almost entirely in monochrome. Their affinity to another series of the Passion by the same master in the Städel Art Institute at Frankfurt, belonging to the year 1501, would suggest their origin at about the same period. The series may be studied without the trouble of a visit to Donaueschingen in the excellent permanent photographic reproductions, with explanatory text by Dr. Anton Springer, published by Soldan of Nürnberg.

Among the other early German masters here we may notice two wings of an altar-piece by Zeitblom, 'The Salutation, Mary and Elizabeth' (No. 41), and 'SS. Magdalene and Ursula' (No. 42), excellent examples of the painter's stern, but earnest manner, and careful finish. They are quite as good as anything of his at Munich, but are not so good as his best work at Augsburg and Stuttgart.

The Burgkmairs (Nos. 69-71) are indifferent; this master is much better represented at Nürnberg, Augsburg, and Munich. But there is an admirable little work by Lucas Cranach, representing the family of a Faun—a man and wife with two

children, in a wooded landscape, with a castle in the background on a rocky eminence. This picture is small, but it is a highly pleasing example of the master's work, showing a much more successful treatment of the nude figure than is usual with him.

There are several other works here of the early German school, some of doubtful and some of unknown attribution, but we must pass them by without notice, interesting though many of them undoubtedly are to the Art student. We must not, however, leave the gallery without mentioning a charming work, representing the Virgin in half figure, in a dark blue mantle, lovingly clasping the infant Christ, who stands on a red cushion adorned with golden tassels, attributed, with every show of reason, to Mabuse. The grace of southern Art is here combined with the elaborate finish characteristic of the school of which Jan Gossaert of Maubeuge was so bright an ornament. We must also notice, in conclusion, a landscape with Virgin and Child, by David Vinckebooms, an agreeable work by a somewhat rare master.

The pictures of which we have been speaking are all hung in a small but well-lighted room. A quantity of mediocre modern works, of which the less said the better, fills several adjoining rooms. In the same building are also an admirable and well-arranged collection of casts from the antique, geological, mineralogical, and zoological collections, besides cabinets containing antiquities and ethnographical curiosities. Truly the good people of Donaueschingen have every reason to be thankful to the liberal and enlightened Prince Carl Egon von Fürstenberg, who caused this building to be erected for the reception of the above-named collections, and who has thus furnished them, gratis, with ample opportunity for wholesome and agreeable recreation.

F. R. MCCLINTOCK.



*A Spray from Capri. By Adrian Stokes.*



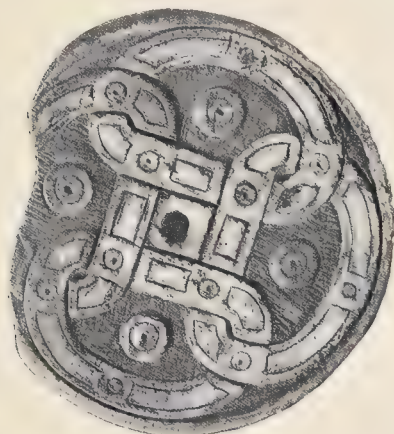
## AINU ORNAMENTS.



IT has been laid down by many of the writers upon Anthropology, that the Japanese are the descendants of the Ainus,

a race which at present inhabits the northernmost island of any size in the Japanese group. This tenet has, we believe, now been abandoned, the two races being distinct, and any admixture coming from the side of the Japanese. The Ainus have been visited but little, and their own island and the limits of much of the country which lies immediately to the northward of them have only been accurately surveyed within the

about four inches. Their principal interest lies in their having no affinity whatever to Japanese Art, the ornamentation being distinguished by a repetition and balance of parts which is almost invariably absent in the latter. In the design and workmanship they are singularly akin to Celtic productions. There was no means of ascertaining their age, but they had evidently been subjected to lengthened wear. Mr. Leech visited Japan in search of the moths and butterflies which exist there in such profusion. Amongst the numerous varieties which he has collected, many of them being hitherto unknown to Europeans, is one which struck the writer as having possibly afforded the idea of the tomoyé ornamentation to which reference has been made at page 268. The butterfly is a common



*Ainu Buckle.*

present generation. The horn buckles, of which we give illustrations, were recently acquired by Mr. J. H. Leech at the island of Iterup, whilst on a voyage in a whaler. They were used as ornaments to be worn in front of the breast by the women of that island, their diameter being



*Ainu Buckle.*

one in Japan, and, as will be seen from the illustration, it bears upon its wing a marking which is exactly in the form of one of the three parts which is upon the mitsu-tomoyé. It is curious that this form is apparently seen by the Japanese in wave eddies. We have noted it as such on a box cover dating from the seventeenth century, probably by Kajikawa I. But the supposed derivations are almost endless; falling snow, waves dashing against a rock, a tornado or glove, and the crescent moon upon the sun, have all been suggested. The last named, as representing the male and female principles in nature, has much to recommend it.

## THE COPENHAGEN EXHIBITION.

THE idea of holding an exhibition was started more than three years ago, and mainly owes its origin to Herr Philip Schou, the manager of the Royal Porcelain Manufactory. The purpose is to give a complete representation of the art, industries, and natural produce of the three Northern countries, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and in order that the manufacturers of these kingdoms may become acquainted with the art manufactures of other countries, a portion of the space in the main building has been reserved for the art industries of foreign nations. The buildings have been temporarily erected in the Tivoli Gardens, at a comparatively small cost; the main structure, which is a handsome wooden building, containing fourteen thousand square feet, cost less than ten thousand pounds. It is estimated that the total expenses, including maintenance to the close of the exhibition, will be under eighty thousand pounds, of which amount the Danish Government and the city of Copenhagen have guaranteed the sum of thirty thousand.

On entering the main building on either side are the productions of Sweden and Norway, chiefly consisting of wood, steel, and iron manufactures, furs and jewellery. Denmark naturally occupies the central position, and a fine display of porcelain from the Royal factory attracts attention. A departure has been made from the old Danish pattern, and vases are now being produced after oriental designs, coloured in a deep blue. There is a large collection of jewellery, chiefly silver; an embossed silver shield, designed by Professor H. Olrick, and exhibited by Herr Christensen, is beautifully executed. It is finely embossed and chased with a series of illustrations of the history of Valdemar the Victorious, which will bear the closest inspection under a magnifying glass. With regard to foreign countries, Russia stands out foremost; a commission, comprising members of the Imperial household, has been specially appointed by the Czar, and is stationed at Copenhagen to see after the interests of the Russian exhibitors; a gang of workmen was also sent from St. Petersburg to erect a fine façade in front of the Russian section. The principal exhibits are examples of enamelling on gold and silver, some of the specimens being lent from the Imperial palaces; painted porcelain from the Royal factory; glass, and precious stones. The small bronzes, full of life and vigour, representing sleighing parties, Cossacks, and Russian peasants, are exceedingly well executed, as is also some of the wood-carving. Next in importance to Russia comes France, which is represented by a commission formed by the Union Centrale des

Arts Décoratifs. This society, assisted by the French Government, exhibits specimens of Gobelins and Beauvais tapestries, porcelain from Sèvres, specimens of students' work and reproductions in plaster and by the electrotype process. Monsieur Bing contributes a large collection of Japanese objects, and the catalogue includes the familiar names of Christofle, Barbédienne, and Froment-Meurice, who are to be found exhibiting Parisian jewellery, silver-work and bronzes. Germany, although late on the scene, is well represented in accordance with the wishes of the late Emperor Frederick; Italy makes a fair show with a collection superintended by a specially appointed commission.

The Fine Art Galleries are devoted solely to Scandinavian Art, which is fairly represented. In the place of honour in the two principal galleries are full-length portraits of their Majesties, King Christian of Denmark, by H. C. Jensen, and King Oscar of Sweden, by E. Persens, lent from the National Museum at Frederiksborg. Amongst the *genre* paintings, a small one, by Carl Bloch, representing a lackey opening a door of a saloon, whilst a small pug dog, evidently aware of its own importance, walks slowly in, deserves notice; the same artist also exhibits several good portraits. P. S. Krøyer contributes several large works; one, a gathering of artists in the Ny Carlsberg Sculpture Gallery, is vigorously executed, whilst 'A Summer's Day on the Skagens Strand,' with a number of small urchins bathing in a smooth, sunlit sea, shows the artist's versatile genius. Julius Paulsen, another of the best painters in Copenhagen, sends nine works, all of the impressionist school. A large hunting scene by Otto Bache is a pleasing work, the horses and hounds being well drawn. 'A Woman in the Colosseum,' a large work by V. Irminger, shows a single figure of a nude woman crouching in deadly fear against the stone wall of the arena, with her hands covering her ears, so that she may not hear the roar of the wild beasts. A series of black and white sketches by Hans Tegner are capitally drawn, and display considerable humour. Amongst the Swedish artists, Hugh Salmson, whose works are well known in the Paris Salon, decidedly takes the first place.

Of the statuary, mention may be made of Aksel Hansen's 'Echo,' and a marble group, by Stefan Sinding, a Norwegian, which represents a captive mother with her arms tied behind her, kneeling and endeavouring to suckle her infant as it lies on the ground.

H. M. CUNDALL.

## ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

PERSONAL.—Mr. E. M. Thompson, keeper of the manuscripts, has been appointed Chief Librarian of the British Museum *vice* Mr. Edward Bond, resigned. Sir Charles Newton has resigned the Chair of Archaeology at University College. Sir Frederick Leighton, M. Eugène de Blaas, Mr. Boehm and M. Dettaille have been elected honorary

members of the Viennese Akademie der Bildenden Künste. Sir John Gilbert has resigned the Presidentship of the Society of Painters in Water-colours: Mr. Alfred Hunt has been named as his successor. The pension list for 1888 includes the names of Sir John Steel, R.S.A., £100; Mr. John Bell, £50; Mrs. Eugenia Movia, widow of the miniature painter,



£25; and the Misses Mary, Rose Jane, and Adeline Leech, £10 apiece. M. Roty, the distinguished engraver, has been elected a member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts.

**MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES.**—By the gift of Miss Isabel Constable, some fifty sketches—in oil, water-colour, and pencil—have been added to the collection at South Kensington. From the report of the Director of the National Gallery it appears that, during 1887, six pictures were bought, six presented, and two bequeathed; that 16,501 catalogues were sold; that 787,522 persons passed the turnstiles; and that the new edition of the Foreign Schools Catalogue is "under revision by the Director, and will shortly be published." A 'Diana,' larger than life and dating from 100—108 B.C., has been added to the Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum. During the past twelve months twenty-four pictures have been added to the National Portrait Gallery, three by purchase, and twenty-one by legacy or by gift: while two portraits, hitherto described as a 'Sir Randolph Crewe' and a 'Mary Queen of Scots,' have been identified and renamed, as a 'Sir John Branston' and a 'Mary of Lorraine.' A volume of 'Études,' over a hundred in number, by Moreau le Jeune, has been purchased for 4,000 francs for the Louvre, to which there have also been added of late capital examples of Prud'hon, Dumont 'le Romain,' Guérin, Decamps, Fromentin, Gérard, and Gustave Courbet. M. Rodin's 'Buste de Femme,' from the Salon of the present year, has been bought by the State, and placed in the Luxembourg. Lord Lansdowne has sold his Cuyper and his two Rembrandts—the 'Portrait of a Lady,' and the 'Portrait of the Painter'—to Sir Edward Guinness, for (it is said) as much as £50,000.

**THE OLDHAM ART GALLERY.**—A munificent gift has lately been made to this gallery by Mr. Charles E. Lees, of Werneth Park. It consists of a collection of excellent specimens of the older water-colourists, and a complete series of the 71 plates of Turner's "Liber Studiorum," most of them first states. The "Liber Studiorum" is well arranged in a gallery so excellently lighted, that one sighs to think of the sketches and original studies for these masterpieces hidden away in the cellars of the National Gallery. The water-colours have been chosen to show the historical progress of the art. Samuel Prout is well represented by seven pencil drawings on brown or grey paper. The collection also contains examples of J. S. Cotman, John Varley, De Wint, Copley Fielding, and David Cox, and eight pencil sketches by Constable. We hope a catalogue worthy the gift will be prepared without delay.

**SIC TRANSIT.**—The Devil's Bridge at Andermatt, immortalised by Turner, has succumbed to old age. It had long been discarded for a more modern structure.

**OBITUARY.**—The death is announced of Vicomte A. Both de Tauzia, the eminent archæologist and art critic, Keeper of the Pictures and Drawings in the Louvre; of the Bolognese painter, Luigi Sena; of Antoine Etex, a pupil of Pradier and Dupaty, sculptor of (among other works of merit) a 'Tombeau de Géricault,' a 'Léila,' a 'Choléra,' and a 'Naufragés,' painter of a 'Faust et Marguerite,' and a 'Fuite en Égypte,' architect of a number of monuments and tombs, and author of a study on 'Pradier,' on 'Ary Scheffer,' etc.; of Alphonse François, the engraver of Delaroche; of

the painter Théodore-Nicolas Maillot; of A. Armand, architect of the railway stations at Saint-Lazare, Saint-Cloud, Versailles, Lille, and elsewhere; and of Frank Holl, R.A., the eminent English portrait-painter.

**FRANK HOLL, R.A.,** whose death—of overwork—at the age of forty-three, we have to record this month, was the painter of the modern Englishman. His industry was indefatigable; his opportunities were of the best; his achievement remains historical. He excelled in the presentation of his sitters under a striking pictorial aspect—an aspect, that is, which, if it commonly wanted beauty, was never lacking in conspicuousness and force; and so vigorous was his brushwork, so complete—within certain limits—his command of material, and so forthright and direct his insight into character that, as a painter of men, he stepped at once to the head of his profession, and was, at the time of his death, the most popular—or the hardest worked: the terms are interchangeable—of contemporary English masters. As a painter of women he was not successful: he wanted grace and charm for one thing, and for another, he wanted poetry; he painted in (as it were) the sturdiest prose. His subject pictures were melancholy in kind and depressing in effect; but they were honourably meant and their quality was good. A selection from his work will be (it is understood) a feature in the next Winter Exhibition at Burlington House.

**HANDBOOKS.**—The "Histoire de la Céramique Grecque" (Paris: G. Devaux), of MM. Olivier Rayet and Maxime Collignon, is a very good and useful book; it is well and clearly written; it is copiously illustrated; it is touched throughout with taste and scholarship. The second edition of Dr. Rudolf Menge's "Introduction to Antient Art" (London: Mansell), translated by Lilian Worthington, is before us, together with the useful set of diagrams produced in illustration of Dr. Menge's text. Mr. Geo. Blagrove's "Marble Decoration" (London: Crosby Lockwood), is intelligently conceived and executed; also it is cheap in price and handy in form. A "Handbook of the Italian Schools in the Dresden Gallery" (London: W. H. Allen), by C. J. Ff., will be found useful by the tourist. Mr. Henry Attwell's "The Italian Masters" (London: Sampson Low), may be recommended to students of the National Gallery, with special reference to which institution it has been prepared. Mr. A. S. Radcliffe's "Schools and Masters of Painting" (New York: Appleton), surveys the whole of Art, from the painters of old Egypt to the work of Messrs. Yeames, Herkomer, and Eastman Johnson; it is fluent, confident, and tolerably commonplace. M. Arthur Bloche, in "La Vente des Diamants de la Couronne" (Paris: Quantin), has exhausted his subject, and produced a book which none interested in the subject will care to be without. Finally, M. Édouard Corroyer, in "L'Architecture Romaine" (Paris: Quantin), a recent number in the excellent "Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts," is found to be on a level both with his subject and the series to which he contributes.

**HISTORY.**—M. Louis Ménard has produced a set of studies in ancient history (Paris: Delagrave) which can hardly be too widely known or too generally employed. M. Ménard has the art of saying things clearly, and of putting much in the fewest words; his erudition is of the newest and soundest; the effect of his work—the impression it produces of mas-

tery and authority—is remarkable. The three books at present under notice are a "Histoire des Israélites d'après l'Exégèse Biblique," a "Histoire des Anciens Peuples de l'Orient," and a "Histoire des Grecs" (2 vols), all copiously illustrated, "d'après les monuments." It is not easy, nor is it necessary, to say which is the best. The three must be taken together. Thus taken, they present a picture of certain among the interests of antiquity, which, for mingled breadth and fulness, has not often been surpassed.

"A MEMOIR OF THE LATE GEORGE EDMUND STREET."

By his son, A. H. Street.—This memoir is a most valuable addition to the history of the Gothic Revival, of which Mr. Street must be looked upon as one of the chief apostles. The long list of original works detailed in the latter portion of the work will be read with some surprise by those who know that he was one of the few architects in large practice, who, even up to his death, insisted on setting-up, and drawing-out, in pencil at least, the greater portion of the drawings and details required for every work. The surprise will increase when we add that he was the author of two important books, on the "Brick and Marble of Italy," and on the "Gothic Architecture of Spain," dealing with subjects which, till their publication, formed a serious gap in architectural history; that, during his holiday trips, he had made sketches, plans, and drawings of every important church in Germany, France, and England; and that he still found time to devote himself to various honorary duties, either connected with the several societies to which he belonged, or on behalf of the Church in whose welfare he took so deep an interest. Mr. Street was a pupil of Mr. Owen Carter, an architect at Winchester. He was from the first an enthusiastic sketcher and ecclesiologist, having during the time he was in his articles drawn and measured nearly the whole of Winchester Cathedral. In 1844 he entered the office of Sir (then Mr.) George Gilbert Scott, being fortunately in time to engage himself in the drawings then in course of being made in competition for the Cathedral of Hamburg (subsequently won and carried out by Sir Gilbert Scott). In 1846 Street's first work, Biscovey Church, Cornwall, was put into his hands. This led to other commissions, and in 1850 he "settled in Wantage, a step chiefly prompted by his introduction to the Bishop of Oxford (Samuel Wilberforce) by Mr. Butler, and his appointment as architect to the diocese which soon followed upon it." He was thus placed in the middle of his work, and within easy reach of the Bishop at Cuddesdon. Success had seemed probable before; the patronage of the Bishop practically secured it. In 1852 he moved to Oxford, and was finally persuaded, in 1855, to settle in London, on the advice of Mr. Benjamin Webb. "From this date till his death," Mr. A. H. Street remarks, "more than a quarter of a century after, one important commission succeeded another in a way which would hardly have been the case had he decided to live permanently away from the great centre, so that the move was fully justified." This, however, did not prevent Mr. Street from entering into the chief competitions of the age:—Lille Cathedral, the church at Constantinople (which he eventually built), the National Gallery, the Edinburgh

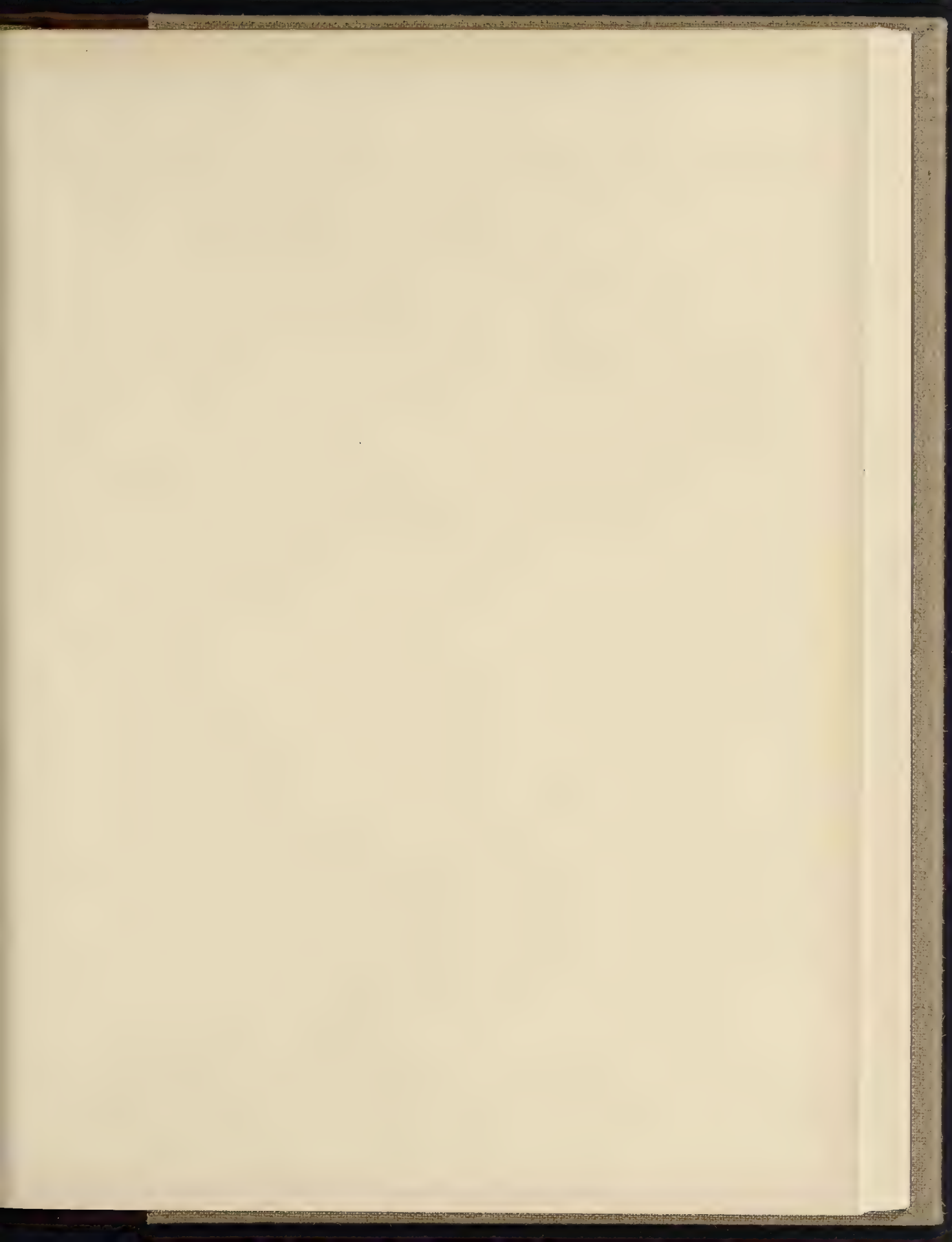
Cathedral, and finally the New Law Courts, the history of which is set forth in subsequent chapters in the book.

In passing judgment on Mr. Street's designs, it is interesting to turn to the lectures which he delivered to the students in 1882 when appointed Professor of Architecture. In the principles which he here lays down for design, his own works, their vigour, originality, and perhaps their shortcomings, can best be judged. In his first lecture, on p. 321, he urges:—"Architectural draughtsmanship is a good training for every one, because its first essentials are clearness and accuracy, and the man who has to depend very much on these qualities for his knowledge of the effect his work will produce must learn so to represent it on paper as to ensure that his drawing is a *fair representation of its effect*. The habit of tinting and shading architectural elevations is a bad one, and not to be encouraged." The shading may be passed by as a matter of opinion, though it may be pointed out that sometimes a shaded geometrical elevation is a much more accurate representation of the effect of a building than a line drawing. How it is possible, however, in a building in which brick and stone are combined to show its ultimate effect without tinting, we own we are unable to understand. From long experience Mr. Street may have been able to understand his own designs, but there are few architects whose grasp of the ultimate result is so good as to enable them to do without it. To "make up your mind" in outlining geometrical drawings, "to dispense almost, if not altogether, with india-rubber," is a maxim which depends both on the nature of the design, and on the idiosyncrasy of the designer. It must be remembered that the principal difference between old and modern work lies in the fact that the designs of the former were almost entirely set up on the spot, and the architect's tentative effort was probably changed from time to time as the results were tested by the actual effect as seen in execution. Now all these studies are made on paper first, and there are very few, especially among the student class whom Mr. Street was addressing, who could afford to dispense with india-rubber, or whose designs might not, on the other hand, be improved at least, by a diligent use of it. In works of small dimensions or under special conditions, Mr. Street was able to grasp the effect of the whole. In his churches and in domestic work he seems to have been able to do this to a remarkable degree; and also in his first design for the New Law Courts. In the existing building, however, his prolific draughtsmanship and delight in design seems to have led him to run riot. It is recorded of a great writer that before sending his work to press, he used to run his pen through all the superfluous adjectives; if Mr. Street could have been persuaded, with the despised india-rubber, to rub out half the superfluous features and ornaments of the New Law Courts, his design would have gained immeasurably.

CORRIGENDA.—Page 268, 2nd col., line 12, for "and badger, or racoon-faced dog," read "the badger and the racoon-faced dog;" same line, for "Both," read "all."

In our notice of "The Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours," we referred to 'Mussel-Gatherers hurrying from the Tide, Morecambe Bay,' as by Mr. Walter Severn. The picture should have been ascribed to Mr. Arthur Severn, R.I.







THE DOG, BY MARGARET HARRISON

THE MONKEY, BY H. S. GILBERT

SPILL' N' MILK











*Exhibition Room, Liverpool Art Club.*

## SOME PROVINCIAL CLUBS.\*

### LIVERPOOL.



LIVERPOOL is a city of ships, the halting place of travel, a haven and a refuge, a port of arrival and departure. People one meets in Birmingham you feel sure will return home at night and start afresh for business the next morning. In Liverpool you can hardly venture to guess at anybody's destination. They are coming from all parts of the earth, the people in the streets, or they are on their way to distant lands. The traffic is foreign. One almost feels an impostor in Liverpool unless one is either going over the sea or coming home again. This kind of pleasurable unrest seems to characterize most things in Liverpool, and it is apparent in the atmosphere of the clubs, unless you happen to find yourself ensconced some evening in the hospitable chambers of the Liverpool Art Club, perhaps the most notable of all Art clubs out of London, and with features, aims, objects, and organization superior to any similar institution in the metropolis. The club is unostentatiously housed. The dining-room is plainly furnished, and is in useful proximity to the kitchen, the secret, according to Mr. Original Walker, of good service and hot dishes. The smoking-room might be the room of a private gentleman, whose first consideration is for the ease and comfort of his guests. There are all kinds of easy-chairs and handy tables,

but no attempt at decoration. The Club, to use an Americanism, has "spread itself" on a supplementary room, which it has designed and built with care, and of which the members may well feel proud. It is a picture gallery, admirably lighted, and although it seems a *sine quâ non* for an Art Club, it is the first Social Club we know of as possessing an exhibition gallery. In this matter the Liverpool Art Club-house is like the home of a painter, in which the studio is the most important feature. The objects of the Club are to bring together those interested in artistic subjects, and the furtherance of anything that may promote Art or spread a knowledge of it. The inspiration of the idea came out of the reflection that the amount of wealth expended by Liverpool upon different forms of Art was out of all proportion to the influence exerted upon the practice or products of Art. Other branches of knowledge had representative societies to cultivate and exploit their work, but Art, which has many subtle lessons to teach that cannot be learned from books, had none until the club under notice was established. It often happens that the high aims of Art institutions fall short in the realisation, but the Liverpool Art Club is admirably fulfilling its early promise and ambition, both as a social club and as an organization for the promotion of the best interests of Art in the full acceptance of the term. In the collection of works of an instructive and elevating character for exhibition it has had many distinct successes. Its exhibition of the works of David Cox, some years since, was the most complete collection of that famous master ever likely to be seen again; the club also made

\* Continued from page 266.

an unique collection of the works of Doyle, illustrating the singular versatility of that remarkable caricaturist. It has had shows of curios too, and exhibitions of local Art, industrial and otherwise, including examples of local efforts in design and otherwise by local working men. It gives lectures illustrated by works of all kinds, and treats music with the distinction it deserves in the foremost rank of the arts. During an evening which we spent with its members, plans for the future were being discussed with much enthusiasm. It was hoped that following up an exhibition of old engravings, they would be able to collect a sufficient number of examples of modern mezzotint for an interesting evening's lecture. Mr. Finnie, a prominent member of the club, and chief of the Liverpool School of Art, has already been successful in promoting this revival of an almost lost art. In addition to his well-known landscape work in colour he has a very exceptional and practical knowledge of etching and mezzotint. The President of the club is Dr. Cato. He has been fortunate in his vice-presidents, Mr. P. H. Rathbone and Mr. John Dunn, and in the enthusiastic secretary, Mr. Henry E. Rensburg.

The club has recently been able to congratulate itself on the accession to its active supporters of several of the professors and other gentlemen connected with University College, who have been welcomed with much cordiality, and who have identified themselves with the educational objects of the club. The record of the past year, as set forth in the official report, is worth noting. In January last the club gave an afternoon tea, inviting prominent citizens to see their Artisans' Art Exhibition, and at which there was a distribution of medals and commendations among the exhibitors. During the following month there was a conversazione, at which Professor Conway read a paper on Albrecht Dürer, illustrated by a very remarkable collection of reproductions of Dürer's works. During the remainder of the year there were smoking and other concerts, an amateur dramatic performance, a discussion upon the character of Hamlet, an exhibition of embroidery, and other equally pleasant and instructive meetings. By a recent rule it has been decided to admit ladies to certain Art privileges of the club, though at present the rule has not proved very attractive. It only needs a few prominent ladies of Liverpool to set the fashion of club-membership to give to the Liverpool Art Club an extended field of usefulness.

Until 1877 there was no club of any importance in Liverpool. There was the Exchange, of course, which had been the social

ground of the merchants for ten or fifteen years, but politics had had no club life up to 1877, when twenty leading Liberals (to-day they are known as Liberal Unionists, for the Reform Club is Hartington to the backbone) subscribed funds for the erection of a club-house to be called The Reform. These twenty generous and practical men said to the party, "We will build you a club, the condition being that you will support it, and the subscription shall be two guineas per annum, out of which we will take whatever return there may be for our money." The investment has yielded some three or four per cent. The year the club was opened the whole of the municipal elections, having previously been in favour of the Conservatives, "went Liberal," which the founders of the club and the public generally seem to have ascribed to the inspiring influence of the go-aheadism of the party as demonstrated in their establishment of a new political institution. Upon

this the Conservatives naturally came to the conclusion that it was necessary that they should have a club. Within three years the aristocratic party rejoiced in two clubs, a Conservative and a Junior Conservative. After an existence of two or three years the Junior got into difficulties. It is even said that the furniture was seized by the sheriffs; but this may be a calumny. At all events the club-house and furniture passed into the hands of the Liberals, who, in the once Conservative rooms, now hold high revel, and even sport upon their sideboard a piece of testimonial-plate, which fell into their sacrilegious hands with the other effects of the defunct Junior Conservative. There could have been no leaven of Toryism left in either the house or its furniture, for the Junior Reform is now the home of the Liverpool Gladstonians.



*Entrance to the Conservative Club, Liverpool.*

The followers of the Old Man of Hawarden find the Reform Club no longer a home for them, and they claim that the Junior is "the real Simon Pure of Liverpool Liberalism." The original club flourishes nevertheless, its chef is efficient, its rooms are pleasant if a trifle dingy, its smoke-room is a well-seasoned and comfortable apartment, and the life of the club, if not so buoyant as the Junior, is dignified and in harmony with settled opinions and a sense of the responsibility of statesmanship. It is situated on the north side of Dale Street, on the site of the Old George Hotel, and is designed for the accommodation of twelve hundred members. It is a plain, substantial, unpretentious house. Six feet of granite forms the base of the building, above which the main walling is of Ruabon bricks, relieved with stone dressings. The principal entrance is in the centre of the building, its portico being balanced by massive granite columns from Shap, in Westmoreland. From the en-



trance hall the first and upper floors are approached by a grand staircase. On the right is the reading-room, forty feet long by twenty-seven wide, with an outlook upon Dale Street. The remaining portion of the ground floor is occupied by a dining-room, eighty-seven feet by twenty-seven, running the whole depth of the building. On the next floor we come to a small private dining and snug room, smoke-room, and fine lofty billiard-room. There are above these rooms a few bed-chambers for the use of members. At the opening of the club the Earl of Sefton, Lord Lieutenant of the county, and first President of the club, occupied the chair. Lord Hartington was the principal guest. It was felt that the two noblemen were particularly in their right places upon the occasion, Lord Sefton as the natural head of the Party in the district, and Lord Hartington as the Liberal leader in the House of Commons. The speakers at the banquet included Mr. E. R. Russell, the accomplished editor of the *Daily Post*, Mr. Hibbert, M.P., M. Yates Thompson, Colonel M'Corquodale, and Mr. D. Holt.

The Liverpool Conservative Club-house is by far the finest in the city, and is not surpassed architecturally, or in regard to internal arrangements and fittings, by any club in the provinces. The style is Italian of a French type, regarded by the architects (Messrs.

F. and G. Home) as affording a pleasing combination of the domestic with a somewhat palatial architecture, more suitable for the purposes of a club-house in a city than too severe a treatment of any special or particular style. With the assistance of an official description of the building it will be interesting to note and enter into details of the plans and the existing results.

The site covered is about one thousand one hundred square yards, with frontages of 96 feet to Dale Street, 102 feet 9 inches to Sir Thomas's Buildings, and 107 feet to Cumberland Street. The chief aim has been to obtain a thoroughly useful building, in all particulars, without sacrificing the æsthetic or sanitary conditions. The fronts towards Dale Street and Sir Thomas's Buildings, as well as the returned end in Cumberland Street, are built with Stourton stone, with outlooks from

the principal apartments of the club proper. A suitable balustrade finishes the street line to the two main fronts, with lamp pedestals on a solid sloping retaining wall, forming areas. The ground-floor story is taken up by the grand entrance-hall, reception-room, morning-room, library, and writing-room. A speaker's balcony is so constructed as to be accessible from the morning-room, and from it addresses can be delivered as occasion requires. The first floor is composed of a complete Corinthian order of polished stone. The principal windows are semicircular, and the spandrels of architrave are emphasized by sculpture in relief, representing twelve subjects of the arts and sciences, as follows:—Architecture and Engineering, Sculpture and Painting, Masonry and Carpentry, Navigation and Commerce, Agriculture and Manufacture, and

Astronomy and Chemistry. A spectator's balcony is constructed in recesses of two fronts, 5 feet 6 inches wide, supported on massive projecting consols, boldly carved in relief. The second floor, which is a repetition of the order below, is occupied by two spacious private dining-rooms, three billiard-rooms, and two card-rooms; whilst the attic chiefly consists of extensive dormitories, separated alternately by the steward's and housekeeper's apartments, servants' hall, kitchen, and



*Morning-room, Conservative Club, Liverpool.*

*A Fireplace, Conservative Club, Liverpool.*

accessories. The fronts of the building are agreeably relieved by carved panels in window dados, key-stones, spandrels, festoons, and capitals to columns. The grand entrance to the club proper is situated at the corners of Dale Street and Cumberland Street (nearest to the Town Hall), and is approached by a flight of marble steps, on either side being lamp pedestals, Peterhead granite pilasters, jambs and richly carved counter-jambs, and carved capitals, surmounted by massive consols and bold entablature and pediment, having the arms of the city and county, also the constitutional motto, carved in deep relief. On either side of the vestibule are flower stands, enclosed by ornamental oak and plate-glass screens. The vestibule folding-doors lead to the grand entrance-hall, which is subdivided into upper and lower vestibules by marble columns, and the floor is in marble

mosaic. The steps, columns, pilasters, and dado of the entrance-hall are formed of massive stone from the Penmon quarries, near Beaumaris, a considerable portion of which is beautifully polished, imparting to it a brilliant finish, and showing to what a variety of decorative purposes this stone is applicable. There is a commodious committee-room in close proximity to the staircase hall. By a series of marble steps the grand staircase is reached, presenting a complete Tuscan order—deep walnut dado between pilasters, and continued all round up the staircase and along the landings. The floor of the landing has a deep margin of parquet work, alabaster, Italian marble, balustrade double columns, pilasters, and pedestals. The lighting of the second floor is obtained by three large windows from central area, also counter ceiling light, moulded bars, and all filled in with stained glass. On the ground floor there are the entrances to library and morning-room, passing through massive folding doors having glass panels and coloured glass fan-lights. The morning-room occupies two flanks of Dale Street and Sir Thomas's Buildings (equal to an area of 60 feet by 25 feet). The coffee-room has three noble bays, and in capacity represents about 100 feet by 28 feet, the height 18 feet 6 inches. The room is pleasingly broken into sections by single Corinthian columns, pilasters, with entablature and suitable cornice, deep walnut and cement dado. The smoke-room is treated like the coffee-room except the ceiling, which is deeply coved and intersected by geometrical ribs. The apartment has a large bay, and is lighted from Dale and Cumberland Streets. On the second floor are three spacious billiard-rooms, having four tables—one for use of strangers—two card-rooms, and two commodious private dining-rooms.

On the occasion of our visit to the Conservative Club, it had just been newly decorated, and we were much struck

by the artistic effect obtained in a comparatively economical method of treatment which entirely eschewed the use of gold-leaf. The panelled and traceried ceilings of the grand staircase and hall were painted in a subdued tone of greenish blue, the stylings in shades of citron and warm buffs, while the varied plaster enrichments and mouldings were of white porcelain enamel. The panelled walls were of an almost neutral shade with a general prevalence of a faint tone of green, relieved on the mouldings with shades of terra-cotta.

The smoking-room represented an equally pretty effect of colour; it was treated in tints of primrose, buffs, and russets, the walls being of a cinamon tone. The ceiling of the dining-room is carried out in colours of blended browns and faint drab shades, the walls being of a subdued hue of deep green with a warm-tinted dado. The morning-room might be called a harmony in primrose and terra-cotta, it looked as dainty as a lady's boudoir; while the library and reading-rooms were more elaborate in treatment, having a tone of pale straw and chrome in the ceilings, relieved with grey and warm reds. The walls were painted in a low tone of olive. The general effect throughout was light, elegant, and novel, taking away from the more or less heavy character of the usual decoration thought suitable for clubs, and having a clean homelike appearance. The atmo-

sphere of the club is pleasant, one hears the car-bells of the streets in a subdued jingle, and the clocks in the various rooms have a soft rich tone. There is in the back hall an impressive piece of bronze from Elkington's, the work of Lord Ronald Gower; Count Gleichen's bust of Lord Beaconsfield has a prominent place; and in the small day-room there are portraits of the late Lord Harrowby and Sir Andrew Walker.

In another paper we shall have something to say of the clubs of Manchester, Leeds, and York.

JOSEPH HATTON.



*The Reform Club, Dale Street, Liverpool.*



## THE WILTSHIRE AVON.

THERE are many Avons in England, for the word is simply the Celtic for water, and the Saxon invaders, by a natural mistake, took it to be the name of various special streams, and so adopted it. This one rises some little way east of Devizes. It flows almost due south, passes several inhabited places, of which Salisbury is by far the most important, enters the county of Hants, skirts the edge of the New Forest, and finally falls into the English Channel below Christchurch. Its chief tributary is the Stour, which joins it near the mouth. Where they join, which is very near the sea, stands the still splendid and perfect fabric of the abbey. It has, so to speak, absorbed the identity of the little town of Christchurch, which for centuries has passed by its name, so that few people know that the correct designation of the place

is *Twyenham-bourne*, that is, "the dwelling by the two streams."

Although the Avon has many things about it of interest, yet the places connected with it, always excepting Stonehenge, are not the subjects of many legends. A river of this sort in Germany or Scotland would have been a very *fabulosus Hydaspes*. However, there is a legend of the founding of the abbey, which runs thus. The building was commenced on St. Catherine's Hill, more than a mile from the present site. In vain the builders toiled at their work, for each morning they found the stones they had piled the day before removed to a spot beside the Avon. At last they submitted, and began their labour anew on the place thus pointed out. The work progressed with marvellous rapidity, chiefly owing to the exertions of a stranger, who



*The Avon at Christchurch.*

coming every day toiled in their midst. When the work was ended the stranger was seen no more. Then the monks, recognising their heavenly visitor, called the abbey Christchurch.

The abbey was comfortably endowed, and very comfortably indeed the monks lived for many centuries. Then suddenly the commission appointed by Henry VIII. to report on such foundations descended upon them, and their whole mode of life stood revealed in all too clear a light. These visitors noted with a sort of angry satisfaction that vigils and fastings were things unknown in the community, that there was only one book in the library, and that the monks were in debt right and left for "wine, fish, and bere." The monastery was forthwith dissolved, the "Priory lubbers," as they were called, taking it all very meekly. Who were they to incur Henry's wrath, that terrible wrath which is the centre fact in the drama of the English Reformation, as surely as the wrath of Achilles is the centre fact in the "tale of Troy divine"?

1888.

Their instant submission earned for them a small pension and a few words of half-contemptuous approval. They took themselves quietly off, and the line of Christchurch monks abruptly ceased.

Enough of Christchurch: let me get on to Salisbury, by far the most important place on the stream. It would be impossible to conceive a town more closely connected with a river than the Avon and its tributaries—for here, or hereabouts, it is joined by the Bourn, the Wily, and the Nadir—are with Salisbury, for, apparently twisting about in all directions, they flow through its streets. Of late years these same twistings are somewhat restrained, but they are still a main feature of the city. In the summer time, as in going down the street you come to one of the bridges, you can see a branch of the river flowing along between old houses and their gardens, whose foliage is kept beautifully fresh by the water. It seems chiefly to affect one spot, and that is the spot where the cathedral stands, so lovingly does it coil round the gardens that

encompass the sacred walls. Well may it do so, for whilst other cathedrals surpass Salisbury in variety and richness of architecture, there are none which surpass it in unity and perfect proportion. It was built in thirty-eight years (1220—1258), and so is altogether one work. It is this which makes the first view so striking. It stamps an image on the mind as a seal does on wax. I, at least, never saw a church from which I came away with a clearer impression. To be told that it is "in the Pointed or Early English style," is to know exactly for ever after what that style is. The inside is at first slightly disappointing. The almost complete absence of stained glass, and the consequent lack of that "dim religious light" we associate with a cathedral, together with the want of richness and ornament, is even depressing. But this passes away, for the decent majesty of the interior impresses you as you gaze. It accords well with the grave and beautiful ritual of the English church. It is a fitting temple of the *via media Anglicana*. The monuments in the great church have, no doubt, many points of interest, but it is best in such cases aimlessly to wander up and down, and vaguely speculate on who this

may be and what that may mean. These stone figures under the gorgeous canopies are of course bishops, for the mitre is on their heads and the episcopal staff in their hands. Here again are knights, who probably fought in the crusades or the early French wars. Their feet rest on the image of some faithful hound, they are clad in complete steel, but their hands are joined in prayer, for the battle is long over. Some way farther on you come upon a knight and his lady, who lie under a rich stonework canopy. Their dress tells you they lived in the Tudor period. The lady is much the larger figure; she is bravely decked, and her face implies dignity and command. A great ruff round his neck and a sword by his side, her weaker lord is stretched beside her.

The spire was not in the original plan, but was added in the time of Edward III. It is exquisitely proportioned, and rises to a great height—thirty feet above the top of St. Paul's, or twice as high as the London Monument. It is the great feature, not only of the Cathedral, but of Salisbury itself. You see it from all positions—from the train as you approach, from every street of the city, from every bend of the



Stonehenge.

river, from distant leagues on the great plain. It is from this last that it is most remarkable. It is the chief landmark even to-day, when the open country, with its cultivation and its roads, can scarcely any longer be called trackless. Yet you may still, as Pepys tells us he did in 1668, ride a great way with it ever before you as a guide. Seen from a distance its true meaning becomes apparent. Its height is not a sign of vulgar ostentation. It is in keeping, though in contrast, with the vast level around. To say that it "seeks the skies" is sober truth rather than poetical figure. Other spires peep from amidst surrounding trees, and somewhat overtop surrounding houses. This one rises so far above that it has no kindred with them. It dominates the town, it haunts all the adjacent country. Were I to live there, I think I should come finally to have a kind of grudge at it, as of something that arrogates to itself more than is fit. The cathedral is but its pedestal; the town a more extended base from which it rises. The spire is Salisbury. Thus you come finally to consider it.

Old Sarum is not far from new Salisbury. So close is it indeed that, according to the tradition, the site of the cathe-

dral was determined by the place where an arrow shot from the ramparts of the parent city fell. It is simply a great hill sloping up from the river-side, and crowned with trees. You note at once on it the work of man's hand in the ditches, the ramparts, and the terraced aspect of the sides. Long before Julius Cæsar came to Britain this was a great native town. In later times here was a great Roman fortress: a famous cathedral in its midst. Round about clustered a populous and busy city, the suburbs of which extended far down the hillside. All sign of human habitation is gone centuries ago. There is not a house or the trace of a house to be seen, but the aspect of the hill is singularly impressive. There is a solemn and pathetic dignity about it. It is not as other hills. The simple yet grand outlines of the terraces tell of human handiwork, and awaken a human interest which the desolation only deepens.

Just at the foot of the hill, where the meadows that line the river-side begin, cluster the few houses that make up the hamlet of Stratford-on-Avon, or Stratford-sub-Castra as the county histories call it. One may guess that it was once an outlying



suburb of Old Sarum, though tradition is silent on the subject. Each of its twin names is appropriate enough, as it lies between



*Salisbury.*

the camp and the river, but the first name is apt, for obvious reasons, to seem an impertinent copy from a more famous place.

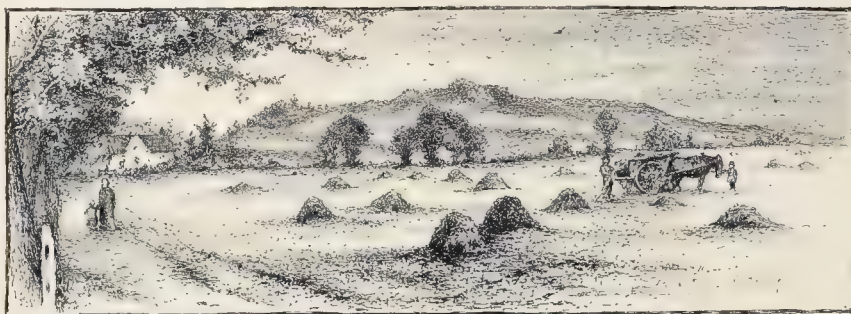
Go back three centuries, however, and Shakespere's fame vanishes, whilst the renown of this place was as great then

as now. I remember very well passing through it in company with the artist on our way from Salisbury to Amesbury. It was a bright July day, the afternoon just falling into evening. The only thing that attracted us in Stratford was the church, a quaint old structure with a square tower bearing a huge dial-face, on which one seemed to see the hands moving. Its churchyard lay in front, by the side of the road. It was quite full of old half-crumbled grave-stones. Underneath must have slept human beings enough to people Old Sarum half-a-dozen times over. Both church and churchyard were thickly set about with elm-trees. Half dreaming we leant against the stile, resting in the shade. The heavy oak door of the church creaked open, and from out the porch there stepped a fair-haired girl, bare-headed, in a light dress. She walked slowly over the crumbling grave-stones and in and out of the shadows the elm-trees cast over the ground. The picture had its own simple impressiveness—life and death; the beauty of youth and the dignity of age; the two extremes of earthly existence were there brought together.

As we still walked on the sunset faded gradually, the golden light vanished from the landscape, and though still bright overhead our way through the trees was dark enough. It was dusk when we approached Amesbury. "Here," says Domes-

day Book, "are seventy acres of meadow," a statement which I daresay is still true, for it was over a great extent of meadow that we entered the place. We crossed the Avon just before we reached the church. We saw the cool dark water slipping on in many a fold down the valley, its surface reflecting the last rays of light. From a great thicket of trees on the adjacent hill there came now and again the cry of the owl. We just heard the flow of the water and the low rustle of leaves and rushes in the evening wind. The darkness grew apace, the willows and the poplars lost their sharpness of outline and assumed strangely fantastic shapes. The sky was full of stars, and as we leant over the bridge we saw their reflection in the water.

Passing up the long central street, we entered the "George." Here we supped by ourselves in an ancient parlour with a window-place that was a deep recess, so thick were the walls through which it was cut. The parlour was solidly and comfortably furnished, though after a long-vanished type: it was adorned with engravings which represented gentlemen, clad in the costume of the early Georgian era, engaged in the vigorous pursuit of a fox. After supper we sat so long a time over our jugs of home-brewed ale, in a state of exceeding contentment, that it came to be near midnight; out of the window



Old Sarum.

we saw the main street, long quite deserted. The moon had risen and shone over the Avon Valley; but we had gazed long enough: we took our candles and made for our rooms. The way seemed long; we passed through interminable dim echoing corridors, and up and down staircases, going by what seemed an endless succession of chambers till we reached our own. All was perfectly quiet. I believe we were the only guests in the "George" that night.

Next morning we visited Stonehenge. It was a bright and cheerful forenoon. A light breeze chased the clouds in the sky, and blew freshly over the great plain. It was not very long before we caught sight of the great ruin, which in the distance seemed but a confused and huddled mass of stones. We were not much charmed by the first view. Perhaps we were overcritical. In that bright, fresh, breezy, somewhat commonplace day we had Stonehenge at a disadvantage. Like an ancient beauty it ought to have the advantage of fit lights and favourable moments. So wider experience taught us. After the sunset has burnt itself out, how grandly does it loom in the mysterious gloaming! So it appears in Constable's picture. In the compassionate moonlight it is splendid as the day on which it was finished; even a grey autumn morning is not unfriendly to it. Anything is better for it than the bright

sunshine. Yet the true greatness of Stonehenge only appears when you reflect on the mystery that surrounds it. It is a symbol that you cannot interpret; the distant past speaks to you, yet you know not what it wishes to say. Even its very name has perished. The Saxons, wondering at it, asked what this *Stonehenge*, or heap of hanging stones, meant; you put the same question to-day, for the name is merely a rough description. It explains nothing, since nothing but what you can learn from looking is really known of Stonehenge. And yet, go to some large public library, and glance at the books written about those old stones. Their name is legion, though most of them are poor enough stuff. Dryasdust long ago marked this subject as his own. How bravely does he swagger through an endless succession of pages, how boldly he rides his hobby to the death, how full is his head of fantastic visions! His safe ground is that there is no ground. He is speculating *in vacuo*, and may go to the utmost length with perfect safety. His mind at ease, he sets himself down to the production of a *Magnum Opus*. Such is the "Stonehenge, a Temple restor'd to the British Druids," of the Rev. Dr. Stukeley, which saw the light in 1740, after the labours of many years. If, by taking thought, the Doctor could not add a cubit to his own stature,



he could nevertheless considerably increase the size of Stonehenge, which had come to assume quite unnatural proportions in his eyes. "If you look upon the perfect part," he says, "you fancy intire quarries mounted up into the air, if upon the rude havock below, you see as it were the bowels of a mountain turn'd inside outwards." This is tolerably high pitched, but nothing to his remarks on the "trilithon figure 16." This appeared "to be of very durable English mould, and has not been much impaired by weather. My Lord Winchelsea and myself took a considerable walk on the top of it" (the said trilithon is only 10 feet long), "but it was a frightful situation."

The Doctor's work is appropriately dedicated "to his grace Peregrine, Duke of Ancaster and Kesteven;" it is adorned with plates, many of them of real value; it is nicely printed, and altogether well got up. He considers Stonehenge from all points. You have the north prospect, the south-west prospect, the south-east prospect, and so on. He compares it with all sorts of other buildings. He has references on every other page to Cæsar and Ptolemy. He garnishes his work with frequent and exceedingly irrelevant quotations from Virgil and Horace. He has a singularly robust faith in his own speculations. I love to dip into him occasionally, his is so very perfect a specimen of this particular type of work.

We lay a long time stretched out on the grassy side of one of the barrows or mounds that lie round the structure, enjoying equally the sunshine and the breeze that tempered it. The artist sketched: I, vaguely enough, pondered over the mystery of Stonehenge, which came at length to impress me with a kind of awe. Indeed, no thinking being can slight Stonehenge for long. The tendency, I should imagine, would very soon be all the other way. If you lived in the neighbourhood you would go over bag and baggage to the camp of the Stukeleys, and become, like them, Stonehenge mad, and firmly persuaded that to speculate upon it was the chief end, if not the only rational aim, of human existence. Such is the charm of its mystery and antiquity. What are all other structures in England, nay, what is "England" itself, its customs, laws, language, everything that gives value in the name, compared to this? The merest mushroom growths of yesterday. If you wish to outlive Stonehenge you must go to

the very framework of nature itself: the vast plain, the river that flows near, these, and only such as these, are older than Stonehenge.

The lower Avon, I should note, is specially associated with the name of a great English artist, John Constable (1776—1834), so closely that hereabouts is as much Constable's country as Dedham or Hampstead. He was born at East Bergholt, in the valley of the Avon's greatest tributary. "The scenes on the banks of the Stour," he says, "made me a painter, and I am grateful for it;" and again, in a passage accompanying his collection of plates called 'English Landscape' he remarks of these localities, "Perhaps the author, with an overweening affection for these scenes, may estimate them too highly, and may have dwelt on them too exclusively." Nearly all the most famous spots on the Avon appear on his canvas. The 'Stonehenge,' the 'Old Sarum,' the 'Salisbury Cathedral' are world-famous. Other scenes appear in his 'Hay-wain,'



*The Avon at Stratford.*

the 'White Horse,' the 'Corn-field,' the 'Valley Farm.' Mr. Ruskin, who does not apparently appreciate Constable, falls foul of his "greatcoat weather" and remarks, "if you want to feel the effects of a shower, you can go into the fields and get wet" without his help. But, this notwithstanding, to love the Avon is to admire its painter. There is nothing terrible or awe-inspiring, or let us say even sublime. If you deem these alone worthy, then you must go elsewhere. If you are content with the pleasant valley, the cultivated field, the quaint old town, charmed with historic associations, fond of tracing back the links that bind the present and the past, interested above all in landscapes that bear on every part the marks of centuries of human care and labour, if you care for all this, then seek it by the banks of the Wiltshire Avon.

FRANCIS WATT.

## NOTES ON JAPAN AND ITS ART WARES.\*

HAVING run rapidly, and I fear very imperfectly, through the various influences and motives which have affected or are evidenced in Japanese Art, I propose, in the short space which remains to me in this year's issue of the Art Journal, to touch upon those of the varied Art industries of Japan which most frequently come under the view of the public in this country.

I have been asked from several quarters to give some information as to these which will be of service to collectors as well as to the general public, and this I propose to do, for a description of the industries which are being prosecuted in Japan at the present time would, in the majority of instances, be merely an exposure of how bad workmanship and material are attempted to be palmed off as good.

Foremost amongst those wares for which Japan has become celebrated is lacquer, in the manufacture of which it stands pre-eminent amongst nations. Lacquer has been an industry in Japan beyond the ken of man. Before the Christian era there is said to have been an officer whose business it was to superintend its production at the Mikado's court, and specimens more than a thousand years old are in existence. With such antiquities it is useless here to deal; examples of that age are not likely to be seen or acquired by any reader of this paper, and, as regards both this and other manufactures, I shall not touch upon any variety of which a specimen may not become accessible to an ordinary collector.

The manufacture of lac will be found described in Gonse's "L'Art Japonais," Audsley's "Arts of Japan," and Mr. Ernest Hart's "Lectures," but the accounts have almost all originated in a parliamentary blue-book by Consul Quin, where it is set out at great length. The following notes are derived from the same source, with the addition of some hitherto unpublished information.

Mr. E. Gilbertson, the possessor of over a thousand pieces of lac, and an indefatigable student of the subject, sends the following note of warning upon the processes as set forth in the text books:—"I suspect that there are great varieties in the modes of manufacture. Probably, every eminent master had his own peculiar method of producing certain effects. Usually I find a certain order of processes recorded in the text-books, without, apparently, the least suspicion that they apply only to certain classes of articles. I have anatomised various specimens of lacquer with the result of discovering that these descriptions were altogether inapplicable to them. I learned, moreover, that there is a great difference in the treatment of objects of the same class by different makers; in fact, all the descriptions of the art of lacquering can do no more than give a general idea of the processes employed."

Wood is the most usual basis for lacquer articles, and the following notes upon the manufacture will, unless mention is made to the contrary, refer to those made in that manner.

The various pieces of wood of which the article is to be composed are first cut and fitted; these are often no thicker than a sheet of paper. Any interstices there may be in the grain of

the wood or the joints are filled with a composition of powdered stone or chopped hemp, which answers to our system of priming. It is needless to add that the wood (which is usually *hinoki* for boxes, and *honoki* (magnolia) for sword-sheaths) has been seasoned and dried. How carefully this is done is evident from the fact that a piece is hardly ever encountered which shows the slightest sign of shrinkage or warping. Boxes made two hundred years ago are as perfect in this respect as the day when they issued from the hands of their producer. I have one in my possession (Illustration No. 8), which is only a fair sample of such work, where a tray in the interior will rest upon the compressed air, which cannot escape, so perfectly does it fit. I am sorry to say that this fact oftentimes elicits more of my friends' interest than the artistic workmanship which is everywhere evident in the piece. This marvellous construction, for it is nothing else, is even more strikingly exhibited in the joining of the various compartments of the *inro*, or medicine cases, where, as it has been remarked, each section fits as if it had been made by the most accurately devised machine.

But to proceed with the details of the construction. After



No. 1.—The Priest Saigio, Kamakura Lac. Fifteenth Century.  
(Tomkinson Collection.)

the fittings of the joints have set firmly, all excrescences are ground down with a whetstone, and the whole is covered with

\* Continued from page 270.



a thick coat of a mixture of powdered and burnt clay and varnish, which, when dry, is again smoothed down with the stone. This done, the article is in most cases covered with silk, hempen cloth, or paper, which is pasted on with the utmost care, so that neither crease or joint is seen. The texture of the cloth can, however, be distinguished on many even of the finest pieces if held so as to allow the light to reflect from them. The piece then receives from one to five thin coats of the clay and varnish mixture, each being allowed ample time to dry. According to Audsley, the article resembles at this stage a finely-rubbed brick. This surface having been made perfectly smooth by use of the whetstone, the process of lacquering commences, a spatula at first being used and afterwards a thin flat brush of human hair. Space will not allow of our going through the numerous differences which attend the laying on, polishing, and drying of the different layers of lac,\* until the final coat is reached, which requires to be laid with cotton wool with the utmost delicacy, and is at once almost rubbed off with soft paper, and which, when dry, is polished with deer's horn ashes reduced to an impalpable powder and applied with the finger. Enough has been said to show the unexampled care which has attended it and the time which all this takes—the drying alone of a good piece requiring, up to this point, under the most favourable circumstances, 530 hours.

But we have as yet only got as far as the preparation of the black ground. There has still to be added to this the wonderful superstructure of decoration, whether it be in gold, silver, mother-of-pearl, or a variety of metals. The metallic dusts or powders used are in infinite variety of composition, size, weight, and shape, are all distinguished by the Japanese workman by different names, and each is brought into his service in accordance with rules long ago formed for him by the experience of his ancestors. Space will not allow of our going through the various processes. We can only here

call attention to those most frequently encountered, and show how they may be distinguished.

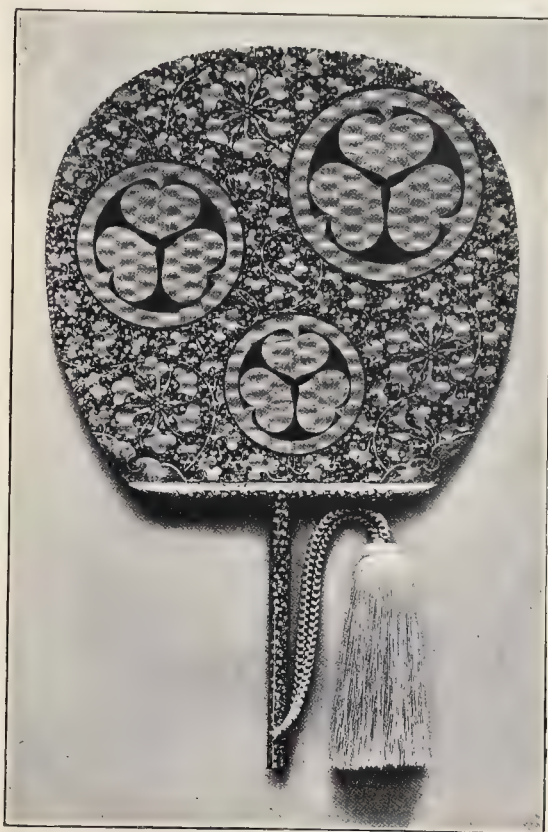
The most frequently recurring form of lac is that popularly known as *avanturine*, from its resemblance to the *avanturine* Venetian glass. Its correct name is *nashiji*, from its supposed likeness to the spotted rind of a pear (*nashi*). It consists in either mosaicing the ground with particles of gold dust, or in covering it with gold dust until it assumes, as the French say, a crushed barley-sugar appearance. In this latter process great skill is required to attain a perfectly even distribution of the flakes, and in fine specimens this is covered with a dozen coatings of a fine transparent lacquer. *Nashiji*

dates back to the fifteenth century. It is usually made either of pure gold, gold and silver, or pure silver, but there are seven degrees of fineness in each.

*Giobu-nashiji*, said to be named after the inventor, who lived in the early part of the eighteenth century, is where small squares of gold leaf, called *kirikané* (or cut metal), are used instead of the powdered gold; but this practice is found in pieces of much earlier date. In designs where this style of work is finely carried out, it is wonderful to observe the regularity with which each of these squares has been laid, especially when, as is often the case, they diminish in size: a similar method of work is sometimes to be found in minute pieces of mother-of-pearl. Each piece is applied separately by means of a thin-pointed bamboo stick.

*Togi-dashi* is where the patterns in metal are the result of grinding and polishing. The design is transferred on to the lac-

quer by means of a paper upon which the lines are traced with a slow-drying lacquer; this, when in position, is emphasised by a little fine white powder and then gilt, those portions which have to come brightest being raised above those of a lower tone by means of a coating of thick stiff lacquer and gold dust. This is dried, when all portions of the ground or pattern which yet require gilding are covered with lacquer and then dusted with gold; this, when dry, is again twice lacquered and thoroughly dried. The surface is then rubbed down until the gold design begins to show itself. Great care has to be taken so as to prevent injury to the gold during the numerous coatings and grindings which are necessary until



No. 2.—Fan. *Daimio Lac*. Eighteenth Century.

\* Lac is not a varnish in the usual acceptance of the word. It is a gum resin formed of the sap of the *Rhus vernicifera* dissolved in a solvent that evaporates. This gum contains about eighty-five per cent. of urubic acid, two and a quarter per cent. of a nitrogenous substance, rather more than three per cent. of a gum soluble in water, like gum arabic, and the rest water.

the pattern shows up satisfactorily through the glaze; when this is accomplished it has still to be polished.

The name *hira-makiyé* is applied to all lacs where the



No. 3.—*Inro*, by *Honami Koyetsu*. (Author's Collection.)

surface and design is perfectly flat; as Mr. Audsley says, it includes almost all the pieces notable for beauty, delicacy, and tenderness of feeling and treatment. The details and transparent effects are usually produced by graduated or softened-off dustings of metal. The skill consists in so distributing the powders as to secure the exact proportions and shadings. In fine examples a mistake as to this never occurs.

This process is often combined with *taka-makiyé*, where the surface is raised or indented. In this, as in the process last described, the ground-work has to be entirely finished before the ornamentation is commenced. Low relief is accomplished by dusting the design in wet lacquer with fine camellia charcoal powder; for high relief *sabi* (a mixture of burnt clay and lac varnish) is used; both when dry undergo various polishings and grindings.

The other sorts of lacquer requiring notice are *tsui-shiû* (red), and *tsui-koku* (black), where the design is carved out of a thick coating of lac. But the most remarkable work in this way is *Guri lac*, where the body of the work is formed of superimposed layers of various coloured lacs, through which designs, usually consisting of flowing curves, are cut, sometimes to the depth of a quarter of an inch, thus exposing the layers. Fine pieces of this lac are not common, but it is frequently imitated by colouring the sides of the incision so as to resemble the layers. A good magnifying glass will usually enable the imposture to be detected; and here I may remark upon the value of this instrument in the examination of all Japanese manufactures, especially metal work. Desirable specimens should always stand its test.

*Chinkin-bori* dates no farther back than the early part of the last century, when it was copied from the Chinese. It is similar to dry-point etching, and consists in incising the pattern in fine lines into the body of the lac with a graver or rat's tooth, and filling up the incisions with powdered gold.

Those who care to see the materials of which lacquer is made, and specimens in various states of manufacture, can do so by paying a visit to Kew, where they will be found in the top floor of the museum. There are sections of the tree

from which the lac exudes, the lacs themselves of varied colours, from light grey green, and yellow, to brown and black; the hempen cloth, silk, and paper in which the object is cased, the clays and colours used, the stones, brushes, tools, and even the drying press. Then there are several plaques showing the processes of *togi-dashi*, *taka-makiyé*, and the manufacture of the *nashiji* or *avanturine* ground; in this latter there are bands of four different kinds of *avanturine* (presumably gold, and silver in two mixtures, and silver), and it is curious to observe how little difference there is between them upon completion, the yellowness of the superimposed lacs having made them all of the same barley-sugar hue. There is also a case showing fifty various methods of lacquering sword-sheaths, but it is placed too high for study. It is a pity that these specimens are not at South Kensington.

Until the opening up of Japan thirty years ago, the only specimens of Japanese lacquer known in Europe were the few pieces which surreptitiously found their way out of the country in the occasional cargoes of wares which the Dutch settlers were allowed to export. How few these were is shown by a search of the records, which contain entries to this effect: that eleven ships sailed in one year, carrying 16,580 pieces of porcelain, and 12 pieces of lac. The reason for this was that the exportation of lac was forbidden. There were collectors of it even in these times, amongst whom Madame de Pompadour (who expended 110,000 livres upon it) and Marie Antoinette were the most notable. The latter's collection, of about one hundred pieces, is in the Louvre, and M. Gonse states that there is hardly a single one which is not of an inferior quality. The most notable pieces of this sort in this country were those included in the Hamilton collection. For these enormous prices were paid at its dispersal.



No. 4.—*Suzuribako*, by *Korin*. Eighteenth Century.  
(Mr. M. Katsuka.)

Fashion, and knowledge still more so, have as in other matters moved forward rapidly of late. It is not much more than a decade ago that collectors would talk about, and



have nothing but, "Daimio" lac. Many of them had but a vague idea of what was included in that term, but they made it all embracing, as they well could do, for there are probably few sorts of lac which were not at one time or another made for the great princes. I have asked many collectors and Japanese experts what they meant by the term, and all have differed. But the majority would seem to confine it to the large pieces of furniture which were made for the Daimio's actual use, and to the smaller pieces ornamented with diaper or flowing patterns of a formal nature, and, usually, the crest of the owner. The fan (Illustration No. 2) has a thoroughly daimioesque design. The sho-chiku-bai, or pine, bamboo, and prunus, which so often recur, may be said almost to come under the category of a Daimio pattern.

The oldest lac which ever comes into the foreign market with any artistic quality to render it noticeable is that which is known as Kamakura-bori, so called from the city of that name, the capital of the Shoguns. Old specimens of this are not frequent, but not long ago I encountered half-a-dozen examples in a collection sent over from Japan for sale. They consisted for the most part of figures rather rudely carved, covered with a thick coating of red lac over black, which shows through with age. I give a specimen of one of them (Illustration No. 1); it probably is four centuries old, and represents the wandering priest Saigio.

Probably the earliest artist in lac whose work is likely to be found by the ordinary collector is Honami Koyetsu. The date of his birth and death are known (1556—1637), and he was fortunate in passing the last twenty years of his life under the Tokugawa dynasty, who brought in with them an era of taste and refinement. He was the originator of the schools of Soyetsu and Korin. In the inro before us (Illustration No. 3) the ground is black lac, which has assumed a brown tint, owing to a substratum of

red-coloured lac.\* The design is simple and dignified, being a part of the wooden structure of a bridge; the piers are mother-of-pearl, the iron bands of lead, the upper portion of gold, inlaid with tesserae in gold and lacquer.

The other lacquerer of distinction, founder of a school, who lived in the seventeenth century, and with whose works we are fairly familiar, was Koma Kiu-haku. Authentic specimens of his work are somewhat rare. An inro in the writer's possession, representing three sparrows flying, is chiefly distinguishable for the boldness of the design, the somewhat early character of the nashiji ground, which is of the barley-sugar character, and for the fine colour of the black and red lac in the interior lining. Koma had a son, Yasutaka, who continued his father's work, and the school has continued up to the present day, the most noted disciple being Koma Kuansai, who attained a high distinction in the last century.

Both of the foregoing artists were in a sense the masters of

Korin (A.D. 1661—1716), whose name has a magical sound in the ears of most collectors. Once seen, his style is the most easily recognisable of any; but it is somewhat difficult to

distinguish between the work of masters and pupils, for it is one which it is not difficult to copy. Korin was an artist with the pencil as well as in lacquer, and his designs with the former are notable for their originality and freedom from convention. The same applies to his works in lacquer, in which the designs are almost repellent by their vigour, and upon such a material as fine lac they appear out of place (see Illustration No. 4).

It will be noticed that, in this example, mother-of-pearl and pewter have been used. Korin was the first to introduce the latter to

any important extent; he also used tin and lead. One distin-

\* An inro is a small case composed of one or more compartments fitting into each other, which was suspended from the wearer's sash by a cord, and was held in position by a netsuké. It was used for medicine, perfumes, or a seal.



No. 5.—Box, by Nagahidé, Shunsho School. Eighteenth Century. (Author's Collection.)



No. 6.—Suzuribako, by Ritsuo. Eighteenth Century.

guishing mark between the master and his imitators is in the gold; in both, the gold will probably be laid on very thickly, but in the master's case, it will be found to be of a rich red hue, pleasant and soft in tone, as opposed to a sickly yellow; it has been remarked by Mr. Kataoka, who has studied the subject very carefully, that Korin's gold is full of minute specks which resemble gilded grains of sand.

By the majority of collectors, there is nothing so much sought after as a fine example of Korin's work; for myself, I consider it altogether overrated; I admit its surprising vigour, but it has, to me, always an archaic appearance, and carries upon its face the fact that it is imperfect work, work so primitive that one is always surprised when one remembers that it only dates back to the beginning of the last century.

Mr. Anderson, however, is of opinion that "to those who have learned to understand his aim, there appears a strength of character rarely apparent in the resplendent work of later years.

As a decorative artist, he will always be a genius for the few, a charlatan for the many." (*Pictorial Art*, p. 137.) Mr. Gilbertson adds that "his productions are the eccentricities of a genius; in the hands of his imitators their absurdities stare one in the face too palpably; his style consequently soon disappeared, and deservedly so, for that reason."

Another school which owes its origin to the teachings of Koyetsu, was that of Soyetsu. According to Mr. Ernest Hart, the pupil chiefly gave himself to the same delicate style of work affected by his master, although some of his productions are characterized by largeness and boldness of design. Tsuchida Soyetsu attained to

a great age, and in the Gilbertson collection are two inros, upon which are statements that they were executed in the eighty-second and eighty-third years of his age; the lac has turned brown and semi-transparent. In a signed inro in the author's collection, the Mikado's treasure-cart is represented on one face; the lacquer is in relief, the framework of the cart is ornamented with giobu nashiji, the body is inlaid mother-of-pearl, and the wheels are lead. I may here remark that part, if not all, of the earlier inlayings in mother-of-pearl were composed of pieces with parallel sides, the lines of junction being vertical. Korin often shaped his mother-of-pearl, making it usually one piece, and later on the inlayers did not hesitate at inlaying one piece of mother-of-pearl over a curve, or even a sharp angle.

An artist, whose work was thoroughly original, but which throughout shows traces of imperfection, was Ogawa Ritsuo. (1662-1746). The box (Illustration No. 6) is in brown wood of

a coarse grain, the harder portion of which is left in relief, the corners and edges being in black lac with a gilt pattern; the inside and bottom is black lac. The decorations of the cover are in pottery, glazed green, and represent ornamental roof-tiles, one, it will be observed, having the tomoyé ornament, of which I spoke last month. It is curious to note that on a piece of Kajikawa's the centres of the eddies of the water are formed of this ornament. The artist's seal, in the lower left corner, is in white pottery.

We now proceed to the consideration of work which leaves nothing to be desired, which in itself is the *ne plus ultra* of mechanical perfection, and against which the most hypercritical can only say that occasionally it exhibits traces of a luxurious effeminacy when compared with the masculine productions of those whom we have hitherto discussed. For myself, fine examples of Yamamoto Shunsho have a fascination which attaches to the work of no other master. Messrs.

Gilbertson, Alexander, Trower, and especially the French collectors, have specimens, whose aristocratic mien makes their fellows look vulgar and insignificant. No one who has handled a piece can fail to recognise its perfection. The very silkiness of its surface is a marvel. It can well be imagined that work such as this is incapable of reproduction. It will not photograph satisfactorily, its glossy surface giving off an infinity of reflections. Mechanical reproduction, wood engraving, and chromo-lithography all fail, and the examples here illustrated, and in fact all the other lac objects, have been selected because they are less intractable than others. I wish I could refer my

readers to individual pieces in our National Museums, which they could study, but this is impossible, for they do not possess them.

I have been unable to ascertain definitely the date when Yamamoto Shunsho lived. It was probably at the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century. Anderson mentions that he was alive in 1780, but this was almost certainly a descendant. In the example of the work of his pupil (Illustration No. 5), the ground is black, the cranes are in silver lac, and the reeds are drawn in gold, with a powdering of gold—the whole is in *hira-makiyé*, or flat-work.

The best-known name in the annals of the lac producers is that of Kajikawa, and the work of this family is the favourite with the majority of collectors. Mr. Gilbertson has no less than a hundred signed inros by them, and he considers that by their admirable taste and skill they and the Komas have raised that article to the highest level of a work of Art.



No. 7.—Suzuribako, School of Koma. Eighteenth Century.



He is of opinion, too, that the first Kajikawa has never been excelled in the beauty and perfection of his black lac, or the richness of his nashiji, and that his gold often rivals Korin's. To this is added sumptuous workmanship, a lavish display of gold, and a very full design. The groundwork is usually nashiji thickly and profusely laid on, the design a landscape, abounding in mountains, lakes, houses, and with a foreground of cunningly modelled rocks and foliage. The small portion which remains for the sky will probably be tenanted with cranes. The box which is illustrated here (No. 8) is principally noteworthy for the splendid black brown upon which the gold is richly laid; sides, top, the interior, and even the bottom, all show magnificent workmanship.

There are several other lacquerers who have a place in the first rank, but of whom little can be said here. Koami Nagataka, and Yosei (1650-70), who principally worked in Guri, or tsuishu lac, and who both founded schools—Masazané, the three brothers Nagatoshi, Yoshhide, and Nagata Yuji, Hakusai, Nagahidé Mitsutoshi, and Hara Yoyusai, all at the latter part of the eighteenth century, and in this, Zeshin, Harui, Watenabé, Tösen, and Ogawa Shomin.

Our illustration (No. 7) shows the extent to which decoration was carried in good work; here the groundwork is aventurine. The design includes a pipe case (gold lac), tobacco pouch (brown and gold lac), with silver fastener, similar in design to the dragon-head on the Ritsuo (Illustration No. 6), and inro (gold, with inlay of mother-of-pearl); the two beads on the string are in black and red lac. in high relief. The tea jar is of red and black lac,

with ivory cover; the case is of gold lac; the jar behind has a lid of tortoiseshell. The guri lac box in the left lower corner is in red lac.

In conclusion, the following remarks upon collecting lacquer may not be out of place. Mr. Gilbertson, on this subject, writes as follows:—"If a collector is compelled, from want of space or for any similar reason, to confine himself to one particular class of Japanese Art work, he cannot do better than select inros as the most desirable object. If the netsukés which were attached to them are added, there is no question as to what his choice should be. As illustrations of the history, mythology, and folk-lore of the country they are hardly so rich as the metal work, or the netsukés; but, as regards that extremely interesting branch of Japanese Art—the branch in which they stand and have always stood absolutely supreme—the art of working in lacquer, the inro is of surpassing value. It is there one must look for the most

perfect examples of lacquer work of every description. Not that larger works, such as writing boxes, perfume boxes, etc., do not afford equally fine examples of the work of the great artists—finer indeed from a pictorial point of view, because of the larger spaces available; but in the inro one often finds a treatment of the subject and of the material that would be inapplicable to the larger surface. The very limit of space and the form, in the inro often bring out the artistic knowledge of the designer—very frequently the executant at the same time—in a most remarkable manner. Wonderful harmony both of colour and composition are often combined with a minuteness of detail that makes one wonder what sort of eyes and hands the lacquerers possessed."

Every collector has his own views on the subject, and my readers will no doubt have gathered that there is a branch of Japanese Art which attracts me more than lacquer. But



No. 8.—*Suzuribako*, by Kajikawa. Eighteenth Century. (Author's Collection.)

there is no doubt there are few artistic pursuits which can be cultivated at so small a cost, and with so much probability of its being a good investment—a goal which the collector so frequently aspires to—as that which Mr. Gilbertson has advocated. For a few pounds specimens can be obtained, the merit of which none can dispute, and which will be examples to all who see them of the pitch of perfection to which workmanship can attain; the test of familiarity and careful study will only enhance, as it shows, their value—and this is the crucial test to apply to all arts, and it is one which few of the huge, expensive, modern productions of Japan will submit to.

The newness of a piece of lacquer may often be certified by smelling the interior, if it be a box or suchlike. It takes many years for an object made of lac to lose its oleaginous smell if it is not exposed to the air. I have never been able to diagnose exactly the scent of old work, but there is a dry-

ness about it which is unmistakable. Another way of distinguishing old from new wares is by examining the edges of the designs; for instance, in the piece No. 8, if it were modern



No. 9.—Inro, School of Koma. (Author's Collection.)

the lines of the hills would not have that clean crisp look, but a gummy, hazy appearance would be found, extending into the sky around them. It is always suspicious to find no

appearance of wear on the bottom of an old box, especially at the corners. The difference in the appearance between good and bad gold can soon be distinguished; the former never, the latter soon tarnishing. It is needless to say examine the workmanship; that may be good sometimes in modern pieces, in which case they are worth having. The odour of new lac is said to affect many people very seriously with a complaint termed lacquer poisoning. In mild cases it affects the skin, but in severe instances it upsets the system entirely.

The drug usually carried in inros is a powder of a dark brown hue, with an aromatic taste, of which a pinch produces a genial glow through the frame. It is said to be a compound of a hundred drugs.—(Miss Bird, "Unbeaten tracks in Japan.")

Collectors must not be disappointed if they meet with few signatures upon lacquer. The ordinance never to buy without a signature does not apply here. Large pieces are seldom signed; when they are, that fact generally tends to raise suspicion. Inros much more frequently bear the name of the maker, sometimes hidden away in the interior or at the side of the piece. These are made in a variety of ways; Korin sometimes models his heavily in the body of the work, at others merely scratching it with the point of a needle in the interior. Josei's signature is always incised. The Kajikawas painted them in gold lac on the lower edge, adding a sort of urn-shaped seal. But, after all, signatures should not count for much. A few hours' careful study of good pieces, under an intelligent master, countervails all this; after which, as the saying is, *il ne faut pas être grand clerc en matière d'Art* to distinguish between fine and inferior work.

MARCUS B. HUISE.

## 'SPILT MILK.'

PAINTERS who are content to give animal expressions to animals have their reward in an energy of look and action not to be compassed by those who try for a quasi-human feeling. In all parts of the arts, as well as in all the arts, not the least important task of the artist is to find the limitations of what he has to work with. By observing limitations he gets not weakness or disability, but the strength that comes with truth and order. Landseer would verily have been what so many of his contemporaries thought him—a great animal painter, in spite of his uninteresting technique—if he had always respected the limitations of his subjects. Unfortunately, he too often violated all the character of the creature, forcing upon it the expression of the emotions of mankind, which are different not in degree only but in kind. Mr. Briton Riviere has studied animals in a perfectly serious and sincere spirit, whether he presents them in their strenuous earnest or in their play. In the present instance there is a mingling of

play and passion, on the dog's part at least, which is thoroughly animal. A cat's sense of humour does not survive kittenhood, and the cat in Mr. Briton Riviere's picture—a cat in a temper worthy of a demon—does not see any joke in her encounter with her enemy, while her thrift is probably outraged by the waste of the milk. The picture is eminently a noisy one. The outcries of the most vociferous animals that make part of our civilisation seem to break from it. Many painters in the days when English Art dealt so largely with the nursery (and really it has done worse things and things less in accord with its abilities since then) made their pictures ring again with the crying of the baby. Other men have painted other sounds—such as the voice of the angelus bell in Millet's evening scene in the fields; and has not Mark Twain some characteristic japes about the deafening effect of Tintoretto's Paradise? But Mr. Briton Riviere's battle over the spilt milk is loud with a clamour of its own.



## ARNOLD BÖCKLIN.

THE contributions of Switzerland to Art are so scanty that the Alpine Republic is never counted among Art-producing nations. Yet she has in this century brought forth at least one son of whom she may be justly proud, for though he would seem to be guided and inspired solely by classical influences, he owes not a little to that robustness of temperament, unruffled by complex emotions, which distinguishes the Swiss character, and, as a rule, renders it so jejune. This son is Arnold Böcklin, who might, in a manner, be called the Burne-Jones of German Art; not that the productions of this artist resemble those of his English colleague, but that, like this colleague, his name has become the watchword for fierce controversy concerning a style of painting which, whatever its detractors may say, has at least the merit of reflecting a pronounced individuality and of being distinctive and original, so that, as one of these carpers said, "with all their faults his pictures are interesting, and their strange forms persist in one's memory, even against one's will; like a melody it is irritating not to be able to forget."

Arnold Böcklin was born October 16, 1827, at Basle, the son of a well-to-do merchant of that industrious, industrial, and inartistic city. Neither from his outer surroundings, unless we except the Gothic cathedral and the terrace commanding that fine view of the rushing Rhine and distant Alps, nor from the society of the place, could he imbibe æsthetic proclivities. Yet love as well as talent for painting showed themselves when Böcklin was a mere lad, though the father, who was strongly imbued with the ordinary Swiss burgher prejudice against artists as being vagabonds and idlers, discountenanced his bias at the outset. Instead, he encouraged his son to be strenuous at his studies, and sent him to the local gymnasium, where Arnold received an excellent education, and distinguished himself among his comrades. Here was aroused and nourished that intimate acquaintance with the historical and mythical aspects of classic antiquity that have had so great an influence on his whole bent of thought and conception. It is not known precisely how and when the father's prejudice against his son's election of an artistic career was overcome, but so much is certain, that when vanquished it was absolutely conquered; so much so that even after the elder Böcklin had lost his for-

tune, and was obliged to work for others in return for a small income, he shirked no sacrifices in order that the lad might learn the rudiments of his art, and later on even sent him to the Academy of Düsseldorf, which Art school he entered in 1846, being then in his nineteenth year.

J. W. Schirmer, the painter of historic landscape, was at that time Professor at the Academy, and under his master's tuition Böcklin devoted himself also entirely to landscape. The sickly sentimental style in vogue at Düsseldorf awakened little sympathy in the healthy, robust nature of Böcklin, and after awhile even Schirmer noticed that his pupil would do better for a change of school. He therefore advised him to go to Brussels, where he would find a more realistic spirit prevalent, and where he could better study figure. Here

Böcklin worked chiefly in the galleries, learning the technique and nature of the older masters by means of copies, and earning by the same means a modest competence, which permitted him a little later to go to Paris in order to pursue the same studies there.

Scarcely had Böcklin arrived in Paris than the Revolution of 1848 exploded and he became an eye-witness to some of the most terrible scenes enacted in the streets. Thus he relates that he saw men and women placed by the *soldatesca* against the walls and shot down like dogs for no graver offence than that they had crossed the streets to buy food. These horrors made such a profound impression upon his entire nature, which is slow to receive but steadfast to retain, that all through life he has not cast off the recollection. The influ-

ence may even be traced in his art, that at times contains elements of the gruesome, of murder and brutality, together with a crude dissonance of treatment in matter and form, that would appear to be inspired by a wild revolt against all tradition and order. It was further characteristic that he nevertheless stayed on in Paris, and that amid all these terrors he managed to continue his Art studies. His sojourn was, however, not to be of long duration, for he was summoned home to serve his time in the Swiss army. This duty absolved, he set out for Rome, the goal of all true artists, in his pocket his scanty savings and in his heart high hopes and aspirations. It was in March, 1850, that he first looked on the Eternal City, with its monuments of a departed world, a dead splendour; the city which his classical



Arnold Böcklin.

studies had well prepared him to appreciate. Here he found many a congenial companion, among whom were Paul Heyse, the poet-novelist, and Feuerbach and Achenbach, the painters. In company with these and other artists he would roam the Campagna, but unlike to them, he did not commit his impressions at once to paper. He waited to do this until he returned home, when he would ardently throw on the canvas a landscape that copied no special scene, but was yet so faithful a reproduction of the essential features of the Roman landscape, that for truth of impression it surpassed that of his friends who minutely copied nature. In the midst of these efforts of his bent and genius, Böcklin had, however, to paint conventional views in order to earn from picture-dealers the modest pittance he needed for bare livelihood.

Thus he passed some years, partly in Rome, partly in Olevano, painting and roaming the land; his circumstances decidedly straitened, to say the least, when a pair of dark eyes of rare brilliancy and depth attracted him so irresistibly that he married. His wife was an orphan girl as poor as himself, and the prospects of this imprudent marriage were certainly not brilliant. By this time, the young painter had, however, made some name among artists, and orders began slowly to flow in. The first work thus painted was to lead to curious mischance. A rich German lady had commanded a picture from his brush. Böcklin commenced it, and unfortunately chose as his theme 'The Abduction of a Nymph by a Fawn.' This shocked the lady so that she refused to take the work at any price, and could only subsequently be induced, after much trouble, to take another in its stead. The adventure helped to ripen Böcklin's nascent determination to leave Rome, and re-seek his native land. In the hope of finding more lucrative work the artist returned to Basle—hopes that were entirely disappointed. Soon after, however, fickle fortune seemed as though she would smile. A certain Herr Wedekind, of Hanover, commissioned him to decorate his dining-room, it being a special stipulation that Böcklin should choose his own themes. Encouraged by so large and liberal an order, the artist threw himself with ardour into the task, painting a series of works that illustrated the relation of man to fire. He executed them in that peculiar mixture of tempera and oil painting that he has since affected with such preference, and that he holds to be peculiarly adapted to decorative work. Besides the fact that it gives a distinctively luminous character to painting, it is after brightness as well as richness of colour that Böcklin is ever striving, though it lands him sometimes in strange dissonances of hue. The pictures completed, Böcklin looked for the promised honorarium—needed the more as his family had increased, and their claims upon him were heavy. What was his dismay to learn that Herr Wedekind simply rejected the works as unsuited to his taste, and refused the promised payment. Stung to the step by real need, Böcklin put the matter into the hands of the law, and after the usual tedious and needless delays, the case was decided in his favour, and the defendant forced to pay the stipulated price. Nevertheless, Herr Wedekind would not have the pictures in his house. They are supposed to be now in a villa near Cassel, but nothing certain is known of their fate.

It was in 1856, after this annoyance, that Böcklin directed his steps to Munich, where his old Roman friend, Paul Heyse, was then living. The poet made him acquainted with Count Schack, the author and Orientalist, the Mæcenas of the Bavarian capital, who alone recognised the artist's rare and peculiar ability, and instantly ordered several pictures. At

this day the Schack gallery contains the largest and most characteristic collection of Böcklin's works. Who was happier than Böcklin, at last to have freedom and full scope for the exercise of his talents! The works he produced at this period for Count Schack bear evidence that they were evolved with ardour and ease. The first exhibited at Munich was 'Great Pan,' the god of shepherds, reclining half hidden amid the reed growths of a marshy ground. Choice of theme and treatment are equally distinctive of the artist, who is never satisfied merely to depict that which the actual world can present to his vision. His teeming imagination seeks after the extraordinary, the supernatural; and where could he find better themes for this than in ancient mythology? On the other hand, his Teutonic common-sense rejected their conventional academic treatment, in which artificiality, a conscious archaism, is dominant. He himself is akin to the objective, simple-natured, direct Greek spirit that inspired these myths of eternal youthfulness, which were for those who evolved them as for those who would understand them aright, nought more abstruse than their expression of delight in, and intimate sympathy with, Nature—a Nature that had not yet been endowed with an introspective and philosophical character, as is the Nature of our century, the Nature of Shelley and Wordsworth. It is this spontaneous classical spirit that gives Böcklin's pictures their value, their original character; it is this that gives his poetry its charm; it is this, again, that makes him hard to be understood by the masses, to whom the true Greek spirit is unfamiliar and too remote from their habitual grooves of thought. The French painter Corot, in criticising the landscape works of his contemporaries, used often to exclaim, as he saw successively views taken in the east, west, north, and south of the world, "But these men, have they been born nowhere, that they do not paint their native soil?" The same reproach, that there is no nationality in his work, that it is "homeless," has been addressed to Böcklin. It is a narrow-minded, narrow-visioned criticism, as narrow as that which censures Böcklin because he has evermore changed his place of residence with great frequency. The home of the true artist is not in place but in work, and Böcklin is not homeless in his art which seeks only after the beautiful—the beautiful as transmuted by his imaginative brain rather than as the direct suggestion of the outside world.

'The Panic Terror' is one of Böcklin's ablest compositions. We see before us a romantic rocky gorge, in which a shepherd has led his goats to browse. Suddenly he must have heard that loud discordant voice with which the god loved to startle sojourners in lonely spots, or those who disturbed by any sound his mid-day slumbers. Perchance Böcklin's shepherd had thus offended. In any case, we see him rushing from the spot panic-stricken, a big, swarthy man, lightly clad. His distended eyes, gasping mouth, and hands convulsively clasped behind his head, all show his fear. He is followed by his long-haired goats who have also caught the alarm. Indeed, the old horned leader keeps pace with his master and seems no less afraid than he. Above, on the highest rocks, is seen the head of the malicious woodland god, grinning down with acute satisfaction at the result of his own mischievous pranks. The sun, which floods the whole scene, seems to laugh also, and makes the terrified shepherd a yet greater object of ridicule than if his fears had been evoked by darkness or gloom.

But painting was not Böcklin's only occupation. His versatile and restless talent even drove him to invent a flying machine. On this he spent endless time and money and finally



almost broke his neck in trying to use it. In 1860, together with some other German artists, he received an invitation to found an Art school in Weimar. They went there with high expectations, remembering the reputation this modern Athens had acquired during the lifetime of Goethe and Schiller. They were to be bitterly disappointed. He found that the provincial spirit of narrow clique was no less rampant there than elsewhere, that outsiders were regarded with the same evil eye as in less enlightened capitals. Every obstacle to the fulfilment of the artists' task was put in their way, and at last the place became to them so hateful, that one day, over a social bottle of wine, one of their number proposed as a toast "On the 1st of October we meet in Rome." At that moment none of them had seriously contemplated such a step, but the words were like seed sown in their mind. The professor of sculpture broke

away for the "city of the soul." But a few weeks after and Böcklin, who had long yearned to return to Italy, did not hesitate to follow his comrades' example. He resigned the professorship, its pay and petty slavery, for freedom and Rome. He had his reward. From this date onwards his development was steady and homogeneous, and he was able to devote himself entirely to production. While at Weimar Böcklin painted his 'Hunt of Diana,' one of his most famous works, to be seen in the museum of his native town, in which the goddess is chasing surrounded by her nymphs, a work conceived in a classical spirit. The same museum boasts some daring, quaintly original, but by no means altogether agreeable frescoes; a mixture of poetry and grim humour such as distinguished Böcklin at his least fortunate period. But he was as yet free from mannerism in the



*The Triton Family.*

early days of his Roman sojourn, when he painted his reading of the third idyl of Theocritus; for the bucolic poet of Syracuse attracted him no less than the Sabine farmer. We behold Daphnis, a bronzed stripling, whose goat-skin forms his only covering, playing his pan-pipe and wailing forth his longing after the nymph Amaryllis, at the entrance of the grotto, where, invisible to him, she hides her charms, while listening sympathetically to his youthful yearnings. In masterly mode has Böcklin indicated the gap that separates these beings of two distinct worlds; on the one hand, warm real life, ardent with feeling, on the other shadowy phantasmagoria.

It is a peculiarity of Böcklin that he loves not only to paint contrasts, but to mock at himself. A mockery upon the above picture was one painted later, called 'Nymph and Satyrs,' a picture that on its exhibition raised a perfect tem-

pest of criticism, jesting, and commiseration. Here a nymph is the object of the coarse adoration of two ugly fauns, one old and repulsive, the other young and unattractive.

While in Rome, Böcklin succumbed to the influence of classic painting as revealed in Pompeii and Naples, and began to treat, first his vegetation, then his figures, with a crudeness of colour which called forth sharp criticism. This was above all visible in a series of religious pictures painted in the pre-Raphaelite spirit, themes to begin with quite unsuited to the nature of his mind and genius. It culminated in a 'Pietà' with life-sized figures, in which the seven primary colours were rampant and unsubdued. These extravagances caused orders to flow in less rapidly, and the artist once more found himself in need. He therefore returned to Basle in 1869, painting the frescoes abovenamed and some decorations for a private house. This done, his restless spirit drove him

back to Munich, where he hoped his art would find better appreciation. Here among other things he painted his fantastic autograph portrait in which he is represented as a musical fanatic, behind whom stands Death; and his 'Sea Eagle,' one of his most imaginative works, that shows how the artist has looked on the wild beauty, the dreadness, the wonder of the sea with a poet's eye. It is noteworthy and characteristic of the man and his genius that the greater number of his sea pictures were painted in Florence, an inland city. At Florence also was painted the work owned by the Berlin National Gallery, 'The Elysian Fields,' a work that, by its relentless contempt for all traditional forms, called forth a perfect storm of criticism.

It is not possible within our limits even to name all Böcklin's works, nor is their number known. He exhibits little, rather

from artistic indolence than from any more serious motive, and he told me, when I recently visited him in Florence, that he had his cellars full of pictures. He lives a retired life, and exists chiefly in his imagination. Unlike most of his colleagues in Italy, he discourages visitors to his studio, objecting that idlers should bring their *ennui* into his sanctum and rob him of precious daylight moments. As a penalty for this social revolt, he is of course less known than more approachable men. His rather slow Swiss intelligence is not without gleams of dry humour that sparkles in grey blue eyes, set in a square, vigorous, and not unhandsome head. Characteristic of the man is his reception of a stranger, who, perhaps from mere *gaucherie*, on entering the studio broke into enthusiastic admiration of the really beautiful view of the Arno valley seen from his window. "You can see it better still from the



*The Storm.*

street," said Böcklin, opening the door. When I was there, he had upon his easel a 'Truth' and a 'Melancholy.' In the former, the artist's great mastery over that difficult colour blue was made manifest. In other respects, though fine in conception, it was rather violent in hue. The latter represented a female form seated in midst of a fair, joy-breathing, animated Florentine landscape, on which she resolutely turns her back, gazing instead into a black mirror, on which is written the word "Melancholia." He told me that he almost always paints on wood, and, aware of the difficulty of getting a good panel, he has made it a condition of late in accepting a commission that the purchaser should furnish the panel. Once hard pushed for well-seasoned wood, he sawed in half his dining table, and showed me with much satisfaction the work he had executed upon it. I did not hear

his wife's view of the matter. Since my visit he has once more returned to live in Switzerland, establishing himself at Zurich, partly for the sake of his boys' education, one of whom promises to be a worthy successor to his father; partly, I think, to satisfy the restless demon with whom he seems possessed. This restlessness, this zig-zag of life from north to south, from soft-natured and voluptuous Italy to rugged, stern, and solemn Switzerland, is emblematic of the painter's art and character, which now expresses itself in genial mastery of classic and poetic feeling, now sets to work as though it would deliberately destroy all that is commonly accepted as harmonious and beautiful. He is a man and an artist whose robust originality and disregard of convention is certainly indisputable.

HELEN ZIMMERN.



## THE FOREIGN LOAN COLLECTION AT THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION.

AS many of the finest examples of the French and Dutch painters in this country are owned by Glasgow collectors, it is not surprising that the Foreign Loan Gallery contains a higher average of work than any other in the Exhibition. The committee entrusted with the choice and hanging of this particular section have thought it their duty (it would seem) to protest against what they considered the narrow spirit displayed in the French and Dutch Loan Collection got together last year at Edinburgh. They may be congratulated on their success, the result of their efforts being as large-minded and as mixed as the most catholic student could desire. The same broad spirit has inspired the hanging, which is governed by no law save that of general hospitality.

It is enough that every picture is a foreigner and a brother. Rousseau is now found cheek by jowl with Harlamoff and the inspired masters of modern Munich. You pass at a stride from Bouguereau to Matthew Maris, from a perfect Bosboom to an impossible Böcklin, from Diaz and Daubigny to Gabriel Max and Carl Schloesser. Between Billet and Millet there is no more than an initial and a patch of wall.

Albert Neuheys says to Monticelli, "Thou art my brother;" and Benjamin Constant at his paintiest and worst shows hip to haunch with Corot at his loftiest and best. Only a good commercial Meissonier is lacking to make the gathering completely representative of that beautiful quality of "breadth of view" of which the average exhibition is so satisfactory an expression.

I hasten to add that in certain directions the committee have been singularly well inspired. Thus the examples of Corot are not only numerous, but large and important. One, Mr. Forbes White's 'Pastorale' (651), is an exceptionally fine example of the classical mood of the master on a grand scale. It has, moreover, an interest other than æsthetic, it

having been the subject of a heated and bitter dispute when exhibited in Edinburgh several years ago. A small number of artists, headed by the late Paul Chalmers, held that it was the work of a man of genius, while the general opinion was that Corot might be a poet, but that he certainly was not a painter. To those who remember the fight, and the vigour with which it was carried on, the change that has been operated meanwhile is both pleasing and instructive, Corot being now accepted as a classic by all denominations of critics, who, if they fail to understand the beauty of his art, are keenly alive at least to their own reputation. Mr. Arthur's 'Danse des Nymphes' (769), while not so large, is, I think, an even finer picture: the colour, for one thing, being more

distinguished; while, for another, the sentiment is more exquisite, and the effect a nearer approach to perfection. To my mind, however, the most striking of all the Corots is 'The Wild Man of the Woods' (748), a sketch on a great scale, showing the master's power of handling a large canvas in strong colour without falsifying his instinct of classical composition, or losing touch for half an instant with his incomparable sense



*Le Retour du Troupeau. From the picture by C. Jacque, in the possession of A. Bowman, Esq.*

of tone. To the many who imagine that Corot's genius was fully expressed in the dainty "cabinets" by which he is best known, such work as this—work so large in conception, so masterly in treatment, and so overwhelming in effect—must amount to a revelation. 'The Bather' (729) has a special interest, as showing Corot's treatment of the nude. Such examples are rare in this country, and this one suggests some reflections concerning the scope and reach of the painter's genius. It is seen, for instance, that however large a space the human figure may occupy on his canvas, his interest therein is always strictly limited to what concerns his own theory of Art; to the figure, that is to say, in its relations to light and air. I do not think he ever painted flesh, as did most of

the old masters, for its own sake. He treated man as he treated animals, trees, rocks, all the components in his work; he bound him, with the rest, in obedience to a certain law of harmony, to lend himself to a pure painter's expression of beauty, and never permitted any literary, still less any sentimental, idea to leaven his pictorial instinct. To my mind, it is this power of concentrating all his energy on the essentially plastic qualities of Art that gives him his acknowledged supremacy of style, and sets him as an artist above Millet, whose ambitions were more complicated, and whose results are commonly less painterlike. Of the remaining Corots it is unnecessary to write in detail. A fifth, 'The Woodcutters' (706), and a sixth, 'Twilight' (773), were two of the best in the Edinburgh Exhibition, while the others range from good to bad or doubtful.

Millet, whose name stands at the head of the French school in popular estimation, is unfortunately but poorly represented. The well-known 'Going to Work' (667) is the best example; another, 'La Bergère' (729), is hot in colour and awkward in composition; a third, 'The Shepherdess' (718), is a drawing of singular beauty. The sudden spread of Millet's fame was, I think, the effect of two causes: one, that his work, translating with ease into black and white, could be scattered broadcast by means of photography, etching, and wood engraving; the other, that his subjects were found to contain a strong literary element, could be easily translated into words, and provoked the composition of innumerable essays and reviews on his life and work. To me it is evident that Millet had a double genius. One side of his imagination was the painter's; the other, scarce less strong, was literary enough to have made him, had it been cultivated and developed, a distinguished thinker and writer. It was from the very strength of his genius

that the danger arose of his sinking the painter in the poet; fortunately, however, in his greatest pictures at least, he never sacrificed his painting to his subject, so that to think of his ambition (as is sometimes done) as identical with that of the common sentimentalist in paint, is to miss the whole gist of his achievement. There are but few specimens of his more important work in this country, and not too many in France. The greater part of them were taken, years ago, to America, where the influence of his pupil, W. M. Hunt, a

clever artist but a bad painter, made him a public long ere he was known to us by name.

Rousseau, that great experimentalist in paint, cannot be said to show at his best at Glasgow. Mr. Arthur's 'Le Soir' (730), strong in painting, though a trifle hot in colour, is a well-known example, having been reproduced, if I mistake not, in the "Cent Chefs-d'Œuvre" and the catalogue of the Defour Sale. Another, 'The Forest: Clairbois' (755), conspicuous in 1886 in the French and Dutch room at Edinburgh, is remarkable for its superb treatment of great masses of summer foliage and its infinite variety of greens; unfortunately it has been clumsily cleaned, and the sky has got damaged. Of Daubigny I always hold that his best work is mostly to be found in his more rapidly painted pictures, and where he confines his colour to a scheme of grey and dark green. The 'Mantes: Soir' (797), and the



*Near Rotterdam. From the picture by J. M. W. Turner, in the possession of T. G. Arthur, Esq.*

'Sea-piece' (739), show him in this mood, and are good to look at. The 'Landscape' (768) is a fine example of the class of picture that won him his reputation in this country: it is full of very obvious detail (including the well-known ducks), a fascinating quality to the English picture-buyer, and the pink in the sky is weak. Of Diaz it may be fairly advanced that not until his personal history is known can it be fully understood how such a vast mass of stuff, both good and bad, has



come to bear his signature. The reason is said to be that, to help his daughter (whom he adored, and who was scarce less extravagant than himself was able and prolific), he not only produced inferior work in surprising quantity, but was even accused of selling his signature to dealers, to be put on pictures which he had not painted. Be this as it may, the fact remains that fine examples of this great artist are rare. Mr. Forbes White's 'Flowers' (654) is the noblest piece of modern flower painting I know. The colour, though not faultless, is rich, the brushwork free and masterly, the effect incomparable of its kind. Unfortunately the Diaz landscapes here are all

small, and mostly show what may be called "the dealer's Diaz." I think Mr. Arthur's 'The Heart of the Forest' (832) the best, as, though somewhat exact in composition, it is very personal and good in colour. None of the figure pictures are fine or large enough to be representative.

The best known of the Troyons here is the 'Off Honfleur' which was etched for the Wilson Catalogue; the 'Sheep' (772), though small, is exceptionally fine; a 'Resting' (683) is fair. Three great painters are only represented by a single example. The Duke of Hamilton's Delacroix's 'Lion and Tiger' (750) is strong alike in colour and painting—a great



*Fish-Market at St. Malo. From the drawing by Léon Lhermitte, in the possession of J. D. Hedderwick, Esq.*

picture on a small canvas. In the Decamps, 'St. Jerome in the Wilderness' (753), the foreground is very impressive, but the sky is strangely weak both in colour and handling. Georges Michel, in whom some have seen the father of modern landscape, is little known in England, but is much sought after by some French and American collectors. His time, I believe, is presently to come. His colour scheme is generally dark brown and grey, and his work remarkable, among other qualities, for the mastery it shows over the effects of light among storm-clouds overhanging wide expanses of brown moorland. Many of his pictures are painted

on paper, he having at one time been so poor as to be forced to use this in place of more expensive canvas. The example here shown, 'The Hill Side' (662), is typical though small. Of Jules Dupré—one of the weakest of the great French school of landscape painters—the only striking work on view is a 'Sea-piece' (747), which, though somewhat cold in the blue, is large and impressive in manner; it was at Edinburgh (I may add), in the French and Dutch loan collection, and is illustrated in Mr. Henley's "Memorial Catalogue" under the title of 'Pointe des Dunes.' Edouard Frère, who owed a somewhat spurious reputation to the praise

of Mr. Ruskin (whose imagination, as it seems to me, was fired by his worst weaknesses) is seen to admirable advantage. Very unlike the common, or dealer's, Frères, are Nos. 663 and 815, 'The Cooper's Shop' and 'Les Sabotiers,' neither of which is touched with sentimentalism, and both of which are richly and "fatly" painted. Munkácsy, so well and widely known for his large and inartistic show pictures, and so little renowned for his far finer landscapes, is represented by a 'River Scene' (730), treated much in the manner of Daubigny. Jacque, whose title to a place among the great French painters is open to question, is seen at his best in the 'Retour du Troupeau' (735), where the influence of Millet is obvious. Monticelli is only known in London, I believe, by the pictures exhibited of late at Messrs. Dowdeswell's. These were mostly bad, a good number of them (as was said in this Journal at the time) being only fit for the fire. Still, as one result of the exhibition was to show that Monticelli was a greater colourist than Diaz (the opposite is often affirmed, I know), it cannot be said to have been held in vain. The 'Adoration of the Magi' (775) is a fine example of his rich and sustained colour, but he was seen to far better purpose in 1886 at Edinburgh. Courbet is represented, not by any of the great landscapes and the magnificent "nudes," which equal him with the greatest brushmen of this century, but by a couple of fruit pieces (685 and 746), both strong in painting and in colour, and by a small but characteristic landscape, black in shadows, cold in colour, and superbly handled. It is matter for regret, I think, that Courbet is so little known and so poorly esteemed among us. I suppose that his feats as a Communist and his reputation as a desperado have made him deservedly anathema; but, all the same, it is matter for regret.

The Dutch school is strongly represented in Israëls, the most popular and, in many respects, the greatest among the living painters of Holland. His great success is not altogether dependent, it must be owned, on his merits as a painter, great as they are. Dutch interiors, Dutch children, Dutch fisher-folk, are fascinating subjects to the type of picture collector who requires somewhat obvious human sentiment before good painting. This Israëls gives more lavishly, perhaps, than any living artist. Though clever in selecting his motives and in giving them a literary as well as pictorial ex-

pression, he never runs any risk of being so far carried away by fancy as to neglect his brushwork, his genius being that of a painter, and of a painter whose career has been one of sustained development. It is possible in the Glasgow gallery to watch his progress from such work as 'The Shipwrecked Mariner' (742), where the shadows are black, and the composition strained, angular, and disjointed, to 'The Frugal Meal' (638); and from that again to 'The Sleeping Child' (661), to my thinking the most masterly of all.

If Israëls be the leader among the present figure painters of Holland, James Maris is even more undoubtedly the foremost of her *paysagists*. Allow that his colour tends to become cold and his brushwork slovenly; allow too, that, as compared with so supreme a master as Corot, his style looks almost common; allow that and a good deal more, and when all is said and done, it will have (I take it) to be recognised that he remains the greatest living landscape painter. His power of subordinating detail to breadth of effect, and his constructive genius, are of quite the highest order. As a painter of clouds he has broken new ground, for with their forms he has given a sense of floating motion to be found not elsewhere than in his work. His 'Near Rotterdam' (665) is an exceptionally fine example, is far and away, indeed, the best James Maris in the place.

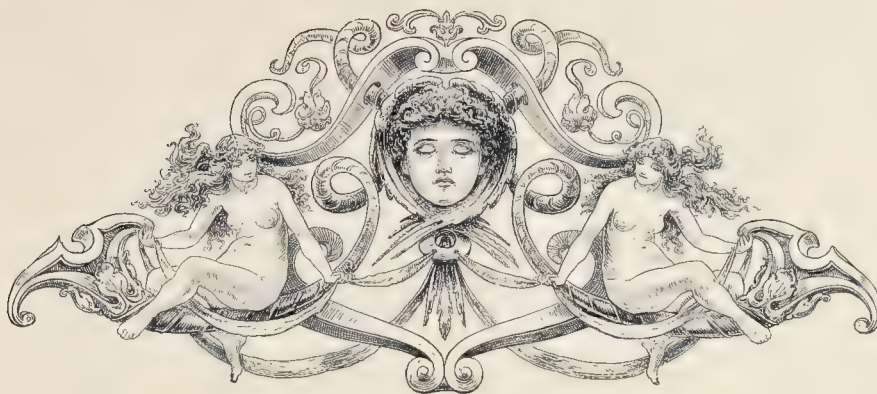
Another artist whose work deserves to be better known in this country is Johannes Bosboom, whose interiors are the best (I think) I know, whether among the old masters or the moderns. His 'Interior of the Bakkenesse Kerk, Haarlem' (825), is typical of his achievement in oils. In this connection it is worth noticing that his best work is mostly in water colours; that he is now over seventy years old, and more heavily decorated than any living Dutch master; and that not long since a learned critic, taking him for a youth and a beginner, was moved to remark that his looseness of touch boded somewhat ill for his future. Of Matthew Maris it is useless here to speak. His work, for one thing, is so rare as to be practically unknown; and, for another, his Art ranges itself under no school. To me he is one of the greatest among living artists, but his pictures do, and always must, appeal to a very limited audience. His 'Montmartre' (639), a weird landscape of extraordinary beauty, is merely beyond description.

R. T. H. B.



*The Shepherdess. From the drawing by J. F. Millet, in the possession of A. Young, Esq.*





## HARMONIOUS COLOURING APPLIED TO WOVEN FABRICS.

"I BELIEVE the analogy between music and ornament," says Wornum, "to be perfect: one is to the eye what the other is to the ear, and the day is not far distant when this will be practically demonstrated."

All who have had experimental study of the two arts must, I think, cordially agree with this belief; although the one has been reduced to an exact science, which all must learn before anything can be accomplished, while the other is still in a state of absolute confusion and chaos. Perhaps a better way of expressing the same idea would be to say, that although the science of harmony underlies equally music and decorative art, only in the case of the former have its laws been discovered and formulated, and we have yet to look forward for the time when we shall be able to apply the scientific test to the rhythmical expressions of form and colour, as we now do to sound in what we understand as music.

As regards form, the laws of harmony are better known, if not always acted on, but in the matter of harmonious colouring we are still hopelessly at sea; and every one who draws attention to the matter, and attempts, in however humble a manner, to arrive at a practical knowledge of the few laws which have been established, is rendering service to a cause the importance of which cannot be exaggerated.

No one supposes that music is constructed, as it were, on scientific principles, any more than poetry is built up on laws of prosody; but music which is not composed with a full knowledge of them, and cannot bear the scientific test, is no music, and even the uneducated ear will find it out, though without knowing what is wrong with it. When we speak of the analogy between music and colour, we do not mean more than that laws equally rigid rule over both; and if we are ever to understand harmonious colouring, we must seek to understand the science which underlies it, and by which we can test our work; otherwise we are but as children accidentally now and then striking harmonies on a piano amongst many discords, guided by the ear only to what is right, with no knowledge of how to produce a second time what pleases them.

Much of the absolute chaos which exists on the subject of

colour arises from the confusion of chromatics with the harmonizing of existing colours; it is as if we confounded acoustics with music. Books on "Colour" treat one and all of coloured lights, of the relative length of coloured waves, of the spectrum, and such kindred subjects. In the consideration of the wonderful phenomena of the production of colour itself, we lose ourselves in the intricacies of a science which has not yet decided which are primary colours, nor even how many there are, and we are confronted with the somewhat startling statement, to those of us who remember our infantile experiments with gamboge and cobalt, and the terrible thing which it produced, that the mixture of blue and yellow does not produce green, but white—or grey, which is but a low tone of white; or, as one French gentleman has lucidly explained, if the combination of yellow and blue pigments do sometimes produce green, it is only because of some "inherent greenness" they possess. Again, we are told that green is now universally admitted to be a primary colour and blue a secondary one; that dependence can only be placed on "mixtures in the eye," or those produced by the revolving disc of the chromoscope, and so forth.

All this, however, belongs to Chromatics; we who are seeking merely for laws to guide the harmonious grouping of already existing colours, whether as dyed fabrics or pigments, do not need to puzzle ourselves over such contradictory statements, nor to know how the dyer produces his varied hues. We must seek rather to gather the testimony of all those who have made a practical study of colour harmony, and guide ourselves by it.

Painters and practical workers with colours have always kept faithfully to the old-fashioned primary colours, blue, red, and yellow, and their secondaries, purple, orange, and green; six in all, to which may be added neutral grey, which is the mean between black and white. Colourists have extended these into hues of the primaries and secondaries; and tertiaries, or colours sometimes described as mixtures of the secondaries, as green and orange, but which are better stated as containing all three primary colours, yellow, red, and blue, in some proportion other than equal. We are probably all familiar with the proportions stated by Field, and accepted

by other practical decorators, viz., 3 parts yellow, 5 parts red, 8 parts blue. These are supposed to be the components of black, and Owen Jones, who had better and more extended opportunities of working out his theories than any other scientific decorator, considered these the ideal proportions of the primaries, making, when combined, a beautiful neutralized bloom. Taking into consideration the great excess of illumination in yellow over red, and of red over blue, it may be that a mixture in this proportion produces a sense of equality in the eye, though it appears to be agreed amongst writers on colour, that a really equal mixture of these three pure colours, if such things existed in pigments, produces neutral grey; as, however pure, primary colours exist only in imagination, and no pigment is known which is a pure yellow, red, or blue, this is a matter which can scarcely be considered settled; nor, indeed, can experiments with the chromoscope be definitive until there is some agreement as to what is meant by yellow, red, and blue; for if these and the secondaries are not agreed on, we have no ground as a starting-point for scientific colouring.

The two laws which Chevreul discovered as affecting the grouping of colours are those which he calls the "law of simultaneous contrast," and the "law of analogy." He thus expresses the first:—"When two *contiguous* colours are seen at the same time, they appear as dissimilar as possible . . . there may be at once simultaneous contrast of colour, properly so called, and simultaneous contrast of tone."

We are all familiar with the contrasts of tone; we know very well that if we want to make an imperfect black look more rusty, we have only to place close beside it an intense black, and its defects, its brownness or greyness, will become instantly more glaring. We realise also that what seems to our eye a good match at a little distance, shows remarkable differences when we come to place it side by side with the fabric or yarn to be matched. We scarcely, however, realise, unless we are practical workers, the effect of one colour on another, when placed in close proximity. When two mixed colours are put together, the tint which they hold in common seems to disappear. Green and orange placed together become, the one bluer, the other redder, from contrast; the yellow which is a constituent of both, disappears as far as possible. This effect may be noticed in all groupings of secondary or tertiary colours.

A primary colour placed beside its complementary becomes purer and more intense: thus, when green is placed next to red it intensifies and purifies the latter, because any blue or yellow which it may contain disappears, and only the red stands out in evidence. This, then, is the law of simultaneous contrast.

The law of analogy is almost the exact reverse of it. That is to say, when two colours alike, or having a strong similarity to each other, are placed at a little distance from each other, and with neutral tints between, the analogy between them becomes greater; if both are alike, both become intensified; if both are mixed colours, that which they hold in common becomes more strikingly evident in each.

No harmonious grouping of colours can be made without taking into consideration these two laws, the neglect of which will upset all previous calculations.

To come to the question, however, of harmonious grouping, it would seem that the rules laid down by Owen Jones contain all that is known as a guide to scientific colouring to the present time.

No true harmony can exist, according to his view, in any scheme of colouring without the presence in due proportion of

all three primaries; and in the modulations of these keys of colour we are to look for ideal colouring. In order to work this out practically, however, we ought to have recognised scales of colour going from the normal tone up to white and down to black in all hues and tints. We should thus have complete scales of pure yellow, red, blue, orange, green, and purple; of the various hues of all these, blue-reds and yellow-reds (or crimsons and scarlets), blue-greens and yellow-greens, and so forth; and, in addition to all these, scales of the infinite varieties of tertiary, or, as I prefer to call them, broken colours; reds which contain both blue and yellow; blues having red and yellow, and greens containing red as well as yellow and blue. These broken tints we know as olive, russets, terra-cottas, old gold, and a number of other terms.

Below what Chevreul calls the normal tones, all colours are tertiaries, for the mixture with black which produces the low tones implies the presence of all the primaries.

Nature herself has given us the key to harmonious colour, just as she has given it in sound. We strike one note continuously so as to prolong the vibration and we hear the overtones, the fifth and third, which form the basis of all harmony. So we look for a time at one primary and the eye sees its complementary colour, which is always the mixture of the two remaining primaries. This complementary may be a pure green—half blue and half yellow—if we are looking at a pure red, or it may be a broken green—olive or grey in tint—if the red with which it combines is also a broken tint, or a hue of red.

In any grouping of dyed fabrics, therefore, we should aim at obtaining a balance of the primary colours, whether we arrive at it by combining many tints together, or by selecting two or more which contain a due proportion of them.

We should require to realise to ourselves what are the constituents of any broken tint with which we may be dealing, which primary is obviously in excess of the others, and which is in abeyance. And we should know that we have to look for a broken tint, in order to harmonize with it, which will contain the remainders or balance of the other primaries. We have, in fact, to seek its complementary.

To return, however, to the difficulties of laying down any rules for colouring in the present chaotic state of the subject. It is said to be impossible to measure colour, as we can measure sound, and when we come to mix pigments, all kinds of unexpected results are obtained. There is, however, one method of mixing colours in the eye, on which we can rely, and by which the most exact measurements may be obtained. Taking, for the sake of argument, ultramarine to represent blue, carmine for red, and gamboge for yellow (all being very far from pure colours, be it understood), we have only to combine eight threads of blue silk, five of red, and three of yellow, by twisting them into a cord, to convince ourselves that this is, as Owen Jones has stated, the most harmonious arrangement to be obtained from such colours, whether they are toned with black, or not. In like manner we obtain the neutral grey, which is the mean between black and white, by an equal number of black and white threads, or lines of any kind laid side by side. There is no doubt whatever that stripes of yellow and blue on a white ground produce the effect of green, at a little distance, or stripes of red and blue, purple. A green which is produced by the weaving or interlacing of yellow and blue threads becomes olive as soon as red threads are introduced, and embroidresses well know the delicate hues which are obtained by the use of two different coloured strands



of silk threaded through the same needle. Many useful lessons on the constituents of tertiary colours may be learned by picking to pieces or closely examining woven fabrics, more especially those of eastern manufacture. The neutral tones which we know as "heather mixtures" in fabrics, contain the strongest primary colours in small quantities, and are good examples of this kind of "mixing in the eye."

The analogy between the laws of music and those of colouring is so close, that there has always been a strong tendency in writers on the latter subject to exaggerate it, and draw conclusions which are based upon fancy, rather than fact. The very terms are interchangeable and confusing; we talk of chromatic scales in music, and of related tones and keys in colour. There can be no doubt, however, that when we have to work with tones, or ascending gradations, in any colour, certain combinations are harmonious, and others are not so. A skilful embroidress will pick out at once the shades which will work well together, rejecting some as too close together, others as presenting too great a contrast in tone. Every one knows that the musical scale is not a perfect one, that some tones are nearer to each other than others, and that in singing a chromatic scale there is always some little difficulty in learning the agreed on gradations, the tendency of the voice, especially in descending, being to make the intervals or half tones absolutely even. The musical scale is, in fact, an arbitrary one, as nearly perfect as it can be made, and there does not really seem to be any unsurmountable difficulty in forming a standard colour scale, which would certainly be the first step, or rather the second step, towards a science of harmonic colouring; the first, of course, being the settling of the momentous question of the standard primary and secondary colours.

It is at least fair to imagine, and experience would lead us to expect, that where such a scale does exist the intervals of the musical scale, the third and fifth, or the fourth and sixth, will be found those which give us the harmonies of colour.

It is easy to see from what has gone before, that it is possible to produce perfect concord with any two colours, so long as both are broken, and contain all the three primaries; just as we produce harmony, though a very rudimentary one, when we group together pure red and its complementary green, composed of half blue and half green. Art which is concealed is ever the finest Art, and harmony produced by the grouping of delicate broken tints will always be more pleasing to the cultivated eye than a mere arrangement of pure primary colours with their complementaries. Almost all old books on colouring lay it down as a law that blue and green are antagonistic and inharmonious colours; but in the present day one whole school of colourists ring the changes wholly on blue and green, with an occasional very dirty yellow. But there is no possible reason why blue and green should not be so broken as to produce complete harmony without any direct red being introduced, although to many eyes it has a somewhat sad and melancholy tone—an evident minor key.

If on this vexed question more use were made of combinations of colour mixed by means of counted threads in accurate measurements, a great step would be gained towards the understanding of harmonies, which at the present time are only reached by guesswork and dependence on an eye trained by familiarity with good models; a state of knowledge which is best compared with a person ignorant of music, who can by virtue of what is known as a good ear reproduce what he has heard, or pick out correct harmonies on a piano.

L. HIGGIN.

## AVENCHES.



PEOPLE go to Switzerland for the mountains, and hurry across the lowlands as fast as the train can take them. A minority stay for a day or two at Berne or Fribourg, but there the common knowledge of the lowlands ends. It was not so even half a century ago. Byron, on his way to the Lake of Geneva, appears to

have passed up the Val Moutier from Basle and so down upon Bienne, and past Morat, Avenches, Payerne, and Moudon to Lausanne. This is in fact at once the natural and the historical road across Switzerland. The Romans, of course, had to traverse Switzerland on the way from northern Italy into Gaul, and their principal route followed the course of Byron's journey. The road crossed the great St. Bernard from Aosta to Martigny, passed down the Rhône Valley to Villeneuve, then by the lake side to Vevey, whence it turned sharply northwards across the Jorat and descended into the Valley of the Broye at Promasens. Thenceforward it followed the valley of the Broye, past Moudon and Payerne, to Avenches and the Lake of Morat. Not far north of Avenches the road branched, one route passing through the Pierre Pertuis (Petra Pertusa) into the Val Moutier, another following the river Aar down to Vindonissa (Windisch), the great fortified camp on the tongue of land

between the rapid waters of the Reuss and Aar. Aventicum, or Avenches, which is about the middle point on this route, was a very important place even before the Romans had settled in the country. It appears to have been one of the Gallic minting-places, and Tacitus, describing the revolt of the Helvetii against Vitellius's lieutenant, speaks of it as the capital of the nation. The place commanded the wide and fertile plain extending from the Lake of Morat southwards to Payerne. It was the natural emporium for the products of the mountain valleys to the east, and through it passed much of the trade between Italy and Gaul. Vespasian's early associations with the place had also a great effect upon its fortunes. His father had been engaged in the banking business in Switzerland, and died, probably at Aventicum, leaving a widow with two boys, of whom Vespasian was one. When he became emperor he raised the place to the rank of a Latin colony, and it was then no doubt that the great walls were built around the town, and the erection of those baths, theatres, and porticos begun, of which Tacitus said in the analogous case of Britain—"These they (the barbarians) call civilisation, whereas they are in truth but a part of their servitude."

Nowadays the tourist bound for Avenches either takes the steamer at Neuchâtel, crosses the lake to the river uniting it with the Lake of Morat, steams up this stream and crosses

the latter lake to the town of Mora<sup>4</sup>, from whence Avenches is only five miles away; or else he makes Lausanne his starting-point and takes the train to Avenches itself. We left Lausanne on a fine October day, when the vines were all golden and the mountain sides on the farther shore of the lake belted with purple and russet, to climb the low slopes of the Jorat and descend into the valley of the Broye.

The train moves slowly on at the rate of some twelve miles an hour, past Promasens, where the Roman road from Vevey debouched into the valley, past Rue (compare the English "Chester-le-Street," "Stretford," and other such place-names on the line of Roman highways) with its fantastic castle, past Moudon, the old capital of Vaud, and past Payerne, where good Queen Bertha span, till the plain begins to open out wide and flat, and the rapid Broye takes on the character of a sluggish lowland stream. Then on looking out of the window on the right-hand side of the train one sees a dark town clustered on a little eminence; the train stops, and we are at Avenches.

The station is in the plain quite outside the town, to which we mounted by a winding field-path. As the new-comer looks round before leaving the station he sees a hundred-yards-long fragment of the wall that encompassed the Roman city, now entirely isolated in the meadows beyond the railway. He thus gets his first notion of the fact that the Roman town was at least ten times the size of the present Avenches. Mounting the hill one passes through the courtyard of the fourteenth-century château—the nearest way to the centre of the town. The red-tiled, extinguisher-shaped towers are many and quaint, and the mind harks back to the delightful Gothic town in Mr. Stacy Marks' "Princess and the Pelicans." The doorway is a fine piece of sixteenth-century work, erected when the Bailli of Berne took up his residence in the château, and beyond all doubt the work of some wandering Italian. The staircase is carried up above the doorway in a projecting semi-circular tower ending in the two orthodox extinguishers.

The central street is a picturesque rambling affair. There is a good church with an interesting spire, and the numerous Roman inscriptions built into its outer wall are reminders that we are treading classic ground. Great fragments of the frieze of the Corinthian temple have been turned upside down and placed outside the church, where they form seats for the natives. Our hotel, the Couronne, which is clean and excellent, looks out upon the church. Between it and the church, however, is a *place* with a fountain, where the gossips of the place are wont to congregate, and the big brown and white cows dispute their morning and evening drinks with the pigeons. The day is beginning to close in, but there is still time for a first visit to the amphitheatre. The great hollow lies at the bottom of the central street. It is not so interesting or so well preserved as the one at Lillebonne, in Normandy, not to mention the famous amphitheatres of Provence. It is entirely grass-grown, and a rudimentary lawn-tennis court, marked out with tape, occupies the arena. The seats have almost all been plundered for building purposes, the Museum itself, which rises at one corner of the amphitheatre, having been largely erected out of them. There is now a terrace planted with fine chestnut-trees where the upper tier of seats once ran. Much of the outer wall remains, and from it jut out here and there the massive stone blocks which formed the first row of seats. All manner of antiquities are disposed along the terrace, great stone wine-presses, capitals

of columns, and what not. As we come up, an old man is sweeping up the golden leaves. We find out afterwards that he is the custodian of the Museum, a member of the oldest family of Avenches, and brother of a president of the Confederation. His fortunes have decayed like the leaves about him, and one feels that the old man and his occupation and the scent of autumn in the air are admirably in accord with the spirit of the place.

Next day we set about the methodical exploration of the existing remains of the Roman town. Almost everything that was portable has been conveyed to the Museum, which is both rich and interesting. It contains a great number of mosaics, some elaborate and fine; pottery, mainly wine jars; bas-reliefs, including, of course, one of the wolf suckling Romulus and Remus; some interesting bronzes; glass, and all manner of domestic utensils; finally, pins, brooches, bracelets, and other personal ornaments in great profusion. There is, in fact, all the evidence of a rich and flourishing community, and one can easily understand that Aventicum bore the reputation of one of the most considerable communities in the eastern half of Roman Gaul. Till it was destroyed by the Allemanni in the latter half of the third century, it must have been by far the most important town in the country which we now call Switzerland.

The "Cigognier," or Pillar of the Storks, to which Byron devoted a stanza of "Childe Harold," lies a little northwards of the amphitheatre and present town, in a meadow hard by a potato field, across which it looks to the ruins of the ancient theatre. The storks, which gave the pillar its name, have of late years ceased to build on its summit. To the great regret and annoyance of every old inhabitant in Avenches, the children succeeded in frightening them away.

The best way to form an idea of the extent of the Roman town is to walk round the whole circuit of the wall. In many parts it is still some twelve or fifteen feet high, but in others it has sunk down to almost nothing, and merely supplies the foundation on which the hedge-bank rises. The original height of the whole wall was probably some twenty feet, and it was faced throughout with squared blocks of stone, which have now entirely disappeared.

As we follow the great circuit of the wall through the pleasant little village of Donatyre, past meadow and copse and cornland, where once was town, the day begins to draw in, and the stars come out above Avenches. Perhaps it was a result of all the impressions of the day, perhaps of the half light through which we were moving, and which gave a certain impulse to the imagination, that the past seemed to come very near that evening. One could see the white Roman town lying behind its sheltering wall, and hear the sentinels calling to one another from tower to tower. That lasted for two hundred peaceful years. Then came the great breakdown, when the Allemanni poured across the Rhine at Zurzach, forced or turned the camp at Windisch, and made their way on past Solothurn to Avenches. The place was struck down towards the end of the third century, and did not rise again. In the fourth century Ammianus already speaks of it as deserted and in ruins, and when a German chief built his peel tower there in the seventh century, the place was called no longer "Aventicum," but "Wiflisberg in Uechtland," "Willy's Tower in the desert country," or "Williamsbury in the Waste."

WILLIAM T. ARNOLD.



## ‘MIDSUMMER.’

MR. ALBERT MOORE was one of the earliest painters of the present generation to insist upon the theory that a picture should be exclusively pictorial. Not only does he refuse to tell a story, but he will not allow his art to present an emotional or dramatic moment. Against his attitude of absolute repose the protest may doubtless be made that the expression of human eyes in tragic conditions, and the vigorous movement of the human figure, are matters of pic-

torial impression, as truly and as legitimately as is the folding of a woman's draperies or the precise effect of a studio top-light on her hair. Art and literature gain strength and purity by separation and limitation. But the dramatic movement of human life is not necessarily literary. It makes its appeal to the eyes with pictorial simplicity, and with all the more simplicity as the people among whom it passes are nationally too young to be literary. But however this may be, Mr.



*Midsummer. From the Picture by Albert Moore, in the possession of William Connal, jun., Esq.*

Albert Moore's pictures were for years the medicine of a distinct ill—the confusion of the arts that existed so long in England and the general neglect of their boundaries.

We have just spoken of this artist's studio lights, and these are, in fact, with the drapery studied in the small Greek folds, the most characteristic thing in his work. The lighting of the figure out of doors is the problem of the modern artist, but Mr. Albert Moore delights in nothing so much as in a sky-light, rendering its effects with considerable realism.

A conventional light it may be, but by him it is not conventionally painted. No matter if it gives a peculiar opaque greyness to the English complexion which he so constantly chooses in his models, or effaces the pale tints of fair hair—he finds in it a beauty all its own. Despite its charm and its fine qualities, 'Midsummer' has its interest somewhat marred by the fact, which the artist almost forces upon our notice, that he has studied his three figures from one model.

## ART SALES IN AMERICA.



**A** DISTINGUISHED name, that of the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, was upon a catalogue of books and works of Art sold in New York in November. The latter consisted mostly of engravings, with some paintings, drawings, and bric-à-brac. There were some interesting items included which spoke eloquently of Mr. Beecher's labours during the Civil War. Many of the prints had been exhibited at the Sanitary Fair in 1864, when they formed part of the first collection of engravings ever publicly seen in the United States. The thirty-three oil paintings brought £1,173; Diaz's 'Forest of Fontainebleau' fetching £235, and a picture of 'Flowers and Birds,' by Robie, the Belgian, which had cost £400, going for £190. The etchings and engravings brought £1,151. The total result was £7,000.

The sale of the season was that of the splendid collection of Mr. Albert Spencer, of New York, who has been, perhaps, the most discriminating of the great picture-buyers of that city. He had before disposed of another gathering of pictures, which called forth much attention. This was in 1879, when his 71 paintings produced over £16,400, giving an average of something more than £231 to each. The noteworthy prices were £900 for a Schreyer, £980 for a Diaz, £1,070 for a Madrazo, and £1,200 for a Gérôme. The pictures belonging to Mr. Spencer which were sold last February were 68 in number, and by them 22 artists were represented. They were Barye, Jules Breton, Corot, Daubigny, Decamps, Delacroix, Diaz, Jules Dupré, Fromentin, Gérôme, Isabey, Meissonier, Millet, Plassan, Rousseau, Troyon, Boldini, Domingo, Knaus, Schreyer, and Alfred Stevens. It will be seen that all these painters are French except the five last named, and that the list includes all the great names of the schools of Barbizon and Fontainebleau. These men, in all, were responsible for more than three-fourths of the works, Diaz alone contributing 16 (far more than any other painter), Rousseau 7, Millet 6, and Fromentin 5—in all 34, half of the total number. Mr. Spencer's collection showed, in its fullest force, the curious preference of American collectors for the work of the French landscapists of the nineteenth century. Troyon's 'Drove of Cattle and Sheep' (39 by 26 inches) brought the highest figure reached, £5,200, and 'Le Soir,' by Jules Breton, the next, £4,100. The Troyon was bought by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt. Gérôme's 'Serpent-Charmer' was sold for £3,900; Delacroix's 'Christ at the Tomb,' from the Laurent-Richard sale, for £2,120; and Millet's 'Gleaners' for £2,080. Meissonier's 'Standard-Bearer' (5½ by 9½), from the Oppenheim sale, fetched £1,840; and his 'Musician,' £1,760; Daubigny's 'Midsummer,' £1,730; Corot's 'Morning,' £1,680; Millet's 'Shepherdess,' £1,500; Rousseau's 'Sunset,' £1,460; Corot's 'Farm at Coubron,' £1,400; Fromentin's 'Arab Falconer,' £1,300; and his 'Women of the Ouled-Nayls, Sahara,' £1,280; Rousseau's 'Autumn Evening,' and Delacroix's 'Tiger,' £1,220 each; Diaz's 'In the Woods,' £1,180; Rousseau's 'Cottage at Berri' (Laurent-Richard sale), £1,040; Daubigny's 'Late

Summer Afternoon,' £1,000; and Schreyer's 'Advance Guard,' and Rousseau's 'Sunset in a Wood,' the same. 'A Clearing in the Forest of Fontainebleau,' by Diaz, sold at £940; 'A Fête at the Hôtel Rambouillet, Paris,' by Isabey, for £920; 'The Ravines of Apremont,' by Rousseau, for £860; and 'The Passing Storm,' by Diaz, for £820. The entirety realised £56,805, or over £835 each. This was the highest average ever attained in America. A tiny Plassan, 'The Anniversary,' brought the lowest price of the sale, £50, which was not so bad, however, all things considered, as this was one of the smallest pictures ever painted, measuring only 3 by 4 inches. Gérôme, the financial and artistic value of whose pictures has lately been depreciating in the United States, on this occasion took the third highest price, and the several examples of Prof. Knaus went at large figures. Of greater interest were some of the rare studies of the nude which Millet painted before he finally dedicated his genius to transcripts of rustic life, and a couple of water-colours by Barye.

Señor Escosura, a Spanish painter, and a pupil of Gérôme, who had once lived in New York, sent to the auction room his extensive collection of antiques, together with some forty of his own paintings and a number of old masters, and furniture, bric-à-brac, weapons, armour, costumes, tapestries, and so on. The brilliant costume pictures of Señor Escosura, of the historico-decorative kind, and containing much able work and careful finish, realised nearly £6,000, and the old paintings rather over £4,200. The highest prices paid were £300 for a Watteau screen, £200 for a sixteenth-century suit of armour, and £80 for a red velvet banner, said to be painted by Murillo; £860 for Escosura's 'The Court of the Cardinal'; £350 for 'Monks singing in a Church,' by an unknown master, and £150 for a Madonna attributed to Leonardo da Vinci. 'St. George conquering the Devil,' a composition ascribed to Raphael, and very similar to his 'St. George' of the Hermitage gallery, was withdrawn for lack of a bid of £1,600. Among the old masters were pictures of undoubted merit. The whole product of the sale was between twenty-three and twenty-four thousand pounds. An admission price was charged to see this collection while on view previous to the sale. The handsomely illustrated catalogue was, as is too often the case, very poorly compiled. For instance, a portrait of Philippe le Bel, who died in 1314, was ascribed to Holbein, who was not born till 1497, and "Goyer," "Wilky," and "Tipelo" were novel methods of spelling these famous artists' names.

The combined collections of Mr. Jordan Lullott and Mr. Edward Kearney—about 130 pictures in all—realised £26,118. Rosa Bonheur's 'Deer in the Forest,' which was bought at the Morgan sale for £1,430, was knocked down for £1,100, being the highest price given. Some of the other figures were £960 for Gérôme's 'Circassian Slave,' and the same sum for Bouguereau's 'Resting.' A large, fine, and famous Schreyer, the 'Wallachian Teamster entangled in the Marshes of the Danube,' brought £800. At the sale of Mr. John Wolfe's pictures in 1882, it went for £1,020, and at the E. D. Morgan sale in 1886 it sold at £980.



The collection of Mr. Henry T. Chapman, jun., which came to the hammer this season, was rich in good examples of the French colourists—Georges Michel, Millet, Monticelli, Diaz, Troyon, Dupré, Daubigny, Rousseau, Vollon, Ribot, Courbet, Decamps, Delacroix, Marilhat, and Regnault. Many of the best things sold for comparatively low amounts. The largest sum paid was £700 for Lerolle's 'End of the Day,' a subject of peasant life, which has lately been etched by the painter. Dupré's 'Summer Day' reached £645, Millet's 'Woman sewing' £600, and Rousseau's 'Sunshine through Clouds' £500. Sarah Bernhardt's picture, 'The Young Girl and Death,' which she sent to the Salon of 1880, sold for £42. The sale amounted in all to £14,879. A head called 'Longing,' by Greuze, a portrait of Gainsborough by himself, 'Feeding Figs,' by George Morland, and a landscape by Patrick Nasmyth, were among the pictures in this sale worthy of mention.

The Havemeyer collection of pottery, pictures, and books, was sold for £1,000; the pictures being small and unimportant. Twenty-five landscapes, by Jervis McEntee, N.A., a painter of merit, brought £1,275, the highest price, £70, being given for 'Fickle Skies of Autumn.' A number of water-colours, by W. Hamilton Gibson, whose beautiful work as an illustrator is familiar to all Americans, sold for £2,452, and a collection of oil paintings, by Kruseman von Etten, N.A., a Dutch-American landscape painter, realised £1,606. The Christian H. Wolff collection of 160 works fetched some £5,400; the 83 pictures belonging to Mr. Edward F. Rook and others were sold for £4,143, and 74 paintings owned by

Mr. Godfrey Mannheimer produced £9,756. Some of the prices in the Rook sale were £260 and £200 respectively for works by F. A. Bridgman, N.A., £206 for Casanova's 'The Idol of the Day,' and £190 for Hamon's 'L'Amour en Visite.' The Mannheimer figures were £1,400 for a 'Blacksmith's Shop,' by Knaus, £800 for a 'Lion and Lioness in a Cave,' by Delacroix, £480 for a Gérôme, £460 for a Berne-Bellecour, the same for Diaz's 'Fontainebleau Forest,' and £330 for a Meyer von Bremen. One hundred and thirty-four pictures sold at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries brought £11,437: Bouguereau's 'Brittany Peasants at Prayer' reaching £700, Kowalsky's 'Winter Travel in Russia,' £440, Gérôme's 'Tombs of the Khalifs, Cairo,' £420, and Troyon's 'Pasture,' £420. Mr. Herman Herzog, a German-American painter of landscapes, sold 226 of his works for £3,303, and a collection of paintings by American artists was disposed of by Mr. N. E. Montross for £1,461. The 63 pictures belonging to R. S. Clark and others were sold for £7,973. The following prices were obtained: for Schreyer's 'Wallachian Teamsters resting,' £680; a Verboeckhoven, £420; a Van Marcke, £340; Perrault's 'Reading Lesson,' £285, and Aubert's 'Love playing Dominoes,' £275.

Compared with the previous season, the receipts of the auction-rooms show a falling off, though the fact that the spring of 1888 saw no sale of such size as the Stewart, goes a long way towards making up the difference. The list given is, in neither case, exhaustive, but covers all the important sales of each season.

WALTER ROWLANDS.

## ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

**TAPESTRY AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.**—An important addition to the Kensington collections has recently been made, in the shape of a fine specimen of English tapestry formerly at Houghton, the property of the Marquis of Cholmondeley. It contains full-length portraits of James I. and his queen, Anne of Denmark, after Van Somer; Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, probably after Vandyke; and Christian IV. of Denmark, the brother of Anne, wife of James I. These are signed and dated "F. P. fecit, 1672," and in addition bear the shield with the cross, the mark of the Mortlake factory. The works at Mortlake, originally established by Francis Crane in the time of James I., flourished greatly under his successor, and drew hither a large number of skilful artificers from Flanders. Charles I. employed them upon the reproduction of many fine designs by Italian and other artists, and, at the advice of Rubens, he purchased the magnificent Raphael cartoons which had long been hidden away in Brussels, and lent them as copies to the Mortlake works. Crane seems to have lived to an almost patriarchal age, as he survived the troublous times of the Commonwealth and enjoyed the patronage of Charles II.; his death took place in 1703 and led to the closing of the works. The portraits of the Kings and Queens are surrounded by some of those beautiful arabesque borders for which the Mortlake factory was noted. In the pilasters dividing the subjects are roundels, six in number, the fifth of them being blank. In the first is Prince Charles, son of James I. and afterwards

king; Prince Henry, the elder son, who died young; then follow two children of Charles I.—Prince Charles and James, Duke of York—who in turn came to the throne, and at the end is Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I., who married the Elector Palatine. The portraits of James I. and his Queen are each signed as after Van Somer, and dated 1617; the portrait of Anne shows also her horse in charge of a black servant, and five little spotted greyhounds. The initials J. B. and F. P. both appear in the base of the composition. Henrietta Maria has with her two little spaniels. The portrait of the King of Denmark shows us a very fair man, looking to the left, with his hair plaited in two tails; his armour lies on the ground by his side. It would be interesting to ascertain the name of the castle or palace seen in the background of Van Somer's portraits. These two designs seem to have been pieced at top and bottom to match the somewhat larger portraits of Charles and Henrietta Maria.

"ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ARCHITECTURE." By Joseph Gwilt, F.S.A. New Edition, revised portions rewritten and with additions. By Wyatt Papworth, F.R.I.B.A., Architect (London: Longman's).—A fresh edition of this invaluable work is always welcome, especially when we find that more important additions have been made in it than in any since Mr. Papworth first revised Gwilt's work in 1867. Mr. Papworth informs us, in his preface, that this is the ninth impression through which the work has passed, and he specifies

generally the changes which have been made throughout. We have verified this statement page by page, and, taking into account the great importance in a reprint of retaining as many of the stereotyped blocks as possible, we consider his task to be one of no mean order.

Running through the volume we find in the tabular list of Cathedrals additions made of St. Albans, Truro, and Southwell, whilst Bath Abbey (left out in the 1876 edition) is again inserted, and Liverpool and Newcastle-on-Tyne are added, with blank spaces after them to be filled in with dimensions of buildings if ever those towns should possess cathedrals. In the 1876 edition notes were added giving the names of those architects recently employed in the restoration of each cathedral. This notice might, with advantage, have been extended so as to give the nature of their restorations.

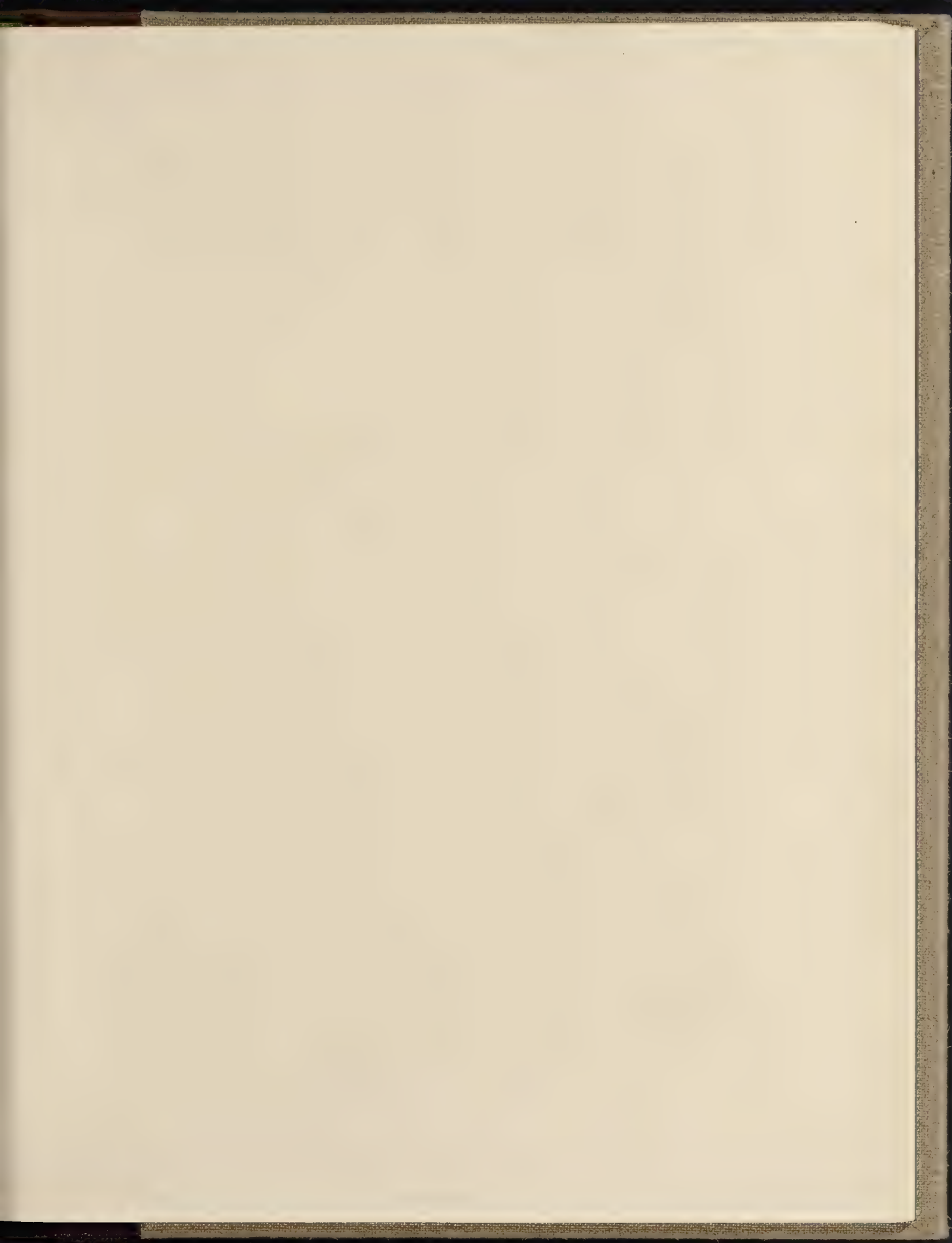
Important additions are made in par. 1622—27, on strength of timber; in 1629*f* on rolled iron joints and constants for strength of beams; in 1632 and 1632*a* on working strengths for materials, and in 1633—35 on steel. Paragraphs 1666*j*—*bb* are new, describing Bath and other stones not hitherto given in detail; additions are made to par. 1667 on the effect of wind, rain, or heat, on stone. 1667*x* on patent Victoria stone; 1677*a* on the produce of the Massa Carrara quarries; 1779*a* on the painting of iron; and 1780*c* on Prof. Barff's patent for coating iron with black oxide, are all new. 1839*g*—*p* are a series of new paragraphs referring to Terra Cotta and its manufacture, whilst farther on 1908—1908*w* (4 pages) are devoted to the same subject from an artistic point of view. 1964*c*—*g* are new paragraphs on Portland Cement and the strength of Portland Cement lintels. 1886—6*c*, with two illustrations, are new, as also 1887—1888*a*; these latter paragraphs being of great importance as dealing with modern sanitary appliances and the various means employed in testing drains. 1889*a* refers to shoring, and quotes Mr. G. H. Blagrove's recent work on the subject; 1903*l*—*u* deal with new patents for fire-proof floors, and 1903*v* gives the new regulations of the Metropolitan Board of Works relative to concrete building. 2255*l*—*g*, referring to the use of metal work in decoration, are new and valuable. 2273*g*—*j*, new paints; 2274*a*—*b*, new non-poisonous colours; 2277*c*, paper-hangings; and 2277*h*, Tectorium, are all new, as also 2277*i*. In Chapter V., Book III., there are great changes; bridges, churches, palaces, courts of law, town-halls, colleges, libraries, museums, cattle-markets and abattoirs, exchanges, and custom-houses, have all been revised and transferred to the glossary.

ALGIERS IN ART.—The "TABLEAUX ALGÉRIENS," of Gustave Guillaumet (Paris: Plon), is a book of uncommon interest. Guillaumet was not so good a writer as Fromentin, nor, perhaps, so good a painter either; but, like Fromentin, he saw for himself, and through nobody's eyes but his own, and the work he did, alike in painting and in letters, was altogether personal. He was, in one word, an individuality, and to listen to him is as pleasant and instructive an experience as need be. In the present volume—which opens with an intelligent and sympathetic study of him by M.

Eugène Mouton—he appears to excellent purpose. He was ten times in Algiers; he loved the place as it had been the land of his birth; he understood and liked and pitied the people; it was given to him to record his impressions and conclusions in terms that are singularly moving and suggestive. In these "Tableaux Algériens" the art of MM. Courtry, Le Rat, and Gély-Bichard has been called in to assist his own; so has the admirable process called, from the name of its inventor, the Dujardin; and so have other and cheaper methods as well. But the moving spirit is always Guillaumet. He is the original of whatever is given, and of the hundred and fifty subjects with which we are presented there are few without its interest and its significance.

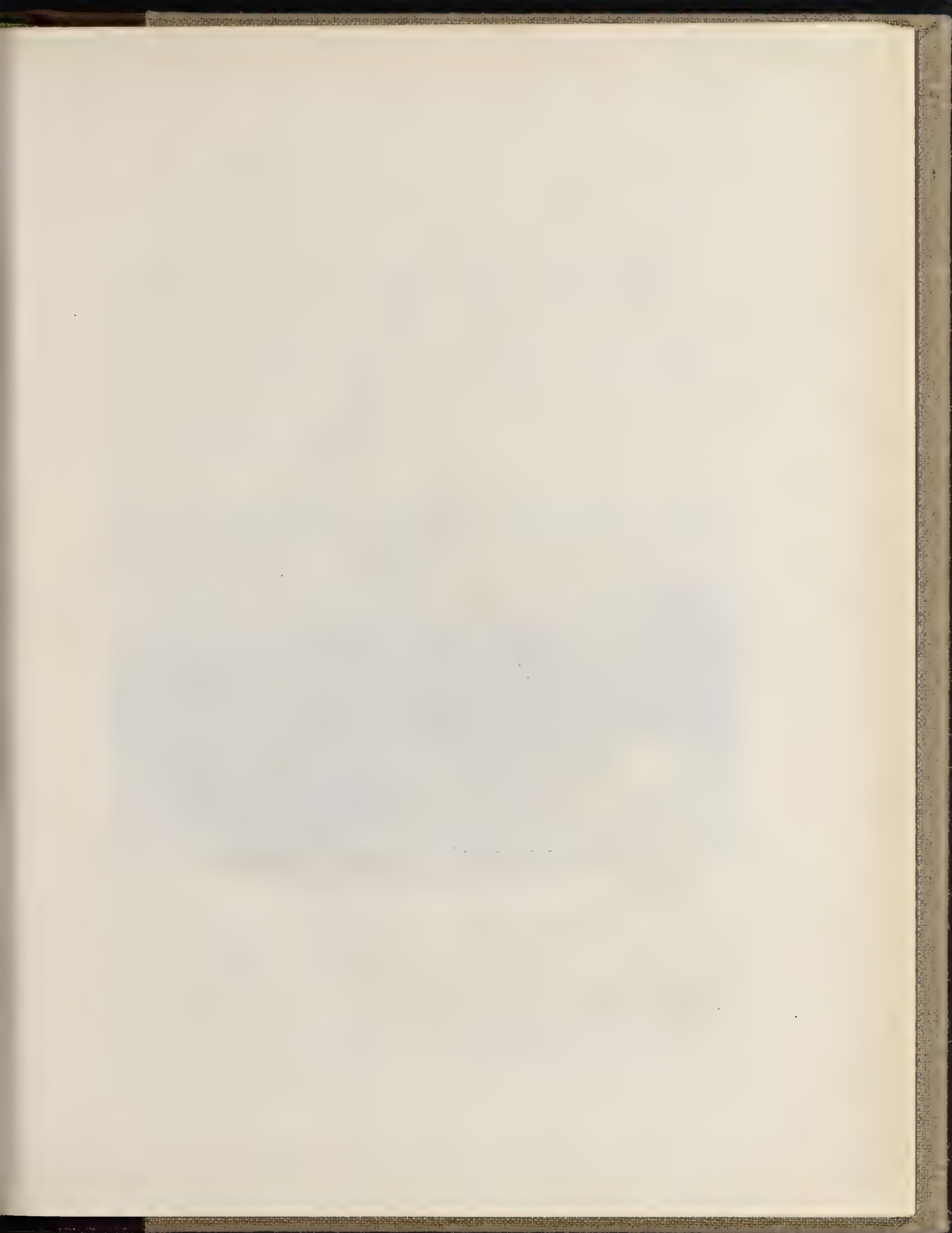
MISCELLANEA.—Mr. Sparkes's "Artistic Anatomy" (London: Baillière) is excellent enough to be taken as a stop-gap in the absence of Professor Marshall's book on the same subject. The text is clear and sufficient, the illustrations are capital; the Science and Art Department have approved, and the Science and Art Department have done well. Mr. Tomlinson's "Pictorial Record of the Royal Jubilee Exhibition, Manchester" (Manchester: Cornish), is so intelligently written, so copiously illustrated, and so imposingly produced as to constitute a not unworthy memorial of a singularly successful event. Mr. P. H. Delamotte's "The Art of Sketching from Nature in Water-Colours" (London: George Bell), is written with intelligence and variously illustrated, both in colour and in black and white; the majority of the examples in colour are from the author's own originals; they serve their turn, however, and are "assisted" by specimens of the art of Cooke, De Wint, Prout, Varley, and Girtin; as they are well enough produced, the book is one to be considered with a certain satisfaction. In Vols. II. and III. of "The Henry Irving Shakespeare" (London: Blackie), we are presented with eleven several plays, a vast amount of illustrative matter from the pen of the editor, and a great number of cuts from the pencil of Mr. Gordon Browne. Those who like to have their Shakespeare "explained" to them will like him in his present condition; those who do not, will not; and that is all that need now be said. In Sir Richard Temple's "Palestine Illustrated" (London: Allen), a large and ambitious volume, are some thirty chromo-lithographs from originals in colour by the author. Their effect is a trifle disconcerting. Sir Richard is careful to quote from Mr. Ruskin in his introduction, and the quotation—which is all about colour—is pleasant reading. But his own illustrations of his author's paradoxes are not pleasant at all—are merely insignificant—in a word, are only chromo-lithographs. He has yet to learn that colour is a means of expression like words and like sounds; that it is no more possible to be literal in the one than in the other; and that any attempt at "literality" or exactness must, of necessity, end in chromo-lithography. Mr. Charles Sharp, in the "Sovereignty of Art" (London: Fisher Unwin), discourses eloquently—and to little purpose, that we can see—on the Puerta della Gloria and the Turguenieff funeral procession.















## A MODERN PRIVATE COLLECTION.\*

THE oldest master represented in Mr. Humphrey Roberts's house at Kensington is John Crome, the masculine founder (in 1803) and life-long leader of the Norwich School, who, dying in 1821, saw the most durable evidence of his success in the skill and renown of his followers, who included his own able son, George Vincent, James Stark, and the noble designer and painter, John S. Cotman. There is much that reminds us of Cotman in Mr. Roberts's picture of a Norfolk water party, sailing regatta, or, in the phrase of the country, "frolic," by John Crome. In this capital instance we have a vista of a river with its broad, smooth, silvery and lustrous surface spaced, so to say, by the large-sailed wherries, whose lofty canvas, seemingly too high and wide even for the huge breadth of the vessels, rises in the air and shines in diverse hues of tawny, white, and grey,

distinct against a summer sky, which is such as Constable loved (though he would never paint it without a rain-cloud and flying gleams), and Gainsborough revelled in.

The cut on page 324 gives a choice illustration of one of the noblest landscape painters represented in the collection. It is David Cox's treasury of tone and colour, a charming example of composition, most artful in its apparent artlessness, the little 'Scene on a Common,' where the artist worked with that unconsciousness of self and thorough sympathy with his subject which are far more frequent in the studies of the old painters than among those of the moderns, and least of all, in the more demonstrative efforts of our contemporaries.

Three almost horizontal and not quite parallel masses,—a space of water, the rough plateau of the waste and the



*On the Thames. From the drawing by A. W. Hunt.*

vast area of the sky, supply the simplest materials disposed with supreme art for the composition or design before us. Not Wouwerman, not Ruysdael, nor that fine painter of woodlands and his native heaths, Huysman of Mechlin, ever took delight in a less effective piece of nature. The materials comprise ruddy earth at the water's edge, the tawny road strewn with whitish stones, the lush herbage, a few darker shrubs and wide-leaved docks (in painting which Cox must have tasted Paradise), and the expanse of the land, whose very hugeness is suggested by its dipping out of sight

at no great distance, and thus imparting that impression of mystery which Cox prized greatly. These are all features in harmony with the majesty of that veritable sea of air, or ocean of elemental space, made for the birds' delight as we see them, now fluttering and now turning on the wing, the plumage of one glancing as he dips, that of the others being dark spots in the storm-charged and windless space. A farmer and his wife are in a rough cart, and distinct against the sky; a turn will bring them to the ford near our standing point. Some lazy cows hardly take the trouble to look at the travellers, the rich golden light has left the clouds, and even the twittering birds have dropped into their

\* Concluded from page 170.

necks. A charming and silvery Constable represents 'Brighton' in the most delightful way.

I have already mentioned another picture by D. Cox in Mr. Roberts's billiard-room, entitled, 'The Rainbow,' and the beautiful picture of 'Hastings,' as that now sadly dishonoured place appeared to Collins when he was painting his very best in a little jewel of rich and tender colour, golden light, and pure tones, at the very time William Hunt lived among the fishermen in All Saints Street. Collins's 'Selling Fish' is on a neighbouring wall. In Mr. Roberts's drawing-room is a charming but little example of William Hunt, full of finely harmonized colour, absolutely like the life, and although of the humblest nature as to its subject, a piece of high Art in small. Not far from the Collins, Mason, and the two Coxes is a 'Classical Landscape,' comprising the vista of a river, a headland, ruined fortress and sunny Italian sky, during the calmest afternoon nature ever gave for an idle poet to dream in. Need I say that it is by R. Wilson? 'A Windmill,' by Linnell, is a first-rate instance of his best time.

In the same room with the last, and facing the brilliant landscape of Lynton and its Foreland, by Mr. A. Goodwin, which was engraved in the second of these notices, is the comparatively large picture by Mr. H. Woods, which is called 'The Waterwheel,' and is the subject of this month's frontispiece. It hardly needs the explanation that in an unusually broad and effective style it shows an Italian street of stairs, descending from on high, where the sunny gardens bloom their best, and even more like Clovelly than another place in this island, the name of which, lest "cheap trips" should be "organized" to disgrace, defile, and vulgarize it, I will not reveal. A rich-toned, small 'Heath Scene' is by Diaz de la Pena. A little picture by Fortuny is called 'At the Gate of the Seraglio,' and represents a mendicant lounging near an archway opening to a vista of buildings.

Although the work is in water colours, 'On the Stairs,' of which the long, narrow, and upright cut before the reader is a good reproduction, has nearly all the qualities and force of a picture in oil. This small example, which was painted in 1872 for Mr. Gambart's collection at Nice, hangs by the chim-

ney-piece in the front drawing-room at Kensington, and bears, according to the painter's custom, his signature, "L Alma Tadema Op cvii." It is his practice to number rather than to date (which he rarely does) his works, as some famous composers of music have done; he prefers the Latin mode of numbering. The cut explains itself to be a representation of Roman ladies ascending a steep flight of steps of white marble, which have a solid parapet of the same material, terminating at the summit in a landing-place where more

ladies and their attendants await the arrival of the climbers. One of the latter finds her task so difficult that she must needs cling to the hand-rail; her tunic trails upon the steps; innocent of an "improver," the long loose folds veil the limbs they were intended to clothe rather than to expose, or, by half-exposing, call attention to; her mantle of dark rich colours, distinct against the marble's whiteness, translucency and brightness, is woven with stripes such as were in vogue in the Eternal City. The Roman head-tires are diversified according to the fancies of the wearers, and, unlike the *coiffure* of our duller women, fairly well adapted to the faces they enclose or crown. Numerous busts, dating from that Imperial period of later Rome which Mr. Alma Tadema affects because of its wealth of pictorial opportunities, busts of which the British Museum possesses an exceptionally interesting store, affirm the fashions to have been such as these. It goes almost without saying that, although innocent of bustles and scornful of false busts, the ladies of antique Rome were not averse to wearing borrowed or purchased tresses. An epigram of Martial tells us much about this custom.



*Kingscups. From the picture by Albert Moore.*

It affirms for the poet that—

"The golden hair that Galla wears  
Is hers, she swears;  
And true she swears,  
For I know where she bought it."

It is a picture of sumptuous coloration, brilliantly lighted, charged with an original thought, and playful in its fancy. Being not the only instance of the artist's painting a work of this unusual shape, it is the water-colour version of an example in oil which, in 1870, he gave to be sold for the benefit



of the French peasantry when they were sorely distressed, and a public exhibition of the pictures contributed in their aid was held in London. The latter is "Op LXXXIV." 'On the Steps of the Capitol,' 1874, was a similar instance. It was said by a well-known dealer that pictures of this shape were intended to be hung on the window-shutters of collectors, after every other space in their houses had been covered with works of Art. Another choice piece in water colours by a famous painter is Frederick Walker's smaller version of his renowned picture called 'The Harbour of Refuge,' in which are represented an old almshouse, the green sward and terrace in front of it, and a strapping damsel who supports the old woman stooping towards the earth which is to be her grave. In Mr. Roberts's drawing the attitudes of these figures are—because Walker never repeated himself exactly—somewhat different from those of the picture; the mower, whose swift scythe is an emblem of Death's weapon, is in better proportion, and his action is not quite so strained. The figure of the girl who, with the indifference of youth, supports her companion's trembling steps, is at least as fine as in the picture; her interest in the stalwart mower is less obvious than we should expect, although perhaps the vigorous swinging of his scythe is the bolder and firmer because of her presence. The serenity of the sunny evening light, the softness of its glow, and the tonality and pathos of the design at large, are at their best here. The drawing is exceptionally soft and luminous, very broad in effect, glowing in colour, and well finished.

We have already noticed the fine pictures by Mr. A. W. Hunt in this collection. It is time to mention the splendid water-colour drawings which he has contributed to the same gallery. They include a lovely idyl called 'On the Thames,' giving, as with a charm, which not even Turner worked more finely, a little grassy eyot, tall elms soaring to their highest, and a lofty chalk down overlooking all, and seeming to bask in



*On the Stairs.*  
From the drawing by L. Alma Tadema, R.A.

the hot summer air. A lovely piece of colour, the whole excels in the serenity of a white calm. A cut of this drawing is before the reader. Contrasted with this is the same artist's view of Tyne-mouth Harbour during repairs and a storm. We have the timber staging, with its tramways for waggons, of the unfinished pier, and its huge travelling cranes extending far over the sea. Beaten by the surges, the huge beams seem dark and solid in the moonlight, which, struggling from a white disk through the spray and mist, is obscured. Its pallor is intensified by contrast with the lurid glare of the beacon on the distant cliff, and the vivid radiance of the lantern near at hand, placed there to warn seamen that the stage is close to the level of the surges, which furiously hiss and roar among the piles. The treatment of the light, including that of the moon, and the wanness of the sea it but half reveals, and the lantern's glare, green with a margin of red, is one of the most striking illustrations of nature that I know. Near this is 'Naples' at evening, a twilight scene of the darkest, instinct with mysteries of light, tone, and colour, beyond the art of my pen to describe. Close to it is 'Durham,' the river and its bridges seen through a tender veil of sun-saturated misty air, while, reared upon the woody cliff, the castle and beautiful cathedral loom. The river is below our feet, the roofs of the houses shine in white, and are the choicest elements of a fine and rarely represented effect. Close to this is a lovely study of Whitby, with the Esk at half flood; a schooner is grounded on the mud, the dark reflection of her hull shakes in the stream that glides towards the sea; a long red mass of house roofs covers the farther bank, and on the sky line the noble masses of St. Mary's and St. Hilda's are visible, though softened in the semi-diaphanous veils of the atmosphere. 'The Land of Smouldering Fire' gives us the Bay of Naples during evening twilight. Upon the calm steely and enamel-like water, a lowering sky is reflected, and

some of its spaces are flushed with sullen red, others are white as with the pallors of death, some are pregnant with lightning, here rain-laden clouds drift fast in the upper air. Out of the lower gloom, in which the margin of the sea is lost, the mountains rise against the ominous sky, where white steam from Vesuvius drifts like a plume. Mr. Roberts is the owner of many more water-colour drawings than I have room for describing. They include Sir John Gilbert's fine 'Joan of Arc,' a processional scene, with numerous figures of men and horses designed in groups with that energy which distinguishes the painter's works at all times, and, most of all, where, as in this case, continuous movement and ordered disorder are in view. It is a superb example. In the same room hangs the artist's noble drawing of 'The Doge in Council,' in the act of signing the Golden Book held before him by an attendant. Near it hangs an intense contrast in the fine, sober, and very luminous drawing of 'A Farm-yard,' by Mr. G. P. Boyce, showing brilliant summer afternoon light,

than her neighbours, bare as most of the slatternly crew are, is conspicuous by her position and movements, the more so because she wears a large red rose. Her fair carnations and ruddy hair contrast with her pale-blue petticoat and rose-coloured bodice. She chats with a glowing brunette wearing crimson marone in stripes, who squats on the floor and, with an old feather fan, blows the charcoal in the brazier of copper, the deep tones and smoke-smirched surface of which assort well with the gay hues gathered near it. Near these is a damsel in a rich green dress and parti-coloured scarf, whose ruddy locks supply a keynote of great value to the chromatic scheme. She hands a cup of coffee to a younger girl dressed in white, which is soiled (like most of the fine colours about her) into the greatest variety of tints, and who is placed near another girl in sumptuous dark blue. Many minor figures illustrate the design with great energy and wealth of character. This is one of the painter's masterpieces, if not actually his *chef-d'œuvre* itself. So great is the verisimilitude



*Scene on a Common. From the picture by David Cox.*

a black dog lying in the rich amber-coloured litter in the foreground, a black wooden barn raised on straddles of stone on our right, and an old brick wall of a thousand hues prominent in the view. In the grave and sincere, almost demure, primitive motives of Mr. Boyce's art, there is much more than meets the first glance of the eye.

Among the large oil pictures not yet mentioned in this collection of notes is Heer C. Van Haanen's 'Afternoon Coffee' (No. 721 in the Academy Exhibition of 1884) representing a number of buxom Venetian milliner's girls busily chattering like a flock of jays in their workroom, and, like jays, attired in bright, rich colours. There is an interval in their labours, and coffee has to be distributed. On a table lie lustrous crimson and scarlet dresses, on a chair is a robe of deep black brocade, on another chair is a splendid yellow dress. A yellow-haired, strapping wench, more dishevelled and more freely *décolleté*

of the design, that we almost hear the chatter of the tongues, while a fusty odour hangs about the place, mixed with the savour of the coffee, the close vapour of the stove, stale perfumes, and the scents of dyes. Of Mr. Albert Moore's 'Kingcups,' a cut is before the reader. Three pretty, plump, and amorous damsels of that Golden Age of which the very latest glimpses have been vouchsafed to the painter, have been tripping through a wood; one of the trio has leaped the wall dividing the shaw from the fields; gathering her loose drapery from about her heels, she steps onwards; her fair comrades jump from the wall, and set forth king-cup hunting. It is a fine exercise in that manner of

Art which Mr. Moore has made his own, and although one of the smallest, by no means the least pleasant, in this gallery.

By J. Holland is the rich, brilliant, and pure 'Mill near Ilfracombe,' a rocky stream with trees, a rough mill, and a black shed. The effect is that of approaching twilight, with a turbulent sky, and it is full of expression, wealthy in colour and tone. By the same master is a noble view of the 'Interior of St. Stephen's at Vienna,' as seen from under that grand arch which gives a view D. Roberts failed in doing anything like justice to on a canvas ten times as large as this. Not the least interesting work in this numerous and finely-chosen gathering is Mr. Macbeth's capital piece called 'The Potato Harvest,' comprising figures of buxom Lincolnshire girls at work in the fields in windy weather. It is a smaller version of the picture shown at the Academy a few years ago.

F. G. STEPHENS.



## THE AMERICAN WONDERLAND.\*

OUR first night in the Yellowstone was passed at Firehole, or Lower Geyser Basin. A rudely built hotel has been erected for the accommodation of summer guests, and on reaching the valley after our hard climb over the range, we drove directly to the long piazza of the house, and deposited our various pieces of luggage.

There is not much to see at "Firehole," and few remain there longer than over night or for a portion of one day. The basin is long and wide, and has mountains all around it. Near the hotel a branch of the Madison River rushes swiftly over a rocky bed, and not far away are a few boiling springs, strongly impregnated with sulphur, and sending clouds of steam into the cool clear air. From our balcony we could see a dozen or more of them. Nothing in the Yellowstone apparently is just as it should be. You will find geysers in the forest,

hot streams in the valleys, and isolated rocks strongly resembling human figures or grandly fashioned castles and cathedrals. One must be for ever on the watch. It is the unexpected that happens. At Firehole we were initiated into the mysteries. Later on we were treated more kindly, and nature showed us how contrary and wilful, and yet how interesting, she could be. I have seen many strange lands, in Europe as well as in America, but never saw so remarkable a region as the Yellowstone. The colouring is so exquisite and varied, the views are so beautiful and extended, the phenomena so strange and inspiring, that all human strength is dwarfed, and one feels how hard it is even to attempt a bald description.

It is the morning after our arrival, and our stages stand ready at the door. The night, early in the season as it is,



*The Paint Pots.*

has been cold. Waking at intervals, we have heard the wind whistling through the pines surrounding the hotel, and have been glad to pull our extra blanket upon our already well-covered bed. But now the sun is up, and the frost is fast melting before its genial rays. The day is clear, not a cloud in the sky. In a moment we are off, driving rapidly over a smooth hard road toward a belt of forest in the distance. In half an hour the trees shut out our view of the mountains, and we are in a new, strange land. The ground is white as snow. A cloud of vapour hangs over it like a shroud, the air is

heavy with the smell of sulphur. Many of the trees are dead; some stand like sentinels, their trunks deep set in the white substance; others lie prone upon the ground, and are nearly covered with the formation. There is great devastation. In places we hear a loud rumbling, as of distant thunder. Elsewhere boiling springs of water, hot and steaming, make frantic efforts to seek the outside world. At last the driver speaks.

"It's Hell's Half Acre," he says, and then waits to hear us express our enthusiasm. But we give him no such satisfaction. Hell's Half Acre contains the largest boiling spring in the world, and the largest geyser. "Excelsior" is the

\* Continued from page 198.

name of the latter. In 1871 it was thought to be an immense spring, but ten years later revealed itself as a geyser, sending forth columns of water to a height of three hundred feet. The eruptions are now infrequent, but the great opening, surrounded by walls of pearly whiteness, is filled to overflowing with boiling light blue waters. Near the "Excelsior" is the spring, the "Grand Prismatic," as it is called. Its waters are phenomenally beautiful, here of yellow tint, fading into orange, and again deep blue. Dense masses of steam overhang the Half Acre, but when the wind blows these away one looks down upon a vast area of highly coloured formation. Springs are everywhere. Some are small, others are miniature geysers. The air is filled with the hissing noise; the ground one steps on is hot. Of a very truth the place is suggestive of the region the name of which it bears.

Beyond Hell's Acre the road passes through luxuriant forests of pine. Birds sing among the branches, and rabbits dash across one's path. All is fair and smiling; nature displays her wares temptingly, and you forget the awful suggestiveness of the heated spot so lately passed. But suddenly the scene changes; gone are the peace and quiet. Before one lies the famous Upper Geyser Basin. Back from it, yet closely surrounding it, hover the dull blue masses of trees, with here and there a few isolated ones that have dared to remain within reach of the boiling, spouting fountains that are now seen making wild leaps from out their mysterious caverns. We cannot count the number of geysers and springs. The ground is honeycombed with them. For a moment we gazed upon the strangely weird valley, so remote, so oddly inhabited, and then drove past the vapoury breathing holes of a world below to the hotel that stands on an elevated bit of ground at the south edge of the basin, and commands a view of the entire region.

The Upper Geyser Basin is nearly four miles square, with an altitude of 7,500 feet, and it is surrounded by mountains

varying in height from 10,000 to 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, and contains the major portion of all the geysers in the Park. Through the centre of the basin flows the Fire-hole River, and on both banks of this clear mountain stream, scattered about irregularly, are the various geysers.

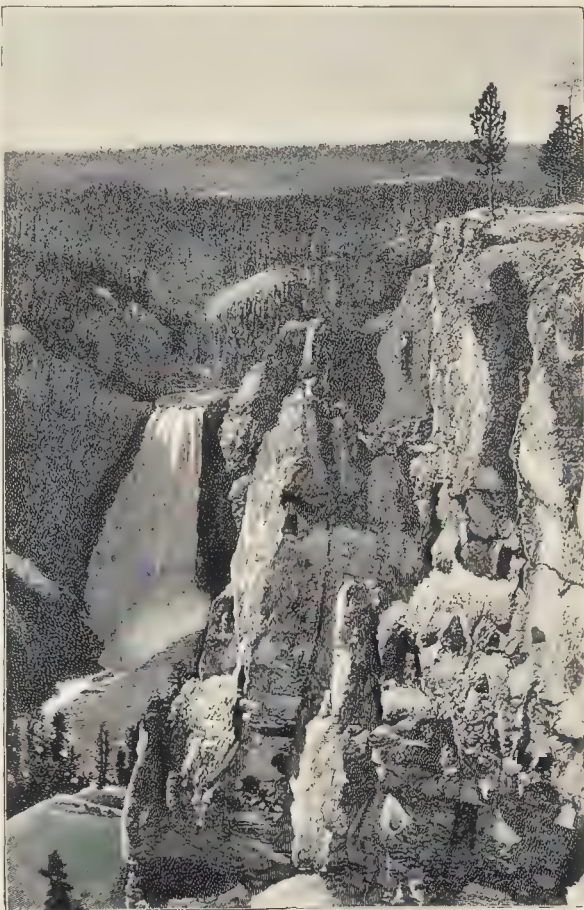
As we walk from one to another, bending over the white rims to look far down into the cavern-like openings, the geologists discuss theories among themselves, and give a reason for everything they see.

"Guess you're pretty lucky people," our driver remarked.

"How so?" I ask.

"'Cause th' 'Giantess' is goin' to go off soon, an' *she* don't blow more'n once a month."

The news spread rapidly. Every one hastened to the brink of the great pool that was now boiling, and acting as though a thousand furies were busily stirring its waters. At times the earth shook and trembled, and in the centre of the pool a mass of water shot upward a few feet and then fell back into the seemingly bottomless cavern. Still there was no eruption. Lower sank the sun, and darkness stole slowly over the valley. Every moment, however, the water became more agitated, and loud groans, as of a giant in distress, broke upon the almost solemn stillness. At last the time came. Quicker than I can write the entire pool was lifted bodily into the air. Higher it ascended, and still higher, and then, shooting upward from the greater body, rose a solitary column, the



*The Great Falls of the Yellowstone.*

top of which we could not see. The roar was deafening; clouds of vapour rolled away toward the forests; streams of boiling water ran headlong to the river close at hand. The scene was one of awful beauty. It cannot be described; its terrible fascination cannot even be imagined. For some minutes the steaming shaft lifted itself high above us, and then the waters settled, and the basin that had held them was deserted. Earth had reclaimed the flood. Then, with a roar like thunder, the cone was filled again, and once more the water spurted up into the night and was lost in the darkness. For an hour



we watched the eruption, and later, from the hotel, could hear its groans.

Of all the cones in the Upper Basin that of the "Grotto Geyser" is perhaps the most beautiful. The main, or larger crater, is hollowed into fantastic arches, beneath which are grotto-like cavities, from which the water flows during an eruption. The cone is 8 feet high and irregular in shape. The outside walls are of greyish-white geyserite, but the interior of the arches and cavities is lined with a brilliantly white formation, glowing with the rich opalescent tints that are seen in mother-of-pearl. Another beautiful cone is that of the "Castle Geyser." Reflecting in its clear depths the walls of the "Castle" is an oblong pool, which, whenever we saw it, was like a bubbling sea of deepest green. The water was clear as crystal; we could see to a depth of more than 30 feet. The rim of the cone was elaborately ornamented with large globular incrustations of pale yellow and snowy white, which, with the green or blue of the water, made a contrast at once rich and beautiful. We were continually coming upon these bits of colour in our wanderings about the Basin. In time we tired seeing the geysers act their allotted parts, and turned away in disgust from the boiling springs. But who could pass unnoticed the delicate creations that the waters had built, or fail to see the colourings of cone and rim of pool?

The Firehole River enters the Upper Geyser Basin from the south. Following the stream one day we were led through the forests into a cañon choked with bushes, which gradually grew narrower, and at last became a mere fissure shut in by high walls of red-brown rock. After so many hours among the geysers, and half-blinded by the sunlight on the white formation, this narrow cañon, with its fresh green ferns, tumbling, noisy cascades, and delicious odours wafted to us from the pines, was a most satisfying place. Climbing to the heights above, we found each a seat in rocky nooks, and as the time passed idly on we sat and read, and listened to the

melow, quieting noise of the on-rushing river. Had it not been for these side paths, these retreats of no particular attraction, I am not sure but that parts of the Yellowstone would soon grow tiresome.

From the Upper Basin we drove to Firehole, taking another road, and stopping on the way to see the "Paint Pots." Climbing a low ridge rising from the white area of Hell's Half Acre, we found them. Together they formed a small square filled with basins, in which boiled and sputtered a paste-like composition of every colour imaginable, white,

orange, green, violet, purple, blue, and drab. Some of the mud was as blue as turquoise, and again white as snow. The edges or rims of the various pots are as delicate as porcelain, and are fretted with every possible device. Standing near the bubbling basin, the country for miles around was seen at a glance. Far in the distance a glimpse was obtained of snowy mountains; at our feet the steam of boiling springs. In the valley were long stretches of grass lands; on the encircling hills the forests grew thick and blue.

Our last night at Firehole was a frightfully cold one. The wind blew, and a furious snow-storm came with it. In the morning the ground was white, and the trees groaned beneath the burdens which their branches bore. But the storm had ceased, the clouds had parted, and the sun was rapidly melting the visitor that had dared to come into the Park so early in the fall.

Taking our accustomed seats once more, we drove due eastward across the levels, and in an hour were toiling over the range on our way to the Grand Cañon, nearly forty miles distant. At Sulphur Mountain, a huge mound of nearly pure sulphur, we passed a group of hot springs, and driving abruptly northward entered Hayden Valley. It was very beautiful in the afternoon light. Through its centre ran the Yellowstone River, broad and placid; in the distance were the mountains. It was now that we began to gain a dim idea of the vastness of the Park. The view seemed limitless.

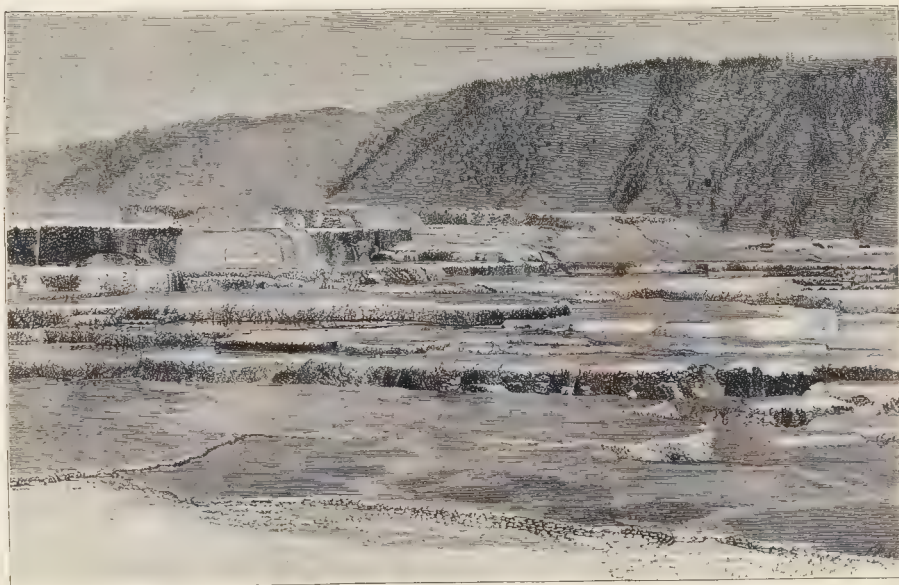


*Cañon between the Great Falls.*

Everything was created boldly, grandly. In the valley our heavy teams were mere dots in the landscape. To the mountains the river was infinitesimally small. The air we breathed was keen as a razor, as bracing as champagne. As for the colouring, who can describe it? Brown in the fields, green on the hills, golden and red among the aspens, blue down in the channel of the placid river. As we approached the Falls, near which is a hotel that was to be our head-quarters, we forded a few small tributaries of the Yellowstone, and at length found ourselves in the embrace of a tree-grown gorge that contracted in width as we drove deeper into it, and which was fast being enveloped in the darkness of coming night. Looking at the river now we saw in it a change. Its placidity had departed. It ran at a fearful rate. White-capped waves surged upon the banks; the cañon was filled with sullen roars; we were near the Falls. The long drive was at an end. Another patch of trees, another glimpse of the river,

and out of the gloom shone the hotel lights. I might lavish all my known adjectives of laudation on the scene that was revealed to us in the morning, and still I would not do it justice.

Imagine the place, and, if possible, fix in your mind its main features. First, the forests covering the country, giving it a warm tone; then the cañon itself, a narrow gorge, deep, walled in by cliffs of rock, cutting its way north and south through the very heart of the forests. Down the cañon runs the Yellowstone, rapidly at first as it nears the cliff over which it falls, then lingering in an eddy, and at last shooting grandly forward into a basin half concealed by clouds of mist. For a moment the river is stunned. It madly dashes from rock to rock, and the waters are a seething mass of foam; then it recovers itself, darts forward a few yards, and again falls headlong into a still deeper part of the cañon, and then, like a quivering ribbon of blue, crawls out of sight behind projecting ledges.



*Top of Main Terrace.*

The Grand Cañon is twenty-four miles long, and in that distance the river has an average fall of 54.3 feet per mile. As a rule the walls are bare of trees, and consist of detached columns of varying size and shape. At early morning, at noon, at sunset we visited it. The colouring was never the same. Now the hues were subdued and dull, and again startlingly bright and clearly defined. At sunset, when the sky above was rosy red, the cliffs became afire—gold fought with purple, and the red headlands battled with the blue. Then, to quiet the contest, a soothing darkness settled upon the depths below and slowly crept upwards to the tall pines above, leaving all in shadow.

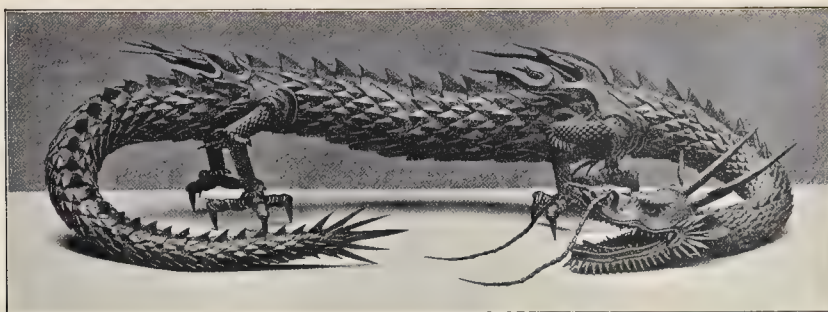
Our last drive in the Park with our old driver was from the cañon to Mammoth Hot Springs. The hotel at the Hot Springs is the largest in the Park. The circular basin where it stands is entirely shut in by treeless hills.

Hard by, and rising to a height of 200 feet, are pure white

terraces of a calcareous substance, over which one climbs, finding a succession of brilliantly coloured pools. The top of the main terrace is a steaming lake, subdivided by delicate ridges fluted and coloured by a master-hand. Some of the pools are sky blue, and have snow-white rims. Others again are of greyish hue, and have edges of pink or red. As we walk from pool to pool, or climb the various terraces, with their natural stepping places, our ears are greeted by the hissing sound of boiling water, and our lungs are filled with the sulphurous fumes. We fall to speculating on what lies beneath, and at last, hot, tired, almost blind, walk back to the hotel, seek our rooms, and give ourselves up to day-dreams of what we have seen. September is fast nearing its end. The hotel at the Upper Basin closes to-day, we hear. It is time to leave our "Wonderland."

EDWARDS ROBERTS.





No. 1.—Dragon by Miochin. (E. Hart Collection.)

## NOTES ON JAPAN AND ITS ART WARES.\*

JAPANESE Art metal-work, as known in England, consists of the following branches:—

1. *Okimono*, or ornaments to be placed on a platform: consisting either of articles used for sacred purposes—such as statuettes of deities and supernatural animals (dragons, shishi, etc.), candlesticks, incense-burners (*ko-iré*), flower-vases, gongs, and bells—or for household adornment, such as flower-vases (*hana-ike*), bowls to hold miniature gardens, incense-burners, and figures of animals (ordinarily fitted to use in the last-named capacity), such as deer, tortoises, toads, fish, crabs, etc.
2. Articles for household use, such as fire-holders (*hibachi*), mirrors (*kagami*), saké kettles (*chō-shi*) and writing cases.
3. Armour, including masks, spears, and swords.
4. Articles for personal use, notably pipes (*kiseru*), pouch ornaments, beads (*ojime*), buttons to hold the cases in the sash, brush cases, inkstands (*yatai*), etc.
5. Cloisonné.

Sacred treasures (“*nōmotsu*,” or “precious things”) consist of the adornments of the altar, or gifts bestowed in olden times by nobles in return for the guardianship of their family tombs, or objects acquired by the bonzes (or priests) for the ornamentation of their shrines. Although a considerable dispersal of temple treasures has surreptitiously taken place, so much so that the government has not only prohibited their sale, but has recently taken steps to catalogue them (a preliminary, no doubt, to annexing them), not many of those made of metal find their way to England, probably on account of their considerable bulk and weight; those which do, consist for the most part of incense-burners, candlesticks, and flower-holders.

Household ornaments are always simple, and few in number. The temples in Japan number seventy thousand, but the houses of persons sufficiently well-to-do to possess ornaments of much artistic merit or value must always have been considerably less than that. It must be remembered, too, that the house even of the keenest collector would not be cluttered as one of ours with works of Art here, there, and everywhere, but, on the contrary, would be noticeable for the simplicity and fewness of the objects set out. There might be a store in the godown or safe, but these would never be

displayed simultaneously. An incense-burner and a flower-holder would represent the whole of the metal ornaments in the living-room of a gentleman's house.

Metal *okimono*, properly so called, are not, to my mind, calculated to arouse much interest outside of their own country for these reasons—they are by no means invariably of elegant shape; when they represent animal forms they seldom are notable for fine or even passable modelling; the work of a few men, Seimin, Toūn, Jōi, etc., excepted, their principal merit lies in the rare excellence of the patinas which they assume; but even this bears no comparison either in quality or variety



No. 2.—Kanemono. Eighteenth Century. (Author's Collection.)

with that which we find on the smaller articles, to which we shall shortly refer. Of course there are exceptions, but

\* Continued from page 304.

a glance at the majority of the specimens contained in our museums at South Kensington, Birmingham, and elsewhere,



No. 3.—*Fuchi-kashira*. (Author's Collection.)

will show that their value is more archæological than artistic.

The metal articles contained under the second heading have already been discussed in our notes on the house (page 178).

The third class of metal-work covers a larger area than we can traverse here. The armour in which the Japanese arrayed himself was of the most formidable and extensive character, and its makers became as skilled and noted in this as in other branches of work; but really fine specimens are seldom seen in this country, those which are displayed in shops being seldom other than those of the rank and file. Spears, too, are not a subject to interest many persons, and masks will be treated of in our next article. There only remains, therefore, in this section the sword, but that is an article upon which a volume might be written without exhausting what is of interest concerning it.

It can readily be imagined that in a country where internal wars were being constantly carried on, where private quarrels grew into family feuds, where the vendetta was unhindered by law and applauded by society, where the slightest breach of etiquette could only be repaired by the death of one or other of the parties, and where a stain of any sort upon one's character necessitated suicide with one's own weapon, attention was very early directed towards obtaining perfection in the only article of defence or offence which a Japanese carried. Nor would this article long remain unornamented in a community where artistic instincts were universal, and jewellery and other adornments were not the mode. Consequently we find attention first of all directed towards the perfection of the blade, until for temper it had no rivals in the world, and many a one not only performed miraculous feats, but became endued with such a thirst for blood that its owner was interdicted from wearing it. There are few of these blades which ever come to this country, but we give an engraving (No. 4) of one by a celebrated maker, Muramasa. The whole subject of blades and their makers is replete with interest, but it also appeals to so limited a class that we cannot dwell upon it longer here.

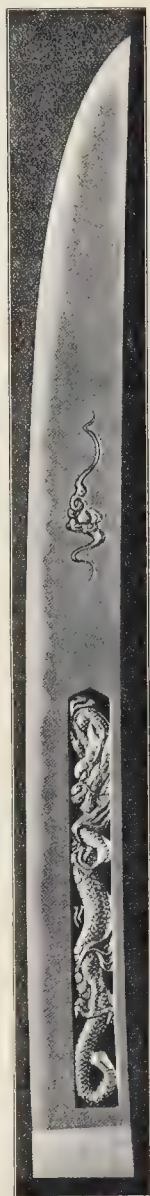
The furniture of the sword and its ornamentation is a study of the most varied kind, and one which, if taken up, is certain to interest in an ever-increasing manner. At present there are but few who have occupied themselves with it, and therefore I propose to state shortly why I consider that it should enlist the sympathies of a larger class.

Personal ornaments illustrate better than anything else the individuality of their wearer, and collectively the sense of the nation. Especially is this the case where the article in question is worn as a privilege, is regarded with deference, is handed down as an heirloom, and is the subject of the most carefully prescribed etiquette.\*

The manufacture of the sword and its adornment has for centuries been a profession adopted by artists of the highest attainments, who have spared nothing to render it an article of the highest artistic value. The ornament lavished upon it illustrates the religious and civil life, the history, the heroism, the folk-lore, the manners and customs of the people, the physical aspect and natural history of the country. These have been executed in every variety of metal, so that a fresh and distinct interest attaches on this account, and they are so varied that it is almost impossible to find two alike, although swords are usually made in pairs. This variety often lets new light into a story or a legend, from the artists' different interpretations of it. Careful selection and systematic arrangement increases both interest and value. The illustrations are portable in size; like all the best work of the nation, like the makers themselves, they are diminutive. Five hundred of them can go into a coin cabinet.† They are at present reasonable in price. A few shillings will purchase a piece of workmanship so marvellous that London and Parisian jewellers admit they could not imitate it at any price. We have lately seen at the Londesborough sale swords and daggers with no greater artistic wealth than these possess fetching hundreds of pounds. The time may be long in coming when Japanese arms will realise such prices, but now that their use is abolished and their makers have ceased to be, they must have an increasing value.

Lesser advantages are that they are not breakable, and that they improve invariably in appearance when they reach home and have been subjected to careful cleaning.

The wearing of the sword, the precious possession of lord and vassal, "the soul of the Samurai," was, as I have stated, a privilege which only those of a certain rank were entitled to. In the time of



No. 4.—*Muramasa Blade*. (Gilbertson Collection.)

\* For details as to this see Griffiths's "Mikado's Empire," page 222.

† At a meeting on Japanese Art held the other day, appreciative laughter ensued when a further advantage of this diminutiveness was mentioned, namely, that a score could be smuggled home in one's waistcoat pocket, unknown to one's better half.



the Ashikagas (sixteenth century) the fashion of wearing two swords, one about two feet in length for offence and defence, and another, about a foot, for the "happy dispatch" (*hara kiri*) came into vogue. In full dress the colour



No. 5.—A Pair of Swords. (W. J. Stuart Collection.)

of the scabbard was black with a tinge of green and red, and so it varied as occasion required, thus giving employment to the lacquerers. In the pair of swords here illustrated (No. 5), the scabbards are of shark's palate, filled in with black lac. The taste of the wearer was displayed in the colours, size, and method of wearing his weapon. "Daimios often spent extravagant sums upon a single sword, and small fortunes upon a collection. A Samurai, however poor, would have a blade of sure temper and rich mountings, deeming it honourable to suffer for food that he might have a worthy emblem of his rank."\*

The most important pieces of a sword are:

The *tsuba* or guard, usually a flat piece of metal, circular or oval in form, which is perforated by a triangular aperture for the transmission of the blade. At either side are one or more openings for the lodgment of the tops of two accessory implements called the *kodzuka* and *kogai*. These open-

ings are often found closed up with metal, indicating that the guard has been adapted to a different sword.

The *kodzuka* (Illustration No. 8) is the handle of a short



No. 6.—Fuchi-kashira. (Author's Collection.)

dagger (*ko-katana*) which has its place on one side of the scabbard. The *kogai* (Illustration No. 10) was a skewer inserted on

the other side and which, it is said, was left by its possessor in the body of any adversary killed in battle, as a card of ownership. The *menuki* were small ornaments placed on either side of the hilt to give a better grasp to it. They are also used to ornament the scabbard, especially on the *wakizashi* or short swords, and on daggers.

The *kashira* is the pommel or cap of metal which fits on to the head of the handle, being secured to its place by a cord passed through two lateral eyes. The *fuchi* is an oval ring of metal which encircles the base of the handle, and through its centre the blade passes. The *fuchi* and *kashira* were always made by the same artist, who usually signed his name in the underside of the latter (Illustrations Nos. 3 and 6).

There are also the *kurikata*, or cleat through which the "sagawo" (or cord for holding back the sleeves whilst fighting) passes, and the *kajiri* or metal button to the scabbard.

It is difficult to say upon which of these pieces the best and most elaborate workmanship was lavished. As a rule makers of one part will be found to have executed others, though we encounter many names only upon one class.

In the articles which have preceded this, many of the illustrations have been taken from *tsubas* and *kodzukas*. We now give a specimen of a *kogai*, four *fuchi-kashiras*, and a *kodzuka* with its dagger. *Kogai* are not found in all swords, and are not met with in any numbers; they are usually made of a malleable material, and ornamented similarly to the *kodzuka*. The specimens of *fuchi-kashiras* have been selected for their adaptability to reproduction, for as a rule the work upon these objects is so fine as to defy success in this respect.

The *kodzuka* and blade in the Illustration No. 8 do not belong to one another. The former is of ivory, with the grasshopper in mother-of-pearl and tortoiseshell, and dates from the last century; the blade is one of the celebrated Umetada's, and bears his signature: it was made in the sixteenth century.

No idea of the artistic value of sword furniture can be gained from the swords which one meets with by scores in every Japanese shop. This rubbish, for it is nothing else, consists of the weapons which were discarded upon the adoption of European uniforms, and a hunt through hundreds of them will not repay the trouble incurred of washing one's hands. It goes without saying that these cast-offs have been carefully scrutinised before they left their native land. For some reason, which I have not been able to ascertain, all the best

\* Griffiths's "Mikado's Empire," page 225.

guards and other appurtenances of the sword come over here in a detached state; very few fine swords make their appearance, but a quantity of most elaborately ornamented specimens, usually covered with marine animals. The origin of these is mysterious; they look very much like creations for the outside market; if they are not, they evidence a debased period of Art.

Foreigners have much difficulty in obtaining information about Japanese metal-workers of the past. There is a work, *So-ken Ki-sho*, published in 1781, which gives biographies of the most noted, but no one has at present been found sufficiently enterprising to translate it. M. Gonse's notes on tsuba makers are principally of service to collectors from the beautiful reproductions attached thereto, for he has not attempted to make any classification into schools or to distinguish between styles. Mr. Hart's lectures are too concise to do much in this way, but they are the best attempt hitherto. Fortunately in metal, as in lac, a good eye and a certain amount of experience will enable a distinction to be made as to what should be acquired and what shunned; the majority of collectors appear at present to be content with this, for I know of but one who has as yet attempted any classification into masters and schools.

Discarding the makers whose works are not likely to be met with, the following are the most noteworthy.

The Miochin family, which date back in continuous record to the twelfth century, and have received constantly recurring marks of royal favour in testimony of the excellence of their work. They were great armourers, but they also showed their skill in other ways, as, for instance, in the eagle in the South Kensington Museum and the thirteenth-century dragon (Illustration No. 1). Sword-guards by the Miochins of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries may occasionally be picked up.

In the fifteenth century appeared the Gotō family, whose work is held in higher estimation in Japan than any other: it has too much sameness and academic style to please those who enjoy the work of artists who deal with the subject with freer and larger aims. The founder of the house, Gotō Yūjō, lived in the fifteenth century (1440—1512), and was named

after the renowned Shōgun Yoshimasa Yūjō. This dignity was conferred on his descendants, not only by the Ashikagas, but, after their fall, by Hidéyoshi, Iyéyasu, and the Tokugawas. As Mr. Hayashi remarks in his "Catalogue of Artists," the house being attached to the Shōgunate always produced works of the highest quality, and retained its traditional renown, its successors being selected, not in direct descent, but from those who showed the greatest talent. In 1603 the house of Yūjō moved with the Shōgun Iyéyasu to Yedo, where their descendants worked until the present century. A branch of the house remained at Kyoto, and were consequently known as the Kio-Gotōs. The Gotōs were especially noted for their work in nanakoji\* on shakudo. During the lifetime of the earlier members of the family, tsukas were usually of hard-tempered iron, and

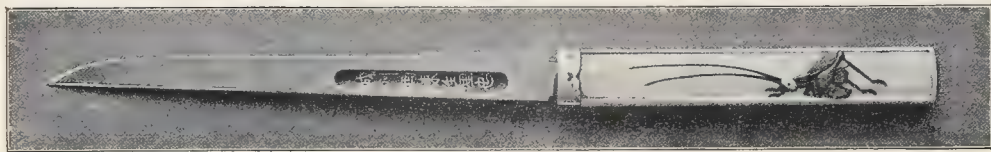
consequently not suitable to their delicate work; hence we find the best examples of the elder Gotōs upon kodzukas and fuchi-kashiras. It requires some experience to distinguish between fine and inferior work in nanakoji; a magnifying glass will, however, show the perfect regularity and shape of the small dots in good work.

With the sixteenth century piercing and chasing, and in rare instances inlaying and damascening, came into vogue with tsuba-makers. Three names of note in connection with this change are Kanāiyé, Nobūiyé, and Metada (or Umé-Tada). The first has been called "the creator of artistic sword-guards." The work still continued as a rule to be marked by an absence of extraneous ornament in the shape of gold, silver, or alloys; but it was ornamented, in the case of Kanāiyé, by landscapes in low relief, in that of Nobūiyé by subjects from still life executed in a bolder manner and higher relief, and in that of Umé-Tada by a free use of the graver. Umé-Tada has been called "the master of masters;" but his name has been used by a number of men of later date and inferior calibre.

With the close of the sixteenth century the period of constant wars was drawing to an end, and the country was on the eve of an era of peace which lasted for two hundred and fifty years; the sword-guard, which in former times was of no service unless it was of a toughness sufficient to withstand the whole force



No. 7.—Tsuba by Somin. (Gilbertson Collection.)



No. 8.—Kodzuka. (Author's Collection.)

of a blow dealt with a two-handed sword, might now be adapted for court use and for the adornment of the person. Consequently we see from this time onwards an increasing change in the character of the metal used and the ornamenta-

tion employed; and we find in the ateliers at Osaka damascenings of gold and silver in the iron, the son of Kanāiyé

\* Nanakoji, so called from its resemblance to fish roe, is produced by punching the surface into a texture of small dots.



encrusting his work with copper, and translucent enamels being introduced by Hirata Dōnin. We have also Kinai, whose elegant pierced tsukas elicit the admiration of everybody (see Illustration No. 12).

The close of the seventeenth century was notable for the rise of the three schools of Nara, Yokoya, and Omori. The Nara school took its name from Nara Toshitōru, and attracted to itself upon its foundation a number of artists whose works have ever since been sought for by connoisseurs — namely, Nara Toshinaga (1667—1736), Yasuchika (1670—1744), Hamano Shōzui (1697—1769) and Joi (17—1761). Of these Shōzui appears to have had the largest number of followers, amongst them being Chokuzai, Kunichika, Kuankusai, Juzui, Hozui, Kuzui, and Kozui. The school was a revolutionary one, and started as a protest against the academic style of the Gotōs.

The school of Yokoya—named after its founder Somin (1670—1733), who received the title of Yokoya—arose about the same time. The founder appears to have been Soyo, and Somin's successors were Terumasa (1705—1772), who joined hands with the Omori school, as did his nephew Teruhidē (1730—1798), and Konkwan (1743—1800). We give a tsuba of silvered copper by Somin; his works are rare (M. Gonse mentions only four in the Paris collections). What the style developed to in the hands of his follower Konkwan may be seen in the tsuba of Narahira contemplating Fuji, at page 5.

The Omori School was founded by Shigēmitsu (1693—1725) and produced Soten, noted for his pierced and gilt tsukas with subjects of battle scenes; Teruhidē, known for his modelling of waves and imitation of aventurine, may be classed in this school, as in that of Yokoya. Besides this, may be mentioned the schools of Ishiguro (Yedo), with Masatsuné (1760—1828), Masayoshi and Shinzui (1789—1842), and Hosono, of the early part of this century, whose flat, incised work is remarkable for the introduction of coloured surfaces.

The decoration of the sword furniture showed symptoms of decline early in the present century. Working in hard wrought iron was first of all shirked, and similar effects were endeavoured to be produced by castings; then the decoration ran riot and transgressed all limits, so that many of the pieces made between 1840—1870 could never have been used for the purposes for which they were professedly intended; such products are remarkable in a way, as showing the lengths to which elaboration may be carried, but they can never stand for a day beside the dignified workmanship of an earlier date.

The English and French authorities differ widely in their catalogues of the most noted names; it may be well, therefore, to conclude this summary with the notice of the more modern men as given by M. Gonse.

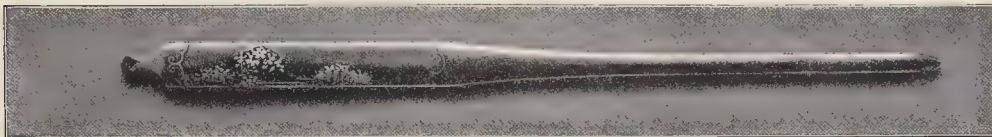
“What a galaxy of masters illuminated the close of the eighteenth century! What a multitude of names and works would have to be cited in any attempt to write a monograph upon sword furniture! The humblest artisan, in this universal outburst of Art, is superior, in his mastery of the metals, to any one we could name in Europe. How many artists worthy of a place in the rank are

only known to us by a single piece, but which is quite sufficient to evidence their power! From 1780 to 1840 the art was at fever heat, the creative faculty produced marvels. Tomoyoshi, Nagatsuné, Masanori, Fusamasa, Takanori, Munémitsu, Joi, Munénori, Kadzutori, Séidzui, Toshihiro, Tomonobu, Terutsugu, Masayoshi, Teikan, Kadzutomoto, Masatsuné, Masafusa, Ossatsuné, Yoshihidē, Yoshitsugu, Morichika, Yasuyuki, Yasuchika, Haruakira, Ekijio, Nobuyoshi, Toshimasa, Hirosada, Katsuki, Natsuo, all practised the art with consummate ability during this period.”

As I have already mentioned, one of the principal factors which should give to Japanese metal-work an interest is the variety of material which is introduced, and the remarkable way in which it is treated. Amongst the swords and pikes



No. 9.—Iron Vase by Komai. (Author's Collection.)

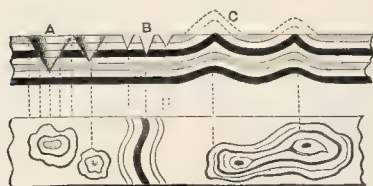


No. 10.—Kogai. (Author's Collection.)

in the Londesborough sale, do we find anything to approach it? Certainly not. Iron, steel, gold, silver are used with

much unapproachable enrichment; but nowhere that patina to which we are treated in Japanese work. And yet this

unique factor is altogether overlooked by the many who only glance at the subject, although it is not a difficult matter



No. 11.—Method of manufacture of Mokumé.

to understand or appreciate. Professor Brinckmann,\* who is one of the few directors of museums who have as yet seen the advantage of recognising Japanese Art, has acquired, at a small cost, in Hamburg, no less than 1,200 specimens of sword-guards, and these he has arranged according to subject, metal, and design. He considers that they are of more use if they illustrate, as they do, the manner and customs of the country, the various metals employed, and the versatility of design, than if they are classified according to the men who made them. One cannot help comparing the treatment accorded to the same things in our South Kensington Museum, where they are hidden away in a frame in company with European casts, and so little cared for that most of them are upside down!†

At a recent meeting of the British Association at Birmingham the value of Japanese alloys in metal-work to our operative classes was set forth in a paper read to them by Professor Roberts-Austen, and from it I am enabled to take the following particulars respecting shakudo and shibuichi, which are the principal alloys used. Analyses show that the former usually consists of about 95 per cent. of copper,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 of gold, 1 to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  of silver, and traces of lead, iron, and arsenic. The latter contains from 50 to 67 per cent. of copper, from 30 to 50 of silver, with traces of gold and iron.‡ The precious metals are here sacrificed in order to produce definite results; in the case of shakudo, the gold enabling the metal to receive a rich purple coat, or *patina* as it is called, when subjected to certain pickling solutions; in that of shibuichi, the alloy forcing the metal to assume a beautiful silver-grey tint under the ordinary atmospheric influences. It is one or other of these influences which gives the patina to all Japanese metals, and it is understood by that nation in a way which no other has yet arrived at. A worn-out patina will often re-assert itself by the aid of much handling, the moisture of the skin being all that is required. This shows the acuteness of the producer in forming his alloy, so that the formation of the patina should be assisted by a treatment which an article in every-day use is sure to obtain.

The three commonest pickles are said by Professor Roberts-Austen to be made up as follows, and are used boiling:—

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Verdigris.....	438 grains	87 grains	220 grains
Sulph. of Copper	292 „	137 „	540 „
Nitre .....	—	87 „	—
Common Salt ..	—	146 „	—
Sulphur .....	—	233 „	—
Water .....	1 gallon	—	1 gallon
Vinegar .....	—	1 gallon	5 fluid drachms

As a perfect patina is one of the essential qualities of the article, care must be taken that it does not lose it. Collectors will do well to remember this when cleaning their metal-work; I thought to improve some of my earliest acquisitions by rubbing them with a German paste; the result was disastrous, as it removed the patina instantly. I saw a notable collection of such ornaments the other day which the owner had reduced in value at least one-half, by ignorantly polishing with plate powder. The metal in all fine Japanese work is so good that it requires nothing more than a chamois leather to bring out all its qualities.

There is another Art material to be met with occasionally to which Professor Roberts-Austen directed the attention of the Birmingham workmen, and to which, in spite of its rarity, I must here refer, if only to emphasize his hope that it may be taken up by our manufacturers. This is mokumé (wood-grain). The Professor states that it is very rarely met with even in Japan, and that he had only seen six examples, but since then I have had the pleasure of showing him as many more. The diagram (No. 11) shows the method of manufacture. Thin sheets of alloys are soldered together, care being taken that the metals which present diversity of colour come together. Conical holes (A) of varying depth are then drilled in the mass, or trench-like cuts (B). The mass is then hammered until the holes disappear, and are replaced by banded circles or lines; similar effects may be produced by making depressions in the back with blunted tools, so as to produce prominences (C), which are then filed down, and produce complicated sections, as shown in the lower portion of the



No. 12.—Tsuba by Kinai. (Gilbertson Collection.)

diagram. The colours of the alloys may of course be developed by pickling.

Professor Roberts-Austen has succeeded in reproducing

\* He informs me that the advantages to the trade of his city through his Japanese section has been remarkable. A new and prosperous industry has sprung up which is directly traceable to it, and recently a Hamburg firm carried off a contract for the furnishing of the Mikado's palace against all Europe, owing to their having the means at hand of ascertaining what that potentate's preconceived notions and requirements would be.

† The Museum has recently purchased 94 tsubas; amongst these there are not a dozen which are worthy of a place there.

‡ The derivation of the name shibuichi is "one-fourth," which is clearly incorrect.



mokumé and every Japanese patina which he has met with excepting that known as "lobster" red. He is of opinion that many of the happiest effects in Japanese work have been the result of chance, an artificer becoming possessed of a mass of copper which, owing to the presence of certain impurities (of the nature of which he was unaware), took a wonderful patina. His use of any individual metal was never anything else than a sparing one, and therefore it can easily be understood that if this mass was, fortunately for him, of some size, it might almost last him a lifetime. Since he mentioned this to me I have seen the probability of it demonstrated in various ways. For instance, in the Illustration No. 2, the pan of the hibachi carried by the servant is a wonderful piece of lobster-red, but it is not more than an eighth of an inch square. In the companion piece, which represents a gentleman and his servant, the lobster-red is used to a still smaller extent, namely, on the sword-hilt. This brings me to another matter, which the Professor emphasizes as a principal trait in Japanese metal-work, and one which our manufacturers should imitate, namely, its "extreme simplicity." The brilliant metals, gold and silver, are used most sparingly, only for enrichment, and to heighten the general effect; the precious metals are only employed where their presence will serve some definite end in relation to the design as a whole. What would one of their great masters think of some of our supreme efforts in this line? The silver stag, for instance, a yard high, given as one of Her Majesty's prizes at Ascot this year, which never could be even endurable until it tarnishes.

The various styles of engraving on metal are described by Mr. Audsley in his "Arts of Japan." They are shortly these: Kébori, or fine hair-line chasing, where lines are chiselled out of varying depth and thickness, and effect is produced by the light and shade on their sides, any burr being cut off. It is this style which is the most affected by the Japanese, especially when the engraver succeeds in imitating successfully the strokes of the painter's brush in the design which he is copying.

In hira-zōgan (*hira*, flat; *zōgan*, inlaying), or damascening, all lines are equal in depth, but their bottoms are widened, so as to receive and retain the gold or silver wire which is beaten into them. This and kébori are often used together.

Kata-kiri-bori is where designs are cut in relief from portions of the metal raised for the purpose; this "is unmatched in the entire range of ornamental metal-work in Art." Here no advantage is obtained by other coloured metals, but light and shade only have to be relied upon. This literally sculptured work is almost entirely produced by a cold chisel and hammer, and in old work it is usually left untouched and unpolished.

Lastly, there is the mixture of many processes, called kata-kiri-bori-zogan, or figured, sculptured, and encrusted metal chasing, or painting on metal, an achievement peculiarly Japanese. An alloy capable of taking a dark patina is used as the basis; much of the design consists of pierced work, and the remainder is in relief, encrusted and damascened.

The background of Japanese metal-work is often as remarkable as any part of it. The artist seldom omits to treat it in a way which adds to the decoration and to his labour. He does not hesitate to attempt a misty twilight or night effect, an imitation of wood or leather, and it is needless to say he succeeds. One thing only he usually avoids, and that is the bright polish which Western nations esteem so highly. Glitter and garishness are not in his line.

Besides sword furniture, the artists in metal have occupied themselves with a variety of articles, all of which testify to their exceeding ability with the graver. Pipes, hair-pins, ink-pots, brush-holders, perfume-boxes, but, above all, the clasps (*kané-monos*) and beads of their tobacco pouches and the buttons (*kagami buta*) appertaining thereto. One must not judge of these from the miserable castings which are usually offered in curio shops; they do not often appear in the market now, although at one time they must have been fairly plentiful for the French collectors to amass such specimens as they have. I consider myself fortunate in those which I have, but they pale before the splendours of those belonging to M. Gonse and M. Bing.

What the former's are like may be in a measure judged by the reproductions given in his large work. Our Illustration No. 13, represents an exceptionally fine seventeenth-century pouch belonging to Sir Trevor Lawrence, M.P.; the body is embroidered silk; the figure of the man in armour has evidently been produced under European influence; it is of iron with gold and silver ornamentation, the face and hands being of ivory. Kanémono date, for the most part, from the last century; the one of which an engraving is given (Illustration No. 2) is of exceptional size; shakudo, gold in three tones, silver, and lobster-

red copper, find a place on its surface.

Of the history of Japanese cloisonné very little is known, and such terrible mistakes have been made about it by professed experts that I shall not venture to touch upon it here.

These lengthy notes cannot be closed without reference to an artist, Komai, who recently died at a great age, and who produced masterpieces of damascening in gold (Illustration No. 9). Unfortunately many of the best are marred by the ugliness of their shape, which shows that they date from a period of decadence. They command a high price, but not too high, when the labour expended upon them is taken into consideration.

MARCUS B. HUISE.



No. 13.—Pouch. Seventeenth Century. (Sir Trevor Lawrence Collection.)

## SOME PROVINCIAL CLUBS.\*

### MANCHESTER AND LEEDS.

WHILE the Bean Club at Birmingham is the only club that has left a definite mark on the social history of the capital of the Midlands, the John Shaw Club is the only kindred society that stands out with a continuous record in the ancient chronicles of Manchester. If the Bean Club existed prior to the John Shaw, the latter lives to-day, and counts its meetings in unbroken links back to the date of its origin. It is first mentioned in the beginning of the last century, when Manchester was only a small country town, and, to quote Dr. Weir Hunter, it "still lives now that Manchester has grown to seventy times its ancient bulk, and has become one of the commercial centres of the world. The John Shaw Club had already met several years when the Pretender's drums resounded through the streets of Salford, and it continues to meet although a hundred and forty years have rolled over the most romantic of rebellions, and every trace of the Stuart dynasty has disappeared." The John Shaw Club in the present day finds a pleasant home at the Queen's Hotel. The president is Colonel Sowler, proprietor of the *Manchester Courier*; and a well-known local antiquary, Mr. James Croston, fills the dignified but not too onerous office of recorder.

There are several other old Manchester clubs which deserve notice, not only for their historical interest, but as institutions which exercised considerable political and artistic influence upon the everyday life of Manchester. The Jacobite Club is mixed up with the name of John Byron, "poet, wit, and scholar." It belonged to the year of general discord, 1745, as did also "The Gentleman's Concert Club," of which John Byron was a prominent member. Among those who attended the musical meetings

of the last-mentioned society there is good reason to believe was "Bonnie Prince Charlie" himself. The formation of the Church and King Club, in 1790, was the outcome of the French revolution. The members wore a distinct uniform. Upon the buttons of the coat was embossed a view of Manchester Cathedral (then the old church); and Archibald Prentice tells us that their standing toast, while they could stand, at their convivial meetings, was "Church and King, and down with the Rump." The Constitutional Club was an offshoot from the Church and King Club. Then there were the Pitt Club, which was established in 1812 to put down Levellers and Republicans; the Orange Club, the only

noteworthy event in the history of which was a characteristic faction fight; and the Billiard Club, which originated in 1795, and exercised for more than half a century a powerful influence upon Manchester, being the recognised rendezvous for the wit, the fashion, the intelligence, and the learning of the district.

Clubs in Manchester were numerous about the year 1820. Merchants and professional men alike lived in the town and could meet night after night. It is impossible in the space of this summary to enumerate them, although a gathering of local bards who assembled at a hostelry in Long Millgate

ought not to be entirely passed over. Amongst those who met in the "Poets' Corner," as it was termed, were Charles Swain, Sam Bamford, Critchley Prince, Rogerson, and Alexander Wilson, many of the last-named poet's productions having obtained an abiding place in the literature of the Palatinate, under the title of "The Songs of the Wilsons."

From a social point of view, club life as it was known half a century ago in Manchester only exists to-day in a very limited way. Many handsome club-houses which contribute very materially to the architecture of the city have been erected within



Entrance Hall of the Union Club, Manchester.

\* Continued from page 292.



the past twenty years, notably the Reform, the Conservative, and the Trafford Clubs; but in the case of the two first-named institutions, save in times of political conflict, they can hardly be regarded as more than palatial and exclusive restaurants. At the head of the non-political clubs stands the Union. This club has also the distinction of being the oldest club in Manchester possessing a house of its own. It was founded in 1825, and its sombre grey walls are eloquent with memories of the past. In the sixty years that have rolled by since its formation, Manchester has attained its present wealth and importance. The club-house, which is plainly but solidly furnished throughout, is situated at the corner of Nicholas Street and Mosley Street. It contains a capacious entrance-hall, a well-stocked reading-room on the right, and on the left a large, lofty, artistically decorated dining-room, lighted from above. On the

first floor are a couple of private dining-rooms, a library situated over the reading-room, card, smoking, and billiard rooms. The latter is a fine lofty apartment containing a couple of tables and an abundance of accommodation for on-lookers. The Union is one of the few clubs in Manchester that provides sleeping accommodation for its members. There are four bedrooms allotted for this purpose, and these, with the servants' apartments, occupy the top floor. The club is strictly non-political in character, and it has the reputation of having at times preserved its exclusiveness through the somewhat unmerciful "pilling" of candidates for admission. Its list of members includes the names of almost all the local members of Parliament, and the leading merchants and professional men. Like some of the senior Service clubs in London, the Union strikes the visitor as being more suited to the old than to the young. Its advantages are made use of pretty extensively during the day, but in the evenings it is almost entirely given over to the care of servants and waiters, the latter being distinguished by their livery of breeches and silk stockings. The entrance fee is twenty-five guineas, and the annual subscription ten guineas for the first five years, and seven guineas per annum afterwards.

1888.

The Clarendon Club, which is situated at the corner of Mosley Street and St. Peter's Square, has really risen from the ashes of the defunct Bridgewater Club. Some of the members of the old club in King Street consoled themselves during their bereavement by meeting in a neighbouring hotel. When the present club-house was built, or rather created from a couple of houses, the portrait of the Duke of Bridgewater, which formerly decorated the King Street club, was removed thither and hung in the news-room. The entrance to the club is from Mosley Street. On the left of the vestibule, with windows commanding Mosley Street and St. Peter's Square, is a light, pleasant room, which is used as a library and news-room. Above this, also remarkable for its combination of lightness and cheerfulness, is the dining-room; and above this again is the billiard-room. On the

other side of the lobby is the news-room, supplied with papers, telegrams, and writing materials, and adorned with the Duke of Bridgewater's portrait.

Amongst other apartments are luncheon, smoking, and card-rooms, and also, I believe, a bedroom, kept specially for the use of any member who cares to avail himself of it. This club, like the Union, already referred to, is largely a club of gentlemen of middle age. Its annual subscrip-



*The Reform Club, Manchester. Election Time.*

tion is seven guineas, and the entrance fee twenty guineas.

At the corner of Cross Street and St. Ann's Street, overlooking on the Cross Street side that ancient shrine of Non-conformity in Manchester, Cross Street Chapel (originally erected as a refuge for the Rev. James Newcombe, one of the most famous divines ejected by the Act of Conformity in 1662) stands the Conservative Club. The building, which is freehold, and includes several shops and stores, was erected from the designs of Mr. Robert Walker, of London, and Messrs. Horton and Bridgford, of Manchester, at a cost of £92,000, added to which no less a sum than £17,000 was spent upon furniture and decorations. The club-house was opened in October, 1876, by Viscount Cross, then Mr. Ashton Cross, M.P. The best architectural effect of the building is seen from St. Ann's Street. The internal ar-

rangements of the house are excellent and in good taste. On the ground floor there are a smoke-room, visitors'-room, and capacious lavatories. A fine staircase leads to the reading and dining-rooms. The latter is very handsomely decorated, and close by is the members' smoke-room. The billiard-rooms, private dining-room, and card-rooms are on the third floor. The club originated shortly after the American war of North and South.

Liberalism finds a no less luxurious home than Conservatism in modern Manchester. The Reform Club, which is situated at the top of King Street and Spring Gardens, is a fine structure, designed by Mr. E. Salomons. The present

building was opened with a banquet, which was held on October 19, 1871, followed by a meeting in the Free Trade Hall, at which Earl Granville was the chief speaker. The architecture is Venetian, freely treated. On either side of the main entrance in King Street are two light windows. Above the door is an elegant balcony, from which, in the stirring times of political conflict, addresses have been delivered to earnest Liberals massed in the street below. There are five windows, the central one opening upon the balcony. The capitals of the columns supporting the windows are enriched with sculpture. The third floor is lighted by five windows in pairs, and above all rises an elegant open parapet. At the east and west angles of this front are turrets, corresponding in character with the main front, except that each of the three windows on the

middle floor is smaller than the adjoining one; while above them are panels containing emblematic life-sized figures, representing on the east turret the Arts, and on the west the Sciences. At the roof of each turret is a lantern with a parapet, above which rises a pyramidal roof. The principal doorway leads into a vestibule. On the same floor are a lavatory and a reading-room. On the first landing is the main dining-room, a fine lofty apartment with windows looking into the three streets already named. The ceiling is of decorated pitch pine. On the next floor are private dining and committee rooms, and above the principal dining-room is a billiard-room, in which there are no fewer than five billiard tables. The annual subscription is three guineas, and the

entrance fee five. There are upwards of two thousand members; a percentage of these, however, as is also the case at the Conservative Club, being country members, who are admitted at a considerably lower rate.

When the Conservative Club removed in 1876 from St. James's Square, a club, then called the Junior Conservative Club, took over the premises. Some time afterwards this club removed to a more convenient building in Chancery Lane, where it flourishes under the more ambitious title of the Carlton Club.

Perhaps the one club in Manchester which most nearly realises the ambition of its founders is the Arts Club, which

was formed in 1879 for the purpose of bringing together in a social manner those directly interested in science and the arts. In order that it might be sufficiently all-embracing, the qualification was made to apply to all who were connected with, or were generally known to be interested in, Art, science, literature, music, and the drama. The first premises were situated in Oxford Street, and the original list of members comprised a hundred and fifty names. "Bohemianism" in its social and convivial aspect was a very marked feature of the Arts Club in its earlier days. But after two or three years of prosperity the club fell upon evil days, and it was not until that very "king of clubs," Mr. Robt. Ed. Johnson, took over the secretaryship, and the club rooms were transferred to Albert Square, that the Arts Club really became the powerful factor it is



*Conservative Club, Manchester.*

to-day in social and artistic Manchester. The removal took place in 1883, and the candidates for membership increased rapidly. The maximum of four hundred having been obtained, the annual subscription for new members was last year increased from two guineas to three guineas, the entrance fee remaining at two guineas. The club-rooms include a large and well-furnished reading and smoke-room, the walls of which are, as a rule, decorated with the artistic works of members, though at times these give place to exhibitions of the works of famous painters. Weekly reunions are held during the winter months, and occasionally pleasant soirées, to which ladies are invited, break the monotony of club functions. The list of members embraces the names of many famous



workers in the artistic and literary world of Cottonopolis, and the banquets and receptions given to eminent actors, journalists and scientists, are not among the least pleasurable or noteworthy incidents in the life of this admirable club.

A minor club of more than ordinary interest is The Anglo-French. It had too ambitious a beginning, as the Société Nationale Française. As there were only fifty French residents in all Manchester who were likely to support the club, a rule limiting the election of outside nationalities hurt the society; and when the exclusively French character of the management was relaxed, the original enthusiasm of the allies had dwindled, and it was finally found necessary to re-organise under the

Limited Liability Act. It is now a pleasant and cheap luncheon club, with other attractions.

The Brazenose Club was started in 1862. The idea was to make it a home, at a moderate subscription, for artists, authors, and professional men, but the original hope and intentions were not realised. The majority of the members are now lawyers and barristers. Between the years 1874 and 1884 the club achieved a certain eminence in art circles by its very interesting exhibitions of loan collections of pictures. It is a pleasant and prosperous club, and has entertained many famous Manchester visitors. The library and smoking-rooms are admirably appointed. The Trafford is another prominent club. It has a handsome house in St. Peter Street. The



*A Picture Show in the Arts Club, Manchester.*

Athenæum is hardly a club in the strict sense of the term, but it supplies to upwards of three thousand members many of the advantages of a club, coupled with the use of an extensive library, educational classes, gymnasium, and many other excellent things, and its daily files of the newspaper press is unique even in Manchester.

Leeds has not much of a record in the way of clubs. Its industrial, educational, and charitable institutions have always been to the fore; but its club-life is of distinctly modern date, and even now it makes no pretence of competition with the great clubs of the other leading towns and cities. Its three prominent clubs, the Union, the Conservative, and the Liberal, nevertheless, hold their own as solid and prosperous institutions. The Union is what may be called "the swagger club"

of Leeds. It is non-political, and therefore counts its distinguished members on all sides of political parties. Its roll of membership contains names that stand foremost both in the town and county—the Becketts, the Fairbairns, the Duncombes, the Eddisons, the Luptons, the Marshalls and other well-known families. The bishop of the diocese, the lord-lieutenant, and many county men, officers in the army, barristers, and local professional men are also members. The club-house is a plain, substantial, comfortable mansion; and like a sensible, well-organised club, it is proud of its kitchen and can honestly boast of its *chef*. The steward was trained with the hussars at the Curragh, and has kept up his reputation at the Union, which means good dinners at moderate rates, and a well-managed house. The Conservative Club has

an air of importance not possessed by the Liberal; but the latter appeals to a broader field of subscribers, has an entrance

best club-house of the two, and has a much larger muster-roll than the Liberal, though the latter seems to make more

political use of its resources. The Liberal house is made up of two or three houses converted into one; while the Conservative is a building designed and constructed for the purposes of a club, and its handsome hall, its well-balanced and wainscoted rooms are notable examples of careful and effective design and colour.

The Liberal Club was started some two years prior to the Conservative. The opening of the club was celebrated by a series of meetings which took place in the Albert Hall, Leeds. There was a *conversazione* afterwards at the club-rooms, at which many ladies were present. The walls were decorated with a fine collection of works of Art lent by members, and among the pictures were some choice examples of David Cox, who has an honoured place on the walls of many Midland and North-country galleries. Pleasant functions of this kind, and periodical social gatherings, are specialties of the Leeds Liberal Club, which manages to



*A Corner in the Morning Room of the Conservative Club, Leeds.*

fee considerably lower than its rival, and has at least one working man among its members. The Conservative is the

progress on its original lines of a very moderate subscription and a thoroughly political purpose. JOSEPH HATTON.

## THE ART SALES OF 1888.

THE season of Art Sales which has just concluded has been somewhat uneventful in comparison with recent years. The break-up of historic collections continues; this year collections from Burleigh House, Wimpole and Gatton Hall, have been dispersed. So have the Aylesford Library, the Marquis of Hastings' objects of Art, and the famous Londesborough arms and armour, as well as others of minor importance. An unusual number of works of the Norwich school have appeared in the market, and have uniformly sold well. Good specimens of the old French school maintain the high position they began to assume a few years since.

Feb. 3. The property of the late Adm. Tucker, of Trematon: a set of ten fauteuils, carved and gilt, covered in old French tapestry, with a sofa *en suite*, 1,400 gs. (Duveen); mantel-top in carved oak, from the old Admiralty office at Deptford, with the arms of Sir Thomas Howard, first Lord of Admiralty, 1514, 260 gs. (Davis). F. Nattier, portrait of Madame de Chevreuil as 'Aurora,' 1744, 480 gs. (Wertheimer).

Feb. 25. Pictures of the late Mr. Theophilus Burnand: E. W. Cooke, R.A., 'Dutch Pincks preparing for Sea,' 1856, 430 gs. (Agnew); J. Philip, R.A., 'El Galon,' 1858, 20 inches by 16, 500 gs. (Henson). On the same day, C. R. Leslie, 'Sancho

Panza in the Apartments of the Duchess,' 1844, 710 gs. at the Farnmouth sale, 1874, now 150 gs. only (Moore).

Feb. 29. Objects of Art of Mr. Henry Wilkinson, deceased: suite of Louis XVI. furniture, carved and painted, covered with old French needlework, £765; suite of Louis XVI. furniture, white and gold, covered with old French tapestry, and said to have been the property of Marie Antoinette, 145 gs. (Duveen).

March 6—12. The Earl of Aylesford's Library from Packington Hall: "The proufitable Boke for Mannes Soule, called the Chastysing of Goddes Children," printed by Caxton, n.d., and "The Tretyse of the Love of Jhesu Christ," printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1493, two volumes in one, £305 (Quaritch); Fabyan, "Cronycles of Englande," first edition, only three perfect copies supposed to be in existence, £250; W. Hals, "Parochial History of Cornwall," probably the only complete copy in existence, £150 (Reeves); Shakespeare, "Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies," first edition, printed by Isaac Jaggard and Edward Blount, 1623, £200 (Bowden); second impression, printed by T. Cotes, 1632—this copy contains many manuscript notes by Lewis Theobald and Dr. Johnson, £140; third impression, 1664,



very rare, the greater part of this edition being destroyed in the Fire of London, £93 (Quaritch); "Drawings of British Plants," by the Countess of Aylesford, 1784—1816, 100 gs. (Quaritch). Total £10,575.

March 17. J. B. Pater, 'Fête Champêtre' and Companion, formerly in the collection of the late Earl of Thanet, lately the property of Mrs. De Ath, 2,750 gs. (Agnew); Memling, 'The Virgin enthroned with the Infant Saviour in her arms,' from the collections of J. P. Deering and T. Gandy, 750 gs. (Buck); J. Both, Landscape, described by Smith, pt. vi., p. 209, n. 103, collections of R. R. Reinagle and Bredel, 900 gs. (Williams); A. Cuijp, 'Milking Time,' signed, bought in 1887, 650 gs., now 470 gs. (Hirsch). Hobbema, woody landscape, figures by G. de V., from the Novar collection, 470 gs. (Read).

March 20 and 21. The ceramics, etc., of the Right Hon. Lord Hastings: a Pesaro lusted dish, £430 (Durlacher); a Hispano-Mauro dish, with coat of arms, 385 gs. (Durlacher); Hispano-Mauro dish, with the arms of Castille and Leon, 260 gs. (Durlacher); Urbino cistern, painted with Apollo on Parnassus, after Raphael, 225 gs. (Davis). Among the Limoges enamels were an ewer and dish, by P. Raymond, the ewer painted with the meeting of Jacob and Esau, and the dish with the life of Adam, 280 gs. (Loewengard); ewer, by P. Raymond, painted with Venus in a car, 250 gs. (Davis); a set of eighteen plaques, painted with the life of Christ after Dürer, by L. Limousin, from the Debruge collection, 570 gs. (Boore); an ancient enamelled chasse, painted with the martyrdom and burial of a saint, £350 (Durlacher); an ivory casket, carved with a tournament, from the Debruge collection, 380 gs. (Durlacher); cistern, Oriental china, £200 (Davis). The entire collection realised £15,072.

March 24. Pictures of Mr. Frederick Fish, deceased: P. Graham, 'Cross Roads; Twilight, clearing up,' 1873, 520 gs. (Agnew); Hook, 'Milk for the Schooner,' 1864, Skipper sale, 1884, 610 gs., now 530 gs. (Agnew); Linnell, senr., 'Going to the Homestead,' 1829, 460 gs. (Agnew); W. Muller, 'Little Waders,' 1843, Skipper sale, 400 gs., now 500 gs. (Lewis); P. Nasmyth, Landscape with farm buildings, peasants and dog on a road leading to the sea, 1828, 610 gs. (Bunning); two by Morland, 'The Postboy's Return,' Levy sale, 1876, 600 gs., now 700 gs. (Agnew); 'The Tea Garden,' 450 gs. (Agnew); two by R. Ladbroke, the co-student of old Crome, Woody Landscape with gipsy encampment and waggon, 200 gs. (Agnew); River scene with cottages, figures, and ducks, 310 gs. (Vokins); G. Vincent, 'Greenwich Hospital,' 1827, the smaller of the two fine pictures of this subject, bought at the Reynolds sale, 1883; it now sold for 740 gs. (Agnew). Mr. Fish's pictures realised £12,724. On the same day was sold a picture described as 'A Gentleman of the Acton Family,' by Reynolds, for 135 gs. to Mr. Doyle, for the Irish National Gallery. Mr. Doyle recognised it as a portrait of Richard Burke, almost identical as regards the head with the fine picture in the Spencer collection, but differing considerably in the dress. Though much neglected it was but little damaged, remaining in the same state as when it left the master's hands. It was of course a great bargain at the price.

April 14—17. Collection of Mr. A. Andrews: Etty, 'Judgment of Paris,' Gillott sale, 1872, 810 gs., now 480 gs. (Permain); Old Crome, 'Wherries on the Yare,' from the Sherrington collection, 400 gs. (Lawrie); two by J. Stark, 'View on Stratton Strawless Common,' bought by Mr. Andrews from a descendant of Mr. Lambert, for whom it was

painted, 430 gs. (Brown); 'The Grove,' 430 gs. (Lawrie); Old Crome, 'Forest Scene, with Beaters and a Dog,' 1810, from the Sherrington and Bracey collections, sold with the De Zoete pictures, 1885, 580 gs., now 770 gs. (Merton). The pictures realised £6,121. An Urbino tazza, painted with Cephalus and Procris, by Fra Xanto, from the Fountaine collection, 230 gs. (Stettiner); Urbino dish, with the 'Rape of Helen,' after Marc Antonio, by Nicolo da Urbino, 250 gs. (Innes); a Byzantine chasse, enamelled with the Apostles, the Crucifixion, and the Resurrection, from the Debruge collection, 400 gs. (Philpott).

April 21. Some pictures from the collection of the late Mr. Aspinwall, of New York, bought in last year, were again offered: Van Dyck, 'Portrait of Gusman, Marquis of Leganes,' whole length in armour, from the Durazzo Palace, Genoa, 1887, 500 gs., now 185 gs. (M. Colnaghi); Murillo, 'The Immaculate Conception,' collections, Royal Palace, Madrid, General Desolle, Woodburn, King of Holland, 1887, 1,750 gs., now 640 gs. (Lesser). Water colours of the late Mr. Henry Wilkinson: Copley Fielding, 'River Scene, Castles and Bridge, Sunset,' 505 gs. (Vokins); S. Prout, 'Café de la Place, Rouen,' 370 gs. (Agnew).

April 28. Pictures of Mr. Charles Waring, deceased: A. Elmore, R.A., 'Religious Controversy in the time of Louis XIV.,' 1849, Knowles sale, 1865, 1,050 gs., now 1,000 gs. (Barlow); M. Fortuny, 'La Espada,' 610 gs. (Koekkoek); M. de Munkacsy, 'Christ before Pilate,' the original study for the great picture, 900 gs. (Koekkoek); three by C. Troyon, 'The Ferry,' bought by Mr. Waring at the artist's sale at Paris; he is said to have refused £6,000 for it, it brought 3,500 gs. (Gordon); 'Harrowing,' 1,330 gs. (Agnew); 'The Watering Place,' 560 gs. (Wallis). The property of Mr. Hilton Philipson, of Tynemouth; Millais, 'The Picture of Health,' 1874, 620 gs. (Agnew). Pictures of the late Mr. W. A. Turner, of Manchester: two by D. G. Rossetti, 'Proserpina,' 1877, 710 gs. (C. Butler); 'Vision of Fiammetta,' 1,150 gs. (C. Baker). Various owners: Rosa Bonheur, 'Labourages Nivernais,' a replica of the picture in the Luxembourg, painted for Count Orloff; in 1866 it was bought at Christie's for 2,000 gs. by Lord Wimborne, and now sold for 4,200 gs. (Smith, said to be for the Right Hon. W. H. Smith); Turner, 'Burning of the Houses of Parliament, 1834,' bought from the artist by Mr. John Marshall, of Coniston, in whose possession it remained until his death, exhibited at Burlington House, 1883, and recently at the South Kensington Museum, by Mr. Victor Marshall; 1,500 gs. (Ponsford). Linnell, senr., 'Storm in Harvest,' the original belongs to Sir W. G. Armstrong; the present picture, a replica with variations, was exhibited by Mr. J. W. Adamson at Burlington House, 1883, it sold for 1,250 gs. (Agnew); T. Faed, 'Reading the Bible,' bought originally by Mr. Flatow, the dealer, sold in 1884 for 1,650 gs., now, with the copyright, 1,750 gs. (Vokins); Hook, 'Gold of the Sea,' 1872, painted for Mr. W. Banbury, 1,640 gs. (Owen); two by Millais, 'The Empty Nest,' 1887, with the copyright, 680 gs. (E. F. White); 'Age, Portrait of a Lady in her Ninety-fourth Year,' exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1874, as 'Mrs. Heugh,' brought 255 gs. only (Tooth); two by Linnell, senr., 'Milking Time,' recently in the possession of Mr. J. W. Adamson, 950 gs. (Laurence); 'The Last Load,' Birmingham Exhibition, 1860, 890 gs. (Laurence); P. Nasmyth, 'Carisbrook Castle,' 1826, painted for the late Mr. Vernon, 450 gs. (Clark); J. Stark, 'On the Thames, Battersea,' 390 gs. (Agnew); Etty, 'Triumph of Cleopatra,' sold, 1881, 430 gs.,

now 250 gs. (McLean); Alma Tadema, 'The First Whisper of Love,' 1870, recently the property of Mr. James Hall, 710 gs. (Vokins).

May 5. The Marton Hall collection, formed by the late Mr. H. W. F. Bolckow, M.P., contained seventy-one pictures, nearly every one of which brought a good price: L. Knaus, 'A Cup of Coffee,' 1874, 780 gs. (Wallis); E. Frère, 'The Girls' School,' 1868, sold in 1869 for 655 gs., now 456 gs. (Agnew); Henriette Browne, 'Jewish School at Cairo,' 660 gs. (Vokins); J. L. Gérôme, 'Prayer in the East,' 710 gs. (Boussod); C. Troyon, 'The Water Cart'—Mr. Wallis, of the French Gallery, is reported to have bought this work from the painter for about £40, it now sold for 2,000 gs. (Agnew); Meissonier, 'Refreshment,' 1865, 1,970 gs. (Boussod); three by Rosa Bonheur, 'Return from Pasture,' a scene in the Pyrenees, 1862, 2,050 gs. (Vokins); 'Deer crossing the Long Rocks in the Forest of Fontainebleau,' 1865, 1,740 gs. (Johnson); 'Denizens of the Highlands,' 1857, 5,550 gs. (Agnew); A. Schreyer, 'Abandoned,' 500 gs. (the Manchester Art Gallery); J. Israels, 'Waiting for the Herring-boats,' 600 gs. (Graves); two by R. Ansdell, 'The Rescue,' 1866, 460 gs. (Wynne); 'A Highland Lot for Sale,' scene in the Isle of Skye, 1874, 490 gs. (Agnew); P. H. Calderon, 'An Incident of the War in La Vendée,' 1862, 770 gs. (Graves); W. Collins, R.A., 'The Skittle Players,' 1832—this picture remained unsold until 1844, when it was bought by Mr. Young for 400 gs.; at his sale, in 1866, it went for 1,150 gs.; at the Manley Hall sale, 1875, it rose to 2,300 gs., but now 1,510 gs. (Tooth); three by E. W. Cooke, R.A., 'Church of Sta. Maria della Salute, Venice,' 710 gs. (Brunning); two views of the Piazzetta, Venice, 600 gs. each (Vokins); two by David Cox, 'Counting the Flock,' 1852, Levy sale, 1876, 2,300 gs., now 1,980 gs. (Agnew); 'Driving Home the Flock,' Manley Hall collection, 1,300 gs. (Graves); Creswick, 'Old England,' 1,000 gs. (Vokins); two by T. Faed, R.A., 'The Silken Gown,' 1,450 gs. (Agnew); 'Baith Faithier and Mither,' 1,350 gs. (Agnew); two by F. Goodall, R.A., 'Rebecca at the Well,' 1867, 770 gs. (Lord Cheylesmore); 'The Subsiding of the Nile,' 1873, 1,450 gs. (Agnew); three by Landseer, 'Intruding Puppies,' 1821, 1,000 gs. (M. Colnaghi); 'Braemar,' 1857, Betts sale, 1868, 4,000 gs., now 4,950 gs. (Agnew); 'Taking a Buck,' Manley Hall collection, 1,950 gs. (Mason); Linnell, senr., 'Noonday Rest,' 1857, 1,710 gs. (Agnew); two by Millais, 'The Love of James I. of Scotland,' 1859, Manley Hall collection, 450 gs. (McLean); 'The North-West Passage,' 1874, 4,000 gs. (Agnew); two by Morland, 'The Horse Fair,' 410 gs. (Agnew); 'Robbing the Orchard,' 760 gs. (Agnew); two by W. Muller, 'Ancient Tombs and Dwellings in Lycia,' 1844, 3,750 gs. (Vokins); 'Bay of Naples,' 1839, 900 gs. (Mason); P. Nasmyth, 'Meeting of the Avon and the Severn,' 1826, 1,500 gs. (Agnew); E. Nicol, A.R.A., 'Both Puzzled,' 1866, 670 gs. (Tooth); J. Philip, R.A., 'A Castanette Player of Seville,' Gillott sale, 700 gs., now 215 gs. only (Tooth); Poole, 'The Song of the Troubadour,' 1854, Manley Hall collection, 1,490 gs. (Agnew); Stanfield, 'La Chasse Marée,' English Channel,' 1838, Manley Hall collection, 1,750 gs. (Vokins); Turner, 'Old London Bridge,' Heugh collection, 2,800 gs. (Colnaghi); T. Webster, R.A., 'The Fruits of Intemperance,' 1831, Manley Hall sale, 1875, 800 gs., now 520 gs. (Mason). Total, £66,567. Most of the pictures described as coming from the Manley Hall collection do not appear in the sale catalogue, and, it is to be presumed, were purchased privately.

May 12. The Gattin Park collection, formed early in the

present century by the Right Hon. Lord Monson: N. Maas, 'The Card Players,' also attributed to Karl Faber or Fabritius, 1,310 gs. (Agnew, since obtained for the National Gallery at the same price); L. da Vinci, 'La Vierge au bas-relief,' brought from Mantua by Mr. Crawley, of Luton, afterwards the property of Mr. Dimsdale, also attributed to Cesare da Sesto; Lord Monson paid Woodburn 4,000 gs. for it; it is said to have been offered to the Berlin Museum for £12,000 and declined; it now brought 2,000 gs. (Davis); S. del Piombo, portrait of Lorenzo de Medici, bought at Mr. Heathcote's sale, 1805, for 500 gs., now 95 gs. (M. Colnaghi); W. Dobson, 'Endymion Porter, with his Page,' from the collection of Mr. Walsh Porter, 400 gs. (Sir F. Burton, for the National Gallery); Reynolds, Mrs. Payne Galloway and her son, the famous picture known as 'Pick-a-back,' 4,100 gs. (Agnew); Sir Thos. Lawrence, 'The Countess of Dysart, whole length, 550 gs. (Davis). Total for the twenty-one pictures, £11,439. The same day were sold: Gainsborough, 'The Hon. Mrs. Henry Fane, painted about 1778—this was sold last year for 4,850 gs., now as the property of Lady Michel, 2,900 gs. (Davis); two other Gainsboroughs, Elizabeth, Duchess of Grafton, given by her daughter Lady Elizabeth Fitzroy to Lord and Lady Churchill, in 1837, 970 gs. (Agnew); 'Wood and Landscape, with peasants on a hilly road,' late the property of Mr. R. G. Thomas, 500 gs. (Henson); of four Romneys that recently belonged to Capt. G. Godfrey, 'Lady Hamilton reading the Gazette,' 1,250 gs. (Agnew). Property of Colonel Everett: F. van Mieris, 'Interior, a Music Party,' £799 (M. Colnaghi); B. van der Helst, 'A Lady of the Braganza Family,' 180 gs. (Agnew, since ceded to the National Gallery); J. Steen, 'View outside the Artist's House,' 410 gs. (Gordon).

May 26. Drawings of the late Mr. Valpy: S. Palmer, drawings for the Milton series, etched in Mr. A. H. Palmer's Milton, a total of 1,111 gs.; F. Walker, 'The First Swallow,' 240 gs. (Agnew). Pictures of the late Mr. J. T. Caird: J. Philip, 'A Blonde,' 1866, 410 gs. (Ellis); P. Joanovich, 'The Song of Scanderberg,' 590 gs. (Scott). Pictures of the late Mr. J. Marshall: C. W. Cope, 'Lear recovering at the Sound of Cordelia's Voice,' 1850, painted for Brunel's Shakespeare room, sold 1860, 300 gs., bought in, 1881, for 270 gs., now 60 gs. only (Ford); Poole, 'The Messenger announcing to Job the Irruption of the Sabeans,' Northwick sale, 1859, 610 gs., bought in, 1881, at 700 gs., again in 1884, 155 gs., now brought 82 gs. only (Nathan).

June 2. Pictures of the late Mr. T. Walker: D. Cox, 'Crossroads,' water-colour, from the Bullock collection, 300 gs. (Agnew); four curious oils by the same, representing the four Seasons, painted for Mr. Bullock, 225 gs. (Evans); H. Hardy, 'Ulysses ploughing on the Sea-shore,' 1874, 900 gs. (Allsopp); two by E. Long, 'Australia,' 800 gs. (Allsopp); 'Bethlehem,' 950 gs. (Evans); Frith, 'Dolly Varden,' painted for Charles Dickens, 740 gs. (Henson); D. Cox, 'Collecting the Flock, North Wales,' 2,250 gs. (Thomas); C. Stanfield, 'The Bay of Baize,' 500 gs. (Agnew); Linnell, 'Hampstead Heath with Fern Gatherers,' 1850, painted for Mr. Joseph Gillott, sold at his sale, 1872, 1,660 gs., now 1,510 gs. (Clayton); two by Müller, 'Salmon Traps on the Lledr,' exhibited at the International Exhibition, 1862, by H. Bradley, 1,500 gs. (Henson); 'Bay of Naples,' bought of the painter by Mr. Gillott, sold at his sale, 2,000 gs., now 1,500 gs. (Agnew); W. Collins, R.A., 'Barmouth Sands,' 1835, painted for Mr. Gillott, sold at his sale, 1,700 gs., now 1,000 gs. (Agnew); P. Nasmyth, 'View in Hampshire,' 1826, 1,010 gs. (Agnew);



two by Rosa Bonheur, 'Spanish Muleteers crossing the Pyrenees,' 1857, Knowles collection, 3,600 gs. (Agnew); 'Britanny Shepherds,' 1854, Bullock collection, 1,000 gs. (Balli); Landseer, 'The Hunted Stag,' 1859, 2,850 gs. (Evans).

June 7-8. The objects of Art of the Marquis of Exeter: in a silver-gilt toilet service, made by Peter Harracks, 1695, an oblong casket, engraved with Cupids and arabesques, brought £274 10s. (Garrard); and a companion, £292 16s. (Mainwaring); pair of Chinese blue and white vases, 450 gs. (Agnew); a Chinese bottle, cylindrical, with flowers, birds, and insects, 310 gs. (Salting); a pair of ewers, Nevers ware, with festoons of flowers and foliage, 290 gs. (Casella); a Faenza vessel, formed as a shoe, painted with Cupids and arabesques, £385 (Donaldson). Among the examples of Limoges enamel were a tazza, painted by J. Courtois, with Moses striking the rock, 510 gs. (Merton); and a casket with subjects from the life of Joseph, 275 gs. (Frankenstein); a silver gilt tazza by Verhaer of Utrecht, chased with an assembly of the gods, landscapes and masks of satyrs, 450 gs. (Wertheimer); an Elizabethan ewer, formed of old Chinese blue and white porcelain, mounted in silver gilt richly chased and engraved, and a circular dish of similar design, 1,950 gs. (Agnew); a basin, *en suite*, 480 gs. (Agnew); and a larger bowl, similarly mounted, 600 gs. (Agnew); a Louis XIV. coffer by Boulle, mounted in chased or-molu, from Lord Gwydir's collection, 1829, 1,450 gs. (Davis); Louis XIV. clock, in red Boulle case, mounted in or-molu, from the same collection, 1,655 gs. (Davis). Total, £20,836. Among the pictures sold on the 9th were: Claude de Jongh, 'Old London Bridge,' signed and dated 1639, 500 gs. (Agnew); J. van Eyck, 'Virgin and Infant Saviour, with St. Margaret,' painted in 1426 for the Church of St. Martin, at Ypres, 2,500 gs. (Murray); Bronzino, Don Garcia de Medicis, 900 gs. (Agnew); P. Veronese, a Venetian gentleman in armour, with tilting-spear behind, 520 gs. (Agnew); Bonifaccio, 'Repose of the Holy Family,' 520 gs. (Donaldson). Thirty-nine pictures for £9,224. On the same day were sold a pair of 'Fêtes Champêtre,' by J. B. Pater, 500 gs. (M. Colnaghi); Rubens, portrait of the artist and his wife, from the Packington Hall collection, 2,500 gs. (Agnew).

June 16. Pictures of Mr. James Lee: Sir F. W. Burton, 'Interior of Bamberg Cathedral,' water-colour, 400 gs. (Ellis); Linnell, senr., 'A Shepherd with a Flock of Sheep,' 510 gs. (Tooth); W. Collins, R.A., 'Rustic Hospitality,' 950 gs. (Tooth). Various owners: T. Faed, 'The Poor helping the Poor,' 1867, 950 gs. (Tooth); J. Philip, 'The Pride of Seville,' from the collection of Mr. A. Levy, 875 gs. (Holt); C. Fielding, 'View of Ben Vorlich,' 740 gs. (Vokins).

June 20. Collection of Mr. W. Lee, of Downside, Leatherhead: Turner, 'The Sea, the Sea!' a little drawing, 3 inches by 6, which sold for 200 gs. at the Novar sale, 1878, now 135 gs. (Agnew); MacWhirter, 'A Valley by the Sea,' 1879, bought in 1887, 850 gs., now 350 gs. (Koekkoek); Millais, 'St. Martin's Summer,' 1878, bought in 1878, 850 gs., now 840 gs. (Koekkoek); Alma Tadema, 'The First Course,' 1887, 600 gs., now 740 gs. (Koekkoek); Morland, 'The Fruit-Seller,' now called 'One of the Letitia series,' 255 gs. (Koekkoek); Rosa Bonheur, 'In the Forest of Fontainebleau,' 1879, 1887, 850 gs., now 840 gs. (Koekkoek).

June 30. The Earl of Hardwicke's pictures, from Wimpole: S. Scott, 'London, from opposite the Tower,' 420 gs. (Scott); Canaletto, 'Old Covent Garden Market,' 200 gs. (Agnew); Hogarth and Thornhill, 'The House of Commons in 1730,' 100 gs. (Thibaudau); Reynolds, Charles, Second Marquis

of Rockingham, 550 gs. (Vokins). On the same day, Reynolds, Mrs. Jodrell, 430 gs. (Samuel); Gainsborough, Richard Paul Jodrell, 610 gs. (Agnew).

July 4-9. The Londesborough armour, etc.: a suite of armour, cap-à-pie, Italian work, about 1550, 1,000 gs. (Coureau); another, the breast-plate engraved with the Crucifixion, about 1530-50, 270 gs. (Brett); suit of tilting armour, temp. Philip and Mary, from the Royal Armoury at Madrid, 410 gs. (Reynolds); an executioner's sword, Lombardic, fifteenth century, from the Bernal collection, 300 gs. (Foulc); shield, with Perseus and Andromeda in relief, 430 gs. (Spitzer); mentonnière with enamelled shield of Saxony, 620 gs. (Spitzer); a folding steel chair, Spanish, seventeenth century, 305 gs. (Whitehead); a steel repoussé breast-plate, richly damascened, with various reliefs—it is said to have been worn by Philip IV., and came from the Bernal collection—500 gs. (Currie); a pair of gauntlets of similar work, from the same collection, 550 gs. (Currie); a rapier, with inlaid silver ornaments, "Heinrich Dinger me fecit," 250 gs. (Bourgeois); a poniard, ornamented with niello work, 315 gs. (Bourgeois); a very rare pig-faced bascinet, from the castle of Herr von Hulshoff, Bavaria, 405 gs. (Foulc); a pair of gauntlets, with the device of Henry VIII., the rest of the suit being at Windsor Castle, 250 gs. (Higgs); a beautiful and very rare Oliphant, sculptured with the legend of St. Hubert, and the rappel of red coral belonging to it, 1,010 gs. (Durlacher); R. J. Wyatt, 'A Nymph at the Bath,' life-size, in marble, 460 gs. (Jackson). Total, £25,646.

July 13. Majolica: Deep Gubbio plate, by Maestro Giorgio, 470 gs. (Spitzer); another, 1524, £395 (Davis); another Gubbio plate, painted with Metabus throwing his daughter into the river, by Fra Xanto, 1538, 500 gs. (Frankenstein); another, with the death of Hero and Leander, by Fra Xanto, same date, 600 gs. (Stettiner)—these were from the Debruge and Soltyskoff collections; two Urbino bottles, pyriform, 365 gs. (Frankenstein); a Faenza vase, baluster shape, 1,010 gs. (Durlacher); Hispano-Mauro dish, 340 gs. (Durlacher).

July 16. Rembrandt, portrait of a lady, signed and dated 1635, from the De Morny collection, 1,100 gs. (Lesser).

July 23. Turner's Liber Studiorum, complete set of seventy-one plates, some in early states, 500 gs.

Among the sales at Sotheby's have been the library of the late Mr. Stewart, in March; a collection of drawings, play-bills, etc., illustrating Old London, £245; a similar collection illustrating London parks, £105; portraits of criminals, deformities, pugilists, etc., sold in 1886 for £146, now £185; "The Complete Angler," illustrated with a large number of inserted prints and drawings, £165. The library of Mr. Gibson Craig contained Paradin's "Cronique de Savoye," 1552; this copy had belonged to Mary Stuart, the Hamiltons of Pencaitland, Thomson the Antiquary, and C. B. Sharpe, at whose sale in 1851 it was bought for £18 7s. 6d.; it now sold for £265. The library of Mr. J. Duff Greenock contained Burns' "Commonplace Book," £101. In the Turner library was a copy of the "Tewdrannckh," 1517, which brought £250, the highest price yet obtained in England for this work.

The Earl of Albemarle has sold his eleven Reynoldses from Quiddenhall Hall to Messrs. Agnew, and Lord Lansdowne has sold to Sir Edward Guinness his magnificent Cuyp, and his Rembrandts, the artist with his palette, and the portrait of a lady. The price paid is said to be £50,000.

ALFRED BEAVER,



*Le Christ mort : Salon, 1876.*

## JEAN-JACQUES HENNER.

"Au bord de l'eau qui rêve et sous le ciel qui dort,  
A l'urne des forêts buvant l'ombre épanchée,  
Les Naïades en chœur, troupe aux mortels cachée,  
Tordent au vent léger leurs chevelures d'or."

OF few of her children is bereaved Alsace prouder than of him whom we may venture to call the most accomplished painter to whom she has given birth during the present century. No Alsatian reveals his origin more unmistakably in every fibre of his physical personality, in every tone of his voice, than does M. Henner, and none is prouder of his origin; while on the other hand none shows an artistic individuality more unexpected or more mysterious, seeing what was his birthplace, and what his beginnings. It might have been expected that the soil from which the painter sprang, and the surroundings among which he was nurtured, would have given ineffaceable colour to his nascent genius; but this cannot be said to be the case, seeing that its essence is that impersonal and idealising, or rather generalising, tendency which underlies his peculiar distinctiveness of conception, and still more of execution.

M. Henner's origin was similar to that of many of France's noblest artistic offspring of the century, who, it would seem, derived freshness of inspiration, newness of vision, from a close contact with the earth, which was to them, in more senses than one, a mother. He was born on the 5th March, 1829, at Bernwiller, in Alsace, of parents who, while remaining modest cultivators of their patrimonial morsel of land, lifted themselves by their natural intelligence and refinement a grade above the situation of mere peasant-folk. It is to be remarked, on the painter's own authority, that his father had an innate love of Art nothing short of remarkable, seeing that in his case the leisure and the opportunity for cultivation were entirely wanting; that he delighted in recalling the popular legends which celebrated the achievements of the great Greek masters, dwelling with pleasure on the names of Apelles and Zeuxis, and on the mythical triumphs which later generations have attributed to them. The homely mother, though more silent, was not less sympathetic, and perhaps exercised on her son's fancy, in its earliest development, a still stronger influence. Often, carrying the child home, after long trudges across the country, she would, when the sun went down and the sky clothed itself in twilight tints, stand still and exclaim half in awe: "Tiens, Jacques, regarde comme la lumière du ciel est belle!" And Henner has never forgotten—indeed, he has too constantly remembered—how beautiful is the

evening light when the vanished sun still exerts its dying influence. Convinced that a future lay before his son, the noble peasant-father imposed on himself and his family real sacrifices to enable Jean-Jacques to be trained at the college of Altkirch; and when the boy rewarded him for his efforts by gaining the first prize for drawing, these efforts were redoubled; they were even, by express injunction of the elder Henner, pronounced on his death-bed, imposed on the surviving family in furtherance of his pet plan. Having worked first at Altkirch with the unusually skilful local professor of drawing, Gontzwiller, the young Henner, after his father's death, proceeded to Strasburg, where he entered the studio of Gabriel Guérin: being, however, especially influenced by the works of Heim, a copy after one of whose paintings, 'Le Berger'—then in the Strasburg Museum, but afterwards destroyed during the siege of 1870—was his first essay in oils. But a greater influence than these was already at work. The birth-place of Henner was near Bâle, and many a Sunday had he in his early boyhood spent in the rapt contemplation of the unequalled series of paintings and drawings by Hans Holbein the Younger, at the Museum. The influence of the great Augsburg master is to be traced even in many of Henner's later works, such as the fine 'Christ mort' of the Lyons Museum—which in many respects recalls the terrible 'Dead Christ' of Holbein—in the scheme and treatment of the background of many portraits; but, above all, in the singular mastery displayed in modelling flesh so as to indicate, without unduly forcing upon the view, the muscular and osseous structure beneath. For, it should be remembered, that firm and even dry as the contour of Holbein may appear by comparison with that of the modern master, he rendered flesh with a firmness and unity of *enveloppe* which were in direct contrast with the system of such great contemporaries as Dürer and his school, who aimed at expressing the human face with the aid of accurate and incisive line and overwrought detail, rather than by a wide and comprehensive, if at the same time patiently and delicately modelled, presentment of the whole.

From Strasburg the youthful student was in the natural course drawn to Paris, where he entered the studio of another compatriot, Drolling, working there with enthusiasm, until want of funds to pay even the *atelier* fees caused him to desert rather than avow his position. Henner at that trying moment was glad to earn bread by working for a kind of



commercial portrait painter, who, chiefly for the New World, dashed off in unlimited quantities the counterfeit present-



*La Fontaine : Salon, 1880.*

ments of notable personages, reserving to himself the heads, while he confided the garments and accessories to his assistants. Not very dissimilar, it will be remembered, was the fate of Antoine Watteau, who in his youth assisted in the

1888.

wholesale manufacture of saints and religious subjects, afterwards sold to provincial dealers to be distributed broadcast over France. It is at this period that—fortunately perhaps for his contemporaries and for posterity—the Louvre became of necessity his only teacher. Certain works there especially fascinated him, and exercised a permanent influence on his style. Time after time he would stand in contemplation before that 'Holy Trinity' of Beltraccio which contains the beautiful nude figure of St. Sebastian, for which it is said the golden-haired Salaïno, the favourite assistant of Leonardo da Vinci, was the model. There, too, the 'Antiope' of Correggio excited his passionate admiration, while he remained relatively cold to the more sombre and richer harmonies of the Manfrini 'Entombment' by Titian, which hung hard by. Among the more recent painters of the French school, the one for whom his worship was specially reserved—the master who is indeed in a great measure answerable for Henner's technique in its maturity—was Prud'hon. The great 'La Justice et la Vengeance divine poursuivant le Crime' of the latter master—mannered and false in conception, yet in its peculiar way striking and admirable in execution—and still more the famous portrait of Mme. Jarre (now, alas! rapidly becoming a ruin), exercised over the painter, at this the turning point of his career, a singular spell. It might, without much exaggeration, be said that all the magic of Henner's peculiar method is to be found *in embryo* in this masterpiece—the elastic texture of pallid, admirably-modelled flesh, the dark yet not opaque shadows, and the blurred contour, serving in the case of the earlier, as afterwards in that of the later master, not to hide want of knowledge, but to veil, to the eye of the superficial observer, admirable science and a profound knowledge of the human form. Soon, however, the tide turned. Henner competed for the *Prix de Rome* in 1858—the subject of the year being Adam and Eve finding the body of Abel; and in this his first contest carried off the prize.

The successful work, which is still to be seen at the École des Beaux-Arts, is remarkable as showing already at this stage most of the distinctive characteristics of the painter, though not at a high point of development. In Rome it was still Correggio who, with his 'Danaë' at the Galleria Borghese, fascinated him, while the glories of the Venetian schools, as illustrated there, and later on more brilliantly in Venice, opened out to his astonished gaze new horizons, though he never appears to have emulated, or to have attempted to emulate, the subtleties of the Venetian processes of execution. His admiration was for the simplicity of the component elements of the Venetian palette, the comparatively restricted series of colours by which they achieved their magical triumphs. Still further limiting his own palette, Henner has indeed made his greatest successes as a colourist with yet simpler means, attaining, in his maturity, by subtle and masterly use of the materials which he allowed himself, a depth, a harmony, and a luminous strength, resulting in singular intensity of general tone, with which the painter has become so justly enamoured that—unfortunately, it may be, for his reputation—he has too seldom ventured out of the narrow confines of his perfection, or approached combinations requiring a re-balancing of, or an addition to, the cunningly assorted, if unduly limited, tones in which he chiefly delights. In 1865 he exhibited at the Salon the 'Chaste Suzanne' (Musée du Luxembourg); and in 1867 the fine 'Biblis changée en Source' (Musée de Dijon), in which the

painter reveals in its fulness, though not yet in its final form, his irresistible charms of manner and of execution. The Salon of 1869 contained the 'Femme couchée,' a nude figure shown on a black velvet couch, which was his first popular success.

The 'Idylle,' which appeared in 1872 (Musée du Luxembourg), if from a technical point of view it does not display the culmination of his powers, is perhaps for purity and beauty, as for the element of gentle melancholy underlying sensuous grace, first among his works. Well-nigh unique in its peculiar fashion is the delicate charm—as of a subtle fragrance—which is exhaled by this true pastoral: one of the few genuine idylls which this time has produced. Two nude women—for, like all Henner's creations, their beauty, in all its perfect chastity, is that of humanity, not of the nymph or immortal—are shown in the grey but warm light of approaching evening, near a fountain; the one reclines, playing a soft air on the pipes, while the other, leaning against the margin of the fountain, lends ear to the note of her companion. There is to be found here a Giorgionesque feeling for physical life and sensuous beauty which this very element of unconscious sadness well balances and keeps in its place; the charm exercised is akin in its rare quality to that evoked by the great Venetian in his famous idyl at the Louvre, and is such as, for intensity and distinction, Henner has hardly equalled in the more splendid works of his later time.

To 1873 belongs the popular 'Alsacienne;' to 1874 the beautiful 'Madeleine dans le Désert,' and the 'Bon Samaritain' (Musée du Luxembourg). The latter, a superb specimen of forcible and complete modelling, having that unity and suppleness of texture to which the painter has always been ready to sacrifice everything, may be taken as typical of his manner in sacred and semi-sacred subjects. He in these generally adopts a lower tone, a peculiar illumination akin to that of moonlight; bathing his forms in which, he lends them a mysterious glamour, which has an impressiveness of its own. It must be conceded, however, that in this branch of his art the painter lacks variety and true intensity of religious inspiration, though on the other hand he cannot fairly be reproached with want of simplicity or reverence.

The delicious 'Naiade' of 1875 (Musée du Luxembourg), though not of considerable dimensions, is absolutely representative of the mode of conception and the technical manner of the master in his brilliant maturity. The nudity of the nymph—if so we must style her—is, according to the wont of the painter, thoroughly human, though it in no way suggests the undraped model surprised and ashamed, but is an integral and seemingly indispensable part of the pastoral scene in which she is placed. She lies prone on the edge of the water, her smiling face half hidden in the masses of her red-gold hair, the dark green of the herbage casting reflections on her tender flesh. Overhead the sky wears the delicate blue of approaching evening, reflected with a vividness which exceeds nature, but is exquisitely harmonious, in the silent pool beneath. The deep-green, trenching on dark golden-brown, of the foliage, painted with a sweeping brush in solid yet delicately expressive masses, serves to heighten the pale tones of the supple flesh; while the dark bituminous tones themselves acquire additional strength from a juxtaposition with the hues of the evening sky. This is the favourite formula of Henner's later years, and its rare beauty, its singular pictorial power lead us at times to forget its undue narrowness and the persistent *parti-pris* shown in seeking to group together constantly



the same elements, commingled in the same manner, and used to convey not only the same pictorial but the same mental, or rather emotional, impression. This we take to be that of a silent yet living repose of nature and humanity in full accord the one with the other: a peacefulness suggesting a vague hope and a sensuous joy in life, yet impregnated, too, with a gentle melancholy, with a regret for a moment of perfect beauty and rest which must be as evanescent as it is

so much that is found in modern Art. We are unable to discover in M. Henner's works an artistic individuality or artistic intention of this kind, and it appears to us that the very qualities with which his too indiscriminate admirers would credit him, in addition to those which belong properly to his personality, would be in contradiction with his most distinctive attributes. He is, especially in the works of his youth and of his best time, a true poet no less than a true

painter, and the more so because his vision is that of the painter and not that of the literary artist. But the chief charm of the poetic vein which gives colour to his work is that the artist appears but half conscious of it: it is a poetry of intuition, not of reflection; a sentiment born of a simple devotion to the harmony of peaceful nature and the beauty of ideal impersonal humanity, and not evolved from an active appreciation of the pathos and the mystery of human life, or from a keen sympathy with the special phases of feeling which are peculiar to the present generation. But to return to the enumeration of M. Henner's works. In 1876 he exhibited the 'Christ Mort' (Musée de Lyon), to which we have already referred, and accompanying it, his finest portrait, that of Mme. Karakéhia, the mother of Nubar Pacha. In 1877 appeared the very powerful 'St. Jean Baptiste,' the saint's head on a charger being a portrait of the painter's friend, M. Hayem; and with it 'Le Soir.' To about this period belongs also the great picture 'Les Naiades,' sung by Armand Silvestre (in a poem, of which we have borrowed above the first verse), and now owned by M. Sédille. It is certainly the most important in subject and dimensions, as it is in



*Saint Sébastien* : Salon, 1888.

beautiful. The worshippers of the master have credited him with a profounder vein of poetry than this, with a mode of thought and feeling more intense and more self-conscious in its intensity; they have, moreover, likened his pastorals to the pastorals of Greece, and have deemed his exquisite embodiments of feminine beauty a revival of the ideal which has been transmitted by antiquity; they have discovered in his pleasing but nowhere profound melancholy a phase of feeling akin to the all-permeating pessimism which enters into

conception and execution one of the most perfect, of the works of the master's maturity. In 1878 we have another charming 'La Madeleine,' which, with many of the paintings already cited, appeared at the Exposition Universelle of that year. In 1879 follows another 'Jésus au Tombeau;' in 1880 the exquisite 'La Fontaine,' together with 'Le Sommeil;' and since then have been shown, among many other works which it would be tedious to enumerate, 'La Source,' and 'St. Jérôme' (1881), yet another 'Christ au Tombeau,' and a 'Nymphé qui

Pleure" (1884). No space remains for mention of a whole series of portraits of men and women—the latter chiefly, for reasons easily divined, seeing what is the idiosyncrasy of the master—which M. Henner has produced side by side with his other works, achieving often, when the subject was one congenial to him, besides his unerring technical accomplishment, a high measure of success in characterization.

During the last few years a change has come over the talent of M. Henner. It cannot exactly be said that the hand is less cunning, the technique less accomplished or less sincere. But if we must be frank, a certain exhaustion, a certain emptiness have become apparent—a certain want of informing sentiment which gave life and variety to the all-too-closely related subjects affected by the master, and thus redeemed them from the charge of monotony. Nor is this surprising, seeing how subtle is the essence of this peculiar, half-unconscious charm of sentiment, which is naturally less easily at the command of maturity than of earlier manhood, and the evocation of which must inevitably become more difficult the more constantly the same formula is repeated. True, M. Henner has valiantly in his 'Orpheline' (1886) and in his 'Herodiade' (1887) sought, and sought with remarkable audacity and success, to renew his scheme of colour: taking in the former instance as his key-note, in lieu of his rain-washed, cerulean blue, an intense black, and in the latter an uncompromising scarlet, combined with great skill with flesh-tones and with tawny harmonies of drapery and background. Yet there is, in the last-named work especially, a certain triviality, a transparent insufficiency of motive and of sentiment, which it would be vain to seek in his earlier productions, by which his fame has been won. Yet where the hand is still as accomplished as ever, and the single-minded and dominant enthusiasm for Art the same, new paths can and will surely be found: in following these, it is permitted to surmise, the master may obtain a fresh lease of artistic life and energy.

Whatever the future may have to show, M. Henner may rest satisfied that his name will go down to posterity as a genuine poet-painter within the limits—narrow though they un-

doubtedly are—which he has traced for himself, and as one who has within these limits achieved originality, where it is doubly difficult to attain, in a style in which comparisons with the great masters of a former time become inevitable. Above all, the painter will be known as a great master of the brush, eschewing all trick and even all ultra-refinements of process, and succeeding by legitimate vigour and skill allied to an unerring intuition. It is, as a rule, unsafe and presumptuous to prophesy; but surely M. Henner will be among those whose



*La Madeleine dans le Désert: Salon, 1873.*

work will escape the oblivion which must in the natural course overwhelm much of the copious Art of to-day; that if only in virtue of his qualities as an executant, he may be classed among the future Old Masters of the latter half of the century, though what exact rank among them will be accorded to him it must be left to posterity to decide.

The illustrations to this article are from photographs by Messrs. A. Braun & Co., Dornach and Paris.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.



## EXHIBITIONS.

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS.—The Exhibition in the New Gallery is of distinct interest, not only because of the quality of the work exhibited, but also because of the artistic principle expressed and illustrated. The arts of design and colour arose among handicraftsmen. Japanese Art at its best was identified with the handicrafts, and the Art of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance was emphatically practical and decorative. In our own time one phase of the pre-Raphaelite movement was the resolute attempt to re-apply Art to the handicrafts. Mr. William Morris and Mr. Madox Brown were especially active in this attempt, and founded the firm which is now known as Messrs. Morris & Co. Then came the æsthetic craze, which did good in that it made the application of Art to decoration popular. For a good many years, then, an increasing band of artist-workmen (an ugly compound, but in the strained relations between Art and manufacture it is inevitable) have been seriously labouring to restore the supremacy of Art in the workshop, and this first exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society is evidence of the extent to which they have succeeded. Yet it is not all the evidence that might be given, for—to say nothing of the fact that it is very badly arranged—many firms who are famed for their artistic wares have declined to exhibit, because the Committee of the Exhibition have made it a *sine quâ non* that with all exhibits the name of the designer or artist-workman should be given. The Exhibition is, therefore, very meagre in some of its sections.

The Arts and Crafts most fully represented are textiles (including tapestry and embroidery), fictiles (including pottery and tile-work), and the Art and Craft of Mural Decoration (including wall-papers, frieze and panel-work, and work in sgraffito and in gesso). In the first and third of these sections there is a little too much evidence of the hand of the single gentleman with a mission: there are (that is) too many overgrown school-girl exercises—designs for cretonnes and for curtains, designs for table-covers and for wall-papers, which are of small practical value, since they have not been, nor are ever likely to be, embodied in trade productions. It might have been well if designs which had not appeared in substantial dimensions, had been rigidly excluded. In the first section, however, are some beautiful things from the looms of Messrs. Morris and Mr. Thomas Wardle. The specimens of Arras Tapestry, designed by Philip Webb, H. Dearle, and William Morris, and woven by Messrs. Morris & Co. in their high-warp loom, are especially attractive. They are bold and simple in design, and exquisitely soft in colour and gradation of tone. The beasts of the forest in No. 50 are particularly noble and spirited. The Axminster carpets, too, designed by Mr. J. Aldam Heaton (37) are very beautiful; after a little wear and exposure to the sun they might well be mistaken for Persian.

Our space prevents us from doing more than remarking on two notable artist-workmen in the other sections. In fictiles Mr. De Morgan shows pre-eminent, both for the variety and the beauty of his work. His case of pottery (103) is, however, to our thinking less beautiful in form than in colour, which is a peculiarly rich tint between ruby and gold. In the several varieties of mural decoration, among many able draughtsmen, Mr.

Walter Crane shows remarkable versatility and intelligence as a designer. It would be interesting and instructive to follow him throughout the Exhibition (and no artist is more widely represented), and to observe how cleverly his designs are contrived for the materials in which they are reproduced. His designs for wall-paper (flat and embossed) are very different from his tessellated cartoons for mosaic friezes and panels, and these again are very different from his cartoons for stained glass. This is the more noticeable, because more than one artist represented here, with fewer irons in the fire than he, draw all designs in the same manner, whether they are intended to be reproduced in tapestry, in frieze or panel, or in stained glass—they draw all as if they were easel pictures.

THE CONTINENTAL GALLERY.—The exhibition of paintings from the Paris Salon is clearly a buyers' collection; that is to say, it has been got together with a view to the English market. There are, therefore, no portraits. There are, however, some excellent figure subjects and one or two fine landscapes. The Norwegian landscape painter, M. Normann, shows three canvases, one of which is very large and very bad, being very much "niggled" and dabbed, while the others are respectable and airless. M. Pelouse's 'Landscape at Baune' (75), however, and M. Le Poittevin's 'Moonrise' (59), are admirable; the latter is especially soft and harmonious, and pervaded with atmosphere. Of the nude the freshest and most attractive example is M. Minegerode's 'Gipsy Girl' (65); the dark-skinned girl sitting on the ochre-coloured beach, with the slaty-blue water and the dull, green copper in the background, make up a harmony of quiet colours. The semi-nude 'Morning Toilet' (103), of the younger Vollon, is original and powerful; the modelling of the back is firmer and more certain than that of the reflected front of the figure. M. É. Lévy's 'Birth of Benjamin' (60) is agreeable, but in no way remarkable; it is mild and neat; it is soft, but it has been scraped into softness. In astonishing, ghastly contrast to it is M. Gorsky's 'Coudeyar' (47), a very large canvas painted with an earnest, powerful realism. The subject is from Russian history: Coudeyar's wife is hanged in his presence by order of Ivan the Terrible, and he has to sit down in the company of her executioners to eat and drink. All the figures are forcibly painted, and the eye at once settles on the anguish-smitten face of the husband. The situation is impressive, though it seems fitter for literary treatment by the pen of such a writer as Dostoïeffsky.

THE ARCHITECTURAL COURT AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—A prominent place among the trophies of Italian Art at the Museum must be assigned to the monument of the Marquis Spinetta Malaspina, which has just been erected against the east wall of the Architectural Court. This tomb was acquired some time ago in Verona from the desecrated church of S. Giovanni in Sacco, which is now used as a foundry. The equestrian figure of the Marquis, somewhat above life-size, having on either side an armed warrior, is executed in stucco or gesso, and arrived in England in a terribly shattered condition. It has, however, been most skillfully

put together by the Kensington modellers and can now be studied to advantage. Beneath the principal group is a marble sarcophagus, with figures of Saints and two Latin inscriptions. By the side of this monument is placed the plaster cast of 'The Annunciation,' from the Hospital of the Innocents at Florence, one of the master-pieces of Andrea della Robbia which has just been purchased for the Museum. The treatment of this subject, with the Angel and the Virgin both kneeling and the figure of the Almighty surrounded with cherubim, is quite in accordance with the Art feeling of Della Robbia's time. In the same court modellers are at work putting together the gigantic sculptured obelisks from the ruined temples in Central America discovered by Mr. Maudslay. This enterprising traveller took out skilled Italian workmen, who piece-moulded the sculptures in position and are now engaged in reproducing these extraordinary works, hitherto known only from the drawings of Stephens and other explorers.

**NOTTINGHAM AUTUMN EXHIBITION.**—A scheme for exhibiting from time to time the collected works of local artists of distinction was inaugurated by the exhibition—in the Dawson Gallery—of Mr. Andrew MacCallum's works, a native of Nottingham, and formerly student of the School of Art. In all, thirty-five works are hung, including a portrait of the artist, by Mr. J. H. Sylvester. In the general collection is Mr. Sargent's 'Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose,' lent by the President and Council of the Royal Academy. Local men are fairly represented in the oil section, but their water-colours are few. About a dozen specimens of sculpture are exhibited, amongst them being an excellent likeness of 'His Eminence, Cardinal Manning,' in terra-cotta, by M. Raggi. Prominent amongst the oil paintings in the principal gallery are 'Destiny,' T. C. Gotch; 'A Ride for Help,' Otto Weber; 'The Rescue,' Tom M. Hemy; 'The Wife of Jeroboam and the Blind Prophet Abijah,' G. Greville Manton; 'A Rehearsal,' J. Hanson Walker; 'Jealousy is Cruel as the Grave,' Ernest Normand; 'A Naiad,' Henrietta Rae; and 'The Last of the Ebb: Great Yarmouth from Breydon Water,' T. F. Goodall. Geef's 'Charles V. at his Studies: Tired Out' should not be overlooked, the subject being characterized by a high degree of finish. Other works which merit more than a passing notice are 'Lengthening Shadows,' by David Murray; 'Captives,' W. H. Margetson; 'Snowclad London, from Farringdon Market,' Vincent P. Yglesias; 'Angling,' Jas. Hayllar; Mr. W. J. Muckley's clever flower paintings, and a 'Portrait' (of a lady), by Miss Ida R. Taylor. The Water-colour Gallery numbers amongst its contributors James Orrock, Frank Barnard, Fred. G. Cotman, Harry Hine, Walter Langley, Wyke Baylis, T. M. Lindsay, Cyrus Johnson, Chas. Earle, Geo. S. Elgood, Chas. Robertson, Mrs. Cecil Lawson, Maria Harrison, Edith Martineau, Walter Osborne, and Arthur Marshall, who exhibits an architectural drawing. The collection of original drawings for publication comprises specimens by Herbert Railton, Alice Havers, G. L. Seymour, Dorothy Tennant, Yeend King, W. H. Overend, Lizzie Lawson, Mary L. Gow, J. MacWhirter, Garland, Hal Ludlow, J. Charlton, and Davidson Knowles.

**WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL.**—The plan which obtained for several successive years of devoting a special room to the works of the New English Art Club has not been this year observed, and it must be confessed with great advantage to both what may be termed the Academy

school of painting, and the newer school which owes its inspiration and technical methods to Paris, Munich, and Antwerp. The Committee have shown very commendable judgment in the hanging, in which they were assisted by Messrs. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., Solomon J. Solomon, and J. McDougal, and they must be credited too with catholicity of taste in giving fair play to every kind of Art that evinces sincerity of aim, however novel and peculiar the method of it. The pictures of the year have been so keenly discussed and their merits and demerits so dwelt upon by the critics, that for the purpose of this notice it will be sufficient to allude to them in so far as they form salient features of the exhibition. In the principal or "Grosvenor" room the place of honour is given to Sir Frederick Leighton's 'Captive Andromache,' which is isolated by classically festooned drapery, while the lighting of the galleries shows to perfection its beauties of colour and form. Other notable works in this room are Mr. Orchardson's 'Her Mother's Voice'; Mr. Solomon's 'Niobe'; Mr. Pettie's 'The Traitor'; 'Nearing the Needles,' by Henry Moore; 'Echo,' a nude, by P. H. Calderon; 'Medea, the Sorceress,' by Val. C. Prinsep; and Logsdail's 'St. Martin's-in-the-Fields,' lent by the President and Council of the Royal Academy. In the same room are some clever portraits, amongst which are 'His Worship the Mayor of Liverpool,' by R. E. Morrison, and the 'Countess Cairns,' by Percy Bigland. In the large Fountain Room are to be seen, in prominent positions, F. Dicksee's 'Dying Lion,' Goodall's 'By the Sea of Galilee,' S. E. Waller's 'Morning of Agincourt,' Briton Riviere's 'Requiescat,' and G. P. Jacob-Hood's 'The Triumph of Spring,' worked upon and greatly improved since it was seen in the Grosvenor Gallery. Other notable works in the exhibition are, 'By the Waters of Babylon,' Arthur Hacker; 'Wolf, Wolf!' by E. A. Waterlow; 'A Noble Family of Huguenot Refugees shipwrecked,' W. E. F. Britten; 'The Siren,' E. Armitage; 'Venetian Costume-Makers,' S. Melton Fisher; 'Wings of the Wind,' A. W. Hunt; 'Zephyrus wooing Flora,' Henrietta Rae; 'His Faithful Friend,' John Charlton. The most interesting landscapes in oil are those by David Murray, John Finnie, Joseph Knight, Frank Walton, Kenneth Mackenzie, J. Clayton Adams, J. MacWhirter, A.R.A., Ernest Parton, Wellwood Rattray, Anderson Hague, Harry Hime, C. E. Johnson, R. W. A. Rouse, and Val. Davis. A notable feature in the exhibition is the great attention that seems to have been paid to details in the arrangements. A recess at the end of one of the rooms is tastefully draped with amber and yellow and sets off very charmingly a small collection of bronze statuettes.

**BIRMINGHAM ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTISTS, AUTUMN EXHIBITION, 1888.**—After the extremely uninteresting Spring Exhibition of the Birmingham Royal Society of Artists, it is highly gratifying to find that the efforts of the committee to procure works of known artistic merit and quality for the Autumnal Exhibition have been so satisfactorily rewarded, and that they have succeeded in placing before the public a collection which probably surpasses most, if not all, of the excellent exhibitions which have already been held at the New Street Galleries. Most of the works hold well-achieved positions in modern Art, and have been prominent favourites at the principal London exhibitions during the past two or three years; at the same time there is no lack of the best pictures which have been quite recently executed. Many of the Academi-



cians and Associates are adequately represented: Mr. Burne Jones by his 'Danae,' from the New Gallery; the late Frank Holl by his portrait of Mr. Agnew, a work of strong individuality; Mr. Watts by two charming works, 'A Reverie' and 'Alice;' Mr. Gregory by an exquisite example of his craft, a study of sixteenth-century costume, a portrait, if we mistake not, of the artist himself. Mr. W. B. Richmond sends two portraits and a striking work called 'Aurora and the Horses of the Sun;' Mr. Pettie a scene from "Peveril of the Peak;" Mr. Waterhouse his well-known and justly-admired work, 'Consulting the Oracle;' and Mr. Goodall two large canvases, 'Misery and Mercy' and 'Sunnah,' about which latter we have heard so many conflicting opinions. Other artists who are well represented are David Murray, Aumonier, John Brett, Henry Moore, Schmaltz, Colin Hunter, Herman Herkomer, Millais, Holman Hunt, John Charlton, F. A. Bridgman, MacWhirter, Waterlow, T. C. Gotch, Phil. Morris, Yeend King, Alfred East, Frank Walton, Edwin Hayes, Hon. John Collier, Mrs. Jopling, Dendy Sadler, Seymour Lucas, and many others whose works do not call for special mention. Of the Birmingham artists special mention must be made of Mr. W. J. Wainwright's striking likeness of Madame Dupuis, a lady clad in the black and white conventual dress; while Mr. Walter Langley, another of the most promising members of the younger school, exhibits one of his touching subjects, 'Widowed,' taken from seafaring life, and other local artists who exhibit satisfactory works are Messrs. E. R. Taylor, Jonathan Pratt, S. H. Baker, Charles Radclyffe, Oliver Baker, Edward Harper, Moffat Lindner, F. H. Henshaw, P. M. Feeney, and others. Undoubtedly one of the most important works in the exhibition is M. Bouguereau's 'First Sorrow,' exhibited at the last Salon, which shows us the figures of Adam and Eve weeping over the dead body of Abel.

**BIRMINGHAM CORPORATION ART GALLERY EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTERS.**—The committee of the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery have every reason to be proud of the magnificent collection of Old Masters which the director of the Gallery has gathered together for the autumn and winter months. It is many years since a similar exhibition was opened in Birmingham, and not in our recollection has such an unrivalled collection ever been held in the Midlands. Many of the works are known to us by means of engravings or prints, but it is the first time in most instances that the

public has had an opportunity of seeing the originals. The greatest portion of the collection consists of the family portraits and pictures belonging to Sir Thomas Barrett Lennard, of Belhus, which, considering its unbroken sequence, dating back over three hundred years, is almost unique. This collection contains admirable examples of Van Dyck, Sir Peter Lely, Opie, Albano, Pompeo Battoni, Holbein, Cornelius Jansen, De Troy, Lucas de Heere, and others, who at different periods were the favourite and fashionable portrait painters. The Lucas de Heere—a portrait of Mary Neville, wife of Lord Dacre—(1541, Henry VIII.)—is an exceedingly valuable specimen of this master's style, whose works are rarely met with, and it is mentioned by Robert Walpole in his "Anecdotes of Painting." The Duke of Norfolk lends three superb Van Dycks, notably the well-known 'Charles I.,' and to us a still more remarkable and interesting work—a portrait of Henry Frederick Howard, Baron Maltravers, which is also by Sir Anthony. The Duke of Westminster has contributed no less than ten works from the famous Grosvenor House Gallery, including two of his finest Claudes, 'Morning' and 'Evening,' which, when in the Agar Collection, were celebrated throughout Europe. The Duke of Westminster also sends one of Gainsborough's four sea-pieces; 'St. John and the Lamb,' by Murillo; the well-known 'Don Asturias,' by Velasquez, being one of the sketches for the great picture in Madrid; three Rembrandts, the portraits of Nicolas Berghem and his wife, and the charming little portrait of Rembrandt, by himself, which is so familiar to us as engraved by Senten. The famous pictures by Reynolds and Gainsborough, lent by Lord Lansdowne, who sends 'Kitty Fisher' and 'Horace Walpole;' Lord Headfort, the beautiful Miss Robinson, 'Perdita,' Lady Frances Gordon, and Lord George Seymour when a boy; Lord Coventry, the large Gainsborough of the 'Girl with the Pitcher;' Lord Dartmouth, a portrait by Hoppner of great beauty, and two fine Gainsboroughs, together with the portrait of Dr. Ash, lent by the General Hospital, may be taken as adequately representing this particular English school. Lord Dartmouth has further lent a large canvas, 'Dead Game,' by Snyders, and two admirable examples of Richard Wilson's very best work—two views of Rome. Lord Windsor has sent a small Murillo of very tender colour; a Claude; a portrait of Poliziano, by Lorenzo Credi, about 1485, the drawing of which is most refined; and a Gainsborough, which we regret to say has undoubted traces of having been tampered with.

## ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

**PERSONAL.**—Mr. Legros (who has been a naturalised Englishman these some years past) has been presented with a gold medal, the gift of his native city of Dijon. Mr. Armstead is executing for Tewkesbury Church a memorial of the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." MM. Waltner and Koepping, the distinguished etchers, have been elected Honorary Members of the Viennese Academy of Fine Arts. The Earl of Pembroke and the Speaker have been appointed trustees of the National Portrait Gallery in room of Mr. Beresford Hope (deceased) and the Bishop of Chester (resigned). M. Henri Gervex is said to have discovered in the church of Envermen, by Dieppe, a genuine Roger Van der

Weyden. M. Bénédite, of the Louvre, has been dispatched to the Sinaitic Valley to collect inscriptions. In the Section of Painting the Premier Grand Prix de Rome was not awarded, while the Second fell to M. Maurice-Charles-Louis Eliot, a pupil of MM. Cabanel and Bin; in the Section of Sculpture the Premier Grand Prix was conferred on M. Louis-Joseph Couvers, a pupil of MM. Cavellier and Aimé Millet; and the Second to M. Corneille-Henri Theunissen, a pupil of M. Cavellier.

**MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES.**—Mr. C. O. Morgan has bequeathed his collection of old clocks and so forth to the

British Museum. Partly by purchase, partly by the gift of Messrs. H. Martyn-Kennard and Jesse Haworth, eleven of the Egyptian portraits found in the Fayoum by Mr. Flinders Petrie have been added to the National Gallery, three others to the British Museum, and one apiece to Owens College and Peel Park. Among recent additions to the National Gallery, Dublin, are Zoffany's 'Macklin as Shylock,' Reynolds's 'Richard Burke,' Lawrence's 'Lord Camden,' Hayman's 'Quin,' and Hudson's 'Lord Carteret.' Among the past year's additions to the National Portrait Gallery (which has received close on a million and a half of visitors since its establishment in 1859) are portraits of Michael Drayton, Horatio Nelson, Warren Hastings, Bryan and Adelaide Proctor, Keats, G. H. Harlow, Sir Hope Grant, and Sir Cloudesley Shovel. A famous collection (Cuzco) of South American antiquities has been secured for the Berlin Museum. Baron A. de Rothschild has presented a magnificent Limoges enamel, the work of Pierre Raymond, to the Departmental Museum of the Seine Inférieure. Couture's masterpiece, the famous 'Romains de la Décadence,' has been removed from its old place in the Luxembourg to the new Salon des États in the Louvre; which institution has also been authorised to receive the 'Christ au Roseau' of Ary Scheffer, bequeathed to the nation by the late Mlle. Huyssen de Katendyke. By decree, dated September 3rd, the Louvre, the Luxembourg, Versailles, and Saint-Germain have been placed under the control of a single director, who will be nominated by the Minister of Public Education, and appointed by the President of the Republic, and who will reside in the Louvre. The original plasters of a great number of Danton's famous caricatures have been offered to, and accepted by, the City of Paris. The studio where Millet painted at Barbizon will be converted into a public museum. Under the will of the late Vicomte A. de Tauzia the Musée de Bordeaux has become possessed of a portrait and a drawing (from Filippino Lippi) by M. Bonnat. At Cairo the collection of Dr. Grant Bey has been seriously damaged by fire, which is said to have been the work of a gang of thieves, who purposed to make off with the archæologist's unrivalled collection of Royal Scarabæi.

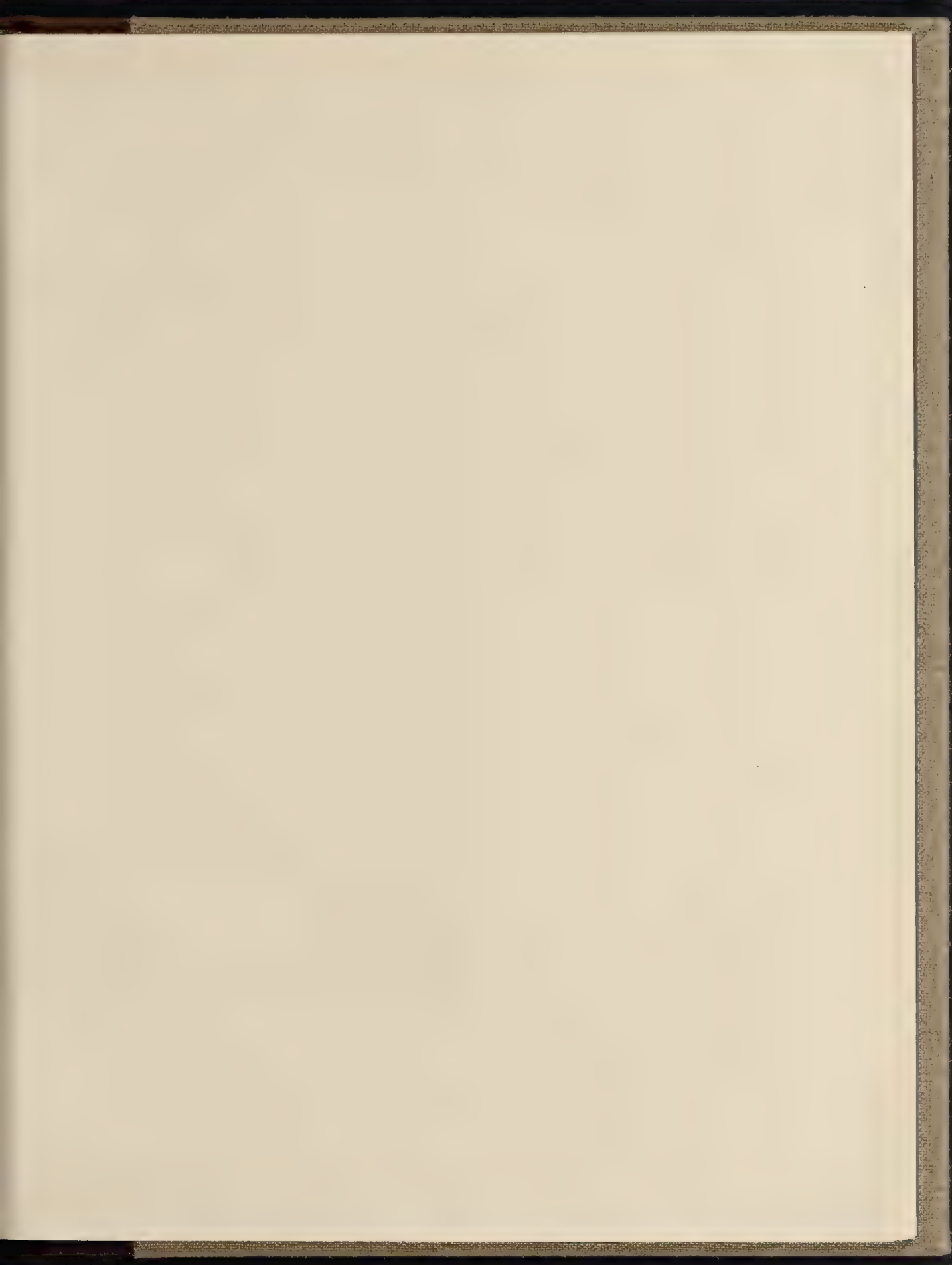
OBITUARY.—The death is announced of Théodore Juste, Curator of the Belgian Musée Royal d'Antiquités et d'Armures; of Gustave Boulanger (Grand Prix de Rome, 1849), Member of the Institute, Professor of the École des Beaux-Arts and the Atelier Julien; of the decorative painter, Mariano Previttori; of the Siennese architect, Chérici (by suicide); of the Viennese portrait and decorative painter, Gustav Gaul; of the accomplished and distinguished sculptor, Pierre-Bernard Prouha; of Carlo Piacenza, ex-Professor of Drawing at the Accademia Albertina, Turin; of Cavaliere Luigi d'Asti, founder at Corneto Tarquinio of the Museo Etrusco-Tarquinese; of the Bordeaux painter, Eugène Accard, a pupil of Abel de Pujol; of the Belgian landscape and genre painter, Henri de Braeckleer; of the architect, François Derre; of Edgar John Varley (grandson of the landscape painter), Curator of the Architectural Museum, Westminster; of the Bolognese painter, Luigi Serra; of the genre and portrait painter, Carl Lasch, a pupil of Schnorr and Kaulbach; of W. Barker, a provincial member of the Manchester Academy of Fine Arts; and, at the age of ninety-

eight, of M. F. Mensi, Curator of the picture gallery at Alessandria.

HANDBOOKS.—There is plenty to admire in Mr. F. S. Jackson's "Lessons on Decorative Design" (London: Chapman and Hall); Mr. Jackson, who is a master in the Birmingham Municipal School of Art, has a good command of his subject, speaks of it with a true feeling for essentials, and illustrates his work with a capital selection of examples. Mr. Alan Cole, in "Embroidery and Lace" (London: Grevel) presents us with a translation—revised, enlarged, and annotated—of an excellent work (in the "Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts") by M. Lefébvre, the esteemed administrator of the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. It is an admirable work, and should command wide and lasting popularity. Mr. Charles Leland's "Drawing and Designing" (London: Whitaker), a recent number in the "Minor Arts and Industries" series, sets forth, with clarity and precision, a number of practical hints and suggestions practically conveyed.

MISCELLANEA.—The second volume of the "Monuments Religieux," of the City of Paris, which is the new number of the magnificent "Inventaire Général des Richesses d'Art de la France" (Paris: Plon), contains the inventories of twenty-seven churches and chapels: among others those of Notre-Dame de Lorette, Notre-Dame des Blancs-Manteaux, Notre-Dame des Champs, the Hospice of the Salpêtrière, Saint-Roch, Saint-Vincent de Paul: redacted by MM. Michaux, Darcel, J. Guiffrey, A. de Lajôlais, and Henry Jouin. The fourth volume of "The Henry Irving Shakespeare" (London: Blackie), deals with the *Merry Wives*, *Henry V.*, *Much Ado*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*; the notes and elucidations are copious; the illustrations, by Gordon Browne, are not in the artist's happiest vein. Mr. Percy Lindley's "Walks in the Ardennes" (London: 125, Fleet St.), is well-meaning but not particularly successful; the illustrations, by J. F. Weeden, are very tame indeed. Mr. Thomas Greenwood, in "Museums and Art Galleries" (London: Simpkin), has produced a useful and comprehensive account of the museums of the world. Mrs. Arthur Brookfield's "Æsop's Fables for Little Readers" (London: Fisher Unwin), is quite prettily written, and is neatly and gracefully—even wittily—illustrated by Mr. H. J. Ford. The third part of "Artistic Japan" (London: Sampson Low), consists of a good enough note on Japanese architecture by M. Victor Champier; of some delightful reproductions in colour—among others a charming example of the art of Katsugōwa Shunshō, which shows a number of beauties engaged in crossbow shooting—and in black and white, including a specimen of Hokusai; and a fine selection in the text of excerpts from the sketch-books of the incomparable artist last named: altogether a capital number. Mr. Patrick Geddes's "Every Man His Own Art Critic" (Glasgow: Menzies), examples with a certain force the dangers inherent in that desperate occupation. The "Art: A Commodity" of Mr. Sheridan Ford (New York: Organized Art Association), contains some highly interesting information, a good deal of what looks like honest indignation, and a certain amount of very palpable nonsense. The third volume of "The Architect's Register" (London: Pope) is what it pretends to be—a well-compiled and useful book of reference.

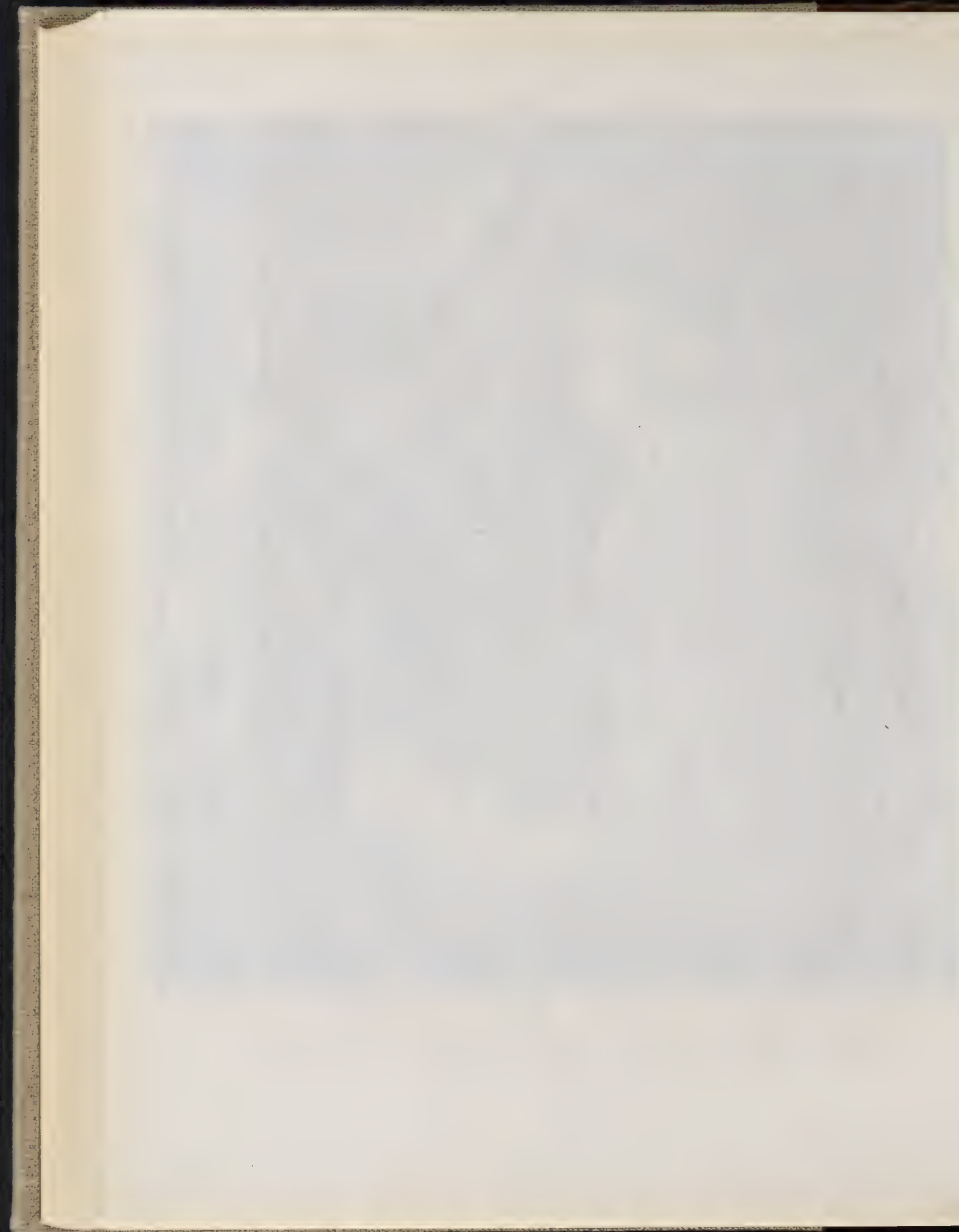
















*The Members of a Confraternity sheltering beneath the Mantle of the Virgin.*

## THE BERLIN MUSEUM.\*

**I**N the days when line engraving was a flourishing art, and when engravers were plenteous and the demand for their work was large, all the great galleries of Europe issued sets of folio volumes of engravings, representing their chief treasures, real or supposed.

These gallery works, with their pompous dedications, their great pages of almost worthless letterpress, and their pretentious prints, had their day. Then came photography and what is called scientific study of Art history. Photography threatened to deal engraving a death-blow, at all events as an interpreter of paintings. The old engravers had been satisfied with what was often a free and indeed a superficial rendering of the aspect of a picture. The worst photograph was found to be in many respects a more accurate representation of an artist's work than anything but an engraving done with care and by the hand of a craftsman of repute. Thus for a time the photographer held the field as interpreter of the works of the Old Masters. Travellers preferred to bring home a number of cheap memorials of the things they had seen, rather than one or two copies of excellent and permanent worth.

Photography has been an undoubted blessing to lovers of old Art. It has led them to attain a familiarity, undreamt of before, with some details of the great pictures previously known and appreciated from a more general point of view. A closer attention has come to be paid to the actual touch and minute details of treatment of individual masters. The great men of bygone schools have thus become more accurately known than used to be possible. Their genuine works have been sifted out from the multitude of forgeries, copies, and imitations with which they were confused. Even the science of "Finger and Toe-nail Criticism," wearisome as it must be to its votaries, has accomplished something. The multi-

plication of photographs and improved facilities of travel have increased the numbers of Art students, and have multiplied in a far greater ratio the purchasing public interested in the arts of the past. Thus Art history, as an accurate study and not a matter of *dilettanti* amusement, has practically come into being since, and in consequence of, the discovery of photography.

Before the inauguration of the modern epoch, whose commencement we have thus defined, the great European collections of pictures were made from a purely æsthetic point of view. Most of them were formed by or for *dilettanti* monarchs, and in almost every case they still retain the visible traces of the taste of one or a few individuals. A certain charm of unity results where this is the case.

In latter days the Italian galleries, with the exception of the Pitti, have been swamped by an influx of altar-pieces brought together from suppressed convents. They have thus ceased to contain collections, and may be said to have become mere store-houses of pictures. The Louvre, the galleries of Munich, Dresden, Vienna, St. Petersburg, and Madrid, all retain the characteristics of collections made by persons of taste. The Berlin Gallery is neither a store-house nor an old collection. It stands upon a footing of its own.

Its nucleus is the collection formed by the London banker Solly, about the time of the French Revolution. Exceptional opportunities then arose for buying pictures, robbed from churches or convents by revolutionary armies. Solly made his purchases with discretion and foresight. When he died his collection was offered to the English nation at a ridiculously low price, and declined. Berlin stepped in and acquired the prize. The studious and organizing Prussian mind soon handed over the management of all its collections to a body of specialists, trained to study the objects in their keeping, and to arrange them, not so much for the delight as for the information of a studious public.

The Berlin Gallery has thus been arranged, and its additions,

\* Die Gemälde Gallerie der kgl. Museen zu Berlin mit erläuterndem Text von Julius Meyer und Wilhelm Bode. Berlin: G. Grote'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung. DECEMBER, 1888.

now far outnumbering the Solly nucleus, have been purchased under the direction of scholars and historians, rather than artists or *dilettanti*. Historical sequence and historical completeness have been aimed at. The collection is intended to exemplify the development of the art of painting in mediæval and renaissance Europe. It is impossible to enter the Museum Gallery and not be struck by this fact. The visitor finds himself turned into a student of the history of painting, as he wanders from room to room. The ordering of the pictures, the information contained in the catalogue, everything points in the same direction.

So clearly has the Museum come to be understood at Berlin, as a kind of Art-history branch of a university, that a portion of the funds devoted to it are annually spent upon the publication of a periodical, universally recognised as the leading magazine in the world, devoted to the history of Art. By means of it, students in all countries are informed from year to year of the new acquisitions and discoveries made by the staff of the Museum, or by the leading authors and students of the subject of all nationalities. The Berlin collection has thus won for itself a place as the historical collection *par excellence*.

The circle of development is now complete, and we find the directors of this collection, thus scientifically formed, returning to the habits of a century ago, and proceeding to issue a monumental series of illustrated volumes representative, for other places and times, of the mass of treasures now confided to their care. This work, however, will be very different in structure from its forerunners. No expense will be spared to make the illustrations both numerous and effective, but the letterpress will be at least as important as they. Its authors, Drs. Meyer and Bode, are personally familiar with every Art-centre in Europe, and, through the medium of their writings, are known to all students and lovers of Art history. For a wide and philosophic grasp of the whole subject to which his life has been devoted, Dr. Meyer is probably unequalled by any living writer, whilst Dr. Bode's minute knowledge of the manner and works of individual artists, both of the Dutch and Italian schools, is not surpassed by the similar intellectual equipment of any Art-student, living or dead. Such a partnership promises well for the enterprise to which our attention is now called. The work will eventually consist of four large volumes. They will be published in parts (some are already issued), and each part will be accompanied by some half-dozen or more full-page illustrations, which will find their places prepared for them in the completed work. The large illustrations will be supplemented by a number of smaller ones included in the text. Thus, between large and small, every picture in the Gallery of any importance will be represented in this monumental work.

The illustrations, it must be observed, are not to be merely photographs. The editors have called to their aid engravers in each of the three chief branches, and they promise that every picture shall be interpreted by that process which seems best suited to display its characteristic qualities. Thus the earlier paintings of the Italian schools are rendered by prints from line engravings upon steel plates. A good example of these is Jacoby's engraving of Filippo Lippi's well-known 'Nativity,' which is employed, by the courtesy of the publishers, as a frontispiece to this article. The feeling for purity of line, which was the prominent excellence of the school, thereby receives due expression. Van Dyck and Velasquez are naturally handed over to the etchers, from whose needles they receive fair treatment. Unger's reputa-

tion as an etcher of plates after pictures from the Old Masters has already been made at Vienna and elsewhere. It is to be hoped that he will be freely employed in the progress of the Berlin work. The woodcuts are perhaps the weakest part of the illustration. It is particularly to be regretted that the wonderful sketch by Rubens, believed to represent the Conquest of Tunis by Charles V., should not have been rendered in some more adequate manner than as a woodcut vignette, rather indifferently executed. Few galleries possess works by that powerful artist in which his power is more convincingly displayed, than it is in this noble but unfortunately incomplete composition.

We are likewise promised that, when suitable opportunity arises, the aid of the various photographic processes shall be invoked. A reproduction of the chief illustration in heliogravure is given, by the courtesy of the publishers, as one of our other illustrations. It represents Fra Filippo Lippi's picture of a 'Confraternity sheltering beneath the Mantle of the Virgin.' The subject is a peculiar one to our modern eyes. The religious symbolism, which in the Middle Ages formed the subject of all artistic treatment, has now fallen out of use and become mere meaningless hieroglyphics to the ordinary man. How many could walk round the porches of the Cathedral of Chartres and interpret a tithe of their sculptured embellishment, which was made to give delight and to suggest thought to the public of a mediæval town? It was not till the close of the fifteenth century that the employment of symbolism began to fail. In Fra Filippo's days it was a language still understood. The mantle of the Virgin or of a saint symbolised her protecting power. I remember to have met with a fifteenth-century Dutch printed book of prayers, in which were one or more addressed to this garment. The modern reader would be likely to call this ignorant superstition and sheer idolatry, just as the modern wanderer in picture galleries calls Filippo's picture a senseless grouping of foolish figures. The symbolism both of prayer and picture appealed with perfect clearness to the people of the day in which the one was composed and the other painted.

It would be easy to quote a multitude of pictures and sculptures similar in subject to this of Fra Filippo's. One such sculpture I remember, carved in the pediment above a garden gate overlooking one of the side canals at Venice. *Santa Maria della Misericordia* was indeed a common subject demanded from Venetian sculptors, and every museum in Venice possesses examples of the type. At least one Venetian sculpture of it is in the South Kensington Museum. Nor was it in Italy alone that the Virgin was thus depicted, sheltering her worshippers under her cloak. The same treatment was employed north of the Alps. No very famous example of it recurs to my memory, but St. Ursula is so represented upon one of the end panels of the glorious shrine which Memling painted for the Hospital of St. John at Bruges, and which has fortunately been preserved there to the present day.

Fra Filippo had a difficult task to carry out in the picture now at Berlin. So many people had to be included, and visibly included, under the one mantle. Each contributor to the cost demanded that his face should appear, so that the mantle had to be spread very widely abroad.

It is not at present possible to say what will be the scope of the letterpress of these volumes. Apparently each school of painting will be introduced by an essay dealing with its general character and achievements, and its relation to other schools. Biographical essays treating of the principal artists



of the school will follow, and full descriptions of pictures by them in the Berlin collection, with histories of the pictures, will likewise be appended. Thus far we have a general disquisition upon the Florentine school of the fifteenth century, by Dr. Meyer; and notices, dealing with Fra Filippo Lippi, Verrocchio, and Rubens, by Dr. Bode. Dr. Meyer's essay deals with general principles, and shows what forces were at work conditioning the development of Art in Florence along the lines that led it to so high a pitch of perfection. In the life of Fra Filippo, Dr. Bode has brought together all the latest discoveries, by no means flattering to the moral character of that remarkable friar. Filippo's face, truthfully recorded by him in a picture which some people chance to know, because Browning has described it—inaccurately—this face was always proof enough, for any one with eyes to see, that Vasari's account of the artist was certainly true in tone and tendency. But lady biographers of him and others, who could not believe that passion and even vice formed ingredients in the character of a painter of "heavenly" Madonnas and "divine" angels, threw doubts upon the truth of such reports, and caused them to be half discredited. The truth has since emerged from the old records of an Italian convent, and lo! the half was not told us. The painter of pictures, in which we are assured that the very atmosphere of heaven breathes in changeless serenity, turns out after all to have been a man immoral in heart and core, a wasteful and riotous liver, and something not easily distinguishable from a common thief.

Dr. Bode's theories concerning the great Andrea del Verrocchio are not now published for the first time. It is, however, convenient to have them issued in clear and compressed form, and after their originator has had time to shape them under the stimulus of criticism and formulated dissent. It has never been forgotten that Verrocchio was master of Lorenzo di Credi, Perugino, and Leonardo da Vinci. Evidently, if those great artists owed him any powerful artistic impetus, he must have been a master of extraordinary merit.

His sculptures, such as the equestrian statue of Colleoni at Venice, the David in the Bargello, the fountain in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence, and plenty more, prove him to have been an artist of genius. But a great artist need not be a great teacher. If Lorenzo di Credi, Perugino, and Leonardo were moulded by Verrocchio, then he must be considered one of the greatest "Masters" that ever lived. Dr. Bode maintains that such was the case. If that be granted, his second contention readily follows. If Verrocchio could impose his influence permanently upon three such men, it must have been

an easy matter for him to have imposed it upon the rank and file of young Florentine artists of the day. The school of Verrocchio must have been the focus of Florentine Art life. It may well enough be that a group of pictures exist bearing the marks of that school, painted under the direct influence and even from the design of Verrocchio himself, but not traditionally remembered as his, because in his own practice he gave up painting, in which Leonardo early excelled him, for sculpture, in which he remained supreme.

The life of Rubens does not admit of such originality of treatment as those of the two Italians we have mentioned. Dr. Bode has no new facts of importance to set forth connected with the great Fleming. It suffices that he abstracts clearly and precisely what others have related at greater length.

It is, of course, impossible to judge a work with certainty from a mere sample taken at random, but

when its authors are men so well and honourably known as Dr. Meyer and Dr. Bode, when they have behind them the support and the resources of an institution so powerful and well-directed as the Berlin Museum, and when, under these circumstances, the sample they lay before us is so interesting and excellent as the one we have thus briefly inspected, it is not difficult to prophesy that the finished work will take rank among the monumental artistic publications of the present generation.

W. M. CONWAY.



*Reubens: Saint Sebastian.*

## THE MARBLE QUARRIES OF CARRARA.

ARRIVING at Avenza either by the Riviera di Levante, or coming northwards from Pisa, a lofty, jagged, barren mountain range, gleaming from the hazy distance like snow-clad Alpine peaks in dazzling whiteness against the deep blue sky, presents a striking contrast to the richly-cultivated plain in its luxurious verdure of mead and garden-land, vine-festooned trees and reedy runlets. It is the region of the famous marble quarries of Carrara, to which Avenza is the starting-point.

Avenza, the ancient Aventus (Fig. 2), is a small town in the province of Massa e Carrara, fortified in 1322 by Castruccio Castracani, situated seventeen miles E. by S. from La Spezia, and thirty miles N. N. W. from Pisa, on the River Carrione, which flows here into the sea and forms the harbour of Carrara. Not far from it is the site of the ancient Etruscan town Luna, near the mouth of the Magra, which once formed the boundary between Liguria and Etruria, and in the Middle Ages, as Dante tells us—

"Macra che per camin  
corto  
Lo Genovese parto  
dal Toscano"  
—(Par. ix. 89),

divided the territories of Genoa and Tuscany. Luna was colonised by the Romans in B.C. 177, but had already fallen into complete decay before the times of Lucan, who alludes to its deserted condition—

"Aruns incoluit desertae moenia Lunae."

It was finally destroyed by the Arabians in 1016. The ruins of the amphitheatre and of a circus still bear testimony to its former grandeur. From this ancient township the surrounding country is still called "La Lunigiana."

Three miles east of Avenza, and connected with it by a railroad, lies Carrara, the ancient Carraria, a small town with about eight thousand inhabitants, on the Torano, an affluent torrent of the Carrione. On the road between these two places heavy-built, low-wheeled carts are met with, which bring the marbles from the quarries to the sea-coast, "La Marna," where they are stored and transhipped. This transport has been carried on unchanged since the remotest times as now-

days. The huge blocks rest on the stout framework of the carts, which, according to the weight of the freight, are drawn by from two to eight bullocks. Splendid cattle they are, of muscular but spare build, with strong, rather short straddling legs and wide-spreading hoofs; deep and broad-chested, with long dewlaps, short-necked, with large black, white-tipped horns, which arise with a great interval between the base, and form a graceful out and upward curve. The colour of their coat varies, and shows every gradation of shade from creamy white to fawn colour, pale and blackish grey. They are admirably fitted



Fig. 1.—Sawing the Marble Blocks.

for their work by their great and inexhaustible strength, their docility and patience; and it is surprising that their owners should fail in sympathy with, or at least in some compassion for, these faithful and gentle helpmates of their labour; but the treatment of these hapless animals betrays the contrary. The bullocks are harnessed in pairs by means of broad wooden double yokes, with a vertical bar which separates the necks. An iron ring is passed through the cartilaginous septum of the nose, and through this a cord is passed and



tightly drawn to the horn, to each of which one end is fastened. This seems an additional wanton cruelty, the purpose of

Surrounded by the lofty chain of the Appuan Apennines, Carrara is the capital of the marble works, forming with its environs one single immense stone-mason's yard, where the celebrated marble, excavated in more than six hundred quarries, is quadrated, roughly shaped, and prepared for export. Few towns can boast of being built of so precious a material as this dreary, ugly place, where not only the few public buildings and monuments, but every house and hovel, the garden walls and the pavement, exclusively consist of the native marble.

The marbles of Carrara greatly differ in quality and colour, which presents every gradation from snowy white, pure and spotless, or more or less marked by bluish, greenish, or tawny veins, to yellow, grey, and even darker hues. The whiter and purer the stone, and the finer its grain, the greater is its value. Two principal qualities are therefore distinguished, the fine-grained or statuary marble, *marmo statuario*; and the coarse grained, *marmo ordinario*. Of the former the cubic metre costs from 300 to 1,700 lire (£12 to £68).

There are in Carrara numerous sculptors' studios where the raw material is fashioned into every possible shape, and for every kind of ornamental and artistic purpose, by, on an average, very skilful artisans, who constitute the greater part of the male population of the town. This wholesale manufacture pro-

which is not evident. It does not serve to uphold the heads, which would be quite contrary to the horizontal position of the neck necessary during the effort of dragging the freight, whereas hereby only the muzzle and nose are lifted. Instead of a whip, the cart-drivers carry a long staff with a pointed iron for a ferrule, the proper purpose of which would be to serve as a kind of alpenstock, but which they employ for mercilessly beating and prodding the unresisting cattle, inveighing at the same time with southern redundancy of oaths and imprecations against the hapless objects of their gratuitous passion. The unwearied endeavours of tourists and foreign visitors to check, or at least to mitigate these cruelties, have hitherto unfortunately proved abortive. This revolting treatment, however, seems rather to be the consequence of native excitability and thoughtless habit than of a really brutish disposition. The very same men, so fierce, so blasphemous, so inhuman to the dumb animal, generally show themselves good-natured, gentle, and courteous in their mutual intercourse and to strangers; they are ever ready to help, to oblige, and to proffer acts of kindness, and that not for mercenary reasons, as they refrain from soliciting or claiming the *mancia* (drink money), the customary blackmail elsewhere.

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Fig. 2.—Road to Avenza.



Fig. 3.—At Carrara.

duces, of course, a vast quantity of indifferent and unartistic work. There are, however, not a few studios like those of

Bonanni, Franchi, Lazzerini, and Pellicia, where sculptures not only of great technical perfection, but also of genuine artistic merit, are executed. The Carrarese are, on the whole, noted for the excellence of their preparatory statuary work, and the so-called "pointers" enjoy the highest reputation with the great artists of every nation. The process of "pointing" has already been practised by the ancient sculptors, as may be seen in the Capitoline Museum in Rome, on an unfinished marble statue, which is marked all over with "points" in precisely the same manner as in the execution of modern plastic works.

Very few Carrarese sculptors, however, have become famous in the history of Art. Of these may be mentioned Alberto Maffioli and Donato Cattaneo. The first named flourished in the fifteenth, the other in the sixteenth century. Donato Cattaneo was an intimate friend of Torquato Tasso (1544-1595), who, in his "Rinaldo," praises him as being equally illustrious as poet and sculptor; and the Bergamese poet, Bernardo Tasso (1493-1569), in the "Armadigi" extols him as

"Spinto alto e egregio  
E poeta, e scultor di  
summo prezio."

The town of Carrara possesses a museum and an Accademia delle belle Arti, containing many copies from the antique, besides works by sculptors of Carrara, and Roman antiquities found in the ancient quarries of the Fantiscritti, of which more anon. In the School of Arts connected with the Accademia, pupils receive the necessary preparatory instruction and training for their future profession. Although the majority of these young men undoubtedly are talented, the results are not thoroughly satisfactory; it seems that mere mechanical skill and meretricious conventionalities are principally aimed at. The only public monument worth mentioning is the over-life-sized statue of the Grand Duchess Maria Beatrice, erected in 1861.

The road to the famous quarries, on leaving the railway station, turns to the right, leads in a straight direction past the theatre at the left end of the piazza, across a bridge which spans the Torano, and ascends, rugged and cut up by deep ruts, on the right bank of this torrent (Fig. 3). After about a quarter of a mile a small cluster of houses is reached, where a path diverges to the right and leads to extensive quarries of an inferior kind of marble. The main road continues, passes numerous shanties where the stones are cut and polished, and winds round the village of Torano, beyond which the first quarries, recognisable by broad heaps of rubbish, appear on both sides of the valley.

Three valleys, those of Colonata, Fantiscritti, and Torano, deeply intersect the mountain range. They are partly formed by the ancient, now long deserted, excavations, and give access to the inexhaustible quarries, from which about fifty tons of roughly-quadrated blocks of marble are daily brought to Carrara.

From these quarries, *cave*, the great artists of more than twenty centuries obtained the material worthy for the embodiment of their sublime conceptions. It is to the glorious forms which the creating genius of inspired sculptors fashioned from these precious stones, we owe the noblest works and highest achievements of plastic



Fig. 4.—Transport of Marble Blocks by Mules.

art, from the classic era of Apollonius, the Albanian, son of Nestor, the sculptor of the Torso of Heracles in the Vatican; and of the Ephesian Agasias the Later, son of Dositheos, by whom the Borghese Gladiator in the Louvre, and its worthy peer, the Discobolos in the British Museum; to the Renaissance, when Michel Angelo created his Moses, David, and La Carità; to the modern period, when Canova fashioned Amor and Psyche, Theseus, Venus Victrix, Hebe, and the Three Graces; when Flaxman illustrated Homer and La Divina Commedia with his unsurpassed relieves; when Thor-



waldsen carved the representation of Christ, Ganymede, and the Procession of Alexander; when Rauch preserved Queen Louisa's loveliness in imperishable stone, and sculptured Faith, Hope, and Charity, and the Victories; when Dannecker produced the Angel of Death, and the statues of Christ and of St. John; to the present time, when many sculptors stand forth as artists of manifest genius and originality.

The most picturesque, and at the same time the most important, of the three afore-named valleys, is that which opens behind Torano, a village charmingly situated on the Avenza. Here the steep ascent into the mountain fastnesses begins, passing a number of saw-mills which are driven by several torrents, and move the immense saws by which the raw blocks are cut into the required sizes. Higher up in the valley, at the quarries, this work is performed in a more primitive manner, and the saw is moved, under a continuous stream of water and sand, by the labour of two powerful men, an extremely slow proceeding, owing to the great hardness of the marble (Fig. 1).

From the entrance to the quarries the path follows for some distance the gradient of a railroad, which suddenly terminates near a blockhouse of rude masonry. It serves, like many other similar structures in these mountains, as a shelter and refuge, and at the same time as a canteen for the navvies and other workmen, where excellent heavy golden Carrarese wine is retailed.

Around this blockhouse, among fragments of marble and heaps of chips and rubbish, under the shade of shelving rocks, unharnessed bullocks peaceably browse and chew the scanty herbage, and rest from their Sisyphean labour. Other teams toil up or down the narrow, steep, and stone-encumbered path, urged on and goaded by their drivers. Rude and uncouth, sun-tanned, dust-begrimed, and ragged fellows though they be, there are many among them who, in their athletic strength and manly beauty, seem to be the living embodiments of those classical statues into which the surrounding rocks have since time immemorial been metamorphosed. The well-poised shapely head, the characteristic, bold, often noble lineaments, the powerful frame and sturdy

limbs, the determined, but graceful carriage of these hardy mountaineers, might almost induce the belief that in their veins still courses the unalloyed blood of the heroes who in days of yore followed the Roman eagles in their victorious flight from the Capitol through the ancient world.

From time to time a distant horn is blown, accompanied by warning shouts, which are repeated by all the men engaged on the slope, who immediately speed to the nearest blockhouse for protection. It is the signal that a mine is going to be blasted. High up in the mountain, where the jagged crest of the crag stands out in sharp relief against the purple sky, a tiny cloudlet arises, and is suddenly followed by a muffled detonation, re-echoed from rock to rock. At the same moment a dislocated Cyclopean boulder is hurled down the

perpendicular precipice amidst an avalanche of lesser blocks, fragments, and débris. Arrived at the bottom, it hurries with frantic leaps into the road where the trembling cattle had been abandoned. It seems as if in the next moment one or several of the hapless teams would be annihilated by a heavier stone, or be buried under a hailstorm of rubbish. But the disrupted block bounces against, and rebounds from, a still bigger rock; it continues its course, and merely a fleeting dust-cloud marks its swift track and the far-off end of its travel.



Fig. 5.—Transport of Marble Blocks by Bullock-teams.

Already, in the time of Augustus, the Romans used to blast the marble by means of steam. One locality is particularly recorded where this operation had been carried out. It is at the entrance of a more distant valley or gully formed by ancient excavations, which is known by the name of *Canale Grande*. From some figures rudely scratched into the rock wall, this place has received the name of *Fantiscritti* ("inscribed figures").

Along the steep mountain slope, up to its highest ledges, through the glistening white blocks and débris of marble, which reflect the darting sun-rays with dazzling glare, move busy crowds of navvies and clamber long files of mules with their burden of already roughly-cut slabs, which are secured to both sides of the pack-saddle by crosswise-corded ropes (Fig. 4). Between these drudge incessantly stout carts laden

with blocks of enormous magnitude, drawn by teams of bullocks. Midway on the broad double yoke sits one of the drivers, goading and urging on his cattle with deafening yells and volleys of imprecations. He is assisted by one of his mates, who runs ahead and clears the road as much as possible of the most cumbersome obstructions, whilst another guides the whole conveyance. The latter, grasping with his left hand the wooden peg which rises from the middle of the foremost yoke, leans with the full weight of his body against the head of the off-side bullock in order to give the necessary lead to the team. The bullocks, panting and snorting, laboriously struggle along the rugged road with straddling legs, the head horizontally stretched forward, every muscle strained, stumbling from one deep rut into another, pulling with the full exertion of the strength, or again stemming with the utmost effort against the onward pressing freight (Fig. 5). Besides these there are other contrivances for checking the dead weight of many hundred pounds in its down-hill sliding motion; two men are always ready to arrest it with an enormous iron sledge, and a heavy stone or beam fastened behind by a long chain, acts as an additional drag. Whenever the latter

happens to be caught by an obstacle, the cart with its freight receives a shock, and begins to sway and swerve, and tilt in the most threatening manner.

Those blocks which after the fall from the precipice are arrested in their further descent by the escarpment at the foot of the crag, if they happen to alight at a place inaccessible to the carts and mules, are fastened to a cable of the

thickness of a man's arm, called *lizza*, by means of which they are gradually let down into the valley. In order to effectuate this with some degree of security, and to control the speed of the sliding stone, low, very strong wooden posts, round which the hawser is alternately twisted, are rammed down at short intervals at both flanks of the road. The descent over the uneven declivity is accelerated by stout wooden rollers, well greased with soap, which a couple of

men running ahead push underneath the moving block, and others take up on their reappearance behind, and pass them to those sitting upon the stone, who in turn again hand them to the fore-runners (Fig. 6). From time to time the whole gang stops to take breath, but not to rest. After arresting the stone and making it tight, all crouch down and mend the *lizza*, which, from the continuous friction, soon becomes more or less frayed and injured. After that the dangerous descent is resumed.

The life of these men, of whom there are more than six thousand employed in the quarries of Carrara, is hard and toilsome. The work, which begins at 5 A.M., and is continued until 2 or 3 P.M., is badly paid. In order to reach the appointed place of labour, they generally have to climb several miles of arduous roads,

and limbs and life are exposed to continuous dangers. Their innate fatalism and native carelessness make them neglect every kind of precaution, and they seem never to take heed or warning from the frequent accidents, of which, according to an average computation, one happens every day throughout the year.

F. A. JUNKER.



Fig. 6.—Transport of Marble Blocks by means of Ropes ("Lizza").



## THE GLASS AND CERAMIC GALLERY AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

SINCE the commencement of the rearrangement of the collections at the British Museum, attendant on the migration of the departments of Natural History, no portion of the scheme has been the subject of keener anticipation to those interested in Art than that forming the title of the present article. The large majority of the contents of the gallery have been long known to the public, indeed, their reputation is world-wide; but "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd," and jostling each other in crowded cases, marvels of delicate invention either skied or buried, others, masterpieces of lustrous and glowing colour, separately perfect in their harmony, were yet mutually destructive from their compulsory juxtaposition. No one for a moment doubted that all this would be changed when the needful space was forthcoming, and the general verdict of those who have visited the gallery has shown that the conviction was well founded. Although it is perhaps only the few who have made the study of these special forms of Art the business of their lives that will fully appreciate the profound knowledge and learning, the acute observation, the patient research, and also the fine taste, that have been brought into exercise in the presentation of this matchless collection.

Those persons who lament the decay of taste in the present day will scarcely find a confirmation of their views if they cast a retrospective glance at the British Museum and then examine its present condition. The idea of what should be the aim of the institution was possibly present to its founders. Yet they can hardly have contemplated the vast results attendant on the realisation of that idea. To vague suppositions respecting the artistic creations of extinct civilisations have succeeded accurate knowledge. Epochs of extraordinary artistic vitality then undreamt of stand revealed in their most imposing masterwork as well as in the dainty trifles of domestic life. Visiting these galleries the unlearned and untraveller have spread before them the treasures of empires, of which little more than their names was known to their forefathers, and treasures, moreover, that were jealously guarded from the large majority of the contemporaries of

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their original owners. Further, all these precious examples of the Art of the past are not piled up as picturesque trophies, but are grouped and classified with scientific precision, so that their historical sequence and the influences that determined even the more wayward fancies of their designers may be traced to their primary source. Thus in these magic halls may any of us, keeping alert the faculty of observation, trans- pose ourselves to lands and times that for ages had lain unsubstantial and visionary as King Arthur's "island-valley of Avilion" and stand face to face with the embodied concep- tions of all their rarest intellects deemed majestic, beautiful, or graceful in Art.

To create an institution containing such varied and endless sources of delight is calculated to stir the pulses and awaken enthusiasm in the breasts of the least imaginative, and unquestionably the British public, in its own undemonstrative manner, is proud of its Museum. No stint, until lately, has dimmed its liberality for acquisitions, knowing that its bounty has always been wisely expended. In this instance there is no uneasiness respecting the substantiality of the investment. And the adage that to the giver shall be given has been verified to the full. It has been calculated that in the section of glass and ceramic art the value of the donations of private



No. 1.—Stibium Cases: A and C in glass, B in boxwood. B  $4\frac{3}{4}$  in. high, A and C in proportion.

individuals is ten times greater than the sum total of the grants received from the Treasury, and probably the same may be said of the other departments. We will not stay to inquire the cause, but in the case of museums private munificence is invariably found to be stimulated by national liberality, and especially when it is known that handsome and spacious galleries will be provided for the objects. In this particular, the parsimony of the Government has been altogether short-sighted. Years ago it was pointed out that the land on which the houses stand in Montague Street, Montague Place and part of Bedford Square, that enclose the Museum, ought to be secured for its extension. Had this been done the removal of the Natural History departments to South Kensington—a most unpopular proceeding—would not have been

necessary. Even now, considering the natural expansion of the collections, at least some portion of the site must be acquired. Fortunately the patriotic bequest of Mr. William White supplied funds for the erection of the recent galleries, of which that of glass and ceramics is a portion; but it is clearly undesirable that the Museum should be dependent on private generosity for the extension of its buildings. Rather such gifts or bequests should be exclusively devoted to the enrichment and completion of the collections. At the present time, when scientific excavations are being energetically prosecuted in so many quarters, it will need a plentiful relaxation of the purse-strings, both public and private, if the Museum is to hold its position in relation to those of other countries, and as the Acropolis of Art and learning of the English-speaking race.

The ceramic division of the new gallery comprises examples of the glazed wares of England, France, Holland, Germany, Italy, Syria, and Persia; the visitor is therefore enabled to trace the history of the art in modern times, that is, since the final disappearance of classic Art. Remarkable as are the artistic and archæological values of the pieces, the various subdivisions cannot yet be considered historically complete. But the special characteristic distinguishing the whole is the unerring judgment displayed in the selection from a representative point of view. For instance, as a typical representation of Italian majolica the collection, for beauty and historical interest, is unsurpassed. A fuller representation of the precursors may yet be added to the series, but as regards the maturity of the various schools, although choice examples may give additional lustre to their already imposing effect, little is needed to illustrate their distinctive aims and the means employed to attain those ends. So with Persian pottery, it is noteworthy that, considering the limited number of objects, how many phases of that specially versatile art are there concentrated in a single case. Students will appreciate this economy of resources, scarcely, perhaps, the general public, and taking into account the influence of Persian on European ceramic art and its value to the decorators of our own pottery of to-day, additions in this direction cannot fail to be highly beneficial. Here it should be mentioned that Mr. C. E. D. Fortnum has lately displayed another instance of his regard for our national collections, in the

gift of one of the rare thirteenth-century Persian vases. To the next section, Damascus ware, he at the same time added the unique sixteenth-century lamp from the Mosque of Omar, at Jerusalem; one of the most exquisitely decorated works that ever came from the potter's wheel. If the Portland vase was the means of introducing a new artistic industry into this country, results no less stimulative should follow the exhibition of this perfect specimen of refined ornamentation. It worthily crowns the stately array of plates and vases in this department bequeathed by the late Mr. Henderson. To Mr. Henderson we also owe the larger part of the magnificent display of Hispano-Moresque ware, which needs but a few typical pieces to round off the series. While recalling the gifts of Sir W. Temple, Mr. Slade, Mr. Henderson, and Mr.

Fortnum, it must not be forgotten that here, as in other departments of the Museum, the liberality of the Keeper, Mr. Franks, has been unbounded. Our neighbours, the French, are as good-natured as they are gay and high-spirited, or they might fairly complain of the numerically inadequate exhibition of their elegant and artistic pottery. But when, as at the Fontaine Sale, their collectors come over and beat down all opposition, the fault rests not with British incapacity to appreciate its merits. They may rest assured that it is the poverty and not the will of the Director that consents to the post of honour in the French case being still vacant, waiting the arrival of the long-wished-for piece of *faïence d'Oiron* or the so-called *Henri-deux* ware.

There must probably be compromises in all methods of classification. In the present gallery, for example, ancient glass is shown with modern pottery, and amongst the glass numerous objects of Egyptian derivation are here displayed, instead of being exhibited with their fellows in the Egyptian department. Therefore, since there can be no hard and fast line drawn, and seeing that the gallery and its adjacent rooms comprise a general and almost complete survey of glazed ceramic art, it might also with advantage contain some samples of the glazed pottery of Egypt, and of late Greek and Roman times, especially as Egypt may claim the invention of the art. If to these could be added examples of the link between ancient and modern work, the Byzantine, and also of ancient Persia, the cycle of ceramic art would be completed. This would greatly facilitate the labours of both students and the public, and would no less redound to the glory of the institution.

It would be impossible within the limits of an article to give even the slightest detailed notice of the several subdivisions contained in the gallery; one only, that of ancient glass, will be selected for the subject of illustration. All who have inspected a collection of ancient glass will have remarked among the most precious objects a certain number of small bottles of elegant form and brilliant colouration,\* similar to the illustrations, Figs. 2, 3, and 4. They are known as *alabastra*, *amphoræ*, *oenochoi*, etc., and were used to contain unguents and perfumes, finding their place as ornaments for the toilet-table. Formerly often called Greek

and Roman, they are now with better reason considered to be of Egyptian and Phœnician derivation. The *alabastra* are evidently copied from vessels of a similar form in alabaster, the zigzag ornamentation often exactly imitating the markings in the natural stone, and the small handles are in the same position as those in the Egyptian alabaster bottles. These are found among the remains of the earliest dynasties, and as there is proof that the art of glass-making was known at the same time to the Egyptians, the antiquity of some of the glass *alabastra* may be exceedingly remote. A small bottle of upright jug-shape having a single handle, bearing the cartouche



No. 2.—*Alabastron*, black ground, pattern in turquoise and white,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. high.

\* It is scarcely necessary to point out that the prismatic or iridescent colour found on some vessels, and fragments of ancient glass, is the result of the decomposition of the surface, and was not intentional in the fabrication.



*Ra-men-kheper*, of Thothmes III. (1600 B.C.), is in one of the Egyptian galleries of the British Museum; it is coloured

blue, yellow, and white, and its manipulation can be matched by objects in the present gallery; the perfection of the workmanship shows that the art had then reached a very high stage.

That the other forms of these bottles are analogous to well-known Greek fictile vases is obvious, at the same time they bear affinities to Egyptian vases in alabaster and pottery, allowance being made for necessary variation arising from the different material of which they are composed. The colour, especially in the lapis-lazuli and turquoise blues, and the positive red, is especially Egyptian. Readers of Dr. Brugsch's History of Egypt will remember

how keen the Rameses and Setis were after the tribute of blue and green stones. The whole race appears to have had a positive passion for blue in all its tones. Turning to the decoration, besides the zigzag lines, the bottles frequently bear a design of parallel rows of what are sometimes called fern-leaves, but which are really intended for palm-branches, and the palm together with the lotus and papyrus were the favourite themes of the Egyptian designers of ornament. There is, however, strong presumption that many of the bottles were made in Phœnicia, but copied from Egyptian models. The same process has taken place in metal cups and bowls bearing figure decoration, the motives being Egyptian, while the manipulation shows the imperfect skill of the copyist. As inventive artists the Phœnicians were palpably deficient, as pushing tradesmen their energy was conspicuous. Quick in appreciating the telling qualities of an artistic object, they without scruple "conveyed" the original design, reproduced it in huge quantities—as German pirates of the present day imitate English engravings—and by their mercantile marine spread it over the cities on the borders of the Mediterranean; they also doubtless bought and sold what they could of the genuine article. If this accurately represents the case, the finer examples may be set down as native Egyptian, and the coarser are the Phœnician imitations. Respecting the period of production of these latter, they may be anterior to the seventh century B.C. If found in tombs of a later age they will have been preserved and valued as precious objects, in the same way that we treasure majolica, old china, or Tudor gold and silver work. Without entering at length into the technique of the fabrication it may be remarked that the ornament is not painted on the bottles. The body, of a single colour, has been moulded with a core of sand, or in some cases

blown into a mould, then, while the metal was hot, threads of different coloured glass have been laid on the surface and slightly pressed in, the whole being again partially fused; the irregularities of the surface were afterwards ground down on the wheel, and a final polish completed the work. One or two of the examples in the gallery show the threads still in relief; in an *alabastron* forming part of the Collection Chavat they are still more palpable. Again, other examples in the gallery have the ornamentation in hollow lines; in this case the threads have been composed of glass less able to resist corrosion than the body of the vessel, or the process of ultimate fusion has not been completed.

Of a similar method of manipulation and scheme of ornamentation to the above are two beautiful models of miniature Egyptian columns, with palm-leaf capitals, intended for stibium cases; one of them contained the stick of hematite with which the stibium, or *kohl*, was applied to the eyes. In both the workmanship is of great delicacy and the colours of extreme purity, so there is here no doubt of their derivation. Objects of this form are rare, and it would therefore be interesting to know when the taste for these exquisite little articles of luxurious refinement prevailed. Some clue may be obtained from the stibium cases in boxwood, of which a slightly decorated example is in the Egyptian Gallery, and another at South Kensington Museum. The writer, however, possesses one of elaborate decoration, the drawing and design of the figures therein clearly indicating its epoch. The central colonette in the illustration represents the one in question. The principal band of ornamentation is composed of a frieze of female figures, playing harps and other musical instruments, analogous in style with bas-reliefs of similar subjects that have been found in tombs of the

eighteenth dynasty (1700-1400). Boulaq Museum contains a characteristic example of the subject on a slab of calcareous limestone. These elegant trifles thus serve to bring vividly before us the taste and culture of the great Thothmes and Seti era. The boxwood colonette also offers an illustration of a phase of another art nearly allied to that of the worker in glass, namely, inlaying or mosaic on wood and metal. Covering the surface of the object are various bands, either plain, chevroned, filled with lotus flowers, or figures incised in the wood; the capital is also treated in like manner. All these incisions have been filled with a coloured paste, of which traces still remain, but dimmed and darkened. To settle the question of its composition, the objects have been submitted for



No. 3.—Amphora, lapis-lazuli ground, pattern in yellow and turquoise, 3½ in. high.



No. 4.—Amphora, pattern in red, blue, black and white, pale green handles, 5½ in. high.

analysis to Mr. G. H. Ogston, the chemist, with the result that under the microscope the dull greens and reds, when washed from their impurities, turned out to be particles of the most brilliant positive colour. Mr. Ogston states the green to be a paste composed of a mixture of lapis-lazuli, moderately finely ground, with a yellow semi-transparent mineral he does not recognise, the whole being brought into the necessary pasty condition by the addition of some resinous substance. The red colour is red oxide of iron, or a ferruginous earth consisting almost wholly of that substance, mixed, as in the case of the green, with some transparent resin to the condition of a paste. This little stibium case strikingly illustrates one prevalent quality in Egyptian art, its thoroughness and solidity of workmanship. The artist spared no pains in perfecting his design, nor labour to insure its durability. Nothing can be conceived more sprightly than the action of the tiny figures of the frieze, or ornamentation more piquant than the lotus flowers that frame them; and the brilliant colouring must have added charm to the dainty design. The motives rather suggest



No. 5.—Enochoe in blue glass,  
pattern in blue and yellow.

the facile renderings of a dexterous brush, instead of, as we have seen, elaborate graving, and the preparation of a cement that has lasted several thousand years. Possibly when discovered the paste was intact, for the object has evidently suffered rough usage, an iron staple having been driven into the frieze, and it may even have been knocking about the mud hovel of a *fellah* for a generation or two, as choice ancient vases have been found serving the commonest purposes in households of Upper Egypt. Where the wooden articles were larger, as in the case of caskets, boxes or furniture, glass, either moulded or cut, and sometimes representing deities, was the material often used for inlaying; several pieces of this glass inlay are to be found in cases A and B. Some notion of the period when these figures were made may be formed from the fact of one of them in the writer's possession being a representation of the god Set. Set was the brother and slayer of Osiris, and there came a time when he was universally held in the deepest abhorrence, and when every image and representation of him was sedulously sought out and destroyed. This is believed to have occurred during the nineteenth dynasty (circa 1400-1300), and therefore no figures of Set would be made after that date. The attempt to obliterate all record of the evil god has resulted in his effigy being of extreme rarity; the British Museum has a statuette of him, in bronze, with silver eyes; Boulaq has another in the so-called porcelain; Berlin, Vienna, and Leyden have also single examples.

Fig. 6 represents one of the bowls in many-coloured glass which are justly esteemed to be among the masterpieces of the art. Perfect examples are naturally limited in number,

but the fragments that have been discovered on the sites of ancient cities are numerous, and they testify to the extraordinary variety as well as the splendour of colouring of these costly objects. A noble series of the bowls, together with cups and pateræ of the same construction, and fragments of the same, are arranged in cases A and B. Some imitate various kinds of precious stones, chalcedony, schmerz, agates, etc.; others fanciful combinations of many-coloured patterns, known as *mille fiori*. Regarded simply as arrangements of harmonious colour, powerful, grave or tender, sometimes breaking forth into notes of unexpected joyousness and gaiety, they are of the highest value to the student of industrial art. The present example is pale amber colour for the ground, with a decoration of white or light green disks and at intervals angular pieces of purple and white; all these are in the body of the material and are composed of slices of glass canes; the rim is white and dark blue. The bowl is in a state of good preservation, although the surface is not as brilliant as when it left the hands of its maker; then it must have been indeed a dazzling object, and one can fancy the glorious tones of ruby and gold that would have leapt into life as the wine mounted to its brim. If we inquire the derivation of the form, again the answer is supplied by a bowl in glazed pottery in the Egyptian Gallery, bearing the cartouche of Ramses II. (1333-1300); and other porcelain bowls having unmistakable Egyptian decoration can be cited, possibly still earlier. The relation of glass and glazed pottery in the early history of the respective arts is too intimate to be passed disregarded. The former was undoubtedly the first discovered; then possessing a substance so intrinsically beautiful and ornamental it was only natural to employ it to raise the artistic value of earthen vessels, imparting to them also more serviceable qualities. The dawn of civilisation in Egypt is so remote that no examples of her earliest unglazed pottery have come down to us, her most ancient known monuments and productions of industrial art imply many generations of cunning workmen. There is good reason to suppose that glass was not fabricated at the relatively small cost that it is now, it was therefore more economical to spread it over a commoner substance; at the same time it was found desirable to select a "paste" of finer texture than common clay. This was attained in the so-called Egyptian porcelain, which at a high temperature becomes almost vitrified. It is even possible that the fragment in the gallery inscribed with the cartouche of Amenhotep III. (1500) may be of this fused porcelain. A portion of a bowl found at Panopolis, in Upper Egypt, two years ago, clearly points to this economy of the more precious material. The ground is a most brilliant turquoise blue, marbled with deep purple blue; at first glance the substance might be mistaken for semi-opaque glass, but examining the fracture it is seen that the darker colour is composed of flakes of glass set in a paste of white porcelain, the edges of the glass appearing at either side. The bowl must have been moulded either with the glass, or the latter inserted before baking, and then the surface ground down, and finally completed with the light blue vitreous glaze. The writer would conjecture this piece to be of late, probably Roman times; of the period of the two-handled glazed cups having ornaments in relief, and painted externally green, and internally yellow. Examples of these will be found in the Greek Gallery at the Museum, and may be compared with glass cups of somewhat similar design.

For skill in manipulation, fertility of invention, and the



higher qualities of ornamental design, a place apart must be assigned to the class of glass mosaics. The production is



No. 6.—Bowl, 5½ in. diameter.

often so faultless, so homogeneous, and so accurate in the representation of minute forms, as rather to appear like a work of nature than that of human hands. Feathers in the wing of a hawk and single hairs in the locks falling over the forehead of a mask which can only be seen by the help of a strong lens imply a delicacy of touch in the artist which is almost incredible. There are still some who deny that the use of the lens was known in ancient times, and whatever may be said of the circular piece of glass found at Nineveh, the intention of that in the Egyptian Gallery seems obviously to have been for magnifying. Granting that the "canes" from which many of the glass mosaics were cut could be stretched while the metal remained heated, yet much of the manipulation could hardly have been visible to the unaided eye; the same may be said respecting some specimens of inlaying in metal, and engraving on precious stones. And, further, some of the patterns worked into the glass so exactly recall the star-like and other almost fantastic forms which only reveal themselves under a powerful lens, that one cannot but believe the artist was himself familiar with this means of observing nature. The themes of the mosaics include natural flowers and conventional ornament, animals, as the cynocephalus ape, *Thot*, and the hawk, *Ra*, tragic masks, and other objects fitted for decoration in inlaying wood or for personal ornaments. In a large number the motives are distinctly Egyptian, as in the case of a piece of a cane found in Egypt last year, and containing through the entire length the symbol of union, interlaced papyrus and lotus plants, the same as the decoration carved on the throne of Khefren (fourth dynasty) in the museum of Boulaq. To any one acquainted with the monuments of Egypt these fragments of pure ornament constantly suggest the decoration spread over the tombs and temples. Some are evidently of Ptolomaic and Roman times, but every probability is in favour of their being the work of Egyptian artists; and the fact of large quantities being found in excavations at Rome does not militate against this, seeing that in the time of the Emperor Aurelian glass was included in the tribute from Egypt, and previous to his reign Egyptian workers in glass had been brought to Rome. We know that

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during the empire there was a large glass industry in that city; the evidence rather suggests that it took the direction of colourless glass for domestic uses. The Roman had something of the taste of the British matron, she likes to see her table set out with brilliant, well-finished glass without speck or flaw, and they both unite in a decided partiality for cut glass. The patrician pretending to more than usual taste felt bound to display at least one murrhine bowl, and large sums of money were given for vessels of the class of Fig. 6, but these were probably imported articles.

Numerous and admirable examples of the white Roman glass are to be found in the gallery; together with blown and moulded bottles and drinking vessels in an infinite variety of graceful forms, illustrating the trained hands and playful fancies of the craftsmen; these and the moulded phials for perfumes from Alexandria and Phœnicia can receive on this occasion no more than bare mention. There is one class, however, which, if space permitted, we should like to have considered more in detail, the vessels of applied glass of which the Portland and Auldjo vases and the amphora of the Naples Museum stand forth as consummate masterpieces. It does not follow that a work of art is native to the site or country where it is found. In the flourishing times of the Roman Empire all precious and portable objects, not dedicated in temples, would naturally be taken to the place where they would find the best market; and this would then have been Rome, where they would be eagerly purchased by the emperors and senators who had their palaces in the Eternal City or on the shores of the Bay of Naples, and in whose tombs, if adapted for funeral purposes, they would be finally placed. Therefore the fact of the Portland vase being found in the sarcophagus of the Emperor Alexander Severus gives no clue to its derivation, it simply shows that being an especially beautiful work, it had naturally gravitated to the spot where it would command the highest price. Considering the more than usual amount of technical ability required to execute a vase of this complex material, the special character of the figure decoration, the perfect mastery of manipulation and the perception of the delicate shades of colour and tone to be obtained in the attenuation of the semi-opaque outer coating, we venture to



No. 7.—Bowl in amber glass, 3½ in. diameter.

think that it is only the chief seat of the glass industry of the period, Alexandria, that could produce what is universally ad-

mitted to be the masterpiece of the art. The workmanship may be regarded from many points of view, one being that it is a triumph of the graver's art, and Clement of Alexandria particularly refers to the celebrity of the glass engravers of that city.

An important fact connected with these delicate and imaginative creations should not be forgotten, they were all produced by craftsmen who worked each in his own little shop, and was himself both maker and vendor; so all the evidence tends to prove. Inspirations so fair and fragile, on whose surface the aroma of antique poetry still seems to linger, should only have come from fairyland, from the realm of Oberon and Titania. Sober truth, however, points rather to the back streets and alleys of Thebes and Memphis and Alexandria. There, with his little furnace, his small son blowing the bellows, surrounded with his moulds, pincers, and blow-pipes, sat the modest artist, and although without rising he could touch the four walls of his atelier, his fancy soared free and uncontrolled. Herein lies the secret of the artistic character of his work. It had that priceless charm of individuality which can never be obtained when the workman is bound down to a certain pattern and reproduces it by the gross, in a manufactory where a hundred other men may be engaged on the same task. Visitors to the exhibition of the Egypt Exploration Fund of two or three years since will remember the implements of a glass-blower's shop of the character described, found in the Delta by Mr. Flinders Petrie. Glass is not now made in Egypt, but analogous industries are still carried on in the ancient fashion, especially in the towns of Upper Egypt. We happen to have a friend, an artist in glazed ware, who precisely corresponds to the old type. From his personal appearance he might have been a descendant of the "Sheikh-el-beled" of Boulak Museum, or have stepped out of a bas-relief of the time of King Khefen. There is no mistaking the broad, square face, intelligent eyes, half closed on account of the blinding summer sun, and the large mobile lips. It would be an

insult to call him Arab, he is of a nobler race than the Semitic cattle-lifters and fanatics. He has the true artistic temperament in his light-hearted carelessness for the morrow. He has fallen on degenerate times, and instead of moulding vases and rhytons, or modelling figurines of Isis and Hathor, stern necessity compels him to confine his genius to the fabrications of scarabs, bearing the cartouches of Thothmes, Rameses, and other famous names, and which he sells as relics to confiding tourists. Occasionally he takes a flight beyond the sordid realities of the present and some small image of a cat or frog or fish, admirably carved, and coated with a fine blue glaze, testifies to the vitality of the true spark. His appreciation of the fine quality of the old work is genuine and spontaneous, and his judgment in respect to authenticity is infallible. On one occasion we showed him a small figure of a woman trudging along with two babies in a basket at her back and a dog at her side, found by a peasant in digging for

*sabbach*. Our friend mechanically placed the relic to his tongue, to detect the presence of the salts comprising the *sabbach*, but the caressing way in which he handled the little group showed how thoroughly he entered into the spirit of its homely, naturalistic representation. He perhaps saw in it the handiwork of an ancestor of four or five thousand years past. However, it was not so much the artist as his workshop to which we wished to call attention. This is little more than a large cupboard in a corner of the very limited enclosure attached to his house. The whole construction, house, outer wall, workshop, a strange circular erection for fowls and pigeons, are composed of sun-dried mud. The tools and implements, of the simplest nature, are the same as those mentioned above; in one particular our friend works rather at a disadvantage, he cannot purchase the sticks of blue vitreous enamel, made probably at the glass works, and of which some have been found, nor can he obtain the colours at first hand, so he collects the broken bits of glazed *shabti* figures, fragments of blue pottery, etc., scrapes off the glaze and melts it down again to overlay his own productions.

An obvious query has doubtless occurred to many of our readers. Why cannot these arts of the potter and glass-makers be revived among ourselves on the lines which produced such splendid results in the past? At the present day when all the professions are crowded, and when a growing taste for Art is developing itself, the position of a successful potter would be preferable to that of a briefless barrister or a doctor without patients. Young men with artistic proclivities, it is true, take to the palette and brushes in ever-increasing numbers, only to find themselves members of a calling already hopelessly choked. As much imaginative power may be displayed on a surface of clay or glass as on paper or canvas, and a fine pot or decorated glass flask is a better thing than a mediocre picture. Further, the former objects will find purchasers in a foreign market. The mere procedure of the glass-worker's or potter's art is soon

acquired; although here, as elsewhere, patient and assiduous application are necessary to attain the sureness and delicacy of manipulation displayed in the works we have been discussing.\* For models and examples of all technical processes Mr. Franks has supplied the British student with a collection which never could have been gathered together at any former time; he has placed the vast stores of his erudition at their service in a classification and arrangement which bring into prominence the characteristic excellencies of the objects; it will be the fault of our craftsmen if they fail to take advantage of such unrivalled opportunities. Perhaps one thing yet remains to be accomplished to complete the educational function of the gallery—a series of handbooks of the various arts, copiously illustrated, that the student can consult at home.

HENRY WALLIS.

\* The suggestion only refers to decorated glass; the glass in use in domestic life cannot be produced otherwise than under the present system.



No. 8.—Vase of opaque white ware, encircled by a spiral thread in blue, 6 in. high.



## A FOREIGN ARTIST AND AUTHOR IN ENGLAND.\*

### RAMSGATE AND MARGATE.

THE town of Ramsgate is remarkably lively, at least, so it seems to any one coming from the towns we had visited, namely, Llandudno, York, Canterbury, Leeds, and Liverpool. Whether it would seem quite as lively to a traveller fresh from the Continent is another matter.

It may even be said that Ramsgate, always looking upon it from the relative point of view, is pervaded by an unusual and pleasant animation which is almost boisterous, especially at night, when in and about the High Street and the quay running round the Harbour, the wandering minstrels, niggers, and others, make the air resound with their instruments and their nasal voices singing music-hall ditties and comic songs.

But if there is plenty of movement in the streets, there is no amusement of any kind in the way of theatre or concerts, with the exception of a travelling circus and a music-hall, which we did not, however, enter. We preferred going up and down the High Street, where there is a constant double stream of passers-by, who seem to have come to Ramsgate with the determination of enjoying themselves and are not to be baffled in their object. Of course the youthful element predominates largely in the crowd, which is chiefly composed of young men and young girls, flirting, laughing, talking loud, occasionally indulging in a little horse-play, but with a frankness and an utter disregard of conventional propriety which were exceed-



*Morning Performance, Ramsgate Sands.*

ingly refreshing. They seem to be themselves. One may like them or the reverse, but it cannot be denied that there is about the visitors to Ramsgate a genuineness which is altogether wanting in the crowd of well-dressed but stiff, formal, and disagreeable-looking dummies to be seen in fashionable watering-places.

As in every place we visited in England, the foreigner at Ramsgate is conspicuous by his absence. He is only to be met in large towns where he comes because his business calls him there; but it seems never to have struck our countrymen that

the United Kingdom might be a very pleasant place to come to to spend a summer holiday. Yet after the intolerable heat of a Paris summer, there are few things more enjoyable than a trip to the fresh and pretty watering-places on the Channel, or to the lovely mountainous districts of Wales. Have the Continental people, in their philosophy, never dreamt of England as a holiday resort? We believe they have, but we also firmly believe that those who came over have been driven away by the reception they met at the hands of British hotel-keepers and *à genus omne*. Whereas, on the continent, hotel-keepers in large towns and inn-keepers in small country places, have taken care to provide and cater for the taste of English and foreign

\* Continued from page 249.

travellers, their English and Welsh congeners are satisfied that what has been the custom for years and years and found to answer, cannot possibly be improved upon. They forget or do not know, how near England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland, have been brought to the continent of Europe through the agency of railways and steam-boats, and they do nothing to attract foreign visitors. In one of the places we stopped at, we asked the hotel-keeper if he had had French visitors at his hotel. He told us that he had had two, the year before, but that they could not speak English, while he, on the other hand, did not know a word of French, and that as they were always asking for information, they were a great nuisance to him, and he was glad when they went away. He concluded by saying that he did not want any more of them.

We stayed in Ramsgate longer perhaps than in any other place in England, with the exception of London, and we certainly found it a charming place to spend a few days at during a summer holiday for any one fond of the sea. It has an excellent sandy beach stretching along for a considerable distance at the foot of tall white cliffs, where sea-bathing can be enjoyed in perfect security; the climate is pleasant, and not too warm, the heat of the sun being always tempered by a gentle sea breeze, and in the neighbourhood there are a number of attractive and picturesque spots to which excursions can be made either on foot, or riding, or driving, such as Pegwell Bay, which is conveniently reached on foot. This last-mentioned place is famous for shrimps, and the reputation it has acquired in this respect is by no means undeserved; the shrimps are really excellent.

In a sea-bathing place, whether in England or in any other country, the beach is the spot to which every one repairs. It is the great meeting-place of the visitors who, coming mostly from towns and cities, have an inordinate mind to bask in the sun, to roll on the sands, and to remain in the open air, enjoying the view of the sea, the cool breeze, the pure atmosphere, the brilliant light, and the play of the sun's rays on the waves. To the dwellers in the towns, there is an inexpressible charm in being near the sea, in hearing its waves break with rhythmic sound over sand or shingle, in dreaming, and allowing the mind to wander in a sort of floating reverie, whilst the body, under the influence of the ambient air, is wrapped in a languor which is so thoroughly in harmony with the state of the mind. This condition of intense calm and repose is only to be enjoyed near the sea, it needs the lulling sound of the

waves, recurring with its impressive regularity. In the country the rustling of the leaves, fitful or continuous, has a disturbing effect on the mind; the murmur of the waves, on the contrary, has a soothing influence, to be duly appreciated only by the overworked and jaded inhabitant of populous cities like London or Paris.

All these can be enjoyed at Ramsgate, where one can at will mix among the crowd on the beach, near the railway-station, or repair to some more secluded spot near or beyond the new pier, although this part of the sands is far from being so pleasant as the other, on account of the sea-weeds and the rocks emerging through the sand. It is also much narrower. A curious structure, by-the-bye, is the new pier, which for some reason or other is well-nigh deserted; probably people find it too far from the town. We went there one morning before lunch; it might be about eleven or twelve o'clock. There was not a soul to be seen, with the exception of four musicians

who were discoursing sweet music for the benefit of the fishes. We listened for some time to the jingling sound of the piano, the strident notes of the cornet, the grating of the violin, and the groaning of the double-bass, which composed the band of the new pier, and very soon beat a hasty retreat; but not, however, before noticing the pretty view of the cliffs, crowned at that spot by a red-brick house and a windmill, and the lovely sea shimmering under the sun's rays, with its splendid blue and green reflections.

Those who enjoy the company of men, women in large crowds, and children

innumerable, should go to the sands of Ramsgate *par excellence*, that is, the part of the beach stretching from the East Pier to the end of the Esplanade. There, from morning till night, amusements of all kinds are going on amidst the incessant going to and fro of bathers, idlers and loungers, the conversation of grown-up people, the joyous exclamations and silvery laughter of children, the distant strains of the band, the cries of itinerant sellers of toys and sweets, and the occasional shrill noise of the railway whistle, re-echoed by the cliffs behind. Under the eyes of their mothers or nursemaids, the pretty children, with fair hair and blue eyes, bronzed by the sea air and the sun, their sturdy limbs exposed to view—some of them even are without so much as an apology for a garment—divert themselves on the beach erecting castles, fortresses, and other constructions of the same kind, or paddling in the puddles or holes left full of water by the receding tide. Here is a little maid of five summers at



An Excursionist.



the outside, putting on her corset with becoming gravity; there a youthful Briton, forgetting or not knowing that Britannia rules the waves, and to all appearances caring very little about it, protests with more energy than success against being dipped into the briny sea, whilst a younger brother looks on with a reproachful air. It is noteworthy that children always seem delighted to take sides against unruly babies, and to blame them for doing what they themselves would do with pleasure, however reprehensible or improper. After all, is this to be wondered at? "Children are little men," said Edmond About; he was quite right, and as there is nothing which men indulge in with greater glee than carping or criticising, children only follow the natural instinct of the human race.

Beyond, are the bathing machines drawn by powerful horses, and in the sea, farther still, bathers enjoy an early dip. It is the same thing every day, and yet it is an ever-changing sight. The flight of the clouds chasing each other across space produces an endless variety of effects of light and shade over the glimmering water which one is never tired of watching;

now a gleam of light, piercing the canopy of clouds, suddenly lights up a dark spot or gives a dazzling appearance to a white sail hitherto unseen, now the smoke issuing from the funnel of a passing steamer darkens the horizon, to which it gives the aspect of a stormy sky.

But bathing is over. After a bath nothing is more pleasant than to rest on the soft sands. Small groups are formed, umbrellas are unfurled, red, green, white, and afford protection against the rays of the sun to the heads of the reclining loungers.

Suddenly there is a general movement in the crowd assembled on the beach, people get up hurriedly, cross over to a kind of booth near the band-stand and return to their seats; then, as if in response to a given signal, all along the sands immense square pieces of paper are being unfolded, not without some difficulty, for there is a little breeze blowing—the London papers have just come in, and for a time every other person is deeply engaged in reading the news flashed to the capital during the night from every part of the globe. This, of course, takes some time. English newspapers are twice



*On the Sands by the Pier, Ramsgate.*

the size of Continental ones, and contain ten times as much reading matter, not reckoning advertisements, which some people take a delight in perusing.

Having at last got through their papers, people begin to show signs of restlessness. They have not long to wait before an ample supply of amusement is provided for them by the numerous musicians, singers, mountebanks, and others, whose business it is to entertain visitors. From that moment till nightfall almost, the beach of Ramsgate is like a fair, and assumes that lively appearance which is peculiar to it. The whole extent of the sands is crowded with people wearing the most varied costumes, varied, that is, especially as regards colour, for the shape and cut of the garment is about the same. For women, the lightest and brightest hues are the height of taste and fashion both in their dresses and their parasols; as to their bonnets and hats, as we have noticed before, they allow themselves the greatest liberty, verging on licence.

Children—and Ramsgate is the playground and bathing place of the majority of the Metropolitan babies—are very

sensibly, that is, summarily dressed. And what a quantity of them there are at Ramsgate and Margate!

Whilst we were at Ramsgate the weather was fine, in the English sense of the word. To the untraveller and unsophisticated reader, this may sound like an absurd proposition, for it may be reasonably supposed that fine weather is fine weather, all the world over. All the world over, perhaps, but an exception must be made for the British Isles. The weather is considered fine by the English as long as it does not rain. If the wind blows with violence enough to tear the horns off the heads of the bulls, as the French saying has it, they say it is bracing; if it is overcast, foggy, dark, to the point of necessitating the use of lamps or gas in the middle of the day, they call it a little dull, and so on.

The day, at the seaside, is divided into three parts, each preceded by a meal; the first extends from breakfast to lunch, the second from lunch to dinner, and the third from dinner to bedtime, the last-mentioned a most uncertain hour, but at Ramsgate a very late one, as far as young people and adults are

concerned. As a matter of course, children are never seen out of doors after dinner. The English, at all events as much as we could judge, have not taken to that most senseless custom of children's balls at seaside places, and they are to be congratulated, for there are few things more objectionable from every point of view than those parties from which children come home tired, when they are not actually ill from excitement and over-fatigue.

At Ramsgate we were fortunately spared the ranting social reformer on scientific principles; but we were treated to endless psalms, songs, and sermons, by the preacher and his crew. There they were both in daytime and at night. In the dark the scene on the sands was a curious one. Under a large black umbrella stood a white-bearded old man of venerable appearance by the side of an organ placed on a low truck with wheels so as to be easily moved from place to place. Near him was the preacher, a younger man of about thirty, in a rusty black coat with the blue ribbon in his button-hole. With bare head and arms moving about like the arms of a railway-signal, he was holding forth in a loud key, occasionally lowering his voice so as to give it a more impressive sound. At times, he got excited, pivoted on his heels, turning now to the right and now to the left, bringing down his right hand into the left palm with a loud slap, and cleaving the air with a jerky movement very regular and mechanical. Grouped around were a score or two of people, mostly young men and women of the humbler classes, listening with apparent attention to the speech of the preacher, who

gradually waxed more excited. They sing in a plaintive tone, with curiously nasal and colourless voices—a depressing sight and a distressing noise. We have enough of it, and we wend our way towards the pier; not the new pier, where dancing occasionally goes on at night, the dancers being young people of doubtful distinction and free and easy manners, but of undoubted propriety, but to the old pier, or rather the east wall of the harbour, which is the favourite walking ground of the visitors on fine evenings.

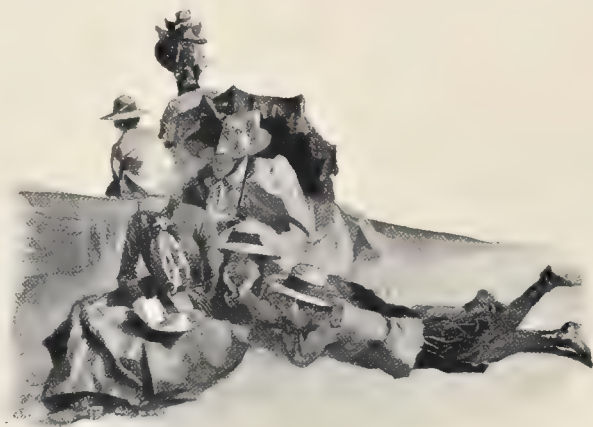
At the extreme end of this pier there is a watch-house, and a signal light on a kind of circular platform. From this point on a moonlight night, the view over the sea is very fine, and, on the land side, the town of Ramsgate is seen to much advantage, as it rises in tiers over the harbour. In the centre springs the steeple of the church, towering above the buildings of the sleeping town. To the right, in the direction of the east, extend the long rows of gas lights on the esplanade, and above, on the Granville cliffs, the lighted windows of the Granville hotel. The land lights, reflected in the sea, as bright under the moon's rays as a sheet of polished

metal, look like a string of diamonds encircling a silver mirror.

Margate is very similar to Ramsgate, but less homely, less unassuming perhaps, than the sister town. The beach is, to our mind, far from being so good. Margate is also a very proper place, and the authorities are remarkably prudish; their regulations as to bathing are as strict as those of the worthy burgesses of Llandudno, as testified by the notices to be found near the sea, by which we are informed, that any person of the male sex above twelve is not allowed to bathe within ten yards of the place where persons of the other sex are bathing, and the persons of the other sex are also forbidden to disport themselves within thirty feet of the male bathers.

The people who frequent this watering-place are very much of the same class as visitors to Ramsgate. As in the latter place, there is a very large sprinkling of Jews among them. They are very noticeable, as English Jews have retained to a very marked degree all the characteristics of their race. Some of the women we saw, especially the younger ones, were very handsome, and not a few were perfect specimens of Oriental

beauty. Men and women dress showily, and display, as is their wont, rather more jewellery and diamonds than necessary, but their demeanour is even more striking than their appearance. They are certainly distinguishable from the Anglo-Saxons on account of their more lively manners; they seem to be enjoying themselves, and are not ashamed to let people see that they do; they talk and laugh among themselves, and do not take their pleasure sadly.



*A Family Party.*

The pier is an elaborate affair, where the lady-visitors come to show off their summer toilets. The young girls wear light and gay coloured linen dresses, which they trim with velvet and plush, a most extraordinary combination, but they are utterly indifferent to this incongruous arrangement, which is general. They also seem to have a great partiality for sailors' peaked caps, blue or white, ornamented with gold braid and anchors; a very unbecoming head-dress, the more so, as in most cases it involves cutting the hair short. The barbarous custom is less excusable in English girls than in girls of any other country, for nowhere is such beautiful golden hair to be seen, and the shearing of their lovely fair tresses is little short of a crime.

There is a good deal of novel and newspaper reading going on at Margate pier, between eleven in the forenoon and one. Men, women, and even children are sitting on the benches, huddled up together on the lee-side (there is a stiff breeze blowing at the time, the famous bracing wind of the English), swaddled in coats, mackintoshes, ulsters, shawls, rugs, and all kinds of wraps, and reading away as if they were learning



by heart their novels and newspaper articles. While they are thus occupied, the band of the East Kent Militia is playing a selection of the most popular tunes of the *Mikado*. This band is composed of small boys and very stout elderly men, who are blowing into their brass instruments with great determination. From the band stand we go round to the refreshment room in the hope of obtaining a luncheon. We succeeded, after waiting for a considerable time, in getting a waiter to attend to us, and hastened, our meal over, to leave the refreshment-room, which happened to be a very draughty apartment.

We spent some time at the Zoological Gardens, where we saw some very remarkable things, a complete list of which would be too long, and take up more space than we feel justified in giving to the subject. Let us, however, mention among some of the chief curiosities of the place a zinc heron, perched on a rock in the middle of a basin. This heron's wings were full of holes, from which the water escaped in slender jets, instead of issuing from its beak as originally contemplated, owing to something being wrong with the internal pipes, conduits, and general arrangements of the bird.



*Margate Jetty.*

Another curious sight was that of a cage in which a melancholy stag was confined. In order, no doubt, to assuage the animal's sorrows and to remind him as much as possible of his native moor and forest, the considerate genius presiding over the garden had called in the stage-painter's aid. The latter had willingly lent his assistance to the former's laudable and humane project, and with the help of a carpenter, had constructed some wood and canvas rocks, with a stage landscape in the background. The rocks had been rent by the

stag's antlers, and hung lamentably, occasionally shaken by the wind, and more often by the stag himself giving it a playful prod, and ripping them open. The rock had thus become a kind of drapery, and the whole thing was very original.

More miserable even than the stag were two eagles we saw in a neighbouring cage, but we had not the courage to look at these poor animals' wretchedness, and we left this place of entertainment a little sadder than we had entered it.

These appeared to us the only characteristic features which distinguished Margate from Ramsgate, for as regards the class of bathers, visitors, and tourists, the two towns are as like one another as it is well possible to be, and it is easy to understand why Ramsgate and Margate are spoken of together, and why their two names are almost as inseparable as those of Punch and Judy, and Darby and Joan, to mention only well-known couples who have, it must be admitted, some connection with the twin watering places of the Isle of Thanet.

P. VILLARS.

## LE MAÎTRE DE BALLET.

EXHIBITED IN THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION.

'LE MAÎTRE DE BALLET' is an interesting example of the ablest (or some might prefer to say, the least ridiculous) of the Impressionists. Degas, indeed, is a draughtsman of the rarest type; his impressionism is the result of, not incomplete accomplishment and imperfect vision, but of the acutest eye and the skilfullest hand in the world. His colour, it is true, is bad, in the sense that it is unpleasing and garish; but here again the seeing eye is evident, for his colour, however unbeautiful, is real, is precisely what the painter has seen, and is presented with uncommon force and

dexterity. This Degas, to be brief, is an artist of genius. He has taken something too much of Manet—of Manet and Manet's theory of "diffused light"—no doubt; but he is out and away the strongest and the most richly gifted of a group whose principal claim to notoriety is that its members are only gifted in one special direction, outside of which they are no better off than the common (or garden) Beaux-Arts student.

In this picture he is the antipodes of himself as revealed in such a thing as 'La Danseuse Verte,' the pastel shown in the spring exhibition of the New English Art Club.



*Le Maître de Ballet. From the picture by Degas in the possession of Louis Huth, Esq.*

There he challenged and bewildered the eye of the spectator with the "impression" of a mad whirl of many legs and skirts of green muslin; here he sanely solicits attention by clear composition, and holds it by wealth of significant detail. On the right of the picture (which is an interior) there is a group of *ballerine* tailing off in excellent perspective into the dim background. In the front of the group stands the ballet-master with uplifted hand marking time for the dancer in the left foreground. Beyond the dancer stand a few more girls looking on, while part of the figure of

another dancer is seen through a half-open door. This gives on the left of the picture a broken group to balance that on the right. The interesting figure is, of course, the lady on the left, balancing herself on one foot, while the other is shot out behind with the toe to the floor. The pose, which is educationally and scientifically correct, is not conventionally elegant; indeed, it makes the figure look somewhat wooden, but it has a certain grace of proportion, and—what is more to the purpose—it gives occasion for really original modelling.



## NOTES ON JAPAN AND ITS ART WARES.\*



No. 1.—Boy with Mask. *Netsuké*.  
(Gilbertson Collection).

SCULPTURE in wood and ivory will form the subject of the present paper, which is the concluding one of the series. Paintings, engravings, and ceramics have not been touched upon, for as regards these, valuable and exhaustive information is obtainable at a moderate cost in the handbooks of Messrs. Franks and Anderson.

Religion, as in almost every other country, civilised or uncivilised, has had a large share in fostering the Arts in Japan. Ornamentation was an inherent part of the Buddhist creed, its shrines were a mass of decoration from end to end. In its service glyptic art also arose; the necessity for idols and images, in every variety of material, for the use not only of the temple but the home, gave occupation to a large body of artists, who, by an unwritten law, were enlisted from the higher and more educated grades of society.

Mr. W. Anderson has compiled for the introduction to Murray's "Handbook to Japan" a concise account of glyptic art, which contains all that is at present known to the outside world on the subject. It is with some diffidence that one ventures to question his inference that Japanese sculptors fell much below the Indian, Chinese, and Korean models from which they derived their ideas. So far as we can judge from the limited number of examples which, either in their original state or by means of photography, come under the view of Europeans, the Japanese appears to have divested these prototypes of a southern sensuousness and invested them with dignity, grace, and (where admissible) vitality. In this respect the sculptor acted in marked contrast to his brother who handled the brush only, and who never allowed himself to diverge the breadth of a line from the track which hundreds of his predecessors had so slavishly followed. It is a permissible argument that a race of sculptors, which has created such veritable works of glyptic art as *netsukés*, must have been capable of producing, and must have produced, works of greater merit than the lifeless, effete objects which are the *chef-d'œuvres* of their foreign tutors. It is not, perhaps, a fair test to ask the reader to decide the question from a comparison of the illustrations in the chapters on Chinese and Japanese sculpture in the volumes of the "Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts" (Paris: Quantin), but if he does make such a comparison there cannot be a doubt as to which shows the highest standard of excellence.

As we have said, sculpture in Japan originated in the service of religion, and the only examples, until a comparatively modern date, which come under our notice in this country are those which partake of that character. Principal among these are shrines and figures of deities. Neither do many

date back beyond the sixteenth century. To that epoch the lacquered statuette of Ikkiu-osho, a Buddhist priest (Illustration No. 2), the property of Mr. C. H. Read, belongs. I might cite this as an example showing a nobility of pose and strength of modelling seldom met with in any Chinese or Indian work. The images of deities are for the most part of the seventeenth century, as in 1614 an edict was issued by Hidétada that every house should contain one, and this must have given a considerable impetus to their creation, for the mere force of example would probably induce everybody to discard their old idol for a new one. Many of the shrines, too, in which they are enclosed, testify by their metal ornamentation to the hands of the Götös, living at that time, having been employed upon them.

This compulsory edict may have been indirectly the cause of the *netsuké* taking its present shape. In this wise: it was the introduction of tobacco, some time in the sixteenth century, which (as we shall show later on) called it into existence. The edict shortly afterwards also created a numerous body of craftsmen, whose business it was to furnish every family with a carving in miniature of a deified figure. It is probable that these image-makers were not many years in supplying a demand which once met would not be constant, and that within half a century, at the most, their occupation flagged and they had perforce to turn their attention to other outlets. Now, nothing is more likely than they should, perhaps at first in their leisure moments, and afterwards through lack of work, ornament the piece of wood or metal which had hitherto done duty as a *netsuké* to the tobacco-pouch hanging at



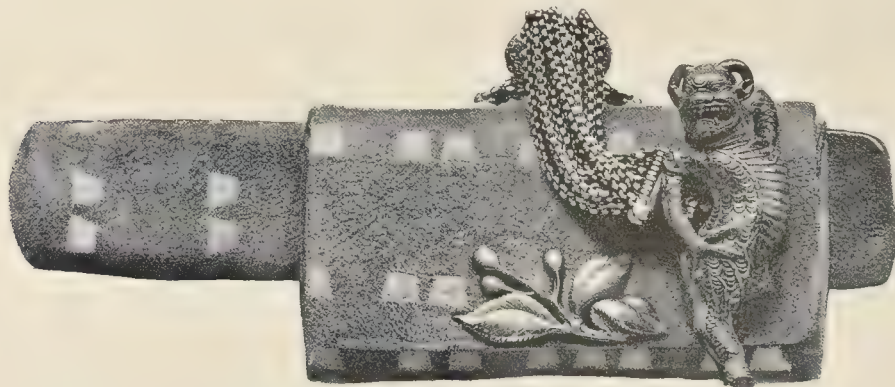
No. 2.—Statuette of Ikkiu-osho. (From the Collection of Mr. C. H. Read.)

their girdle. The Japanese never allows anything with which he has to do to go long unornamented, and therefore

\* Continued from page 335.

it was a matter of course that sooner or later this article should receive attention at the decorator's hands; but the

ornamentation would in this case have probably taken the form of a flat pattern, either of a conventional or a floral cha-



No. 3.—Tobacco Case and Pouch with Netsuké. By Shiuzan. (Author's Collection.)

racter. Now, as it happened, the human figure was first taken hold of and adopted, although it could not by any means have been considered the best, as most assuredly it was not the most suitable for the purpose. This suggestion, namely, that it is to the image-maker's lack of employment that we owe the netsuké in its most frequent form, does not appear to have occurred to any of the other writers on the subject, but it receives confirmation from the fact that the first professional maker, Ri-fū-ho, or Hinaya, of Kyōto, who died in 1670, was thirteen years of age when the Images Edict was put in force, and was in his prime when the demand for them probably failed.

There is no section of Japanese Art which succeeds in attracting the attention of everybody who is brought into contact with it, so much as that which is comprised under the heading of netsuké carvings. I make no apology therefore for devoting almost the whole of the space which remains to me, to a consideration of these modest little articles.

Enthusiasts have gone so far as to compare netsukés to the Tanagra figures of Greek origin, and to the finest sculptures of the Gothic age. Mr. Jarves has said that "a first-rate netsuké has positively no rivals." This praise is perhaps not too high if we take care to emphasise the word "first-rate." For there is no branch of Japanese Art in which there are so many failures and so few successes. The main reason for this is, that in the case of figures which have to be viewed all round, any fault in modelling is sure to attract attention, and at once militates against the value of the good work, and as we have

seen, the weakest point in the whole of the wide range of Japanese Art is the draughtsmanship of the figure. Whilst therefore success in this respect, if present, is to be very highly valued, a lack of it must drag down the estimation in which the whole class is held.

Until very recently a netsuké was a term which included, in the minds of all foreigners, every carving below a certain size, and it is only a comparatively small class who now know the contrary. In reality a netsuké is a toggle affixed by a cord to the tobacco pouch, or the pipe, or the inro, to prevent it from slipping through the sash or waistband. In early times it probably had little, if any, ornamentation, but gradually, as it was one of the few articles upon a Japanese's dress which admitted of it, ornamentation was added. But so

long as it was utilised as a toggle it never lost its original idea, or its form; so that whenever we see a netsuké without compactness, or with extraneous excrescences which would catch the folds of the dress, or break off, it may be taken for certain that it is of modern date and has been made for the outside market.

The mark which distinguishes a netsuké from an okimono (or ornament to be placed) is the presence of two small holes, usually in the back, which admit of a cord being strung through them, and the age of a netsuké may often be gauged by examining the amount to which the inside edges of these holes have been worn by the constant rubbing of the cord. The passage for the cord is sometimes cunningly contrived so as not to be apparent, especially in figures where a leg or arm forms a loop sufficient for the purpose. Netsukés are made of wood,



No. 4.—Tsuba of Masks. Seventeenth Century. (Gilbertson Collection.)



or lacquered wood, elephant or walrus ivory, boars' tusks or teeth of animals, vegetable ivory, horns of stags, antelopes, oxen, the latter sometimes compressed, fishbone, walnut or other shells, jade, metal, porcelain, amber, onyx, coral, and crystal. The oldest are those of wood; ivory was only imported in any quantity in the eighteenth century, and it is singular that whilst those made from this material are almost always inferior to those carved from wood, they hold the pride of place in the estimation of the majority of collectors. The wood used, which is generally the core of the cherry-tree, is softer, more subtle, and less liable to splinter than ivory, and whereas the latter usually fails with age, the wood hardens and acquires a patina of a rich warm hue. Ivories are subjected to soaking in coffee and all sorts of mixtures to make them assume an antique appearance.

Mons. Gonse considers that the occupation of a netsuké-maker was the monopoly of a certain class of artisans who followed the trade from generation to generation. But it is almost certain that many of them were men in a higher station of life, in fact, some were dentists who first attained their skill with the chisel whilst carving out artificial teeth.

The ancient city of Nara, probably owing to its being a place replete with temples, was for centuries celebrated for its wood-carvers, and it was here that many of the most notable netsuké-makers lived. Osaka was also the headquarters of a large number, as was Kyôto.

It is impossible to give a list of the most renowned names amongst netsuké-carvers. I have been at the trouble to analyse the lists as given in Gonse, Hart, Murray's Japan, and the catalogue of The Fine Art Society's Exhibition, with the result that of some two hundred and fifty names, not ten per cent. recur in all the lists. That in Murray's Japan is taken from the *Sô-ken Ki-shô*, or biography of artists, published in 1781, and I had hoped that from this volume much information might have been obtained, but the result of the translation of one or two biographies has convinced me that even here but little of a valuable kind is obtainable, although there is much to disquiet those who think that forgeries are only of recent origin.

Those makers whose works are most sought after are, Shiuzan, Miwa, Ikkan, Masanao, Tomotada, Tadatashi, Demé-Uman, and Demé-Joiman, Minko, Tomochika, Kokei.

Shiuzan lived at Nara towards the close of the seventeenth century. Authentic examples of his work are very rare, and very few if any of those which bear his name are genuine. The *Sô-ken Ki-shô* contains a number of drawings after his netsukés, and the demon attached to the pouch ornament (Illustration No. 3) is similar to one of them and is stated by experts to be a Shiuzan, but the work has to my mind too finished an appearance, and is in too good a state of preserva-

tion for the date assigned to it, although it is certainly an old one; the signature Shiuzan is affixed to a number of brightly coloured figurines which do not pretend to be of ancient date, and also to others from which time has almost erased the traces of colouring in a style which was affected by the master.

The Miwa family came from Yedo. The netsukés of the first maker of this name are held in high esteem and are of great rarity, and it is probably also the case with his netsukés that few of those which pass current as his are actually so. Mons. Gonse can only count with certainty six in Paris. He considers that it is impossible to compress into the space more grandeur of style and knowledge of drawing than is to be found in the works of this master. It is said that he sometimes coloured his netsukés, but of this there is little evidence; and his subjects were invariably figures.

There is a class of ivory netsukés about which little is known even by such experts as Mr. Gilbertson. I refer to the tall, archaic, stiff, oddly dressed figures from three to six inches high, invariably in ivory, much worn both as to the noses and any projecting surfaces. None of the old and very few of the modern ones are signed. The former very often represent the figure of a Sennin with a toad on shoulder or head, or else a figure clad in what I believe to be Dutch costume. They have evidently served for something heavier than an inro or pouch, possibly a metal pipe. Mr. Gilbertson considers that from their large size and the material employed they were neither cheap nor common in Japan. They frequently appear in miscellaneous



No. 5.—*Sho-ki. Wooden Okimono, lacquered. Seventeenth Century. (Ernest Hart Collection.)*

lots and every collection should contain a representative specimen.

There are certain names which are identified with the portrayal of animals, and many of them have produced works



No. 6.—Ivory Inro. (From the Collection of Mr. Seymour Trower.)

which leave nothing to be desired. Amongst them Ikkan was noted for his rats, Masanao for fowls and rats, Masatami for his rabbits, Tomotada for his oxen, Tadatoshi for snails. Sōkwa Hōi-shiro worked at flowers and grasses in baskets.

Those who excelled in figures were Minkoku, Sensai and Masanao, and in groups Nobuyuki. As Mr. Anderson has so well expressed: "The designs of the netsuké-carvers embrace the whole range of Japanese motives, and the artist tells his story with the utmost lucidity. Nothing is safe from his humour except, perhaps, the official powers that be, of whom the Japanese citizen has a salutary dread. Religion, history, folk-lore, novels, incidents of daily life, all provide material for his tools, and his subjects are mostly treated in a comic or even flippant vein. The pious Dharma, aroused from his nine years' motionless contemplation by the attentions of an obtrusive rat who ventures to nibble the saintly ear, is made to assume an expression suggestive of the strongest equivalent

for swearing, of which we may suppose a good Buddhist to be capable. The Thunder God is seen extracting the storm-cloud from the basket that gives it stowage-room in idle days of sunshine. An inquisitive bird has unwarily inserted his long beak between the valves of a giant clam whose gaping shell had invited the incautious search after the unknown, and now with straining thighs and flapping wings, struggles vainly to regain his liberty. An expectant domestic party surround a fish-kettle, while the head of the family triumphantly extracts a carp of tempting proportions, but the averted heads, disgusted faces, and finger-tweaked noses of the hungry group eloquently proclaim the central idea of Buddhism—the impermanency of all things and the vanity of human wishes. Such examples might be multiplied without end."

It is this variety of subject which gives so great an interest to the collection of these *bibelots*, and which usually leads to their selection more for the incident they illustrate than for the master who made them. This method of procedure can hardly be found fault with, but an additional interest and value attaches to their possession if they can at the same time be classified under the schools and periods to which they belong.

There is probably no branch of Japanese Art in which the collector should go less astray, and does go more astray, than that which we are now considering. This is, in a measure, due to his declining to follow his own instincts and omitting to study the subject carefully. He declines to trust his own judgment because he sees that others, who, he considers, know more than he does, collect what he would reject; he omits to study the subject because he has no means ready to hand wherewith to do so. At a meeting recently held to discuss the subject of netsukés, this latter reason was put forward with much conclusive argument to account for the failure of discussion which arose. As a speaker said, "We can learn nothing that is worth learning, either from our text-books or our museums." This is perfectly true; the former have still to



No. 7.—Okimono: Wood. Blind Shampooer. (Author's Collection.)

be written, and when they are, must be compiled in conjunction with native assistance. The latter, if they are to be instructors, must cease to give a *cachet* of value by the exhibition of collections which contain a far larger percentage of forged



than of genuine pieces, and which are notable for nothing except their mediocre quality.

Since the opening up of Japan the attention of the netsuké-workers has been diverted to the manufacture of carvings,



No. 8.—*Inro: Papiermâché.* (From the Collection of Mrs. Dobson.)

which are usually extolled by their possessors rather for the magnitude of the piece of ivory from which they have been cut than for the excellence of their workmanship; this estimate of worth is almost always correct. It is seldom that the subject of these has any attraction save its ugliness, and the illustration that we give of a statuette, belonging to Mr. Z. Merton, of a Japanese lady, is an exception which proves the rule. As we have before pointed out, Japanese Art is almost invariably remarkable in proportion to its diminutiveness, and the inro (Illustration No. 6) is an example of this.

The netsuké-makers also occupied themselves with the manufacture of toys for the amusement apparently of the Japanese elder folk. These consisted of tiny figures carved in wood, dressed in brocade, and with a rounded bottom weighted with lead which necessitated their retaining their equilibrium. Those in the Illustrations No. 10 and No. 11 are fair samples, and certainly date from the last century. They came in a collection to Europe and are the only ones I have ever encountered.

The Illustration No. 8 has been introduced here partly in order to show the use of the netsuké, which here takes the form of a Tengu head, and partly to show how European ornament was occasionally introduced into Japanese work. The design is in this instance taken from a piece of old leather paper of Dutch origin, which found its way into the possession of the author of the *Sō-ken Ki-shō*, and was so highly thought of by him that he engraved it in his work; since then it must have

1888.

been utilised rather frequently, for I have myself seen it on at least half-a-dozen articles in metal, lac, etc.

There are few people who have examined even casually any collection of Japanese wares, be it only in a curio-dealer's window, but must have been struck by the frequent introduction of masks into Japanese Art. Either it is the original masks themselves, or copies of them, or some representation wherein personages old or young are figured as wearing them.

The usage of the mask in the theatre is another of the many features which connect Japan with Greece. The custom arose from the desire to accentuate either the tragic or the comic expression. In Japan, as M. Gonse shows (*"L'Art Japonais,"* p. 170), they can be traced back as far as the ninth century, and he gives an illustration of one which dates from the twelfth. They were at first used for performances called *Kagura*, which were of a semi-religious character, but in later centuries for theatrical and court usages also, the performances or dances taking the names of *Bu-gaku* and *Nō*. They have fallen into desuetude since the seventeenth century. The French have a great fondness for Japanese masks, much



No. 9.—*Okimono: Ivory.* (From the Collection of Mr. Z. Merton.)

more so than ourselves, and French artists are wont to adorn their rooms with engravings of them, when they cannot obtain the originals. To us they appear too ghastly and ugly to be fitting subjects for the decoration of the home.



No. 10.—*Wooden Dressed Figure.*  
Eighteenth Century. (Author's Collection.)

It is a matter of wonder who can be the purchasers of the hideous and weak copies which come over in such numbers. I encountered in a shop-window the other day a series of new ivory masks, of the feeblest kind, which were priced at £80! In Hokusai's *Man-gwa* will be found two plates of masks of the creatures who usually figure in them.

Netsuké collectors will hardly find their collections complete without one or two masks; those which are most sought

after are the work of the family of Demé, especially Demé Uman and Demé Joiman, who confined themselves to this subject, and attained to such distinction as to receive the title "Lord of Wakasa."

We must not forget whilst treating of ivory work to mention the name of one who introduced into Japan the art of decorating ivory with encrustations of mother-of-pearl, coloured ivory, metal work, coral, etc. Shibayama or Dōshō (the former being his family name) lived at the commencement of the present century, and a good example of his work should find a place in all collections. Care must, however, be taken not to have an example overcharged with ornament, such as those he produced later in life, and which his successors are now issuing in considerable quantities.



No. 11.—*Urashima: Wooden Dressed Figure.*  
Eighteenth Century. (Author's Collection.)

MARCUS B. HUISS.

## TEXTILE FABRICS AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.\*

IN discussing the designs of the various materials brought together at South Kensington we have purposely avoided making special reference to the classification; but we think it due to the officers of the Museum to point out that a very careful system of arrangement has been followed, which will prove most useful to the student who wishes to approach the subject from the historical rather than from the ornamental point of view. The sequence of manufactures has been as far as possible preserved, and we find the fabrics displayed in the order of their production—the textiles being on the north side and the embroideries on the south side of the gallery. Where this order has been somewhat lost sight of, as, for instance, in the case of the silks, it is due to the attempt to keep together, say, the damasks and the twilled silks apart from the brocades, while a further interruption in the arrangement, by which all the linen fabrics are transferred to the south side of the gallery, is caused by the desire to utilise the sunny part of the space for materials less liable to fade.

The printed and embroidered linens constitute a very instruc-

tive series of specimens from the designer's point of view. Many of the borders in needlework are most effective, and

would lend themselves readily for reproduction in the loom. From certain of the countries bordering upon the Levant, from Hungary, and even as far north as from Scandinavia, have been brought together examples of embroideries, many of them in simple cross-stitch, in which the motive of the design is admirable, and which well deserve careful study. We have illustrated, in Fig. 16, a border of this character wrought in silk on linen, which was acquired in Crete, and which is possibly of native workmanship. The ornament consists of vases filled with flowers surrounded with conventional foliage, amidst which are birds and dolphins. The curves are free and graceful, and the distribution of the enrichment and the general balance are well maintained. The forms seem more Italian than Oriental, though the Indian pine and the pink, so common in Persian work, may here be traced, mingled with patterns which, though they may have originated in



Fig. 15.—*Italian Sixteenth-Century Brocade.*

the East, have long been regarded as European. A characteristic feature in connection with this ornament is the manner in

\* Continued from page 39.



which the forms of the vases are defined or made out by the stems of the foliage; this treatment, so common in Oriental



*Fig. 16.—Cretan Silk Embroidery.*

work, both in outlines of animals, plants, and other objects incorporated in the design, is rare in the Art of Italy and of those countries which derived so much of their ornament from Eastern sources.

We pointed out, when speaking of the early Egyptian textiles from Akhmim, the oft-recurring motive of the amphora, from which spring flowers and foliage, and an almost identical treatment is found in many of the most gorgeous fabrics of mediæval Italian workmanship. The silk brocades and the velvets which bear the highly decorative designs seen in the backgrounds of the early Flemish and Italian pictures, of which our illustration (Fig. 1) is an example, must have been specially woven to serve as draperies on state occasions.



*Fig. 17.—Crimson Velvet, North Italian.*

They are manifestly not suited for dress materials, and the ornament needs for its due appreciation that the fabric should

be seen extended as a flat surface, and not thrown into folds. The design of this specimen of brocatelle retains strong traces of Sicilian or Oriental influence. The crouching leopards back to back, the stems of the foliage looped together with crowns, the pines and the pinks, might have been taken from an ancient Persian damask or from the product of an Italian loom directed by Saracen weavers. Regarded as a piece of ornament, the composition of this panel is, we think, extremely beautiful, and the fully conventionalised forms both of plants and animals are adapted with singular skill to the spaces to be filled. The pattern is in crimson on a gold background with cotton weft, and the fabric is about twenty inches in width, so that in our illustration it has been considerably reduced.

Another rich brocade, wrought in blue velvet on a ground of gold tissue, in which crowns are intermingled with a floral design, is shown in Fig. 18. This is an Italian textile of the



*Fig. 18.—Late Sixteenth-Century Italian Velvet.*

sixteenth century, and the treatment of the velvet merits careful study, as by leaving portions of the silk loopwork uncut a less raised pile is produced, which serves to outline the flowers and stems, and to produce the venations and markings on the leaves and petals. There is a lack of refinement and a want of graceful outline in this design when contrasted with the earlier work, though even here the indebtedness of the designer to Oriental ornament is noticeable. Thus, the insertion of a minute sprig in the undulating stem and in the centres of the leaves, and the use of the small pendent flowers from the rose have been borrowed from Persian Art. The groundwork of ribbed silk brocade is rendered very rich in appearance by the wrapping of the gold in a silk thread. One of the most sumptuous and beautiful of the specimens of velvet in this collection is that we have shown in Fig. 17. In this work full advantage has been taken of the uncut and cut silk, producing in the one case a crimson velvet pile, and

in the other a ribbed raised crimson silk on a flesh-coloured ground with gold threads. This specimen is described in the



Fig. 19.—Velvet Border. Italian Work.

catalogue as "velvet on velvet," but we think that this term belongs more properly to such velvets as have pile of two distinct lengths so disposed as to produce an embossed pattern in velvet pile on a pile itself raised above the ground. There are several examples of velvets to which this description would apply in the Museum, but none of them appeared suitable for reproduction in our pages. The portions of this material which are of velvet pile can be clearly seen in our illustration, the uncut silk appearing less dark. The motive of the ornament resembles that of many of the specimens obtained from the tombs of the Turkish princesses to which we have already alluded.

One of the most original and interesting of the South Kensington specimens of velvet forms the subject of the accompanying illustration (Fig. 19). It was presented to the Museum by Professor Church, who himself possesses many fine embroideries and examples of early fabrics. This is also a crimson velvet on a coarse ground, which seems to be of cotton; the ornament consists of acanthus leaves on a waving stem with tendrils between each leaf. The character of this ornament is quite distinct from anything else we have seen, and the design is extremely vigorous and most decorative. We are somewhat at a loss to know from what source this work has originated, and to what use it was to have been put. It appears to be a border, as its effect would scarcely be satisfactory if made up in several widths; possibly it may have been intended for furniture or for ecclesiastical decoration. It hails most likely from the North of Italy, but it cannot fail to be regarded with appreciation by the designer.

Certain descriptions of silks in great favour in the Middle

Ages and richly represented in the present collection, the so-called "damasks," are ill-adapted for reproduction by means of the process we have chosen, which gives an actual fac-simile of the fabric exclusive of the colour. The ornament in the case of a damask being obtained, as our readers are doubtless well aware from the familiar instances afforded by table linen, by an effect of light on a different arrangement of the threads in the weaving. A Venetian damask of the early part of the sixteenth century has been selected for our final illustration (Fig. 20). The well-known enclosing form which we have already seen in so many different aspects here serves as the stem for a double row of heart-shaped leaves, and the central space is occupied by a highly conventionalised pomegranate, surrounded by foliage. No less than three different treatments of the crown occur in this design, but we have been unable to obtain the complete repeat, as the specimen is, in this respect, unfortunately imperfect. The colour of the silk is a rich amber, probably once crimson, and it is excellent both in workmanship and design.

We are tempted to linger over the silks in this part of the gallery rather than to pass on to those of a later period, when the ornament becomes more florid, and when flowers and fruit are imitated to perfection and shown in their natural colour, with due regard to shading and foreshortening. The rich silks of Lyons which belong to this date have already been placed in requisition by the modern designer, and have received a far larger share of attention than their merits would seem to us to entitle them. We shall therefore in our concluding observations confine ourselves to the earlier fabrics, where modera-



Fig. 20.—Venetian Silk Damask.

tion in ornament has been more strictly attended to, and which we think are really more deserving of careful study.

GILBERT R. REDGRAVE.



## MR. THORNYCROFT'S STATUE OF GENERAL GORDON.

A STATUE to the late General Gordon was voted by Parliament in 1885, and soon afterwards the commission to execute it was offered to and accepted by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A. It was a task charged with adventitious as well as inherent difficulty. The first difficulty concerned the site. The Government suggestion was that the 'Napier' at the west corner of Trafalgar Square should be removed, and a Gordon statue take its place, as a companion figure to the 'Havelock' at the eastern corner. The only conceivable reason for this extraordinary proposition is that Gordon, like Havelock, was distinctively a man of religious faith. The sculptor was naturally overwhelmed with the implied necessity of producing a statue which should keep the monstrous 'Havelock' in countenance. He begged for another position, the centre of the square between the fountains, and after some delay it was assigned him. There came then considerations of proportion and keeping with the surrounding architecture. The greatest difficulty, however, was inherent, that of creating a statue that should be worthy of Gordon. The hero's character, once understood, stands

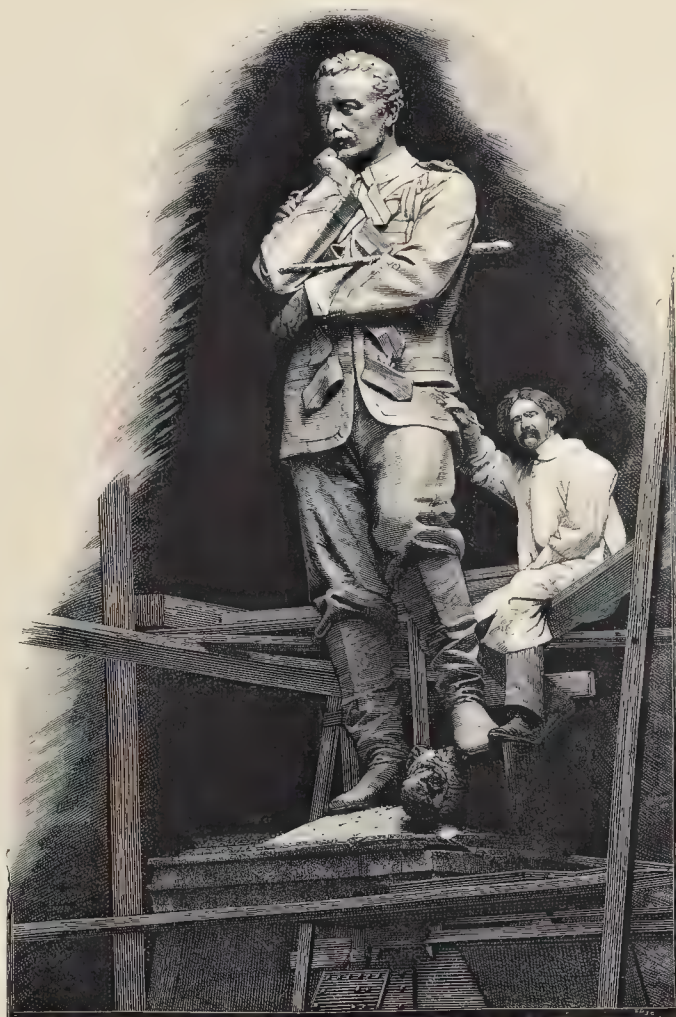
confessed as of the simplest and sanest kind. His almost fatalistic religious position once granted, his premiss of the comparative relation of this life to the next once allowed, his conduct appears most clearly and severely logical; other men

have had strong religious faith, but have heaped inconsistency on inconsistency in their conduct: Gordon was never inconsistent with himself, never wavered in his line of conduct. Though he may be called a mystic, he was not given to speculation; he was essentially a doer, not a dreamer.

This exceptional character of his subject Mr. Thornycroft either has missed, or has avoided as impossible of expression within his limits. He has given what may be called the "run-and-read" version of Gordon, but, that once said, it must be added he has given it with discretion and success.

The Gordon of the statue (which is of bronze, and about twice life-size) is a handsome, pensive, solitary-seeming man, with certain proper-

ties and decorations which suggest the most widely-known points of his story. He is in undress (suggesting his dislike of display); he carries no weapon, but he wears a binocular field-glass slung on his shoulder, and he holds



*Statue of General Gordon in the Sculptor's Studio.*

the famous rattan cane, "the wand of victory," in the curve of his left arm, which lies across his breast, the hand grasping a Bible; his right arm is raised, the elbow resting on the left hand and the Bible, and the closed hand propping the chin; he is planted firmly on his right foot, while he rests his left on a broken cannon (which is doubtless intended to symbolise his hatred of war, except as a means sometimes to attain the ends of justice and humanity). The statue is so good a piece of work that we cannot but wish it had been better; it is, to use the common phrase, so "very like" Gordon, that we regret the likeness had not been carried deeper, and been a revelation of the spirit of the man. As it is, the statue seems to us to be in sculpture what the anecdotal biography is in literature; it seeks to give a presentment of its subject by illustrative detail rather than by an

imaginative attempt by look and attitude to express the soul. The statue is prose, so to say—very good, very pleasant prose, but still prose—when we should have liked, and the subject demanded, poetry, which the sculptor has shown elsewhere he is able to give.

On the right and left sides of the pedestal (in designing which Mr. Thornycroft has received the assistance of Mr. Waterhouse) are allegorical bronze panels in low relief, that on the left symbolising Charity and Justice, and that on the right Fortitude and Faith. The figures are vigorous and dignified; they have been poetically conceived, lovingly modelled. When all is said, it must be considered that the statue and its adjuncts constitute one of the best public monuments London can show. The engraving we give shows the sculptor in his studio, about to give the finishing touches to his work.

## EXHIBITIONS.

**PASTELS.**—The exhibition at the Grosvenor is interesting evidence of the revival of that pleasant art of Pastel of which Rosalba Carriera, La Tour, Létard, and Vigée, in the last century, have been the most distinguished exponents. The greatest Pastellist to-day is undoubtedly Degas, who is not represented at the Grosvenor; but yet, though thus somewhat resembling the play of *Hamlet* with the part of Hamlet omitted, this first Pastel Exhibition is remarkable and instructive. It is impossible not to be struck with the contrast between the French and the English work. The French Pastellists are (for the most part) disciplined masters of their medium; they know completely its range of application and of expression. The English (with few exceptions, who are chiefly French-trained artists) are but amateurs experimenting with a vehicle whose beauty and facility fascinate them and tempt them into extravagance; they do not yet understand either its capabilities or its limits. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the English are as far below their French brethren in intelligence and attainment as they are above the Pastellists of the London pavement. The French Pastellists show that they appreciate to the full the value of pastel for truthful and effective rendering of flesh tints and of textile surfaces—that is to say, in nude or semi-nude subjects and in portraiture. The most admirable evidence of this in the Grosvenor are the examples of MM. Machard, Blanche, and Fantin-Latour. 'Soap-bubbles' and 'Juno,' by M. Machard, are especially delightful studies of the nude. They are half-length female figures with drapery about the lower part. The delicate softness, and the suggested vaporous warmth, so to speak, of the flesh are express and admirable, and withal there is a vigour and distinction about the modelling which the crayon in the fingers of a capable draughtsman seems to encourage. 'The Dance' and the 'Ariadne' of M. Fantin-Latour are also excellent examples of the nude; in the former especially the figures have solidity and dignity as well as *abandon*, and the drapery is instinct with air and grace; the latter (otherwise so graceful and vigorous) is somewhat spoiled by the thick, featureless modelling of the foot. In portraiture M. Blanche is pre-eminent, though the notable excellence of 'Donna Olga Caracciolo' is marred by the abnormal length of the feet and by the render-

ing of the curtain in the background as if it were made of deal boards. M. Blanche uses his crayons, however, with a fine, sober sense of colour values, and draws and models with freedom and vigour, with the result that his portraits are instinct with grace and distinction. His 'Mlle. Bartet, of the Comédie Française,' which is a harmony of blacks and greys, and his 'Mlle. J. M.,' which is suffused with pale pink and white, are notable examples of his manner. In excellent contrast with these are the powerfully drawn, brilliantly coloured male and female heads of Polish types by Mlle. Anna Bilinska. With very rare exceptions, such as the 'Drusilla' of Mrs. Louise Jopling, and the 'Miss Ethel Wright' of Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, portraiture and the nude show a lack both of sincerity and accomplishment when handled by English artists; they seem to be either ashamed or distrustful of the pastel medium for the production of serious results. Many of their exhibits are confessedly only "studies for pictures;" and even in landscape and seascape, where they have used the pastel as the final vehicle of expression, they are good rather in intention than in accomplishment; they have felt after results rather than attained them.

**ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS.**—Among the six hundred and twenty-nine pictures which, gathered together at the Royal Institute, form its autumn exhibition, portraits, landscape, and genre are all well represented. Among the many portraits worthy of attention, the first to be mentioned is the richly-coloured 'Daughters of E. Meredith Crosse, Esq.,' by the President, Sir J. Linton. The sombre tones of the oak panelling forming the background and the warm coloured dresses of the girls produce a luxurious effect. It is a pity, however, that the figures are not full length. Striking portraits are contributed by Mr. S. Solomon, Mr. Shannon, and Mr. John Burr, who in his portrait of an old woman, 'The Artist's Model,' shows us his usual insight into the representation of old age. Among landscapes, Mr. Alfred East's, always noticeable for the beauty of their composition, are on a par with his usual standard of excellence. Mr. F. G. Cotman contributes a 'View of St. Ives,' which is full of poetical feeling, which would be complete were it not for the somewhat heavily executed tree on the right of the



canvas. A pleasing little painting is 'Thunder Clouds, Reigate Heath,' by Mr. E. A. Waterlow. It is a very small canvas, and the subject, perhaps, rather lacks interest; but nevertheless it is very charmingly executed, and one cannot see it without a feeling of pleasure. Mr. Helcké also sends two or three noticeable but rather empty works.

Of pictures neither portraits or landscape, Mr. Reid's 'Our Fisher-Folk' is full of glowing sunlight, but his reds are too prominent and harsh, and he has followed the early English school even so far as to confine his male figures to crusted old salts, whom, nowadays, one regards somewhat in the light of impostors on the look out for a tip. A small study by Mr. Alma Tadema is painted in subdued tones very pleasant to the eye. Mr. John White sends a bright little canvas to which is attached a quotation which is too long to repeat here, but which seems very appropriate to the restful spirit of the picture. 'A Tender Chord,' by Mr. Millet, is charming in tone and feeling, and Mr. Dendy Sadler's 'Corked' is a

decidedly clever and amusing study of expression, as in another way is Mr. Morley's 'Honeymoon Couple,' a pair of owls sitting side by side on an apple bough. 'Awaiting Sentence,' by Mr. Frank Dadd, is also a picture worthy of some attention, and Mr. Arthur Hacker's 'Children's Prayer' is a clever work and must be admitted as one of the remarkable pictures in the exhibition, though the mother's hand looks too lazy and carefully tended for a cottager's wife.

The 'Fishermen's Reading Room,' by Mr. Stanhope Forbes, and the 'Sunday Reading at Chioggia,' by Mr. W. H. Pike, are both noticeable. The former has cleverly arranged light and is strong in treatment. Mr. Pike's painting is good, but the men look more like Frenchmen of the lower classes than Italians; in this work, though, there are signs of good taste and artistic feeling.

Almost the last picture in the exhibition, a portrait by Mr. H. Windsor Fry, has, besides the most inappropriate quotation attached, a remarkably pleasant effect to distinguish it.

## ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

**PERSONAL.**—Mr. Calderon proposes to paint the Parnell Commission in the act of sitting. Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir John Gilbert, Sir James Linton, Mr. E. Burne-Jones, Mr. Sidney Colvin, and others, have founded a Drawing Society of Great Britain and Ireland, with the object of making drawing an essential part of education in all schools. Dr. Taylor, Curator of the Ipswich Museum, is preparing a volume on ancient Ipswich. M. Chapu has completely finished his 'Le Verrier' for the Cour de l'Observatoire, Paris. M. Henri de Bornier, author of "La Fille de Roland" and the "Noces d'Atila," has been placed at the head of the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal.

**MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES.**—The five Constables presented (by the painter's daughter) to the National Gallery are the famous 'Cenotaph,' a 'Flatford Mill' (1817), a 'Glebe Farm,' a 'Harwich, Sea and Lighthouse,' and a 'View of Hampstead Heath.' Mr. J. R. Swinton has presented to the National Gallery a small and carefully finished Gainsborough, a portrait of Maurice Vestris. The Morgan Collection, lately added to the British Museum, includes some twenty Papal rings, a series of chamberlain's keys, a great number of watches, and some fifty clocks, among them a masterpiece by Isaac Habrecht (1589), one of the makers of the famous clock at Strasburg. Mr. Herkomer has presented his 'Roadmender' to the Leeds Corporation Art Gallery. A portrait of Charles Swain has been added to the Manchester Corporation Art Gallery. Mr. J. Forbes White has presented a good example of Roelofs to the Aberdeen Gallery. Mme. De Ujfalvy Bourelon has presented two pieces of old Transylvanian ware to the Musée de Sèvres. Under the will of the Aulic Councillor, Van Block, the City of Dresden has succeeded to a collection of Historical Boots and Shoes, including Napoleon's coronation shoes and the boots he wore at the battle of Dresden, the boots of Murat, the boots of Kant, a pair of high-heeled slippers worn by Maria-Theresa, and so forth.

**LEEDS PERMANENT ART GALLERY.**—The new building for the Permanent Art Gallery comprises spacious vestibule, large and lofty central court for museum purposes, and six picture galleries admirably lighted. The collection contains at present, among others, 'The Roll Call' and 'Scotland for Ever,' by Lady Butler; portrait of John Ruskin, by Professor Herkomer; Millais's portrait of Mr. Gladstone, and many fine pictures lent by the Royal Academy, the corporations of Nottingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, and the South Kensington Museum.

**LIGHT AND WATER COLOURS.**—The Commissioners of the Royal Scottish Water-Colour Society have been experimenting on the action of light on water colours. The pigments found permanent when exposed to sunshine in dry air were madder, madder lake, Indian red, Venetian red, burnt sienna, raw sienna, aureoline, chrome yellow, cadmium yellow, yellow ochre, Naples yellow, emerald green, terre vert, olive green, cobalt blue, French blue, ultramarine blue, permanent blue, Payne's grey, sepia, burnt umber, and green oxide of chromium. Besides these, the following show, without change, after three years' exposure to the sunshine and daylight in a window facing the south:—Lemon cyanine blue, permanent yellow, Roman ochre, and golden ochre. Brown madder and madder carmine faded slightly, the former going pinker, while olive green also went browner and paler, perhaps owing to damp, as the colours were not protected, except by the glass of the window. Field's extract of vermilion stood without going black, but slightly faded. It was noted that Chinese white materially affected some pigments, and the recommendation is made that it should be avoided as much as possible. Of course the colours thus tested have been tested out of combination, so that the results obtained, however interesting, are only comparative.

**OBITUARY.**—The death is announced of the religious and genre painter, Reuben W. Sayers; of the architect, Lucien

Douillard; of Léon Longepied, sculptor of an 'Immortalité' in the Luxembourg; of the painter Fayen-Perrin, a pupil of Cogniet and Yvon; of the Dutch collector and connoisseur, Abraham Willet; of the Scotch archaeologist, T. S. Muir; of the Scotch architect of the Glasgow Exhibition, James Sellars; of the sculptor and medallist, C.-J.-M. Degeorge; and of the Belgian marine painter, F. Murin.

THE MUNICH CABINET OF DRAWINGS.\*—The modern science of connoisseurship has been brought to the perfection—the comparative perfection—of the moment very largely by the photographic reproduction of drawings. Thirty years ago the student of the old Italian masters had but the scantiest opportunities for directly comparing their handiwork. To come to any satisfactory conclusions, he required a retentive memory as well as a sure eye. Nowadays, he can have under his eye what are, practically, fac-similes from the work done by the masters at their frankest moments. Most of the more important European collections of drawings have been photographed in a style adapted to the utilitarian needs of the connoisseur, who cannot now be looked upon as properly equipped without such a little museum as may thus be made. Besides the connoisseur, however, there is the lover of Art, the man who wants the best fac-similes he can get of Raphael and Rembrandt's work in line for pure enjoyment, who wishes to put them in his portfolios and to hang them upon his walls. To supply his needs, such publications as that on which the Berlin Photographic Company is now engaged in connection with the drawings at Munich have been projected. The first instalment of these *Handzeichnungen alter Meister* is now before us. It consists of some five-and-twenty reproductions. The process used is that known as collotype, and the results are excellent. The subjects include an angel's head, by Albrecht Dürer; a 'Christ on the Cross,' by Altdorfer; a very fine Rembrandt, a man with a turban at supper with two women; a good Hobbema, and a first-rate reproduction from a freely-touched pencil drawing by Ruysdael. Among the others, the best, perhaps, are a 'Tinker,' by Gaspar Netscher; a stalwart woman with characteristic flying drapery, by Andrea Mantegna; and a well-known Boucher, a Venus and Cupid. Two Raphaels are not of the first importance, but they are as well reproduced as the rest. The selection which has been made by Dr. W. Schmidt, Conservator of the Royal Cabinet of Engravings at Munich, promises to be at once judicious and catholic: and the general "get up," both of photographs and portfolio, is in better and more restrained style than usual with German productions of the sort.

PEN-AND-INK NOTES.—Over five million visitors passed the turnstiles of the Glasgow Exhibition. To many of these, "Pen-and-Ink Notes at the Glasgow Exhibition" (London: J. S. Virtue & Co., Limited) will prove very acceptable. It consists of about one hundred and fifty drawings and sixteen full-page plates, by Mr. Raffles Davison, of features in the Exhibition. With sketch-book in one hand and pen in the other, the artist roamed wherever his judgment or fancy led him, sketching just those things he thought would prove interesting to the public. Some of the most successful illustrations are sketches of pictures and sculpture. The leading attractions of the Exhibition are described in clear, practical

fashion by Mr. Robert Walker. Altogether "Pen-and-Ink Notes" forms a very useful and suitable record of one of the most successful exhibitions of modern times.

Of "THE INNS OF OLD SOUTHWARK" (London: Longmans), by Messrs. W. Rendle and Philip Norman, there is nothing but good to say. Mr. Rendle's "Old Southwark and its People" is a capital book, and Mr. Norman was inspired by the study of it to take up with the old Southwark inns, and especially as an artist to gather together many original drawings and copies of old and authentic representations of these famous hostelrys. The result is the present volume, which is, says Mr. Rendle, as good a book as his and Mr. Norman's labour—"a labour of love"—could produce. He is responsible for the text; the illustrations are Mr. Norman's. The one is the complement of the other, and the combination is excellent. The White Hart, the Tabard, the George, the Nag's Head, the Spur, the Three Tuns, the Walnut Tree, the Chequers, the Boar's Head, "Tumbledown Dick," the Red Lion, the Elephant and Castle—these and fifty more are made to live for us, as they were and as they are, and that in the pleasantest way imaginable. Indeed, the authors have done worthily by a worthy subject, and their work is one that should endure.

In "LE MONT SAINT-MICHEL" (Paris: Plon) MM. Debouchet (*père et fils*) have written, illustrated, and produced a very pleasant book. Fact, history, legend, typography—all is fish that comes to their net; and the text in which they deal with the literature of their subject is both instructive and amusing. The purely illustrative part of their work is not, perhaps, so satisfactory. It consists of etchings, *hors texte*, and drawings made for one or other of the innumerable processes available to modern artists; and the less pretentious it is the more striking and successful it appears. M. Étienne Ducret ("Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society"), who contributes a preface, accuses them boldly of the production of effects which recall the achievements of Rembrandt and Piranesi; but M. Étienne Ducret is plainly an enthusiast, and his assurance in this case is worth no more than Bardolph's in another. MM. Debouchet, to speak the truth, are not excessively romantic in themselves; their romance, indeed, is rather deliberate than otherwise; their imaginings are scholarly, well-bred, no wilder and no more disordered than another's. All the same, their book is very workmanlike in style and suggestive in effect; and those who want to know something of Mont Saint-Michel can do no better than take, and be guided by, this book.

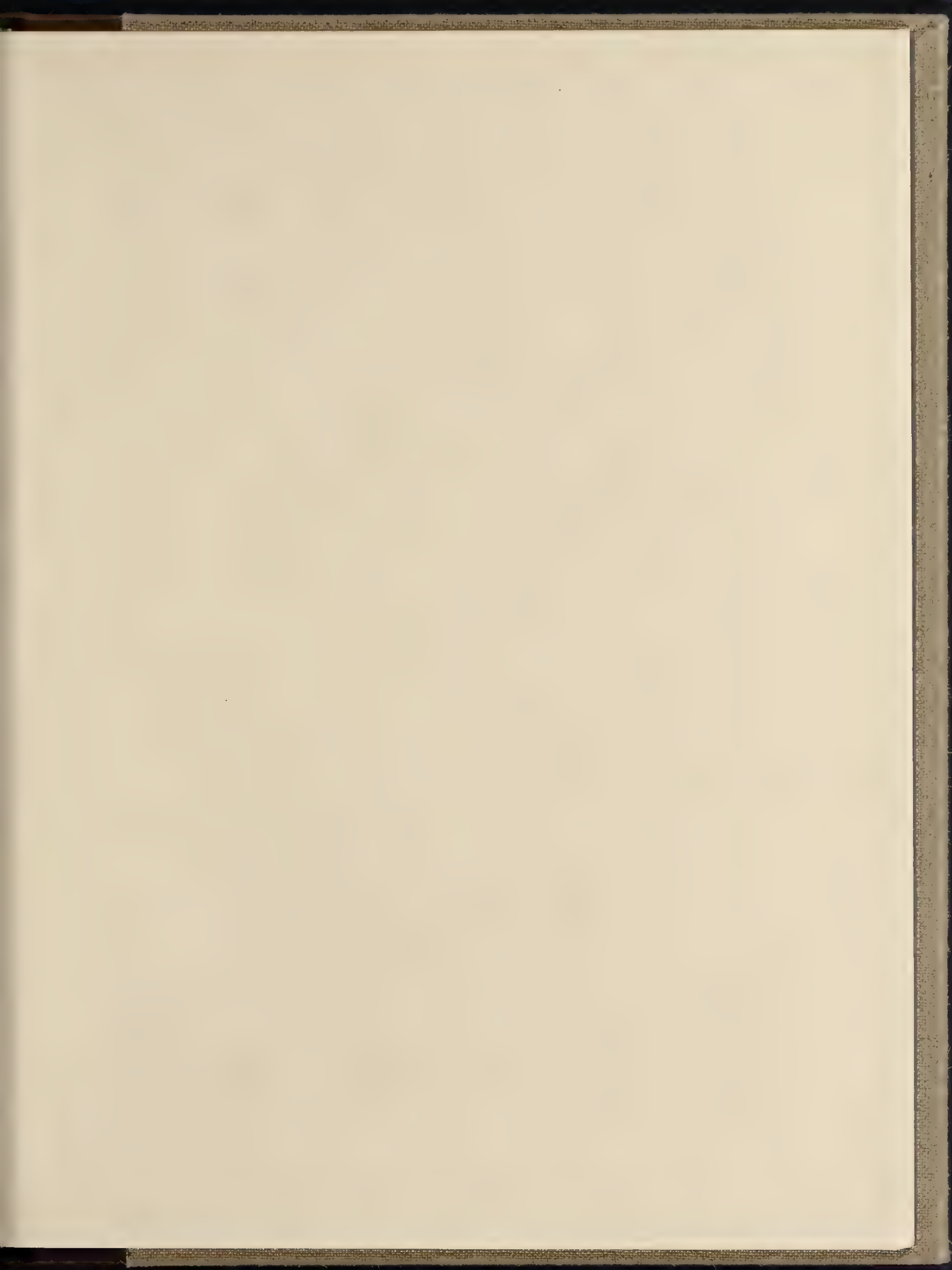
CHRISTMAS CARDS.—From Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner we have received a stout deal box containing an assortment of Christmas cards, photographic opals and booklets. Among the latter, "Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen," with illustrations by Alice Havers and Ernest Wilson, forms an exceedingly attractive little volume.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Arthur Willmore, the line engraver, who for many years was associated with the *Art Journal*.

ERRATUM.—In Mr. Claude Phillips's "Henner" (*Art Journal* for November), "Holy Trinity of Beltraffio" (p. 346, line 8) should of course be "Holy Family."

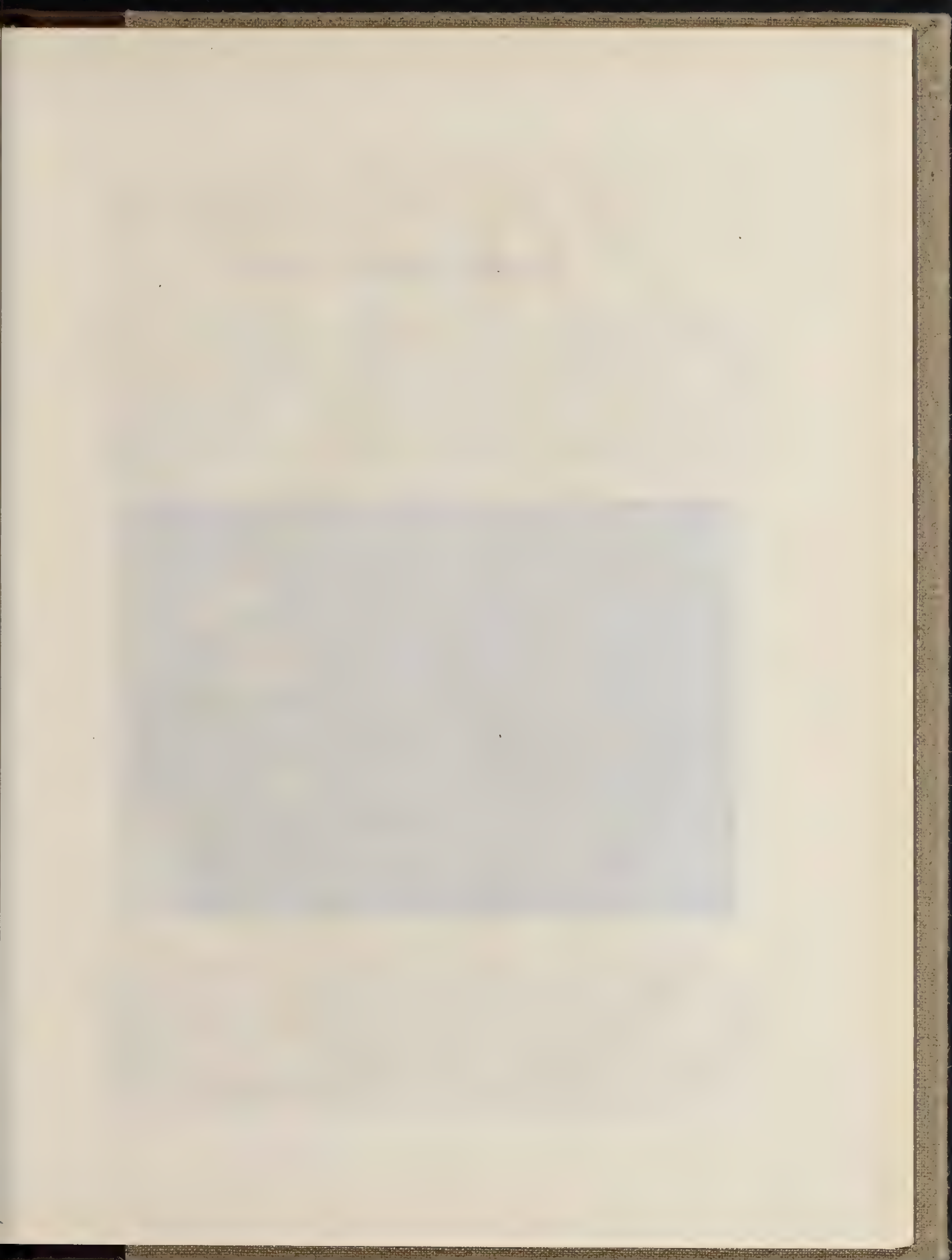
\* *Handzeichnungen alter Meister in Königlichen Kupferstich-Kabinet zu München* (Berlin Photographic Company).















## JAMES CLARKE HOOK, R.A.

WHEN the production of this new biography was first mooted to Mr. Hook, he assented with a laugh, and demanded, "Shan't I be like a cat with nine lives?" It is, no doubt, an unusual fact, that at least four biographies have already appeared of a man who was young within the memories of most of us, whose art still flourishes as hale as himself, and of whose laurels not a leaf has faded. It is, however, not very extraordinary that tens of thousands of readers have been found for memoirs of one who, if the giving of delight be a source of happiness to men, must

needs be among the most richly blessed in his lifetime. Are there not hosts of townsmen jaded of eye, of heart, and of spirit, who have stood before Hook's pictures and seemed to hear the far-off sea grow louder day by day, and thanked him for such previsions of the sunlight and the coast? Innumerable spirits have walked with his by the sunlit brooks and in the lanes of Surrey, or been lifted in boats at sea. Of these biographies the first was by Mr. W. W. Fenn, a landscape painter who could not but be in sympathy with the art of his subject. Another was published in 1882 in the series on "Modern



*J. C. Hook, R.A. From a Photograph by Mr. A. H. Palmer.*

Artists." This, my own work, has been freely used below. The third, the most anecdotal of all, abounding in personal incidents and home knowledge, and of the greatest value in these respects, was lately published in *The Portfolio*. It is by Mr. A. H. Palmer, who, as the son of Samuel Palmer, a dear companion of the R.A., had the best opportunities fortune and friends' help could afford. It is hoped Mr. Palmer's anecdotes will be collected in a volume. Meanwhile, intending to cover a larger field than *The Portfolio*, and generously permitted to borrow from its pages, I shall do my

best to render needless, for the present at least, the appearance of the five "lives" which it seems are still due to the painter, the man, and the friend. With this design, the present text contains a great deal of fresh matter supplied by the artist, his family, and others; descriptions\* written before his pictures and in scenes connected with him and them, as well as new criticisms of various kinds.

Descended from a family settled near Wooler, in Northum-

\* Some of these descriptions are from notices published in the *Athenaeum*, as well as in the above-named "Modern Artists" of 1882.

berland, a race originally Norman, with Finnish relationships (traces of which are in the aspect of the artist), James Hook, the father of our painter, was a merchant in the West African trade, sometimes resident in Sierra Leone, and for many years a voyager between England and that deleterious colony. With some distinction, which clung to him in after-life, James Hook shared the functions of the Mixed Commission Court, and acted as Judge-Arbitrator in that place. It was a post of responsibility and much labour, and subject to troubles it is easy to guess at. Judge-Arbitrator Hook, before his son's birth, became acquainted with Mungo Park the traveller, who, in 1804, vanished for the second time into the interior of Africa, and returned not, but late in the autumn of the following year was drowned, it is said, at a rapid of the Niger.\* James (son of the Rev. John) Hook, of Norwich, who was much employed for Vauxhall music, and who composed "Within a Mile of

Mrs. James Hook (of Norwich), born Madden, wrote the



From the Artist's Sketch-book.



27, Northampton Square, where Mr. Hook was born.

Edinbro' Town," belonged to an elder branch of the family; his sons were Dean Hook of Worcester (1773-1828), and Theodore Edward Hook (1788-1841), author of "Sayings and Doings," "Gilbert Gurney," and many other books, witticisms and freaks of fun. He was editor of the *John Bull* newspaper. Dr. Walter Farquhar Hook, Dean of Chichester, and previously Vicar of Leeds, was a son of the Worcesterdean. The latter attained considerable skill in drawing, and was the only member of the family in whom artistic proclivities were marked

musical farce called "The Double Disguise," and died in 1805. The Dean of Worcester married Anne, second daughter of Sir Walter Farquhar, Bart. He is known as the author of the novels "Pen Owen" and "Percy Mallory." Judge-Arbitrator Hook married Eliza Frances, second daughter of Dr. Adam Clarke, the renowned commentator on the Bible, much honoured by Wesleyans, who was commissioned to preach by Wesley himself. Having quitted Millbrook in Lancashire, an estate which his admirers had purchased for him, the doctor resided at Haydon Hall, Eastcote, near Pinner, where my subject spent many happy days of his boyhood, climbed all the trees in the fine old garden, and otherwise disported himself vigorously. It was at Eastcote, and about this time, the painter was introduced to "L. E. L.," the poetess, who, as Mrs. McLean, lived not happily and died at Cape Coast Castle.

At No. 27, Northampton Square, Clerkenwell (of which the reader has a view), at 1.30 A.M., 21st November, 1819,† my subject—their first child—was born to Judge Hook and his wife. At No. 45 in the neighbouring St. John's Square, the house of his sons, who there carried on their business as printers, an apartment was reserved for Dr. Clarke. There

† At this time Northampton Square was within easy reach of the fields, sunlight, and fresh air. Roads near it, now lined with houses, were then enclosed by hedges and shaded by trees. The square is still "respectable," although it has "gone down in the world." The trees resist the all-pervading smoke. The square proper is now dedicated to popular use, and distinguished by a somewhat jejune but pleasant fountain, and neatly gravelled paths. At the time of my recent visit scores of children were gambolling or squabbling under the foliage and on the fresh grass plots: a tall dove-house indicated something that, for Clerkenwell, was quite idyllic, although the pigeons' wings were obscured by soot, and the trees were somewhat dingy. But the very sky was ruled by telegraph wires, and on the roof of one house newly-washed linen was fluttering in the breeze. The houses are all of the ordinary ten-roomed London type, built of brick, and of one date—c. 1810. They are well-kept, and most of them are occupied by wholesale firms, whose watchmaking pervades the neighbourhood in a quite astonishing manner. This craft is supported by goldsmiths, jewellers, case-makers, and the like. On most of the door-posts are more bell-handles than one, but they are decently polished, and the doors themselves are in a condition far above the present standard of the quarter. No. 27 is in a comely state, and occupied by a jeweller of higher degree than ordinary, whose brass plate, with "Counting-house" engraved on it, is a mark of dignity. The door-posts, the cornice and its dentils of the houses prove that in 1819 this must have been a sort of Grosvenor Square of the East. One side is almost majestic in a continuous verandah before the first floor windows. The crafts of Clerkenwell are in evidence wherever the attics have long windows to admit plenty of light to men at work within. The locality is remarkable for prodigious swarms of children, whose voices cause the streets to ring. Here a golden arm projects from a house, there appear less interesting insignia of the crafts allied to watchmaking.

\* Mr. A. H. Palmer tells us that one of the judge's amusements was rearing two lion cubs, which played about the house till they reached years of indiscretion. "But one day, having successfully disputed a joint of meat with a scared butcher, they were taken to England, and (being declined by Mrs. Hook) ended their days in Exeter Change, after one of them had been etched by Landseer." This etching seems to have been that entitled "Heads of a Lion and Tiger," produced by Landseer in 1809, when he was seven years old.



most of his books were printed, including "The Holy Scriptures," with the famous Commentary.

From St. John's Square to the house of his daughter in Northampton Square, Dr. Clarke had not far to go. An inscription in the family Bible, which is now in Mr. Hook's possession, attests that he was baptized on Wednesday, December 15th, 1819, by his maternal grandfather, who added that a record of this event had been "Entered in the Wesleyan Methodists Book, 66, Paternoster Row, Folio 75, No. 595." Thus born a Wesleyan, the painter has remained\* one of the more earnest members of that religious body, towards whose convenience and service he has liberally contributed at Silverbeck, in the Farnham region, where he now lives, by aiding in the erection of a chapel and various other buildings.

James Hook's avocations compelled him to spend much of his time at Sierra Leone. His sojourning with his family was,

therefore, not continuous. During one of his absences the family lived at Pinner, close to Haydon Hall, as above-mentioned. At other times they were at Northampton Square, in the neighbourhood of which James Hook had joined in establishing the North Islington Proprietary School, to which, that being the best academy in the district, the young R.A. to be was in due time sent. Here he obtained the greater portion of his schooling. He likewise attended a Quakers' school in the same neighbourhood kept by a Mr. Everett, of whom he retains pleasant memories.

It was during holiday times Hook enjoyed several foretastes of his life to come which, doubtless, had much to do with his love for salt water. They consisted in going by sea to visit his father's mother at Wooler, in Northumberland. These voyages were made in one or other of the big Leith and Berwick smacks, of two hundred tons, and



*The Diamond Merchants. From the Picture in the possession of Louis Huth, Esq.*

perfect sea-boats, worked by capital sailors and well commanded. They included the *Sir William Wallace*, a crack example, with an immense boom projecting far beyond her stern, and huge sails that took many strong arms to handle. The voyage lasted from two days to a fortnight. When delayed by contrary breezes or calms, the *Sir William* would lie to or stay at anchor for a day or more in Yarmouth Roads, and young Hook mounted to the mast-head to scan the sea with a telescope or watch other detained craft.†

Hook was a popular school-boy, especially at the Islington

academy. It was there, although he had been sketching and drawing some time before, that his inclination for drawing first successfully manifested itself. He beat all the boys in drawing, and he speaks kindly of the zeal and intelligence of his teacher, from whom he received the prize still preserved

and similar craft to carry as much sail as was compatible with safety. Of this they often touched and sometimes passed the very margin. Accidents were, nevertheless, extremely rare, because the vessels were of admirable quality throughout. It was looked upon as a commendable thing when the skipper "held on" till he lost a spar or a topsail. In the latter case his owners usually gave him a new hat and cheerfully paid for the damage if the *Sir William*, the *Earl of Wemyss*, the *Duke of Buccleuch*, or any of their rivals got into Leith before her competitors on equal terms. Such smacks appear in pictures by Chambers, Vincent, and others. In Turner's 'Calais Pier,' in the National Gallery, the Calais packet is staggering under heavy sail and rushing harbourward in a stiff south-wester.

\* In the donor's hand this Bible states that it was "The Gift of Adam Clarke to his Son & Daughter, James & Eliza Frances Hook, January 1st, 1820," i.e. forty days after the painter was born.

† It was a point of honour among the skippers of the Leith and Berwick smacks

at Silverbeck, inscribed with his name, and "for a drawing of a Head" and dated "July, 1833." This prize, although it may be said to be the winner's first artistic distinction, is ludicrously out of keeping with his Art at any time. It is Moses's engravings of 'The Gallery of Pictures painted by Benjamin West,' folio, 1811, in elaborate outlines. When studied in connection with the stilted prose of the text accompanying them, the contrast is laughable. The recipient was then fourteen, and about to leave school, which he did in 1834. Even in this juvenile stage he drew with ease. His father—a man of culture and refinement—so far from adopting the notions of that day, which recognised in every would-be painter a predestined George Morland, actively encouraged the youth in drawing, and procured for him the counsel of artists. Among these, John Jackson, an ardent Wesleyan and a famous Royal Academician—for whom Hook retains high admiration—was helpful. Jackson's daughter

introduced young Hook to Constable, who became a kindly adviser, upon whom the pupil was wont to wait.<sup>†</sup> Constable was a very steady Churchman and a great friend of the Hooks. He died in 1837, ere which time it was a frequent treat to the young grandson of the Commentator to trudge to No. 7, Newman Street, where Jackson lived, in order to show his drawings and sketches. Among other helpers were the Chalons, then living at No. 42, Great Marlborough Street. For a year or two the lad was left much to his own devices, and ranged over the then semi-rural North London. Even in 1834–6 it was very easy to get into the open air and fields from what was then known as the New Road, and Goswell Street, where, by the way, Mr. Pickwick lived when in town, was in a better condition than any street north of Croydon will be found at the present date. In 1834 the New River was within reach, and there Hook, an adept at swimming, delighted in bathing many times a day. At this period,



*From the Artist's Sketch-book.*

too, he often lay awake at night scheming how to make his allowance of a half-penny a week cover the expenses of his guinea-pigs and rabbits, "a difficulty," says Mr. Palmer, "which led to more than one foray for vegetables."

After this interval of indecision, much of which was spent in the practice of drawing, the young Hook declined, because he disliked conventional teaching, to enter the Art School of Mr. Sass (the "Gandish's" of Thackeray's "Newcomes"), at that time the most frequented atelier in London.\* He, without supervision, set to work in the Sculpture Galleries of the British Museum, where, finding his best models in the

Elgin Marbles, he studied them diligently and heartily, and from them gained not a little of that sense of style, love for simplicity, largeness, and breadth of design, and that reliance on thoroughness which characterize the best Art of all kinds, and have always distinguished his pictures.

After more than a year's hard and steady work at the Museum, where he drew the Panathenaic frieze, pedimental statues, and many fragments, "shading them firmly with the

nothing and were taught nothing. The pupils of Sass were, by their rivals, supposed to pride themselves on a sort of gentility which distinguished them from their somewhat freer fellows.

\* His house ought to be marked with a tablet. Its original number was 35. This has been changed by the parochial busybodies who find pleasure in meddling with the numbers of noteworthy houses and thus confusing histories they ought to cherish. The present number is 75, the house is on the east side of Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, next but one southwards to Chitty Street, formerly North Street; it adjoins the Church. Constable died there April 31, 1837. J. J. Jenkins, water-colour painter, lived there for many years. R. Wilson lived for a time in the adjoining (north side) corner house, where Woollett (engraver) also lived.

\* This seminary, where a great many of our better artists, including Sir John Millais, were trained for the Schools of the Royal Academy, was held in No. 6, a large house at the south-east angle of what was then Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury, now Bloomsbury Street, and Thornton Street, near the British Museum. There was a sort of rivalry between the "Sassites" and the Art Students in the Sculpture Galleries of the British Museum, who were called "Museumites," and held their heads differently from those of their neighbours, because they paid





THE MIRROR OF THE SEA-MEW; OR, THE GULLS' TOILETTE.

*From the Picture in the possession of SIR JOHN MILLAIS, BART., R.A.*

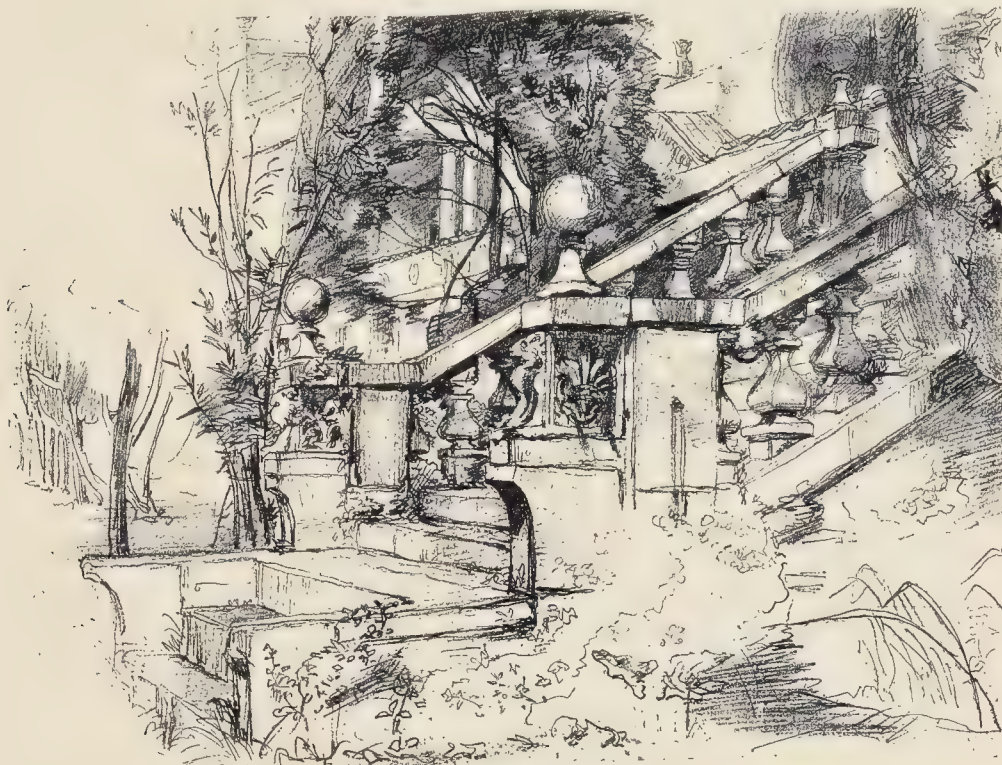




stump," as he phrased it, he sent a shaded drawing of 'The Drunken Faun' for admission to the Royal Academy Antique School, and, being accepted as a probationer, drew there 'The Dancing Faun' (shaded), a skeleton, and an anatomical figure, such as the rules of the Academy then required ere a pupil was admitted as a Student proper. This was conceded to him on the 7th of December, 1836. Both the shaded drawings are still in existence, and the finish of the figures attests the skill of the draughtsman, the breadth of modelling approves his good judgment, while the softness of the contours shows something which still obtains whenever he paints the figure. His first knowledge of painting proper (which the Academicians did not teach to Students in the

Antique School), in cultivating which he was encouraged by A. E. Chalon, was by means of Mr. Edward Opie (a pupil of H. P. Briggs, R.A., and a grand-nephew of the Cornish painter, John Opie, R.A.), who took him in hand during a year, and thoroughly drilled him on a scientific system. Mr. E. Opie painted a portrait of his since-renowned pupil. When Hook was a Student at the Academy, Hilton was Keeper, and in that capacity had charge of the Antique School.\*

Hilton did not fail to notice the ability and energy of young Hook, and gave him all the assistance in his power. The pupil retains a lively impression of Hilton's kindness, and has always warmly appreciated his efforts to produce High Art, and to promote it in this country. When Hook



*A Garden near Rome.*

was admitted a student, Hilton had but three years to live. On the 30th December, 1839, he died at the house of his friend Peter de Wint. For three years Hook worked diligently in the schools, and, during this period, was the recipient of three medals from the Society of Arts, one of which fell to him at the time the then Master John E. Millais was similarly distinguished. During Hook's probationership the Royal Academy was located in the rooms built for its use by Sir W. Chambers at Somerset House; our painter was a member of the latest batch of students who worked there. On the 28th of April, 1837, the Academicians left Somerset House for Trafalgar Square. They escaped the effects of the unfair attacks by Joseph Hume and other "reformers,"

who never would allow themselves to see that, as the nation had given the Academy nothing whatever (but, on the contrary, had benefited enormously by the instruction, at the Academy's sole expense, of some thousands of students), the public had no right to expect the R.A.'s should half beggar themselves by admitting the proletariat to the exhibitions for nothing "one day or more during the week." Such was Hume's modest demand.

With his fellow-students Hook removed to Trafalgar Square.

\* It was about this time Hook encountered Stothard, then Librarian of the Academy and punctual in attention to his office in Somerset House. He met Stothard in the Museum, and has a vivid recollection of him as a little thick man, with a mild face and soft voice, shuffling along the Elgin Room in big shoes.

In the spring of that year he made his *début* in the new exhibition rooms with 'The hard Task,' a picture of a group



*Study of a Fisherwoman. From the Artist's Sketch-book.*

painted from two of his sisters, one of whom is helping the other with her lesson. The work is now in charge of Miss Hook of Bognor, one of the ladies who sat. Soon after this Hook was at Dublin, commissioned to paint portraits of the Beresford family, including the scapegrace Marquis of Waterford, whose very noisy pranks were long the public talk. Having, if possible, to be independent of family aid, Hook, though not by choice, intended to be a portrait painter. In Ireland he executed likenesses in oil on kit-cat canvases at the then very respectable rate of twenty guineas each. They were worked to a sound standard, and must be in existence, although I have not seen any of them. While in Ireland he painted landscapes in the beautiful Vale of Avoca, filled his sketch books with drawings in water-colours made direct from nature, and there developed his taste for pastoral Art.

Some of his studies of this kind show brightness of effect and clearness, but not much force or wealth of colour; and their firm touch indicates familiarity with old cottages, lofty trees and picturesque streams. Since then Hook has not often used water-colours. He did not confine himself to painting, but rode to hounds, and greatly enjoyed snipe and rabbit shooting, boating in salt and fresh water; an upset at sea tested the swimming powers he had cultivated in the New River.

Some time after this Hook was in Kent and Somersetshire, producing sketches, mostly in water-colours, during tours made with fellow-students. Mr. Palmer has told us that at this period he visited Sidney Smith at Combe-Florey, and drew the church and some cottages of that village. The student's time was not unpleasantly filled up till 1842, when his second picture appeared as 'No. 15, Portrait of Master John Finch Smith,' which, judging from its number, probably hung high at Trafalgar Square. Master Smith was a little boy cousin. The artist's address was 58, Newman Street, where he had a studio while he lived in the Gray's Inn Road district, was independent of his father, and relied on himself alone. Having, in 1842, passed from the Antique School to that of the male model, our Academy Student gained silver medals, one for a drawing from an Academy figure, that is, a study from a naked male model; the other for a copy made in the Painting School, of Guido's 'Fortune,' a picture borrowed from the then Marquis of Westminster.\*

Nearly fifty years ago the Art world of England was stirred to its depths by efforts to decorate the Houses of Parliament with historical and dramatic frescoes. A competition of painters was announced in 1841; the conditions were stated in April, 1842. All the latter year, until the memorable cartoons were gathered in Westminster Hall in June, 1843, little else was talked of by ambitious students and painters. Hook devoted time and energy to No. 38, which he described lately as "a chalk drawing of Satan in Paradise, called

'So started up in his own shape the Fiend,'

done while I was a Student at the R.A., and perhaps not worth mentioning." This cartoon must have afforded fine opportunities for maturing a style based, as we have seen, upon the antique, and worthy of a student averse to prettiness and commonplaces. The cartoon, the present whereabouts of which I have not been able to ascertain, measured 10 feet by 7 feet 10 inches, and is the largest of Hook's works. It comprised three life-size figures. A contemporary and by no means too indulgent critic, commended its well-drawn figures and their good selection, adding, "Adam is too important." The making of this cartoon shows what the artist was about during a period of exceptional activity.† Hook got no prize for his cartoon, but he secured a good deal of attention by his skill and energy. It was no small distinction that this young man of twenty-four, untrained in life-size draughtsmanship of the nude, should hold his own with com-

\* This copy, the gift of his old friend the painter, is now in the possession of Mr. T. O. Barlow, R.A., and it is, oddly enough, inscribed on the back "1834" (clearly a mistake for 1843), in the hand of Hook himself. It is interesting to find a considerable resemblance between the flesh of Fortune, its softened contours, and the full and glowing morbidity of Cornish and Devon maidens the artist often depicts. In the picture there is fusion of the tones, as well as ample golden tints, abundant light, and pure carnations. In these qualities the copy differs from the Guido, which is rather crisp and firm than soft and full.

† Among Mr. Hook's competitors were Messrs. E. Armitage, G. F. Watts, C. W. Cope, J. Z. Bell, H. F. Townshend, W. Riviere, father of the R.A., F. Dadd, F. R. Pickersgill, lately Keeper of the Academy, P. F. Poole, and E. M. Ward. One hundred and forty works occupied the whole of the Hall and both sides of a screen down the middle.



petitors so accomplished, some of whom then appeared much abler than time has affirmed of them.

Hook's next pictures, to my knowledge, date from 1843, and are in the possession of Mrs. Kennedy of Balham—his sister-in-law. They have great interest for the reader who is at all curious to learn of what nature were the earlier efforts of fine painters. They were produced about 1840—4, when, for a while, he settled to figure painting. They are in oil, painted with command of the materials and knowledge of nature. The most important is a whole-length, half-life-size portrait of Miss Annette Kennedy, at four years old, wearing a white dress; though unfinished it is drawn with spirit, natural expression, and a light touch, but it has very little impasto. Not till later did Hook use a full brush and lay on solid pigments with freedom. The white dress shows more dexterity than research. In 1844 the Academy contained a picture of a kind with which his name was long associated. It had an Italian subject, borrowed from the Introduction to the "Decameron" of Boccaccio, and was called 'Pamphilus relating his Story.' It was a meadow scene, with the "Queen" of the "Decameron" and several ladies seated and otherwise grouped on the grass about the narrator. This instance, which I have not seen, is now in the possession of Miss Hook of Bognor. I understand that technically (in regard to which it is valuable) it is very like, and not superior to, the examples at Mrs. Kennedy's yet to be described. In this year, but earlier than the Academy's May opening, Hook sent to the British Institution a canvas with a pretty subject, of which Burns's motto was—

"Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush  
That sings on Chessnock's banks un-  
seen,  
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;  
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een."

This work was four feet by four feet eight inches. The artist's address was 4, Sidmouth Street, Gray's Inn Road, where we have noticed him while he studied in Newman Street. Sidmouth Street was then in better case than it is now. Hook lived in this modest house during not less than two

years. In the following year, 1845, the British Institution contained 'Lorenzo and Jessica,' with the motto from *The Merchant of Venice*, act. v. sc. 1:

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears."



Crabbers.

We thus find the painter cultivating veins of romantic sentiment and picturesque qualities which were then in vogue.

The catalogue of the exhibition in question contains of five hundred and nine pictures not fewer than sixty-three sentimental subjects, besides historical examples of graver pretensions and a few that were intended to be humorous. In the same gallery were, by our artist, 'Four Subjects from Rogers's poem of "A Wish,"' in one frame. Each of them illustrated a verse, from

(1) "Mine be a cot beside a hill," etc.

to

(4) "The village church among the trees,"

At the Royal Academy in this year were 'Portrait of A. Elmslie, Esq.,' and 'The Song of the Olden Time,' with the motto—

"They sang so sweete brought agayne the dayes  
Of his love to Sir Rowland's mynde."

The latter example attested the taste of the artist for romantic sentiment, and, as I am told, had not a little of that glowing colouring which distinguishes his later works. It has been engraved, and is the earliest of his productions (not the first in order of time) to undergo that operation.

Hook's important achievement of this year was winning the Gold Medal of the Academy for an original picture of a subject given by the Council. The choice of the incident may have been due to the contest in Westminster Hall, where and since the 'Finding of the Body of Harold' was repeated on canvas till mankind sickened of it. In 1845 it was fresh. On the 10th of December, the anniversary of the institution, the prizes were distributed to the students assembled with their friends

and half the academic body in the largest room of the Trafalgar Square building, and the names of the successful competitors were called out by the Keeper, acting for the President, when "thunders of applause" greeted the announcement that "Mr. James Clarke Hook" had won the

heavy disk of gold. Mr. George Jones made to the happy artist a neat, encouraging, and extremely wise and very moral speech.\*

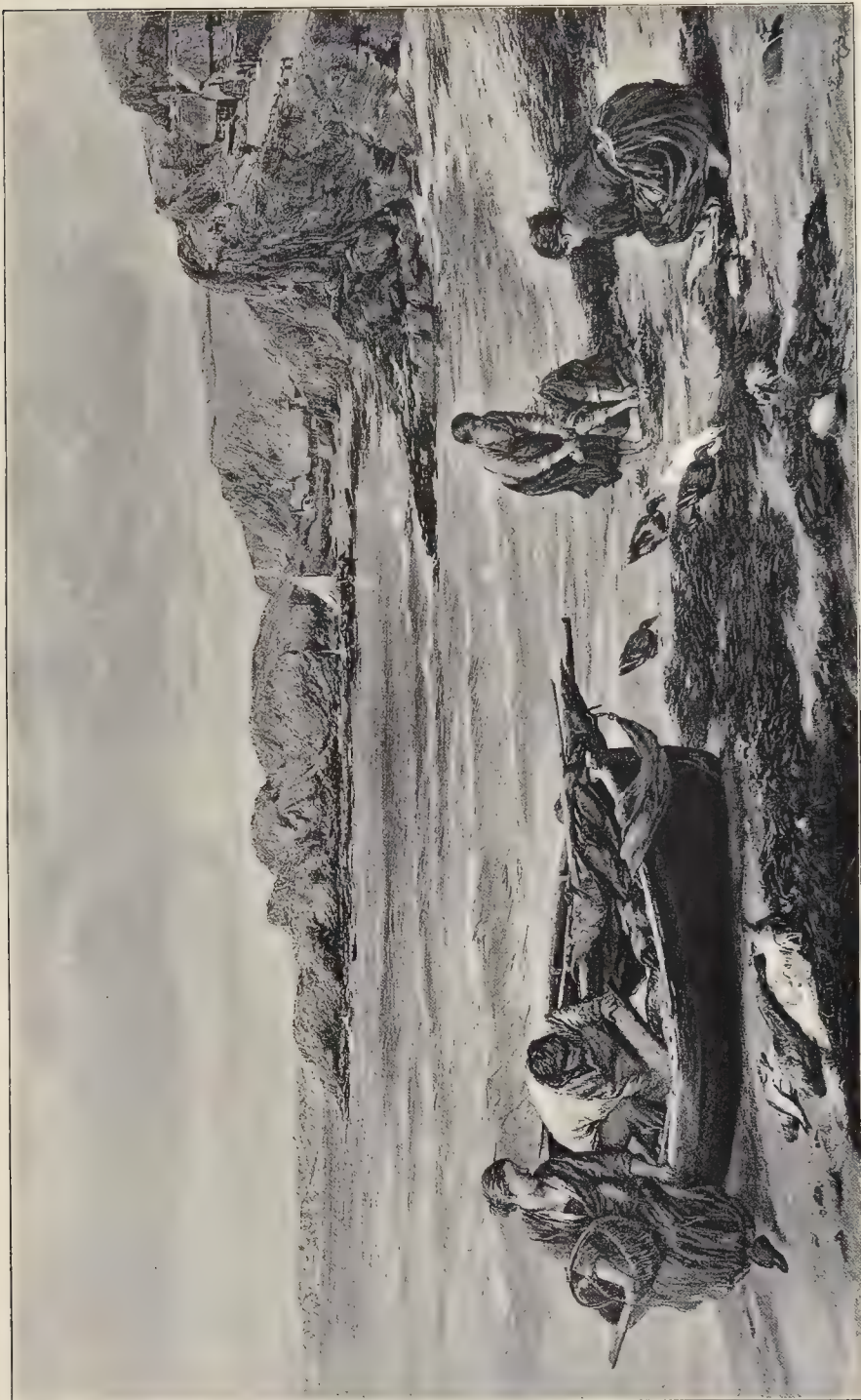
In 1846 we find Hook occupying a second studio in that very hot-bed of artists, Newman Street. This second atelier was at No. 70; before then he had been at No. 58. From this place he sent to the Academy 'The Controversy between Lady Jane Grey and Feckenham,' relating to a discussion concerning transubstantiation, which occurred two days before Jane's death on the scaffold. As this picture was hung in the Architectural Room it was not much honoured. Hook's next great step was winning the Academy Travelling Studentship—*i.e.* the veritable Blue Ribbon of the Schools, and an endowment for sending the competitor to Italy for three years. It was then distinct from the Gold Medal which had al-



*Bringing Holland.*

\* This 'Finding of the Body of Harold' was at a later period bought by Mr. Stephenson, the engraver, of King Street, Manchester, who intended to publish a print from it. He was the master of Mr. T. O. Barlow, now an R.A., and Hook's intimate friend. Stephenson set his pupil to draw the design. This he, longing to seek his fortune in London, declined to complete. The drawing was, however, the foundation of the plate, impressions from which were never, I believe, given to the world.





SEASIDE DUCKS.

*From the Picture in the possession of HENRY JENKINS, Esq.*





ready fallen to him. The choice of the subject was his own, and he selected 'Rizpah watching the Dead Sons of Saul.' The Studentship was his by honourable right, and remained without question by all who saw the picture in the British Institution in 1847. It is still preserved at Silverbeck, and in excellent condition, measuring nearly five feet high by seven feet long, and truly a surprising example to have been painted "by dint of early rising and very hard work" in a month. Apart from this haste and its preclusion of finish, the whole illustrates Hook's best efforts at the time. We have a well-considered and somewhat conventional design, in which the leading element, Rizpah—half-sitting, half-kneeling on the darkened plain, rears her body and bare shoulders, turning her face (with an intense expression of pain and weariness of watching) to our right—is duly emphasized. The effect of light has been carefully adapted to the sentiment of the design. It is that of "dim dawn upon an endless

plain," and pouring from the very horizon a flood of lustre level with the ground, yet scarcely flushing the dark blue-black firmament overhead. Rizpah, who, by the way, is too young for repeated motherhood, is in an attitude of great energy. She lifts, as if to draw it nearer, with one hand the arm of a corpse prostrate at her side, and sustains another corpse upon her lap. She holds a heavy naked sword as a defence against the swooping birds of prey which hover in the twilight of the scene. The drawing is good though academical, and the selection of the types and the grace of line are capital features. Nothing could be better of its kind than the tragic way in which, while the sword gleams in the half darkness, the larger and stronger masses of light are thrown upon Rizpah's bust, shoulders, and face, and upon the naked forms of the dead. In the same manner the masses of the composition are ably disposed and deftly made to assist the highly poetic effect. That effect was thoroughly well



*Fish from the Doggerbank. From the Picture in the possession of David Price, Esq.*

studied in the solemn sky. The influence of Hilton is manifest in the design and treatment at large, where something of Etty's coloration is observable. The work was evidently not painted out of doors, but in a studio light. We see the artist cleverly availing himself of what may be called the pathos of the dawn and the picturesqueness of the gleaming sword; the beauty and passionate devotion of Rizpah are duly insisted on, while the painter's studies of the naked in the Academy were cleverly applied when the picture brought them before the judgment-seat of the heads of that institution.

In the same year, 1846 (when we find him at 70, Newman Street) Hook sent to the British Institution 'Reading a Merry Tale: a thought from England's happy Days,' representing a young man reading to two young damsels. He sent to the Society of British Artists' Exhibition (this his sole contribution to "Suffolk Street") 'Cottage Quizzing,' two girls looking out of a cottage window, and "making fun" of the passers-by. Far inferior was the importance of these examples to that of 'Rizpah,' in producing which work my subject had a spur of great

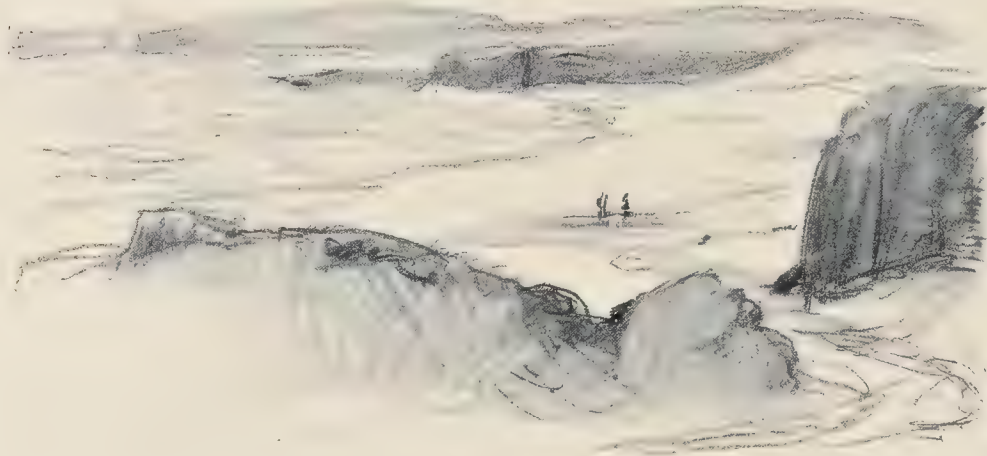
force. The fact is, that—previous to the contest—he had engaged himself to marry Rosalie, the third daughter of Mr. James Burton, a well-known London solicitor; a young lady of exceptional worth and many charms, herself a zealous artist of considerable skill, which, absorbed in domestic and affectionate duties, since her marriage she has been content to let remain in abeyance. It was determined that if Hook got the Travelling Studentship he should, with all convenient speed, get a wife also, and that the pair should go to Italy for their wedding trip. His success was announced to the lady in the very same hour it became known to himself, and our painter not being the man to dally with fortune, was married on the 13th of August, 1846. Two days later, the pair crossed to Boulogne, and thence went on to Paris, where each of them, during a stay of a few weeks, copied a picture in the Louvre. Onward they went to Geneva, a journey of three days and two nights by diligence,\* and thence over the hills to Turin,

\* They rode in the *bangiette* of the antiquated vehicle, and were much edified by the opinions of the conductor, who had belonged to the Old Guard of Napoleon,

where they halted for a time. They passed Mont Cenis on the 20th of September, and, after a stormy passage across the Gulf of Spezia, reached Florence on the 26th, where they found Mr. Watts at the Villa Carezzi. This was the first of the journeys the pair have undertaken. They have never since been parted for many days at a time, although the painter's studies have taken him to Norway, Scotland, Holland, France, a second time to Italy, repeatedly to Wales, Sark, Shetland, and a score of places in Great Britain, from Orkney and Shetland to the Land's End.

It was during his stay in Florence at this period (1847-8) that Hook painted the first of those works, the very subjects and treatment of which were due to Italian suggestions and surroundings. This was sent home in time for the Academy Exhibition of 1847, where, with no greater honours than those of the Miniature Room, it appeared as 'Bassanio commenting on the Caskets' (*Merchant of Venice*, Act III., Scene 2). The picture shows the caskets standing on a table on our right, while Bassanio, in a green coat and red hose (the then accepted artistic costume for Shakespearian gentlemen),

stands energetically meditating, and with eager eyes gazing at the coffers. Portia, with a hopeful look, which was designed with spirit, is dressed in white and placed in the centre. A lady in an amber dress stoops between the lovers, her technical function being to admit on her exuberant shoulders and bust an indispensable space of light. Two little boys bear Portia's train. Behind, on our left, are male and female musicians, including Mrs. Hook playing on a lute. Her face seems to have been used for that of the lady attendant. It is interesting to know what prices pictures by rising and distinguished painters were then expected to realise. We must remember that E. M. Ward's 'South-Sea Bubble,' which is now in the National Gallery, and was one of the leading instances of the year, the capital work of an A.R.A. of high popularity, fetched £500, a price then considered magnificent, although the design is full of highly finished figures, and the subject is quite British and original. Etty's 'Joan of Arc,' a huge picture, was sold for £2,500, and Millais's 'Elgiva' produced £120. As to the price of Hook's 'Bassanio,' the picture was sold for £150,—a prize in the Art



*From the Artist's Sketch-book.*

Union of London falling to Mr. Thomas Kennedy he chose 'Bassanio,' and his widow has it now. It marks a prodigious stride beyond 'Rizpah.'

In 1882 I had occasion thus to refer to Hook's work in Italy (1847-8), especially with regard to his surroundings in that country, and the effect of his sojourn there upon his professional career. I pointed out that the period was an unusually troubled and eventful one. All Europe was beginning to be moved by that fierce spasm which culminated with "the Flight of Kings" in 1848. At first, not much disturbed by the impending storms, Hook and his wife spent a winter in Florence. He then went to Rome and afterwards to Venice. In these cities no one studied the old masters' pictures with more diligence than our painter of modern instances, seaside and rustic scenes. In Florence he affected Fra Angelico, Ghirlandajo, and other Florentine artists. In Rome he made

elaborate sketches of Michael Angelo and Raphael, omitting no observations which could strengthen his knowledge of style and dignified expression. It was in Venice, however, that Hook discovered his technical mission and the models of his Art. In the Venetian masters he found sunlight and colour after his own heart, perfection of expression and energetic ideas, as well as that splendid illumination which has found glorious distinctness in more than a hundred English scenes.

In Venice still lived Titian, Tintoret, Palma Vecchio, Bonifazio, and, with the strongest charm for Hook, Carpaccio and Mansueti. The last, or "Bellini discipulus," as he called himself, reflected with vividness the modes of life, habits of society, and dresses of the people of his time, whose ways and movements he, although struggling with some of the stiffness of a nascent school, gave to the life with joy and crisp touches of character. These touches could not but be dear to one who, having imbued himself with the majesty and style of the Antique and the Roman masters, had become familiar with the ordered culture of Florentines, and who had brought to Italy a British disinclination for whatever was not free in

and who, hating the English, desired to slay the whole nation, but, on being remonstrated with, excepted Hook and his wife from this holocaust. During this tour the travellers walked, with a knapsack and satchel. Thus, and very happily, they went day by day, fruit-eating, painting, sketching in pencil, and to their hearts' content, enjoying life in the open air, and hourly surrounded by new things.



thought, candid in expression, and vivacious in attitude and action. There is something of Italian grace and elegance of motion in the pictures of Mansueti, which went well with the antique types our living master had all along affected. The free delineations and dramatic motives of the works of the lively Venetian needed not much to be perfect in those charming pieces of genre which are in the *Accademia*, as well as in the church of San Giovanni at Venice, and at the Brera in Milan.

Vittore Carpaccio, the better artist of the two old masters who thus most directly affected Hook, appealed to the Englishman's peculiar love of sunlight and bright colour, and, much more than Mansueti, touched with a sympathetic finger the ways, habits, and dresses, as well as not a little of the humour, of his own day. Carpaccio, the ablest and most vivacious, the freest, as well as the most agreeable and accomplished of the Bellinesque painters, may be seen to perfection in the Venetian Academy. His designs have some of the energy of Signorelli, but none of that vehemence which marks the stronger nature of the great Tuscan. A genre painter to the core, Carpaccio dealt with sunlight, and gave brilliant colours with courage, which had its reward in sumptuous and gay harmonies. Trained to paint in tempera, he, with no defect of impasto, brought into vogue great clearness of tone in light and shade (the very qualities in which no modern has surpassed Hook), audacity in dealing with primary tints, and a marked preference for the straightforward representation of nature in buildings, dresses, and naive actions. He rejoiced in natural and simple expressions, and loyalty to the accidents of light and shadow.

Everywhere realistic, but nowhere void of reverence, Carpaccio did not hesitate to delineate scriptural subjects with the figures and other types of Venetian life. With the resources of a large mode of painting at hand, the Englishman failed not to deal with colour in bright underwork and pure opaque colouring. Nevertheless, splendid red dresses, vivid verdure, deep cerulean seas, and even the masses of emphatic black which are affected by our countryman were, in

a tentative way, employed by turns before he went to Italy. The elements were systematically disposed and felicitously developed on a fair scale in pictures which gained strength while the painter grew, in knowledge of Titian and the great Venetians. The inner golden tints, rich clear reds, and even brownness of sunburnt skins, and the masses of dark brownish-black hair which we recognize in Hook, are, in fact, as Venetian as Venice herself could have made them. The grace of genre, the sweet poetic and fine pathetic incidents and touches of home life and humour which are now, and have been since 1854, the staple of Hook's order of design, are Venetian, but founded on himself in the second period of his career, to which we are now approaching.



*A Dream of Ancient Venice.*

Intermediately, and in the choice of their subjects manifestly affected by the Venetian sojourn of the author, we had a group of pictures from Hook which indicated taste for the drama (not the stage), exercised in modes of design which were more or less fashionable. The fact is the English School, deeply affected by the splendid success of Bonington in the preceding generation, and the vigour of Delacroix's painting and dramatic conceptions, had delivered itself of much con-

ventionality and sought freedom in romantic subjects and types in Art which, although indirectly, reflected Venice.

The observer of modern Art cannot fail to have been struck with the influence of Tintoret in his gayer, more picturesque



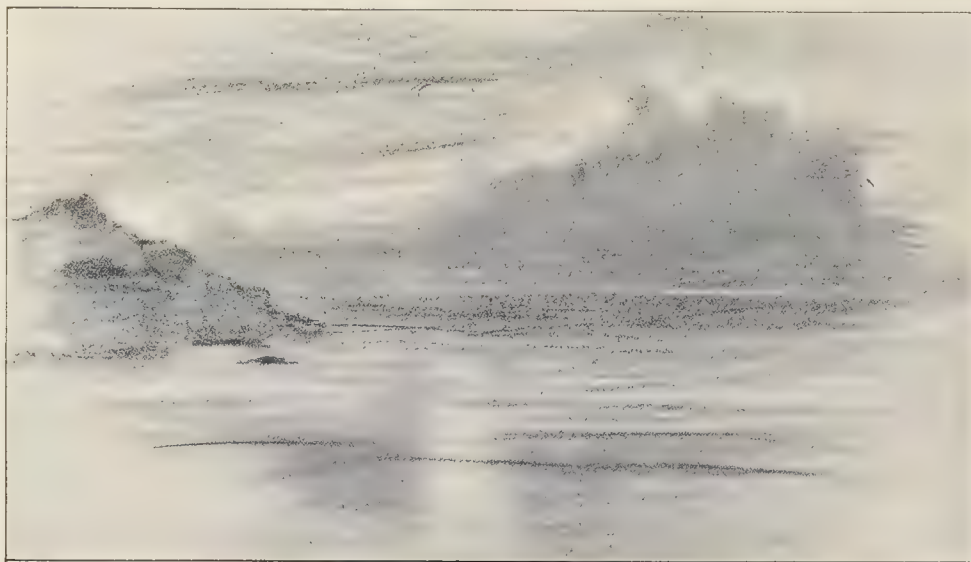
*From the Artist's Sketch-book.*

mood, upon Bonington—a mood which was not fully developed until the painter reached Venice, and not effectual until he returned to Paris and began to paint in a way which has never ceased to operate on the Art of France and England.

A student must needs paint in the mode of his day ere he takes a path of his own. Accordingly, Hook's earlier practice was a development of that mode which Maclise, Ward, W. D. Kennedy, C. H. Lear, and, before them, Geddes, were strong in. As the thing grew into wider and wider vogue it was, of course, vulgarised, and soon became "cheap" and threadbare. The reader has but to look at a good picture of a quasi-religious subject by Bonifazio to see how closely (in all

but the subject) the Art of Hook recalls the finer qualities of this sumptuous and energetic Venetian. Of course the Englishman's painting, research, and scope of observation are far more searching, exact, wealthy of detail, and true to action than the Italian cared for.

While in Rome the artist made many sketches at the Pamphili-Doria and Borghese Gardens, and in the palaces to which these enchanting pleasantries pertain. Some of these are at Silverbeck; one of them is engraved with this text (p. 5) under the title of 'A Garden near Rome.' From ancient pictures, especially those of Titian and Bonifazio, Hook made a goodly number, not of elaborate copies (still less new



*From the Artist's Sketch-book.*

transcripts of the full size of the originals), but of reduced versions, each showing that he had seized the leading ele-

ments of his models, their composition, coloration, and chiaroscuro, and epitomized them with fine taste and energy.



His swiftness and forthright skill in making these studies were quite wonderful, and not laborious. Among the best of them is an unusually large instance of Tintoret's 'Miracle of St. Mark.' They are painted on Academy boards, or, more frequently, on sized brown holland, prepared by the artist or his wife, with no particular care for the durability of the pigments, and used with ordinary carriage-makers' copal varnish as a vehicle.\*

In Hook's Italian studies the peculiarities of each original picture have been deftly and rigorously discriminated, and reproduced with a swift, firm, unquestioning hand. The technique of Bellini is in them distinct from that of any of his followers; we cannot confound him with Palma Vecchio, nor Titian with Tintoret; we cannot confuse Mansueti with

Carpaccio, nor Bonifazio with Cima. The ornate and energetic magnificence of Venetian art is, especially as to light and colour, and their combined *chiaroscuro*, admirably illustrated in these specimens.

At Silverbeck there are a large number of examples of another sort, not made from pictures but taken direct from nature. They illustrate the application of principles we saw acting in the drawings Hook made from the antiques of the British Museum, as well as in his reductions of Venetian paintings. They are full-sized studies (not sketches) in colours and painted in oil with a precise and delicate hand; in their way masterpieces of delineation, finish, and exquisite in colour, and instinct with the grace of nature in wild flowers, such as the blue gentian, flushed anemone, silver-grey and green sea holly,



*Coffer Herring. From the Picture in the possession of George Gurney, Esq.*

purple peony, perfect rose, and jewellery of trailers innumerable. Some of them are painted on wood, others on canvas or mill-boards. When they have served their purpose of supplying details for the foregrounds of pictures some of these charming instances have been adapted as panels in new or old furniture. Their being in very choice colours was the chief obstacle to copying some of them for the present work.

\* Thanks to their simple mode of execution and the vehicle, these studies, most of which are now on the walls of an upper room at Silverbeck, are as fresh and brilliant as on the day they were painted, more than forty years ago. They have neither faded nor cracked. Their condition shows how ill-judged has been the whimpering of certain artists who attribute to their pigments and vehicles the ills which have attended their own injudicious use of such excellent materials. Millais used even gamboge without hesitation, and no change has appeared in it during forty years. Etty was still bolder, and his works retain nearly all their pristine brilliancy.

Let us return to Italy, where we left the painter enjoying health, honours, and success, the fruits of long-sustained labours, and all that Rome, Florence, Naples, Pompeii, Pisa, Bologna, Parma, Mantua, Verona, and Venice could offer. These delights unquestionably had a certain zest in the fact that (the bridegroom's savings and the Academy allowance notwithstanding) a little addition to not heavy purses was very welcome when it accrued by the sale of Mrs. Hook's fine transcripts of Titian's 'Flora' and 'Holy Family,' and other copies. Thus furnished, they left Florence for Rome on the 24th of February, 1847, and with much discomfort crossed the Apennines, with miserable horses, whose failure brought touches of hardship and sympathetic pain to the travellers. Easter found them in Rome, Mr. Hook being very ill at the time. Thence

they went to Naples, returning to Florence on the 1st of May, where they remained till late in November of the same year.

It was in this interval that Hook complied with that rule of the Academy which requires each of its Travelling Students to send home a picture painted abroad. I saw his production at Mrs. Kennedy's, and found it in much the same condition as when it appeared at Trafalgar Square in 1848. It represents, as related in the chronicle of Giovanni Villani, the arrival of Otto IV. at Florence, when the beautiful ladies of the city assembled, and, as the loveliest among them, he selected the noble maid Gualdrada. The damsel's father prompted the emperor to kiss her lips, but she declared that no man but her husband should do so. On this Otto praised her, and Count Guido fell in love with so much beauty and high spirit and married the maiden. The scene is a street in a vista of ancient houses, not unlike those in Masolino's pictures at the Brancacci Chapel. The emperor, wearing a bascinet, camail, and hauberk, approaches Gualdrada, while she draws her veil, as a young lady ought, over her face. Some virgin companions who attend Gualdrada look on without the least

apprehension of the consequences. Their faces are very pretty, and their actions and aspects are nice and choice. The costumes are more picturesque than severely correct, but Otto's mail is drawn and painted with spirit and truth. It is a great improvement on 'Rizpah.' This example marked an epoch in our history. Like 'Bassanio,' 'Otto and Gualdrada' is considerably larger than Hook's works in general.

As already suggested, Italian political affairs were, in 1847, approaching a crisis, which, however, did not take effect till March, 1848. The Venetians joined the revolutionary movement in northern Italy, which was ably promoted by Sardinia, and grimly confronted by Austria. A Liberal to the heart, and on every ground deeply interested in Italian liberty, Hook, who was living in Venice, could not remain an uninterested spectator of the events which followed. He witnessed the struggle of the people with their masters, and was one of those who, in a tumult, helped to pull down the Austrian Eagle from the church of San Marco. This action might account for the abrupt departure of our painter from Venice. But the fact was not quite so exciting. He wrote on a margin



From the Artist's Sketch-book.

of a note-book: "22nd March, 1848. Saw the Venetians cut down the colours and arms of Austria from San Marco and carry them in triumph to throw them into the sea. 'Viva Italia!' 'Viva San Marco!' 'Viva la Repubblica!'" He took Mrs. Hook on board one of the armed Venetian barges which were lying outside the Casernes waiting their turn to begin; and the sailors showed her the grape and canister, with the grim joke that they were good meat for the Tedeschi. This was all very well, but anarchy and revolution were unfavourable to the pockets of the English pair; their money was small and credit not to be had.

Finding that little or no good was to be expected from a prolonged stay in Italy, Hook had already obtained leave from the Academy to abandon the later portion of his studentship and return home. The English Consul at Venice offered a passage in the steamer which waited to carry him away, as soon as a catastrophe of the revolutionary sort was imminent. The date of this event could not be predicted with certainty, and the danger of staying increased, while funds rapidly diminished. Hook was not actually in peril, but he desired to go home. He, therefore, took passage in a little

Dartmouth schooner, named *The White Mouse*, which had been employed in the Smyrna date and currant trade, and consequently retained, besides her crew, an innumerable quantity of grubs such as affect the fruit. She was heavily laden with Venetian beads and coloured marbles for British use. Mrs. Hook, by way of extra provisions, secured an ample stock of poultry, and the schooner set sail off Malamocco, April the 2nd, 1848. The passengers expected a comfortable and swift voyage, but everything went the other way. The craft was becalmed within hearing of the Austrian guns bombarding Venice. Soon after, a strong contrary gale arose and made *The White Mouse* labour terribly, thus increasing to the utmost the miseries of the Hooks, who, when a dead calm succeeded the storm, found all their poultry had been washed overboard, so that for the rest of the voyage they must needs live on salt pork and rice till their very gorges rose against the food, which disagreed horribly with the artist. His wife, cooped helpless in the little cabin of the schooner, was knocked about when the wind blew, and passed the intervals of calm in making notes in her journal while seated on the deck in the shadow of a pork-tub. Thus five sad



weeks passed. On the 8th of May they reached Gibraltar, and hoped to raise money enough to pay their further passage. The skipper declined to let them both go on shore, so Hook (leaving his wife as a hostage) went there alone. Luckily he met a friend on the Rock, who advanced the needful funds, and thus released them from the purgatory of *The White Mouse*. Gladly they embarked in the P. and O. steamer *Madrid*; much they enjoyed her luxurious accommodation, which included even champagne on Sundays, and with great delight they, early in June, 1848, hailed England at Southampton. The health of both travellers had suffered during the Italian sojourn of a year and nine months, and the miserable passage that followed it left traces which a year or more of home comforts did not efface.

That Hook had worked profitably during his travels is attested by one of the first paintings he produced on reach-

ing home. This is a life-size, three-quarters-length group of portraits of Mrs. Kennedy with her eldest daughter, in a chamber near a fountain; the lady is seated in a chair, and turning slightly to look to our left. Her eyes are full of animation; the little maiden sits by her mother's knee and clings to her shoulders, while holding down her own face and laughing shyly. Except her white under-linen the child is unclothed. The whole marks a vast advance upon anything painted by Mr. Hook before the end of 1848. It is instinct with Venice in its brilliancy and wealth of rich tints most harmoniously combined. Similar characteristics are discoverable in the pictures which, extending till about 1854, announced a new departure. Of this category the several subjects, or most of them, were selected before the painter left Italy. There was something of the pure dry manner of colouring in these instances which



*'Are Chimney-Sweepers black?'* From the Picture in the possession of Holbrook Gaskell, Esq.

doubtless owed not a little to the artist's contemplation of early Florentine Art, while their gay and slightly isolated tints may be referred to the influence of the followers of Bellini.

Almost immediately on his return Hook settled at No. 13, Thurloe Place West, Brompton, then fresh, bright, and tolerably free from smoke and noise. Our painter's energies were so well exercised at this time that the Academy of 1849 contained three of his pictures, including 'The Chevalier Bayard wounded at Brescia' and lying on a couch, tended by two "fair, virtuous, and well-trained damsels," who sang to him, played on the lute, and pleased him with "their much cunning needlework." This picture was greatly praised by Etty, who was probably among the best judges in England of such a work. 'Othello's first Suspicion' had for its subject an incident invented by the painter on Shakespeare's lines, and although

developed from its motive, not to be found in the play. Othello has one hand to his face; he seems unwillingly to believe newly awakened doubts. Desdemona looks up, and innocently asks what is the matter with him. When this picture was exhibited and Hook was at the Academy private view, Ellen Tree, one of the best Desdemonas the stage has known, addressed the artist and congratulated him. 'Bianca Capello's Flight,' as described in Rogers's "Italy," with the motto—

"The young Bianca found her father's door," etc.,

came next. It is an upright canvas. The scene is the door of a palace, where the lovers are on the water-steps down which the gallant is handing the maiden—a sumptuous Venetian beauty. At the British Institution in this year (1849) the painter had 'Venice, 1550,' with the motto—

"When they did please to play the thieves for wives."

*Merchant of Venice*, Act II, sc. 5.

It is a small picture, and, being the first exhibited of its class (the Institution opened some months before the Academy),



*Study of a Prelate, Rome. From the Artist's Sketch-book.*

attracted much praise from artists. In this year Hook painted another small picture of great charm, and the earliest to be engraved of all his works. Produced to illustrate an edition of "Scott's Novels," which was published by Messrs. A. and C. Black in 1853, it was engraved by Mr. Bell; it now belongs to Mr. T. O. Barlow, R.A., and shows 'Anne of Gierstein and her lover Philip in conference at a table.' A brother of John Phillip, R.A., sat for the youth. There is Stothardian grace and sweetness in the figures, with something of the elegant spontaneity of Leslie in the design. The coloration is very pretty indeed.

'The Departure of the Chevalier Bayard from Brescia' was at the British Institution in 1850. An armourer is fixing a spur on the cavalier's heel, which is placed high on a cushion for the purpose, while two fair and richly clad ladies attend their champion. The ladies offer bracelets and a purse; the former Bayard fastens on his arm, the purse upon his sleeve, after which he "vowed to wear them both for the honour of the fair donors while his life endured." It is a picture of pure and brilliant colours, rather slight in handling, very cleverly composed, and extremely attractive. It now belongs to Mr. Brocklebank, of Childwall Hall, near Liverpool. In this year (1850) Hook sent to the Academy 'A Dream of Venice,' which comprises a canal scene before a palace, where splendidly clad ladies of very luxurious charms are in a balcony, while one of them gives a rose to a cavalier who approaches with companions in a gondola. A cut of it is

before the reader (p. 11). The Academy Catalogue comprises the apt motto from Sansovino: "*Si costuma andando attorno in gondola, concerti di musiche di cercarli per sollazzo.*"\*

At the Academy, in 1850, with the last, was 'Francesco Novello da Carrara and the Lady Taddea escape from the emissaries of Galeazzo Visconti,' which showed the fugitives in a thicket, while their pursuers go by. These pictures assured Hook's election as an Associate of the Royal Academy. About this time, wanting a house of his own, finding Brompton not favourable to his health and that of Mrs. Hook, and willing to be out of reach of callers, our painter found a piece of land vacant on Campden Hill. Having what has proved to be a decided "turn" for building, he erected two houses side by side, and, following those Italian types travel had made familiar to him, gave grace to the group by placing one of the staircases in a sort of campanile, and setting on one side of it a cast from a famous alto-relief by Flaxman.† According to reminiscences of pleasant Devonshire days, the artist named his houses collectively Tor Villa, and numbered them 1 and 2. The former, which is the corner and larger he took for himself.‡ It contains a studio on the second floor covering the whole space within the walls, having a large window facing the north, and smaller windows looking to the west

and designed to admit full sunlight. During Hook's residence in Tor Villa, both his sons—Allan James and Bryan—were born, the former in 1853, the latter in 1856.

In 1851 our painter's name appeared for the first time in the Academy catalogue as that of an A.R.A. He greatly increased his reputation by means of the 'Rescue of the Brides of Venice' and 'The Defeat of Shylock.' The former is, on the whole, the finest of the Venetian category with which we have to deal. The scene is on the deck of a Venetian galley, where the stalwart young patricians have recaptured the voluptuously lovely damsels, who retain their bridal robes and ornaments, from the pirates. In the middle a cavalier has the fairest of the maidens in his arms; he is in the act of transferring her from the captors' vessel to that of the deliverers, having lifted her over the bulwarks of the latter. Behind, a similar incident is represented; four charming brides have been already brought on board. An archer is drawing an arrow against the marauders, who are attacked by a boarding party. It is a design full of animation, energetic character, and

\* This and Millais's 'Ferdinand lured by Ariel,' hung side by side at the Academy. It was at the Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1855, with 'Bayard recevant le fils du Connétable de Bourbon,' by Hook. The former belonged to Lord Northwick.

† It is celebrated as 'Deliver us from Evil!' one of the panels which embody various petitions in the Lord's Prayer, as represented on the tomb of the family of Sir Thomas Baring, in Micheldean Church, Hampshire.

‡ It has since been occupied successively by Mr. Holman Hunt and Mr. Alfred Hunt.















varied in its actions and expressions,\* rich in colour and bright in sunlight. The text was from Rogers's "Italy." 'The Defeat of Shylock' was a less important example. The pictures of 1852 showed continued searching in the same veins of Art and thought to those just alluded to. They were, 1, 'Othello's description of Desdemona':—

"An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear! Of so high and plenteous a wit and invention."

*Othello*, Act IV., sc. 1.

And, 2, 'Signor Torello appears at the Marriage'—an illustration of Boccaccio's story of a husband who, having been captured by the Turks, had been long away, returning home in the nick of time, when his fair young wife sat at her second wedding feast, where Torello, as a guest at the table, is gravely uncovering his head. He thus revealed himself to the astonished bride, whom he had already startled by means of a ring placed in a wine-cup and handed to her. The design is admirably thought out; the picture is very brilliant and pure, in perfect condition, and gay in colouring; it shows an advance from the earlier to the later mode of the artist. It was at Paris in 1855, lent by Mr. Arrowsmith. In 1862, Mr. W. Bashall lent it to the International Exhibition. It next belonged to Mr. Heugh, and was bought in at the sale of his collection in 1873. In 1887, it was at Manchester, lent by Mr. Albert Wood, of Bodlondub, Conway. 'Olivia and Viola' was at the British Institution in 1852, the last of Hook's eight contributions to that gallery in Pall Mall. It illustrates the passage on Olivia unveiling herself, and Viola's comment:—

"'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white  
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

Olivia sits while Viola kneels before her dressed as a page. 'The Chevalier Bayard knighting the infant Son of the Duke of Bourbon' was at the Academy in 1853; it is an upright canvas. 'Queen Isabella of Castile, with her Daughters, visited many of the Nunneries, taking her Needle with her, and endeavouring, with her Conversation and Example, to withdraw the Inmates from the low and frivolous Pleasures to which they were addicted,' accompanied the last at Trafalgar Square.

These examples are of interest to us because they concluded the Italian group of Hook's works. After them a new departure was made, and he reverting to rustic subjects, combined the fruit of Venetian studies with English themes and English light, air, and homeliness, while he was displaying pastorals, and, from a year or two later, idyls of the sea and rocks. It appears—and the idea is easily accounted

for—that Hook was already sickening of London and "society;" yearning to be away from smoke and gas. He told a friend that a chance remark by an idler accidentally overheard at an Academy private view, caused him to "make a resolution, sudden, courageous, and original." After the birth of his son Allan, in 1853, he determined to go to the country for a month or two with his wife and child, to settle in Surrey woods, then untrodden by the "tourist," unvisited by Londoners, and quite innocent of "residences" and "villas." The Hooks pitched upon the fir-clad hill of Abinger, their sole precursor being Mr. R. Redgrave, who some time before had bought land near the common, fenced it round *pro temp.* with staves of barrels, waited for the building of a little cottage, and lived amid rural scents and scenes and sounds. Settling not far off, Hook was at home with nature at last.

The world soon had the benefit of the change, and by means of 'A Rest by the Wayside' and 'A few Minutes



*Study of a Lady reading. Fac-simile from the Artist's Sketch-book. 1849.*

to wait before Twelve o'Clock' a new and original rural painter made himself known at the Academy in 1854. 'Time of the Persecution of the Christian Reformers in Paris, A.D.

\* This picture is part of the Newsham Bequest to the Corporation of Preston, Lancashire. At the private view of the Academy, Samuel Rogers, being then aged and infirm, was wheeled about the gallery in a Bath chair, and stopped before the Hook to converse with Sir C. Eastlake. He "expressed himself much pleased with it, and said that it vividly expressed his ideas." The incident represented occurred on the 1st of February, the eve of the Feast of the Purification of the Virgin, A.D. 994. It was the custom of the noblest sons and daughters of the Venetian State to solemnise their nuptials on that day in the Patriarchal Church of Venice. At the close of the rite, a band of pirates suddenly burst in upon the surprised and unarmed assembly, seized the brides and the treasures on the altar, and regained their ships—

"In an hour  
Half Venice was aloof. But long before,  
Frantic with grief, and scorning all control,  
The youths were gone in a light brigantine  
Lying at anchor near the Arsenal;  
Each having sworn, and by the Holy Rood,  
To slay or to be slain."

*Vide ROGERS'S "ITALY."*

1559,' belonged to another category, and was hardly to be called a transitional picture; it exhibited nothing of the fresh light, glow, and colour of English landscape. 'A few Minutes to wait before Twelve o'Clock' (p. 21) is a pastoral, in colour, rural glow and depth of tone such as Spenser would have painted in immortal verse. It represents a buxom country wife seated in sunlight on a grassy slope, waiting with her husband's dinner till the noon rest for reapers arrives. Meanwhile she fondles her lively infant, whose delight is *riant* as his face is radiant. He is in the act of stretching to seize a butterfly on his mother's knee, and she kisses him, "snoozling" to his neck and cheek, ravished as she is with the fulness of the maternal rapture.\* The third picture gives us a street scene; a Popish soldier strikes his spear through the hat of the Huguenot who omits to uncover to a statue of the Virgin. Some of the figures are singing perforce, while others are looking on with varied emotions.

It was in 1854 Hook may be said to have discovered Clovelly by going there at the recommendation of Mr. Cope, R.A., and before the publication, in 1855, of Charles Kingsley's



From the Artist's Sketch-book.

"Westward Ho!" which directed all the world's eyes to the little cleft in the coast which looks upon the western sea and Lundy, a place for ever associated with our painter's name. The first outcome of this visit appeared in 'Welcome, bonny

Boat!' at the Academy in 1856, with its converse, 'A Fisherman's "Good-night!"' (see next page). 1855 produced at the Academy the following five works: (1) 'Market Morning,' a cottage scene, with a rural figure, studied in the Surrey wilds, mentioned above, and inspired by the genius of the "sunny shire" which was soon to be the artist's headquarters and scent of many a lovely picture. (2) 'A Fracture,' being a small portrait, now at Silverbeck, of the painter's little son Allan seated with a damaged toy, and thinking about it with eyes in which sunniness contends with temporary seriousness. (3) A fresh English figure in a glowing, somewhat slightly painted, landscape, called 'Colin thou kenst, the southerne Shepheard's Boye,' from Spenser's "Shepheard's Calendar" Hobbinol's complaint to Thenot:—

"Colin thou kenst, the southerne shepheard's boye;  
Him Love hath wounded with a deadly dart:  
Whilome on him was all my care and joye,  
Forcing with giftes to winne his wanton heart;  
But now from me his madding minde is start,  
And woos the widdowe's daughter of the glenne."

(4) The "sunny shire" was again illustrated in the deep-toned, richly coloured, lush green herbage-clad scene of the pastoral, 'The Birthplace of the Streamlet;' (5) 'The Gratitude of the Mother of Moses for the Safety of her Child.' Mr. Ruskin characteristically noticed among the fine elements of the last the original pathos of "the little Miriam trotting by her mother's side, with her rough harp, and pitcher hung by it, looking back, in her childish wisdom and fears, to see that the princess is not watching the burst of passion which might betray her mother."

The year 1856 saw at the Academy (1) 'The Brambles in the Way,' the charming figure of a fresh Surrey

maiden, with a sun-bonnet on her head, going marketwards, having come to a gate she cares not to climb, presses through a gap behind its post, and encounters a bramble; (2) 'A passing Cloud' (formerly the property of Mr. Gillott, of Bir-

\* This design is highly interesting, because an earlier version of it served as the subject of the plate, which has never been published, produced by Hook for admission to the Etching Club. This example, as a tentative work, quite a wonder of its kind, shows the young mother in a newly-reaped field, where she has brought her husband's dinner and baby; she has laid the child, "like tumbled fruit in grass," at her feet. It is on its back and gleefully kicking, while she laughs delighted with its gambols. It differs from the published etching of the same theme (known as 'A few Minutes before Dinner Time') in there being a shock of corn immediately behind the group, which is in the middle of the plate. This was Hook's introduction to etching, which he practised as a painter should, and with due regard to colour and tone, elements which many etchers ignore altogether. Accordingly, Hook's etchings abound in these qualities, and excel as works of rich and unconventional art. From Rembrandt to Rajon, the ablest etchers were bred as painters; hence their undeviating insistence upon the qualities to which I have referred. This seems a suitable place for a list of Hook's published etchings, for which I am mostly indebted to my friend, Mr. A. Herbert Palmer. They are—1. The probationary plate mentioned above. 2. 'Who is Sylvia?' made for the "Songs and Ballads of Shakespeare, illustrated by the Etching Club," 1843—1851, published by Bogue in 1852. 3. 'A few Minutes before Dinner Time,' as above. 4. 'Colin thou kenst, the southerne Shepheard's Boye:' this is related to the picture of 1855. Nos. 3 and 4 were in "A Selection of Etchings by the Etching Club," published in 1857 by the Art Union of London with

5. 'A Fisherman's "Good-night!"' a version of the picture of 1856, and truly said to contain the first and happiest representation in luminous black and white of a cliff as reflected in deep colour on the sea. 6. 'Egg-gathering,' a version of the picture of 1858, published by Messrs. Cundall and Downes in a selection of etchings by the Etching Club, 1855, and exhibited at the Academy in 1855. 7. 'Sea Urchins,' a version of the picture of 1861, two boys afloat on a mooring block. 8. 'Dort, the Birthplace of Cuypp:' 7 and 8 were published, as above, by the Art Union of London. 9. 'Brimming Holland,' from the picture of 1870, a woman and a man bargaining at a water-side market. 10. 'The Land of Cuypp,' a version of the picture of 1875, a man emptying a pail of milk into a brass jar, a woman looking on: 9 was published by Mr. E. S. Palmer; 10, published by Mr. H. R. Ansdell, in the last work of the club. 11. 'The Mushroom Gatherers,' from the picture of 1879, published by Mr. Ansdell in the same year. 12. 'Wise Saws,' from the picture of 1875, published by The Fine Art Society. Besides these, Mr. Hook has in progress, and well advanced, 'Dutch Fishing Boats hauling off the Shore' and 'Home with the Tide.' An engraving of 'The Ship Boy's Letter,' by Mr. T. L. Atkinson, was published in 1865 by Messrs. Graves and Son. There is a mezzotint of 'Luff, Boy!' by Mr. W. H. Simmonds. 'The Skipper Ashore' was lithographed as 'Entre Ciel et Eau.' 'The wily Angler' and 'Cow Tending' have been etched by Mr. Law for The Fine Art Society.



mingham), a shepherd and his lass in the agonies of a tiff, probably about a letter which lies on the ground near the girl's side. He hides his face while leaning on a bank with his back towards us; she sits at the bank's foot moodily rather than sadly musing, with her hands in her lap, where lie some torn flowers, introduced doubtless with a pathetic intention. A vista of a sunny road, where lambs wait to be admitted through a gate which a boy is opening, is on our right. This picture, with the next, was one of the Manchester Art Treasures, 1857. It was painted at Chagford, where the artist and his family lodged over the village shop and lived "in the usual compound," says Mr. Palmer, "of odours of bacon, cheese, candles, and small chandlery—property so jealously guarded by its proprietress that she locked up her lodgers every night for fear that the seductive scents should prove too much for their honesty." An

engraving of 'A passing Cloud' goes with this text. (3) 'Welcome, bonny Boat!' This picture is now in the gallery at Preston, Lancashire, the bequest of Mr. Newsham. The scene is at Clovelly, where a fisherman, just landed from his craft, which lies on the beach close to his cottage, is joyfully received by a little child and its mother; three comrades are unloading the boat. The background is a line of richly-coloured cliffs, enclosing a deep-toned splendid sea. (4) 'A Fisherman's "Good-night!"' (which Hook etched) was painted at the end of Clovelly Pier, which is foreshortened from the front and centre of the picture; a pile rises high on our left, the sea-ladder is on the other side. A fisherman is parting from his fair and plump young wife, who has brought their child to its father; he, descending the ladder, playfully pinches the little one's chin. Delicious sunlight, near its end,



*A Fisherman's "Good-night!"*

saturates the sea and sky; the purple reflections of the cliffs, receding in the distance, the shining, opalescent, grey-blue, pallid-green, turquoise, sapphire, and emerald tinges of the ocean are exquisite. Not less fine in their way are the cool, much varied tints of the stonework and the solidity of the flesh and dresses. The picture is the complement to 'Welcome, bonny Boat!' The child was painted from the artist's elder son, Allan. Mr. Hook's second son, Bryan, was born at Tor Villa in this year. Both he and his brother, their father's constant companions, have distinguished themselves in the art which each practices independently of the other and their teacher. Bryan Hook, in 1882, won the Turner Gold Medal for the best landscape in the Royal Academy, where both brothers have honourable records.

1857 is memorable in the Hook history. After that date Kensington and Tor Villa were not his centres. Already, despite country and sea-side sojournings, the artist's health began to suffer from London air. "My longing for the country was," he said, "simply ravenous, and if I had resisted, it would have ended in some silly action." Matters were brought to a crisis by a picnic shared with Mr. Creswick and the Etching Club at Hambleton, near Godalming, where there was a wonderful green, with all sorts of rural peacefulness and unadulterated beauty. So great was the charm of this place for our painter that he cried, "I'll let my house in London, and come and live here!" and "sure enough," says Mr. Palmer, "the very next day he brought down his wife to look at her new home. They found a little

lodging near the spot. Ere many days more their furniture was warehoused in a great barn, Tor Villa was delivered to a new tenant, and little Allan routed in terror by the first flock of geese he encountered on the green." The experiment, if such it could be called, was a bold one indeed, but less temerarious than it appears to those who do not remember that Hook's mission was to cheer London-sick hearts by painting the sea and fields as sunny as nature could make them. The historical subjects he formerly affected attracted him no more. He could do without the hackneyed male and female models of town. White smock-frocks, tawny sails, and cerulean seas and skies were not to be had at Kensington, where lassitude and dullness abounded. Rural life and scenes, the sea and fishermen, could not be dealt with on any loyal conditions by one who lived wholly on Campden Hill. At Tor Villa Mr. Holman Hunt succeeded Mr. Hook; he has been followed by Mr. A. W. Hunt.

Hook was already established as a sea and land painter.

"Hook-scapes," as some one called them, everybody expected from him. The very scent of the pine-woods gave him new life; their ceaseless sigh was enchantment of delicious rest to him. "On a hill overlooking the weald, and near the village, was some land for sale, right in the middle of the pines—the immemorial territory of the squirrel and the ring-dove." His friends remonstrated when he said he must needs buy it. Mrs. Hook doubted, and only his own high will stood firm to build at Witley, near Hambledon.

"I had all of them against me," said he, "but between the fir-stems I caught a glimpse of Chanctonbury Ring, and then I saw the whole thing finished before me." So it came to pass. The house thus called "Pine Wood," and still, in a changed condition, standing on Witley Hill, began to gather form and substance under its creator's hands and eyes. In 1858 he had moved to an enchanted paradise of his own creation, and there, till 1866, he remained. At last he was driven out by a railroad, a speculating builder, and their concomitant, the "Building Beast," to say nothing of that portent of final devastation, a "charitable Institution" belonging to Bridewell and Bethlehem Hospitals, and centreing in a huge, hideous brick box, crammed with hapless children. With these came all the accompaniments of philanthropy rampant, including a sanatorium for convalescent lunatics. The nine years of this residence were, ere Hook was expelled, affected by intrusions manifold. Long, and in vain, he tried to become reconciled to fate. Nothing would do, it seemed, for the lunatics but

Witley air. Nevertheless poor Witley might have undergone a fate almost comparable to that which has befallen many a wholesome place near London, and, worst of all, something like the degradation of once pure and healthy Darent, which has been converted into a focus for small-pox. "Philanthropy" had its way. "Pine Wood" knew a new master in the present Lord Knutsford, who very much enlarged it and changed its character, and Hook migrated where, for the present at least, it is hardly worth anybody's while to get up an "institution."

Reverting to the pictures of the "Pine Wood" period, we seem to recognise the bracing influence of the new world Hook had entered when 1857 was passed. In that year he produced at the Academy a wonder of Clovelly, in which 'A Signal on the Horizon' calls a pilot from his look-out station near a cottage built against a cliff, whence he is sighting a flag, and he says, "her union-jack is at the fore," of a homeward-bound ship.

This is the signal for a pilot. His hardy, clear-eyed son waits but the order to join him in their boat and proceed to the vessel. Other figures of men, women, and children enrich the scene with homely and wholesome beauty, rich tones and sumptuous tints. Far below our station the tide breaks sharply on the shingle, and on the green water there is a fresh breeze which might lift one's hair. 'A Widow's Son going to Sea' has remained in the hearts of many men and women. Simple as is its motive, and plain as are its suggestions, it had on



*Study, painted on glass, for 'Yo! heave ho!' (See p. 31.)*

me a like effect to that of the Laureate's verse:—

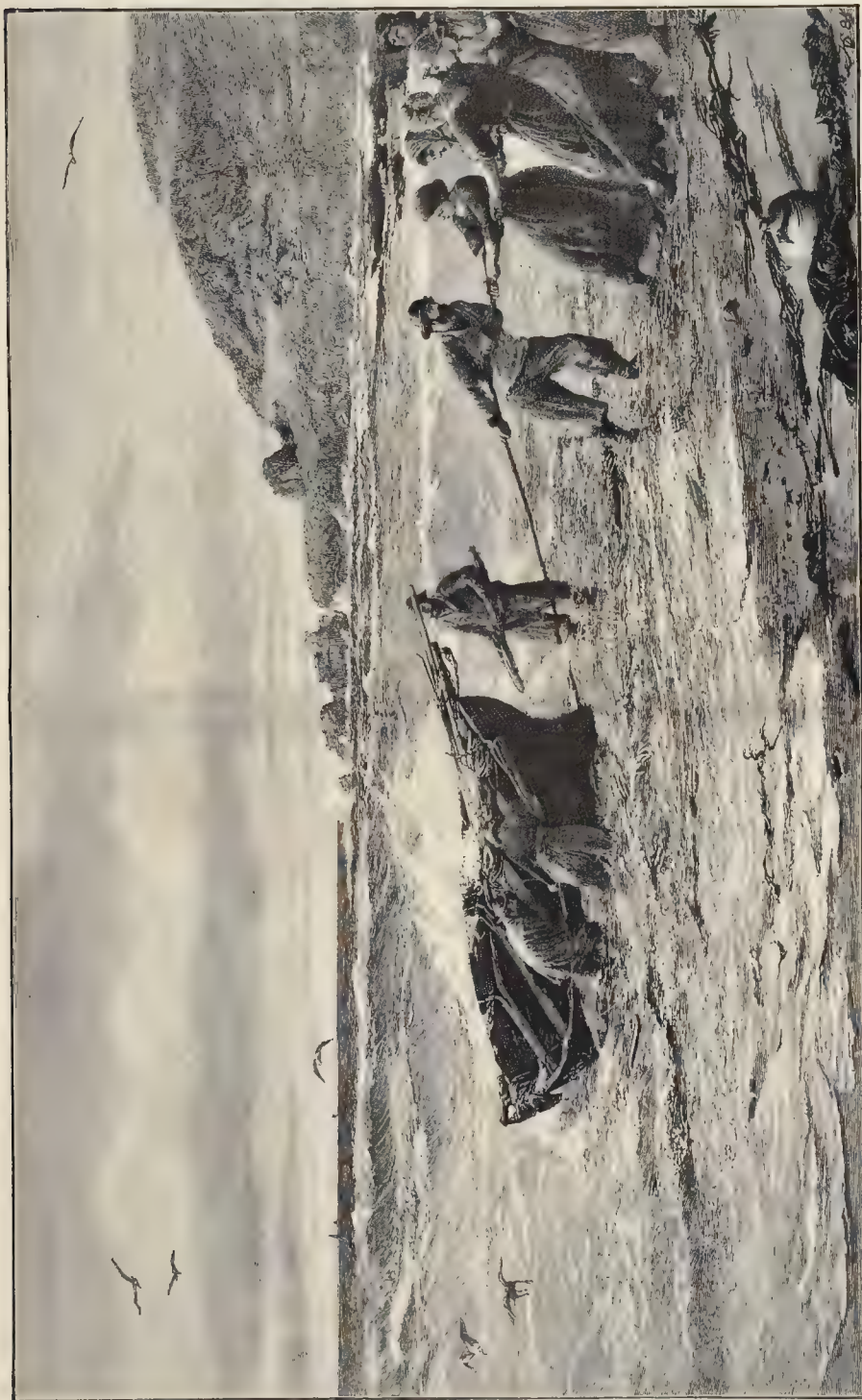
"God help me! save I take my part  
Of danger on the roaring sea,  
A devil rises in my heart,  
Far worse than any death to me."

The motto proper of this picture was taken from the same poet, and is equally explicit:—

"Sail forth into the sea, O ship!  
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!  
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,  
Are not the signs of doubt or fear."

We have Clovelly Pier on the inside, with the little rocky nook and its magnificent cliffs in manifold colours and lustres; summer glows on the land, sky, and freshly rippling sea. A stalwart, dark-eyed, dark-browed, ruddy-faced lad, whose skin has a Titianesque inner tinge of gold that contrasts with the rich blue of his knitted jersey, has parted from his mother, and, a guide-rope in one hand, a boat's chain in the other,





"YO! HEAVE, HO!"

*From the Picture in the possession of DAVID PRICE, Esq.*





swings himself off the edge of the pier to the boat below, which a comrade holds hard against a pile. The widow sits weeping on the steps behind her son; a little child, child-like, endeavours to console her. A few boats are afloat in the harbour; at the pier-head a man is checking the way of a small vessel whose top-masts and gaff are seen outside. She is waiting for the widow's son. The artist made a pathetic point of some children sailing a toy sloop, which, with white canvas set, starts seawards, and beyond the reach of its owner, who, to reclaim it, leans eagerly and in vain over the stern of a dingey. On the departing lad's face, although much of it is hidden from us, signs of manly grief are even more touching than his mother's sorrow; they fully illustrate the wise assurances of the Laureate's verse. 'The Ship Boy's Letter' reversed the point of view, and showed how profoundly the artist sympathised with the subject, as well as with the pathos of human life among the humbler rural classes. A letter has reached the sailor's inland home, where the sun lies broad and brilliantly on meadows and trees of the most sumptuous verdure and densest foliage. A sturdy labourer listens to his wife, (who reads the missive) with out-looking eyes, as if the simple detail brought before him, instead of those green fields, wide rolling waters, and, instead of those wind-stricken trees, the lofty ever-swerving masts of a ship. Her face—indeed all the faces, all the actions,

all the colour in each of these pictures—is perfect and delightful. In colour these are masterly studies, where the artist evinced his knowledge of the great secret of that quality—intense variety and a system of counterbalances; the green trees are intensely various, as in nature, and chromatic echoes, produce harmony even where contrasts are resorted to. Mr. Ruskin wrote of these works, "The whole heart of rural England is in it, as of sailor England in the other," i.e. 'A Signal on the Horizon.'\*

1858 was a grand year in the life of Mr. Hook, when he carried off laurels at the Academy with three transcendent examples. These are No. 332, with a motto from Proverbs xvii. 6: "Children's Children are the Crown of old Men, and the

glory of Children are their Fathers," and showing a field labourer playing with his child, tossing up the delighted urchin, while the mother looks on maternally enraptured, and the grandsire snaps his fingers at the little one. The locality represented is at Hambledon, near Witley and "Pine Wood." The masterpiece of the year was 'A Coast Boy gathering Eggs,' of which our memories retain impressions, strengthened by the etching mentioned in a former note—as the best of Mr. Hook's productions in that way. In sunny weather, the halcyon movement and brilliancy of which contrast with the "dreadful trade" he pursues, a boy is let down before the face of a Lundy cliff by a rope, and he holds a net at the end of a rod to receive the spoils of his cruel business, some of which have been lodged in a nook near at hand. Angry and screaming gulls, or kittiwakes, fearful of making too near an approach to the spoiler, sweep on wide wings below his dangerous perch, and their flight in mid-air suggests to the shuddering spectator the altitude of their enemy's station. A hundred yards below the boy's feet—

which spread out and unconsciously feel the air as for a step, as it were—lies the sea in the richest of its summer jewellery; to the very horizon goes a constant creeping and smiling ripple, such as Homer knew, and the white-crested wavelets tumble in the sunlight; while breaking at the cliff's base they make a silver fringe of foam. On a ledge above



*A few Minutes to wait before Twelve o'Clock. Fac-simile of the original Etching by the Artist.*

the robber his comrade, a young man, grasps the sustaining rope. The painting is admirable for its vividness, harmony, and intense variety; the infinitely varied blue-greens of the sea, concentrated on and subdued by the more powerful blue of the boy's jacket, and reflected by lichens and other growths, wonderfully varied and subtle as they are, declare the whole to be an example of what a painter may achieve if, with learning such as Mr. Hook had mastered, he refers to nature for its application—not to nature without learning, nor to learning without nature. While thus painting my subject lived in Lundy lighthouse for a fortnight, and was doubtless the first artist who stayed in that out-of-the-way place.† "Lundy Island" is, of course, a pleonasm.

\* 'The Ship Boy's Letter' and its companion, 'The Ship Boy writing his Letter,' belong to Mr. C. P. Matthews of Havering-atte-Bower and Mayfair, who likewise owns Mr. Hook's 'The Cider Makers,' 'Jetsam and Flotsam,' 'Clearing the Nets,' 'Brimming Holland,' 'Hoisting Sail,' 'Spring,' 'The Broom-Dasher,' 'Sea Urchins,' 'From under the Sea,' and 'Trawlers.' The last three represented the painter at the Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1867. 'Trawlers' and 'Sea Urchins' were at the Exhibition of Sea-pictures formed by The Fine Art Society in 1881.

† Lundy at that time was really a sort of appanage to Clovelly, the nearest village on the mainland, which is itself a mere line of houses closing upon a narrow, devious, and very steep street, largely composed of stairs, and extending from just below the cliff's edge to the little harbour shown in 'The Widow's Son going to Sea.' When the doctor was wanted on the island, which was very seldom, because it was only an exaggeration to say that "nobody could die there," two beacons, or at night two fires, were displayed; when a shore boat was desired

'A Pastoral,' with the motto from Spenser's "Hobbinol," accompanied the above to the Academy, and illustrated—

"Then blow your pypes, shepherds, till you be at home;  
The night highest fast, yts time to be gone."

It depicted shepherds leading homewards their flocks while blowing pipes before them, and a woman closing a gate in front lest they pass the wrong way.

The largest of white stones should be used in Hook's "House of Fame" to mark 1859. 'Luff, Boy!' painted at Clovelly in the preceding year, was at the Academy. Of its brilliancy, energy, and wealth of colour W. H. Simmons's mezzotint offers suggestions. A print of it accompanies this text. Where the sky is swept clear by a summer breeze, and far-off turmoil lifts the surface of the sea, we have a black Devon fishing boat. She is like a cockle-shell, that with its burthen of innumerable-tinted fish—animal-jewellery of the loveliest hues, its dark sail distinct against the cerulean sky, and its crew, descends on the back of a wave. The billow's farther ridge, curling over in a snow-white crest, follows, vainly hissing, the little craft. An old man, who holds the sheet of the sail, gives the order to bring the boat's head up to the wind to his grandson of eight years old, who faces us with sunny eyes, ruddy carnations, and brown hair, through which, in defect of a cap, the wind goes swiftly. This youngster, with the tiller in both his chubby hands, pushes it over promptly, and looks eagerly and steadfastly forward, as if to be assured that he has done aright. An older boy—whose dark blue jersey makes exquisite colour with the sunlit sail, which is tawny where the lustre falls, purple in the shadow, the black boat, and the darkest emerald sea—sits on a thwart and balances himself, as, sliding on her path, the boat cuts the wave. Flecks of foam trailed on the sea, and shadows projected into its depths, define the contours of its surface and enrich its hues.

Mr. Ruskin, writing on this work in his "Notes" on the exhibitions of the year, said it was "a glorious picture—most glorious;" he broke into a dithyrambic chant of admiration, and wondered if the artist, when he "drew that boy," thought of the Elgin Marbles and the Greek heroes of Marathon. I have already suggested a way in which, patriotism apart, the artist owed something to the Elgin Marbles for his knowledge of style and that sense of noble beauty which give charms to 'Luff, Boy!' Mr. J. Stuart Hodgson is its present owner. Mr. T. O. Barlow has a beautiful finished version of it in small. The boy was the before-mentioned Johnny Cruse, eldest son of Charles Kingsley's nurse, a matron of Clovelly. He grew to be a skipper in charge of a ship in far-off seas. The man was one of the Beer family, whose race and name are well known in Devon. 'The Brook,' accompanied 'Luff, Boy!' at the Academy. It is an illustration of—

"And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever."

from Clovelly or Appledore, as the case might be, one beacon sufficed. The boat could not remain at Lundy with safety; the landing place is feebly described as "rough," and is often unapproachable for days together. Mr. Hook's letter written to his wife from the lighthouse on this occasion is full of character. Directly he reached Clovelly, he says, he had been pounced upon by one of his young seafaring friends who, having told him that a rival was already engaged, got the much-coveted post of his escort to the island. "When poor Johnny Cruse heard of this he 'busted' out a-crying, and this cost me a shilling, as I'm weak about boys." "Kiss my two," the writer continued, "and tell Allan that a fine shoveller duck, which flew against the lighthouse and killed himself, lies on the table before me. Breakfast is ready—some fine puffins' eggs. . . . Murres' eggs are delicious, and gulls' very good." Of "Johnny Cruse" we have yet to hear.

A cart, with an old man and a young man in it, is entering the shallow stream, which is spanned by a rustic wooden bridge; over this a young woman passes, caressing a baby, while, leaning on the handrail, a country boy is talking to the young man. The "moral" of the design is distinct, and could not but give significance of these earthly shows of beauty which, although "men may come and men may go," are for ever renewed. This picture was painted near Chiddingfold. 'A Cornish Gift' embodied a jest. A fisherman's boat returning from sea, meets another going out with a pretty girl and a young man in it. From the former the youth leans to present a lobster, all blue and alive and full of wrath, to the girl, who, half in fun and half in fear, draws back from the grim claws. A newspaper critic said of this picture that the lobster's antennæ ought not to have been red, and that Mr. Hook should have painted it from a raw animal (!) Of course the feelers of living lobsters are always red. 'The Skipper ashore,' produced at Clovelly, is a lovely study in comparatively low tones and equable glass-green tints, and shows a fisher-boy lying in a black boat with one foot over the gunwale, and in the perfection of the *dolce far niente*.

On the 6th of March, 1860, Hook was, by an unanimous vote, elected a Royal Academician, in the place of James Ward, the famous animal painter, who, born in 1769, held his chair longer than any other member of the body. The legions who delighted in 'Luff, Boy!' hailed 'Stand clear!' with fresh pleasure. A fishing boat is just coming to the beach at Clovelly—seems taking her last leap in the waves before grounding; one wave arches out before the stem, to break on the shingle. A boy casts a rope from her bow to those who are supposed to stand on the shore; it describes great curves and rings in flying forth. On the gunwale a second boy sits, bare-legged and ready to drop into the water the moment the boat touches the beach. The fisherman appears behind furling the sprit-sail. A smaller example has for a title 'Whose Bread is on the Waters,' another subject from a fisher's life. A man and his son are seen in a row-boat upon a sea which is just "becoming uneasy," and is breaking in short waves of deep green: the time is early morning. They are hauling in a herring-net that comes heavily to hand. The boat yields to their efforts, and the gunwale lies near the water. It is almost superfluous to say how fine these works are in colour and tone. The richness and solidity of the former quality will be observed in both, not only in the disposition of the opaque masses of the men's dresses and the boats, but in the artful gradations of the sea-tints, which offer endless delight to all lovers of the subtlest quality of painting. For tone, which combines both colour and texture, and is something beyond them, commend us to the way in which the boats tell against the water, the varying powers of the dresses, and, lastly, the manner of showing, in the first picture, the mast and the sail against the sky. What luminousness dwells in that sky—filled with light and mist to its utmost visible verge! It is softly radiant, like the atmosphere of a northern climate—a sky that lifts veil beyond veil, of tender haze, and rolls scarce-visible screens of vapour between the eye and the source of light. Not to abandon his old love of landscape painting proper, the artist sent to the Academy a study of Surrey scenery, called 'The Valley on the Moor,' which was produced at Silverbeck, and is the first-fruits of his journey into new lands, when the fate of Witley hung in the balance. It shows a scrubby piece of half-naked gravelly land, bright



with fresh green and water; although a little too positive in colour, it was nevertheless very beautiful and thoroughly English.

Hook's *tour de force* of 1860 was a poem almost equal to that lyric of the Laureate which supplies its theme.

"O well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!"

is the text. The picture has preserved for ever one of those hazy autumn days when a mist half absorbs the land, screening its details and bringing out its masses in large, grand, and uncertain gloom—gloom, not of darkness, but of light withheld, the negation of sunlight only. The sea, whose shining levels spread through the bay, guarded by horns of lofty cliff, seems sleeping in the arms of the dying year, while its inspirations are seen in the dreamy heavings that

pulse slowly from shore to shore. Sleeping thus, and filled with light—indeed, saturated with light—the ocean is; and about its opaline splendour hangs a melancholy monotone, which affects us like the air of pathetic music. Floating on this summer sea is a boat, and in it a sailor lad sits singing; a girl, his sister, leans back upon the thwarts, dipping her arm in the waves. Behind a point of rock in the mid-distance, glimmer the sails of a ship, as she slowly drifts from sight.

In 1861 the painter had three pictures at the Academy. 'Leaving Cornwall for the Whitby Fishing,' showing the pier at St. Ives, a lug-boat lying alongside and getting ready for departure. Into her hold an old man, stooping, pays out the long nets hand over hand, while a second man stows them within the boat. Some children are watching the operation with interest. An old, long-backed fisherman is casting



'Luff, Boy!' From the Picture in the possession of J. Stuart Hodgson, Esq.

off the hawser from the post to which it is made fast. A merry-faced urchin, pretty in his red coat, has been carried by his mother to take leave of his father, who lifts him up and kisses him lovingly, though roughly. The contrasted faces of the man and child are capital studies of character, and beautiful in colour. The careful young wife has brought quite a load of sea-stockings, jerseys, and waterproofs. She is a charming Cornish woman. The name of the family is Perkins; they are well known at St. Ives. The background is an inlet of the sea, and the opposite shore, with white-roofed cottages, sloping downs, and, farther out, the green sea, whereon a consort smack beckons the tardy craft as she rises and falls on the quick waves.\* 'Compass'd by the

involute Sea,' displays the fisherman returned, and, in the

upon their fellow subjects, whether British or Irish. They are sober, brave, and industrious. They have never demanded to be taught their business, never flinched from labour or duty; their boats are their own, not the gifts of other men; their gear is their own, not obtained from the Imperial Exchequer, nor the pockets of the charitable. They have built their own harbours with their own money. Being British, they have never insulted the flag that shelters them. So enterprising are they, that when the pilchard-fishing is finished on their own coasts, they, as the picture shows, set out for the herring-fishing in the North Sea, taking mackerel, cod, or whatnot as they go along, and selling it where they can. From Scarborough, Whitby, or Sunderland, where their boats may be seen by scores during the season, they go farther north. They go through the Clyde Canal or the Caledonian Canal, or round Cape Wrath, and the Western Isles. They fish in the Irish Channel, they meet in the Bay of Howth, and sell their captures in Dublin itself, at Wicklow, Wexford or Waterford, while the Irish look on. Later in the year they are home again at St. Ives, or any of those little havens in Mount's Bay, the boats of which bear in common upon their bows the "PZ" of Penzance. Such a people Mr. Hook is sure to be in love with. He is, in fact, their pictorial Homer. Accordingly he has painted Cornish men, matrons, maidens, and children to the life, and much of his work has been done in their ports, from Padstow to Mevagissey. Of the Devonians of Clovelly the same may be said.

\* This picture is interesting on account of its treatment and subject, and for the Englishness of the Cornish fisher-folk whom it represents. These men are as proud of their uprightness and their honesty as they are incapable of sponging

high summer-time, playing with the child just upon the margin of the lofty cliff, which is clad in deep-green herbage



*From the Artist's Sketch-book.*

to the edge. The fair young mother is here too again, gaily teasing the infant, and delighted with his delight. From over the very edge of the cliff, scrambling up a rough fisherman's path, a venturesome young urchin, painted from Bryan Hook, has ascended, and now triumphantly bears a long mass of tawny weed in his arms. Below and beyond, to the very horizon, whose height in the picture proves the altitude of the cliff, is the deep, many-hued sea, stretching a long arm, into which goes a distant promontory of pale green tint, which fades into purple farther off. Nothing could be more delightful than the fresh, soft sunniness of the atmosphere, the delicate yet vigorous colour, and broad wholeness of this thoroughly English picture. The mother and child are charming. 'Sea Urchins' depicts a couple of idle seaside boys afloat on a huge mooring-block, which in the swift-running tide drags at an enormous iron ring, such as those to which great ships are made fast in harbours. These "urchins" are fishing, or supposed to be fishing, for, with boyish indolence, they do not seem interested in the sport. One fish has been caught and lies on the block, its painting being a testimony to the transcendent skill of the artist and his fine feeling for colour. Before the block a deep shadow of intensest green is projected into the water, the opaque mass intercepting the sunlight, which, behind the block, illuminates the gently weltering sea, which is grey-green, and lighted to its depths. Lines of cork net-floats, a cruising fishing-boat, and shores that dip gently to the water, complete the work. 'Sea Urchins' belongs to Mr. C. P. Matthews. One of the boys, named Painter, was drowned with his father at sea; the other, Bowlings by name, rose to be a skipper. Mr. Hook made a fine etching of it. He was in Wales this year.

1862 added to Hook's honours. At the Academy were 'The Acre by the Sea,' a poor man's harvest on the cliff edge outside the farmer's boundary, where he contrives to get a scanty crop. In the fierce sun he is wiping his brow to rest; his wife aids in his labour; to her an elder daughter has brought the baby for nourishment. Below, the sea lies in

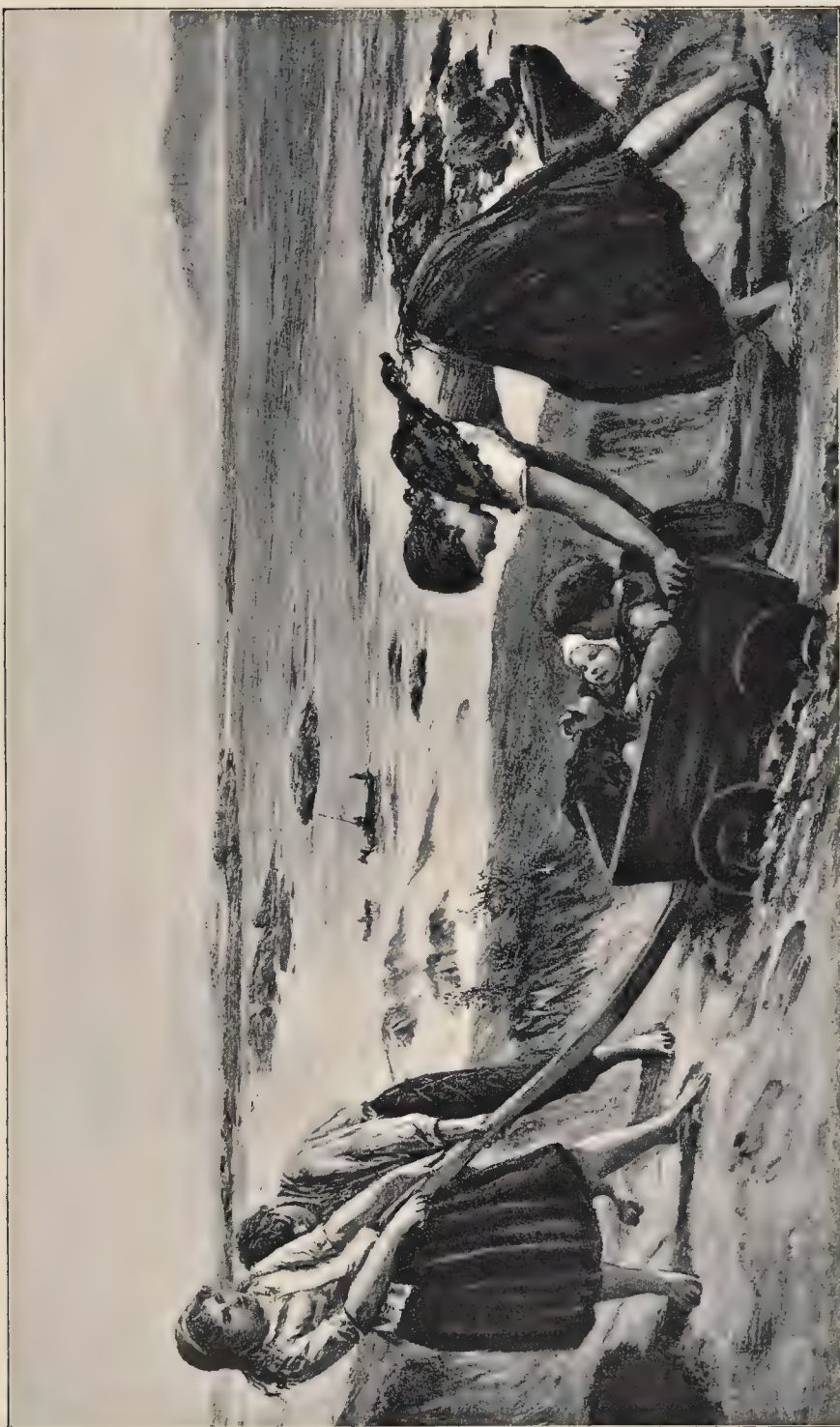
summer heat, and lazily beating the cliffs. 'Sea Air' represents a Welsh woman seated in a cart and traversing a road leading down to the shore. She bears an ailing infant in her arms; a child hangs behind the vehicle, while a stalwart boy drives. 'Trawlers,' gives a Cornish fishing boat running with a fresh breeze just after her crew of three men have hauled their net on board. Two, stooping over it, shake the meshes, and they hold it for a youth to clear off the "finny spoil,"—turbots that render up their fat lives at once upon the deck, soles that flap its wet surface, hake that slide with its heeling to the lee-scuppers, gurnets, starfish, and dogfish—make up the pile. One of the last holds by his teeth to the net; the boy pulls

hard to fling the wretch overboard. The picture is remarkable for the large proportionate space given to the boat and figures, and the relatively small portion given to the sea, part of which is covered by the rich russet sail and the brown mast straining in the breeze. There is superb colour in 'Trawlers,' admirable handling in the fishy heap, and that briny look, which none better than the artist can give, obtains in it. The motto was—

"A net that was cast into the sea  
And gathered of every kind."

1863 brought forth 'Leaving at Low Water,' a deep harbour-inlet of the Scilly Isles; the tide has run a good way off the beach, and a vast enamelled space, marked with emerald green and blue pure as the sky it reflects, lies in the sunlight, grows grey where a ripple takes it, flashes with crests of snow that rise and, as the wind shakes them—fringes of the sea as they are—lazily fall, drag, and vanish upon the shingle. In all this luxury of sunlight there extends across the picture a rude stone pier, many-hued with lichens and sea-stains. Just off the beach lies a smack that will go away when the tide returns; towards her a sailor wades with a boy pig-a-back; about to wade likewise, a young woman takes off her shoes and stockings; two urchins have brought a basket of provisions. 'A Sailor's Wedding Party' shows a picnic on the sea-shore. The bridal party have come by water to a retired place; they land: one old salt, with a wedding favour in his hat, hands out provisions, another spreads the cloth, a woman lights a fire, while the pair for whom all these preparations are made sit sunned by the light of each other's eyes, making believe to talk. Their expressions of happiness are so whole, and so intense in the mystery of feeling, that even in the picture the world centres itself around them. Sunny sea-side hills, bare of trees and beaten by many a storm, but almost solemn now in their richness and unity of colour (thus the painter made his landscape subserve the pathos of his design); the wind-shaken sea moving, but ever uniform, and the rugged road that leads from where they sit to the hill-top that the sun is last to be seen from when the





KING BABY.—THE WHITE SANDS OF IONA.

*From the Picture in the possession of SIR JOHN PENDER.*





day is done, all tend to one centre—the human looks. This is a landscape or an idyl in colour; perhaps a psalm, if you will, or can, read it—certainly no sentimental instance. 'Prawn-Catchers' depicts two boys fishing in a salt pool by the shore; a bare-legged girl, net on shoulder, descends the rocks to join them; all about are rocks, tide-bare and weedy; beyond is a delicious sea, making long, shallow waves, as with the force of some far-off storm, and half covered with broken olive, green, and grey reflections in the distance.

1864 proved that Hook had been for his subjects to the metal-riven and copper-stained rocks of Cornwall, rippling or sleeping summer seas, and the verdurous but treeless headlands of the southern Channel. Mining supplied two themes. 'From under the Sea' presents the very edge of a mighty grey and purple cliff, and reveals over its shoulder a sunny stretch, wide as the eye can compass, of pale emerald and tender azure ocean steeped in sunlight and dashed by a breeze. On the high point of the land, a hundred feet above even our lofty station, stands the frame-work of the gin used for the mine that lies deep under the water and stretches from the face of the cliffs. Far below this, and with a dark portal that looks doubly dark in the brilliant daylight, is the entrance to the mine, and rising towards us is the sole road leading 'From under the Sea.' Rails are laid along the steep path from the adit to the top of the cliff, and up these rails an iron waggon has come freighted with three miners, wearing metal-stained and tawny red "slops," the hues of which, and of their dark visages—all red-brown—with black hair, make marvellous colouring with the pure and glancing sea behind them. The men have their tools at hand, and ends of candles are stuck in their hats. One of them, who rises from the truck, has a pound or so of these articles attached to his button-hole. Welcoming him are his young wife and her joyful baby. It belongs to Mr. C. P. Matthews. 'Cornish Miners leaving Work in the Mines' shows a bright summer evening slightly veiled by mist, which is visible when we look to the distance, and notice how the sun's track on the sea is subdued and the horizon blurred. The ocean appears over the ragged edge of the land; in a littlecombe lie the surface-buildings of a mine. A road runs past them and us; along this road folks are trudging from their labour; a tall girl leads her chattering gay-hearted brother by the hand. The dresses of the pair compose beautifully in colour, with black, marone, red, and blue. Although far less vivid than others by the artist, this picture is one of his purest pieces of colour. Its technical difficulty and triumph is the rendering, in harmony, solidity, and clearness, the relationship of the shadowed meadow rising to the cliff's edge and the resplendent hues of the sun's track on the sea behind them. It is in the collection of Mr. Humphrey Roberts, of Kensington.

'Milk for the Schooner' gives a little level sandy bay, washed by a most brilliant sea, whose innumerable tints seem to gather strength from the serene heaven above them, while, with white crests, the lines of waves hurry landwards. Rocky islets and the huge stones nearer the shore are set in snow-like foam. Several boats lie on the beach, their intense black contrasting with the gold of the sands and the emerald and azure of the sea. A party has landed to obtain milk. From the leader, the owner of certain goats is receiving money for one of them. A sturdy girl holds down the animal by the head, and a man ties its legs together. A child stands near this group shyly sucking its bare arm. For the fourth instance of this year the artist secluded himself in a country nook, com-

prising a village that straggles over a sloping bank, at the foot of which a stream runs babbling in haste, chequered by spaces of light and shadow, and crossed, where the footpath meets the water, by a beam of stone, the rude bridge that may have served fifty generations, and now bears a girl and a boy, who, having filled their bucket, essay to lift it, using the handle of a rake. An old fellow drives across the stream a cart laden with brooms. The *Athenaeum* said of these pictures, "They might have come from the hands of some great old master, the landscape Titian of his time." The last of them is known as 'The Broom-Dasher,' i.e. broom-hawker, this being the Surrey designation of the old man. It is now owned by Mr. C. P. Matthews, and was painted at Churt, near Farnham, while the artist was seated in a chaise, which, placed in the middle of the stream, served for a studio inaccessible to the inquisitive. With these landscapes ap-



From the Artist's Sketch-book.

peared 'A narrow Lane,' which represents a dusty miller leading a horse in a deep Hampshire or Surrey road, possibly

a trough cut through the sandy soil by the rain-washing of ages. Keeping close under the bank stands a smart servant girl, who flirts with the miller. This, as the R.A.'s diploma picture, has been exchanged for 'The Limpet-Gatherer' of 1886.

It was in the autumn of 1863, while painting 'The Broom-Dasher,' that Hook found an occasion for removing his staff from Witley, which philanthropy had invaded. To do this he passed into a district much more retired, and so remote from the civilising influences of railways, that the privilege of beholding a locomotive had been denied to many of its people. At that time the political orator was unheard, and few of the natives guessed or cared about their salvation in the Parliamentary franchise; hardly a dozen of them knew Mr. Gladstone in any of his phases. To get to 'The Broom-Dasher' region, Hook drove his chaise almost daily along the Thursley road, and as often returned more impressed by the charm of the scenery. He was almost out of the hop country and its "gardens." On the Farnham side were sandy ridges crowned by belts of darkening pines, and shallow valleys where agate-like streams babble in stony beds, dear to the speckled trout and angler. Several years fled ere 'A Cowherd's Mischief' drew the painter again to Churt, where he found that bordering a lane, and close to the old "Star" beershop—now improved into a house for Bryan Hook—the pride and snare of the hamlet, which then had not even a shadow of a history, there was a farm of about fifty acres for sale. It was called "Bull's Farm," after, doubtless, some long-since vanished father of Churt.\*

The place struck our painter's fancy so much that when he journeyed thitherwards again he persuaded Samuel Palmer, the idyllic artist and noble illustrator of Virgil's "Pastorals," to go with him. "They found that the neighbouring hills merged into Hindhead, the giant heathery ridge Turner had immortalised, and encompassed valleys down which rivulets tumbled almost as they tumble in Devonshire. Time, they saw, had dealt very tenderly with the farms and cottages, bestowing on them all his choicest gifts of colour and associations, and claiming nothing in exchange but a worm-eaten oak beam or two." Sitting down behind Bull's farmhouse, the friends discussed a foregone conclusion, and my subject struck a bargain with the old tenant who had decided to quit his home. Instantly the buyer set to work. The house to be built in lieu of "Pine Wood" was carefully planned by the thoroughly practical owner; a site was decided on which, giving a fine distance to the outlook, stood near but not on the road. It is high above the stream which charmed the painter, and near enough to admit easy use of a water-ram and copious supplies from the brook.

All details were thought out and worked out, including the admission of sunlight, the apportionment of a hall, dining and drawing rooms, each with its proper aspect, convenience, and the communications with the studio or kitchen. Studios above and on the ground level were designed with prescience, the latter opening on a large conservatory, so as to offer a vista with daylight all round the models to be painted (see the cut accompanying this text, page 29, in which the antique group of 'The Boxers' is shown). Stairs of easy grading, and corridors above them opening to bedrooms right and

left, were not omitted. These plans settled, the operations began: large baulks of timber, all carefully examined and measured by the buyer, came from Guildford; bricks, stone, and tiles centered on "Silverbeck," as the place was named in honour of the brook near the house, and saw, hammer, anvil, and spade resounded for awhile under close supervision of the paymaster. Planning the improvement of his estate, the artist devised a mill, and developed the resources of his land in apple-growing, draining, digging, building up and pulling down. Heedful of what Chaucer would have called his "woning fair upon a heath," he contrived the drainage, warming, and ventilation of his house. In our cut on page 27, the reader sees Silverbeck, amid its trees and on high above the road as it stands when all was done; another cut, page 31, shows the garden with its steps and greenery close to the house; a third cut, page 29, gives the master's studio as we are looking on one hand.

The brook—here in the moorland called a beck—dashing under sunlight and shadow, and ever talking to itself, long ago deepened its channel to a valley, and, hurrying by "silvery birches and pallid willows," darker elms, and pines, and oaks, spread broadly in ponds that are the haunts of moor-hens and margined in sedge, and then went forth upon the gravelly heath where many rushes whisper. This part of Surrey and the adjoining Hampshire is a land of ponds, gravelly moor, and rich green fields, and it is decked with clumps of old wood, outlying shaws and belts of timber, purviews of that famous New Forest which has never known a plough. As to Silverbeck externally, the house is just such a one as an English franklin, had he been a man of culture, might have built of yore. It stands high, but it is not lofty, and for convenience' sake consists of two floors only, with attics in the roof. It is belted about, rather than enclosed, by tall shrubs, not by bulky air-excluding trees. Higher trees stand farther off for shelter, reserve of privacy and grace, and to give quiet and dignity; they enclose spaces of sward extending from the door. The verandah stretches along the front of the house and protects the lower floor; a wide-eaved roof defends the walls, and its shadow tells like a cornice. Weather-tiling, rich in many hues, and a steep roof of purple tint, give expression to the place. In all things solid, it is well-proportioned, genial, and sincere. Most of all, it was made for living in, and everywhere a home. Within, a large, not lofty hall, panelled in oak, and having a billiard table in the centre, opens from the verandah. Facing the entrance, and under the wide stairs which rise to the upper floor, is the door of the master's studio, which few open without his leave.

The furniture and fittings about us here indicate a healthy joy in robust exercises. Something of that superfluity which accrues whenever ample means and high-toned tastes direct the accumulations of many years meets us at every turn. Excepting some bulkier spoils of foreign travel, studies from ancient and sumptuously coloured pictures, and implements of many origins, everything on the walls is English, including drawings by comrades of our painter and lovers of his Art, and prints. Among them are idyls of the etching needle which Samuel Palmer gave his friend, as well as engravings, souvenirs of T. O. Barlow, another old companion, themselves reminiscent of Millais, John Phillip, Egg, and Landseer, all associates of renown, besides rare Rembrandts, comely old English mirrors, cabinets, and whatnots. The prints owe room upon the walls to their intrinsic merits rather

\* The old farmhouse yet stands. Its roomy kitchen is scarcely altered as to its fittings, although the roof has been opened to admit a "top-light." The place served for a studio in the period while Silverbeck was finishing, and is still available for cattle painting. Its neighbourhood is shown in 'A Cowherd's Mischief.'



than to their mere rareness or quaintness. Otherwise home life prevails, and everything bears the impress of the master of the house, whose vigorous and cultured preferences are distinct on either hand in sea gear, oars, sails, paddles, saddles, guns, spades, hoes, rakes, waterproof wrappers and coats, and head-coverings of all sorts (not including a chimney-pot hat), which, each article in its place and ready for a turn, lie in a comely order which affirms the mistress and her observant care. In one room is a bookcase crammed with the choicest verse and prose, for Hook is a thorough reader, and loves to dip into "wells of English undefiled." Over a fireplace, and high in honour, is a fine portrait of Mrs. Hook, painted by her husband forty years ago, and full of young matronly beauty and energy; caressing a favourite

collie, she turns dark, kindly, and serious eyes upon us. Close to it hangs the picture of her son, described above as 'A Fracture'; near these are paintings, including Jackson's 'Dr. Adam Clarke,' a lovely sketch by Landseer of a Highland mother and her babe, two examples by Wyllie, with works of Allan and Bryan Hook.

Ere concluding our account of Hook's house as it stands complete, long after 'The Broom-Dasher' found its way to Mr. Matthews's walls, let us enter that studio which is the centre of Silverbeck. Thence—when all previous preliminary labours have been brought to serve canvases already largely painted on from nature—proceed towards completion the pictures which were begun within hearing of the waves, or studied near the shining streams of Hampshire, or in the



*Silverbeck, from the Road.*

Orcades. This studio is lighted on three sides, including that which gives a vista of the conservatory when its doors are rolled apart. It is forty feet long, twenty-eight feet wide, and, to the ceiling, fifteen feet high. Shutters and blinds control the light. Around the walls stand two or three Old English cabinets and other furniture of no great size. Above these hang a few sketches and studies, leaving an ample portion of the wall bare and coloured with neither bright nor dark reddish grey, which absorbs rather than reflects the light. At one extremity a large table receives odds and ends. A few rugs are on the floor, which is stained brown and otherwise bare, because, like most artists who affect pure and brilliant colouring, and who are not portrait-painters, our host dreads rising dust should spoil his pictures. Three or four easels of

different sizes stand apart from each other, and are empty or loaded with pictures in varied stages of progress. About these easels is abundant room and floor-space wide enough for us to walk about upon at ease. It will be seen that Mr. Hook's studio differs in most respects, including size, from that of Sir John Millais, which is a luxuriously appointed smaller chamber, with lofty and stately doors of polished woods, having carpets all over the floor, and enriched with couches and easy-chairs for those who sit for their portraits. It differs from Mr. Alma Tadema's grand Pompeian hall, with its ambo, having a semi-dome plated with aluminium, its superb bench, exquisitely carved and sumptuously cushioned, as well as inlaid with ivory and ebony, covered with Tyrian silk, and embroidered in lovely patterns. In the Silverbeck workplace is no wonder of a

piano on a dais, as in Grove End Road. Churt abounds not in Greek and Cinque-cento models, Japanese embroideries, and studies made in Greece, as is the case in Sir F. Leighton's magnificent *atelier* at Kensington. Each of these chambers is a place of steadfast work and great fame. As the studios differ, so the mansion at Silverbeck, where the sun shines, the birds sing, and the pure wind whispers in the trees, differs from the great house lined with marble at Palace Gate, from the Greco-Roman villa at St. John's Wood, and from the P.R.A.'s elegant Italian *palazzo* near Holland Park.

Speaking of studios, I may as well say here that Hook has one apart and high, on a heathery ridge a little way from Churt, which, being specially intended for painting clouds and the firmament, is called "The Sky Parlour." Within sight of this and Silverbeck itself are the houses of Allan and Bryan Hook, the one called "Sandbrow," the other "Beefolds." The former glories in a view over a large wide valley, clothed with woods, heather, and water, and vast enough to show whole processions of cloud-shadows and sunshine; the latter lies close under a sandy bank, and between a meadow, a garden, and a glittering stream.

While Silverbeck was building its master exhibited (1865) 'Breton Fishermen's Wives,' which proved that he had found a new field for practice. In the inlet of Concarneau he obtained models different from those of Devon or Cornwall, and yet like them in many ways. Four women of diverse ages are seated at a table making a net, and, while their fingers mechanically move, absorbed in village gossip; the handsome and exuberant maiden is teasing her neighbour more demure; their white head-dresses are conspicuous against the opal, azure, and emerald of the sea and the darker verdure and olive of the hills shutting it in, the dun and silvery grey of the islet in the middle. 'The Mackerel Take, Brittany' (which belongs to Mr. D. Price), represents a group cleaning fish; one woman kneels in front, one stoops to help; a fortunate boat has just come in, the fish are landed in baskets. The background, which is very grand in its breadth of effect and expression, could not be truer to nature. A pier, where several craft lie at anchor, is formed by a ridge of rock running into the water, and very rich in colour. The "wind-chased" surface of the ocean is superbly true. The sky glows in deep pure blue of summer, and a rich, deep, golden glow pervades the view. 'The Sardine Fleet,' another Breton subject, illustrates landing these precious little fish after the French manner. 'The Seaweed-Gatherers' was the best picture of the year. Bright white sand has filled a little cove amongst rocks, and a storm has covered its surface with verrick, olive, brown, tawny, bronze, and green, twined, fused, dashed and woven into an indescribable mass of colour. A strapping girl, gathering weed as she goes, drags a rake along the strand; a child tows a long strip of flag-weed, in child-like imitation of the girl. Beautiful is the water, with its summer colouring of purple, grey, and green; it falls crisply, yet gently, on the sand, which is charming in its silveriness.

The painter kept us at Concarneau with 'Washerwomen, Brittany,' one of the pictures of 1866, and shows five women kneeling on the weeded rocks at the edge of the sea, and washing the blue garments of their husbands. A boy plays with his brother by floating him in a tub; one of the women watches, not without nervousness, the progress of the game. Fine harmonies of tone and colour were obtained in the sea and rocks, the dresses and the faces. 'Landing

Salmon' depicts a fisherman knee-deep in water by the side of a boat; a girl, with her hand upon her hip, leans against a barrow, which is to be used in carrying the spoil. A lovely purple sea appears under a warmish grey northern sky; a rude, and probably half-natural mole, encloses a still space of water, of which the surface undulates in long ripples, and gently breaks on the weeded rocks. More striking than this, and contrasting with it in atmospheric effect, by representing a brisk, chilly wind in sunlight, and a sharply falling sea, with plenty of action in the figures, is 'Give us this Day our daily Bread,' the not very happy motto of a picture of Scotch herring-boats going out to fish. It now belongs to Mr. C. P. Matthews, with the changed title of 'Hoisting Sail.' It reproduces, with exceptional vigour of tone and force of colour, the interior of a large open fishing-boat, where, erect in the heeling craft, two men and a boy are steadily pulling at a halliard to lift the large dark russet canvas and its heavy gaff. A lad on the leeward side of the boat pushes hard with an oar in both hands to keep her clear of the land. Another craft has gone ahead. Behind appear the massive and somewhat gloomy cliffs, with white foam breaking at their bases, and a quick sea urged by a strong breeze. 'Baiting for Haddock' displays the wash of a greyish, silvery-hued sea upon a beach near cottages and upturned boats, the colourless sunlight of a high northern latitude, and fishers shelling mussels for bait. It belongs to Mrs. Reiss.

Late in 1866 Silverbeck was practically finished, and the new owner removed to it. There, while finishing pictures of previous seasons, he worked steadily and strongly. 'Digging for Sand-eels' has unusually well-drawn figures, and, with hardly anything like a subject, is perfect in a pictorial sense. The crisply waved and retreating sea has left bare a few rods of sand, where a boy and girl, armed with the right kind of spud, search for eels. The still wet sands are blackish, smooth, and bare; the verrick on their boundary rocks is brilliant in deep-toned browns and vivid or rich greens that seem to glow in the sunlight. The lapse of wave after wave is given with beautiful truth. Beyond the rocks is a huge sunny headland; a fishing village is in a cove, with craft in its little harbour, and boats that dip and shift before the eye; a light, bright, white cloud steals behind a promontory and is saturated by sunlight which has not heat enough to disperse it. 'Mother Carey's Chickens' is worthy of companionship with 'Luff, Boy!' the picture we all most readily associate with Hook's name. An old man and two boys are in a boat, and pull steadily as they rise with the rising waves and fall with those that sink. The man watches the next hill of water as it comes, and "keeps her head to it" accordingly. The lads pull hard and wait the advancing breaker. A noble picture in every part, be it the sheeny-surfaced, wind-streaked and wavering, yet vast hill of water that speeds in front; the skimming black-winged birds that give it a name; the dashing seas with heads of white, or the low-flying clouds that tell of wind. The cautious yet resolved and steadier youngster pulls warily, and looks at his oar; his comrade is of lighter mood, seems to grin with vitality, and is bolder if less careful. 'A Cowherd's Mischief,' the history of which has been told, brings us to the inland streams and summer fields of Churt. A dare-devil of a child has been mounted on a cow, who has walked into a large brook to drink; the alarmed mother of the little one, standing on a long low wooden bridge which spans the stream, and gesticulating strongly with an outstretched hand, tries to drive the quadruped to



land again. 'Herrings from Banff—Fishers clearing their Nets,' give us a boat and its crew at a little pier. The sail is down, the craft floats easily, while the men, standing up, shake the glittering spoil from their russet net. Two women and a child look on from the pier. Another boat, coming homewards, drops her tawny sail. A third boat follows. White clouds cling to the dark and lofty headland in the distance. It belongs to Mr. C. P. Matthews, and is distinguished by its pure, brilliant, somewhat chilly illumination and bracing atmosphere.

In 1886, the *Athenæum* thus described the Hooks at the Academy. "'The Lobster-Catcher' represents an old

fisherman in a rough boat in the act of examining the baskets which as traps for the fish have been placed in the sea overnight: some of these pots lie in the boat. A boy stands near the bow, and pushes with his hook in order to depart from the place where the inspection is complete. A background is supplied by one of the most beautiful of Mr. Hook's seas—a triumph of colour and modelling, and the bold curves of a little bay."

'The Morning after a Gale' has a more touching subject. A little village stands upon a line of cliffs of moderate height, and having an outline which is broken to form a "porth," as they say in Cornwall—where a yacht lies snug.



*The Studio (west).*

The houses are too much scattered to form streets; but there is so much of unison among the inhabitants that they feel as one in the safety of the little fleet which departed gaily enough on that voyage the end of which is soon to be known to those men and women who stand before us and eagerly count "one, two, three, four, five, six" sail as they round the point which limits vision in the quarter where the storm has raged. The tale of vessels in sight is complete; yet one sloop remains unseen, and the young mother's anxiety is deep as she scans the features of the sailor who, with a "glass" to his eye, describes one after another the appearance of every boat, and gives their names in turn. He sees but two "hands" in the *John and Mary*, where there should be at least four and a boy.

The jib of the *Heart's Delight* is ragged, and they have fished her boom. There is not a topmast to be seen, but that was expected. "How many went in the *Swiftsure*?" "Four," answers the sister of one. Four he sees, and that is well. "Look in the offing for the *Anne*," says the young matron whose name that once lucky sloop bore. He has looked whole minutes ago, but dared not say there is no sail there. The faces are admirable in their pathos. There is a whole history in the painting of the sea. 'Are Chimney-Sweepers black?' might have seemed a superfluous question to the little boy who, as he was bathing in a pool among the bronze-hued rocks on the sea-shore, suddenly saw a "sweep"—broom and all—appear from behind the wreckage

of a cliff. The naked urchin bolted out of the pool with "an expression of alarm depicted on his countenance." This emotion is rendered less mistakable by his energetic attitude in rushing to his sister or mother, whichever the lady may be who stands on the edge of the pool. The owner has generously lent the picture to be engraved for this text (page 15).

In 1869 Mr. Hook was in Holland, and in 'The Land of Cuyp' and 'Brimming Holland,' his painting soon showed fruit of the pilgrimage, the latter of which is reproduced on page 8. Meanwhile 'Cottagers making Cider' (now belonging to Mr. C. P. Matthews, painted in a shed near the site of "Beefolds") was at the Academy in 1869, and contains much fine colour and ample lighting; it is in the manner of Cuyp, with Hook's clearness and brilliancy. We have the manufacture proceeding in a shed such as is common in the Farnham apple country. 'Caught by the Tide' was the painter's best effort of the year. Some children have, after a fishing excursion has been cut short by the advancing sea, taken refuge among the débris of a fallen cliff, and climbed to the highest point within their reach. The tide yet threatens them, and moves in huge steel-grey waves that swing and roll backwards and forwards not far below the feet of the children, one of whom clings affrighted to an elder girl, who, bolder, holds to the rock and her basket. The eldest of the party, a lad of twelve years old, shouts, stands on tip-toe, and looks over the sea, waves his crab-hook with a rag at its end, and thus strives to catch the attention of the folks in a smack that must soon pass behind intervening rocks and out of sight. 'The Boat' depicts breakfast as prepared at sea; a man deftly gutting a mackerel sits in front. The sea is the best part of the picture, which had the motto—

"It served them for kitchen and parlour and all."

Having now brought the studies of our painter to that which was practically the prime, if not the summit of his life, and shown of what nature were his chosen subjects and the wealth of his art, we shall offer a list, with running comments, of all his pictures yet exhibited. 1870 gave us 'Fish from the Doggerbank' (which belongs to Mr. D. Price, who has kindly lent it to be reproduced here); another (the property of Mr. C. P. Matthews), showing a craft at a quay, where a woman bargains for a drake at a market-stall; and 'Sea Earnings,' a man and a boy fishing while wading waist-deep in the sea: his wife and two children are on the shore. 1871 presented Norwegian subjects in 'Market Girls on a Fjord,' and in a boat at a rude landing-place; 'Norwegian Haymakers,' which includes girls and men stacking grass to dry on a sort of frame—the scene is near the water (it belongs to Mr. Jenkins); 'Salmon Trappers, Norway,' which showed a man putting a huge salmon on the back of a girl, her companion waiting with a creel; and 'A Thorn.' The last comprises a boy sitting on the grass near a bridge he has crossed with his flock, in order to take a thorn from his dog's foot. 1872 produced 'Gold of the Sea,' a damsel weighing superbly painted fish and talking to a man—it has a resplendent sea; 'Between the Tides,' the urgent unloading of a beached smack at Clovelly (it is Mr. D. Price's); 'As Jolly as a Sandboy,' two boys lying in a sandy bay full of sunlight, and playing with a puppy, while their ass and her foal wait. Mr. J. Foster owns it. 'The Oyster Several of Hampshire,' the property of Mr. D. Price, shows pools at low tide, whence men are digging for the "delicious bivalves."

The pictures of 1873 were 'The Bonxie, Shetland,' children attacking a nest of the great Skua gull, who fights for her eggs; 'Fishing by Proxy,' a brook, where a man wades deep, and uses cormorants to capture fish; 'Song and Accompaniment,' a girl seated in a sea-nook, near a village, holding a baby, and singing while she clanks a spoon on a pannikin; and 'The Fishing Haven,' with a village and a woman shelling mussels. 1874 brought 'Jetsam and Flotsam' (now in Mr. C. P. Matthews' collection), the landing of a wrecked seaman's chest and the gathering about it of a group of fisher-folk; 'Under the Lee of a Rock,' a boat near the sea-margin, and a heap of fish from which a man loads a donkey; 'Kelp-Burners, Shetland,' natives on the summit of a cliff consuming vraick; and 'Cow-Tending,' Mr. D. Price's picture of a boy who has waded into a river (it is near Silverbeck) to gather moor-hens' eggs from a rushy islet, while his charges attack the cabbage garden of a farmhouse.

The Academy contained of Hook's, in 1875, 'Wise Saws,' a raven pretending to preach to certain cows that have gathered in a stream near the sapient bird's perch (it now belongs to Mr. C. Churchill); 'Brimming Holland,' a sunny river, where a man, landed from a boat, empties a pail of milk into a brass vessel, and a strapping wench waits with more milk; 'Hearts of Oak' (painted near Aberdeen), a fisherman, his comely wife, and their children, seated on the shore, and he deliberately carves a toy boat; and 'The Samphire-Gatherer,' a girl walking on the edge of a cliff and looking below her feet. We had in 1876 'Sea-side Ducks,' the Devonshire coast, with girls and ducks dabbling, of which an illustration is given through the courtesy of Mr. Henry Jenkins; 'A little blue Bay,' with a girl and a man emptying lobster-pots, and a pile of freshly-landed fish; 'Crabbers' (Mr. G. Gurney's picture, illustrated by his kind permission, page 7), a man in a boat rowed on rough water by a boy, and pulling a monstrous crab out of a wicker pot; and 'Hard Lines,' a woman mending nets on the shore and keeping an unwilling boy from playing on the beach. Of 1877 the pictures were—'Word from the Missing,' a little boy has picked up a bottle on the shore; 'A Gull-Catcher,' a boy betraying birds with a baited hook; 'He Shot a fine Shoot' (which has since been cut in half), a heap of game upon the shore; and 'Friends in Rough Weather,' painted at the Hall Sands, Devon, where they have a custom of using dogs to bring ropes ashore for hauling up boats. We had in 1878, Hook having been in Italy, only 'The Coral-Fisher, Amalfi,' a young man tempting girls with branches of coral as they gossip on the shore. In this year the artist painted, but did not exhibit, 'The Vintage, Sarzana,' a river scene, with bulls drinking; a herdsman gossips with a girl. 1879 was marked by 'The Mushroom-Gatherers,' children in Scottish fields, owned by Mr. J. Renton; 'Little to earn and many to keep,' a sailor kissing his baby, which a lass has brought, while a boy carries his father's boots, and 'Tanning Nets,' women and men busy on the shore, cauldrons alight and smoking. It belongs to Mrs. Macdonald of Aberdeen, who likewise possesses 'Fishing by Proxy,' and 'The Land of Cuyp.'

1880's pictures were 'Home with the Tide' (belonging to Mr. Tate, of Streatham), a sailing-boat entering a little harbour; 'Mussel Gardens,' where girls are filling a creel with shell-fish; 'Sea Pools,' two bare-legged and buxom damsels at the edge of an inlet left bare by the sea, one of them daintily holding her petticoats between her knees; the other is zealous, and stooping, draws seaweed to the



shore. Lastly 'King Baby, the White Sands of Iona,' of which a full-page reproduction before the reader explains the nature and illustrates the subject. It is Sir John Pender's. 1881 gave us three "Hookscapes," being 'The nearest Way to School,' painted at Sennen, and showing boys playing truant on the shore (it belongs to Mr. J. Neck); 'Diamond Merchants, Cornwall,' of which the reader has a cut, page 3, showing a view near the Land's End, with children clambering over the cliff's edge and offering glistening marcasite gathered from below; it is in the collection of Mr. L. Huth. 'Past Work,' belonging to Mr. H. Roberts, gives the Hall Sands, and an old man and a child seated near a huge rusted anchor. In 1882 appeared Mr. D. Price's 'The Devon Harvest Cart: the last Handful Home,' see frontispiece—a twilight scene upon a river, a cart going through a shallow ford near a cascade; 'Caller Herrin,' of which an engraving is on page 13, showing sailors and women hauling fish ashore in a basket (the picture belongs to Mr. G. Gurney of Eastbourne); and 'Castle Building,' an inlet in a Highland loch, where children are erecting a fortress of sand and shells. In 1883 we had Mr. H. Roberts's picture called 'Catching a Mermaid,' where a coast boy and his sister secure a ship's figurehead cast upon the rocks by a stormy sea; 'The wily Angler'—now the property of Mr. D. Price, of which a large etching has lately been published by The Fine Art Society—representing a boy fishing, and his little sister looking on, at the side of a lustrous stream, in calm warm weather; 'Lovelightens Toil,' the margin of the Cornish sea, where a young mother is playing with her baby in the intervals of net-making, the seascape includes a little cove with a detached islet; 'Carting for Farmer Pengelly,' the property of Mr. Ismay, at Dawpool, Birkenhead, shows a Cornish coast scene, with a boy driving a donkey cart laden with wraick across the sands, and followed by another boy trailing flag-weed and carrying a pitchfork.

In this year the Academy contained Sir John Millais's noble life-size portrait of our subject, painted in loving exchange with him for a coast piece which was at the same place in 1884. This portrait will always be the truest record of the great seascape painter. 1884 gave us 'Wild Harbourage,' a fresh sea breaking on the rugged Cornish coast, where a man

is studying some huge fish lying before him on the ground, a girl is carrying a basket on the shore, and a second man is standing knee-deep and fishing in the water; 'Catching Sand Launces' shows a cove with a level foreground, at low tide, where girls are stooping to drag launces with hooks out of their burrows in the wet sand; and 'The Mirror of the Sea Mew' (or 'The Gull's Toilette') is Sir John Millais's lovely picture of the silent and deserted shore. A full-page wood engraving of this work is, by favour of the artist and the owner, included in this book. 'The Stream,' of 1885, was bought by the Royal Academicians with the Chantrey Fund.



*The Garden Entrance.*

It is a Cuyp-like example and subject, comprising a calm river in golden light, several cob-and-thatch cottages on the bank; a group of cows and a girl are waiting while one of the animals drinks from the stream. 'The Close of the Day' had for its motto "The weary Sun has made a golden Set," and is a view of Sennen and the Land's End; a woman, with a child in a creel at her back, watches the sun's decline. 'Yo! heave ho!' (see the large cut) showed five fishermen and four women hauling a boat on to the wave-tormented beach; a group of figures illustrates in this text (page 20) part of the design of the picture, as well as the artist's method of

painting upon a sheet of glass (like that from which the cut was taken) whatever alterations he proposes for portions of his compositions. Boldly depicted on the glass, the tentative design is laid against the canvas, and thus shows upon the transparent sheet how the new feature would appear when finished. 'After Dinner rest awhile' gave a capital idea of cormorants reposing, gorged, on the rocks near a wild Cornish sea.

The Academy pictures of 1886 were 'Sea Daisies,' a view of the Land's End; within the foreground a young donkey, about whose neck an admiring Titania of a Cornish girl has hung a garland of field flowers; 'The Salmon Pool,' is a large freshwater stream (the Tamar) in silvery light, where a man has drawn a boat into a rocky nook, and takes salmon from under her thwarts to give them to a wench who waits near (it is Mr. G. Gurney's); 'The broken Oar' (one of Hook's loveliest examples), a lonely bay and a wild sea, which has just cast ashore the relic, it may be, of a far-off disaster—it was painted in Cornwall; 'An Undergraduate' is a coast view, taken from near the last-named place, and shows an exuberant young girl fresh from her bath and rosy, lying, book in hand, upon the grass while her hair dries in the sun; 'Gathering Limpets' has a stormy Cornish sea breaking furiously upon rocks where, in front, a damsel, basket in hand, is searching. 1887 gave the world 'Tickling Trout,' painted on the Tamar, showing a boy beguiling a fish; 'Young Dreams,' a girl coquetting with a boy on a cliff path (a masterpiece of Art); 'Fresh from the Waves,' a plump damsel, who has been bathing, stepping to her clothes upon the sand; and 'Searching the Crab Holes,' a girl and a man amid huge boulders before a tempest-driven ocean. It belongs to Mr. G. Gurney. The list of exhibited pictures concludes with those of 1888, which were 'Low Tide Gleanings,' a rocky coast, a brisk breeze, two girls and a boy gathering shell-fish; 'The Day for the Lighthouse' (now the property of Mr. A. Wood, of Conway), a sandy shore in resplendent sunlight, where some folks are packing stores to be sent to a distant beacon-tower; 'The Bauble Boat,' a little boy sailing his toy in a sunny pool, a half-naked girl dressing after bathing; and 'The Feast of the Osprey,' where on a rock on the margin of an "earth-shaking" sea a wild bird tears his prey.

In addition to the above-named pictures a few may have been exhibited under differing names. They are Mr. D. Price's 'Whiffing for Mackerel,' in calm twilight, off Clovelly, a boat scene with the painter baiting a line while he is rowed by two boys, his sons; 'The Ship-boy writing his Letter,' companion to 'The Ship-boy's Letter,' of 1857; 'Spring,' a lover and his lass seated on a grassy bank, where he catches a butterfly with his hat—the last three belong to Mr. C. P. Matthews; 'Ill the Wind that profits Nobody,' and 'Cornish Mermaids,' are both owned by Mr. J. Neck; 'The Sand Wives,' belonging to Mr. C. Churchill; 'The Mussel Boat' (? if not the same as 'Unloading the Mussel Boat' in Mr. Gurney's collection), 'Lower Away!' 'Summer's Day' (1859), 'Arming Christian,' 'The Cooling Stream,' 'Rustic Courtship,' 'The Prawn-Catchers,' 'Another Dog!' 'St. Ives' Fishermen' (? if not the same as 'Trawlers'), 'Fisherman's Children' (which belongs to Mr. T. O. Barlow), 'Coal Schooner' (the property of Mr. J. Brinton), Mrs. T. Agnew's 'Seashore,' 'Sea Air,' 'Low

Water, Scilly,' 'Evening at Lerici,' and 'The Fishing Haven.' 'The Wounded Gull,' a seashore scene where a damsel holds a bird, was at Messrs. Tooth's in 1884. In 1862 our artist made a design to be enlarged to life-size of two stalwart fishermen at sea, standing up and pulling a laden net into their boat, called 'Fishing'; it was one of a series of decorations intended to represent in mosaics various arts and crafts in panels of the since destroyed International Exhibition at South Kensington, and was a very fine and masculine example.

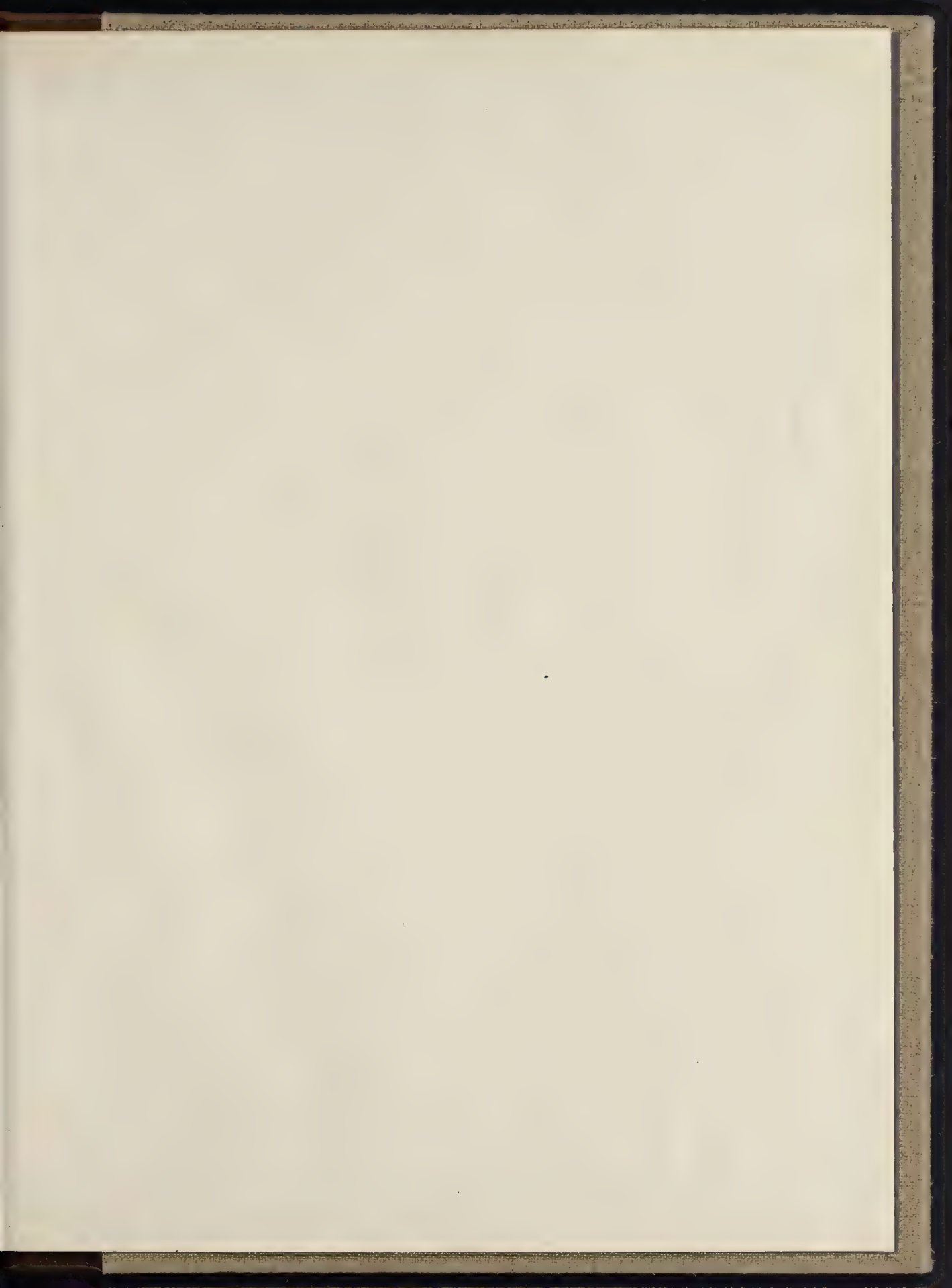
We have now to study the man to whom, although he is in the ripest of his powers and energy, we already owe not fewer than one hundred and eighty paintings, besides etchings, a few water-colour drawings, and countless sketches. Not one of these is without a charm. Brimming with energy the master of Silverbeck is sometimes to be seen at work as a woodman; then as a farmer, learned in the growth of crops; anon he will appear as a delver in his fields, or as a gardener, hard at work with mattock, scythe, or spade. He is in love with old-fashioned flowers, and has many a parterre jewelled with them; his walls abound in fruit. Here, in the heart of Surrey, he can hold down the handles of a plough, or wield a flail, or work with a sickle, as effectually as where, by the Cornish, Scotch, or Breton coast, he has been found, heedless of wet jackets and slippery rocks, heedless of the rolling sea, able to haul on to a rope, shoot a net, to pull at an oar, or stand at a tiller and control a suit of sails. Woodman, builder, swimmer, sailor, farmer, fisherman, the renowned Royal Academician has led a life of immeasurable activity, and found health and happiness in it. At home, we find that, being a Liberal, or rather an advanced Radical, in politics, he has endeavoured to educate his humbler neighbours in knowledge of what he thinks they ought to know, meeting them for the purpose on regular occasions in a neighbouring building, where the "humane letters" are not forgotten, and many a gem of English is read aloud.

An ardent sea and brook fisher, mere fishing for the sake of death is no pastime of Hook's. He has "learned the wood-music without the gun." The western fishermen know him in his sea-gear, thick blue jersey and boots, as intimately, and they regard him as kindly, as his country neighbours honour him in that suit of grey and brown homespun in which he receives friends at Silverbeck.

As the aspect of a man is, after all, part of his biography, a true "counterfeit presentment" of his inner life, and cannot be divorced from his doings in the world, it is incumbent on me to say how my host and friend looked at home when clad loosely in the warm, half-grey, half-brown, thick and soft homespun jacket and knickerbockers to match. Stout shoes and stockings completed the costume, with an open collar which revealed a sinewy neck bearing a well-poised head, still covered with locks partly dashed with grey, and clustering compactly about a ruddy visage, which tells of a healthy life, and almost constant exposure to air and sunlight. A little above the middle height, his spare and wiry figure is thin-flanked, broad-shouldered, and muscular; there is energy in every turn of his body, and no one takes more delight than Hook at a good story, at which his laugh is irrepressible as a boy's, or enunciates with more zest his opinions of Art, politics, morals, or the order of life.

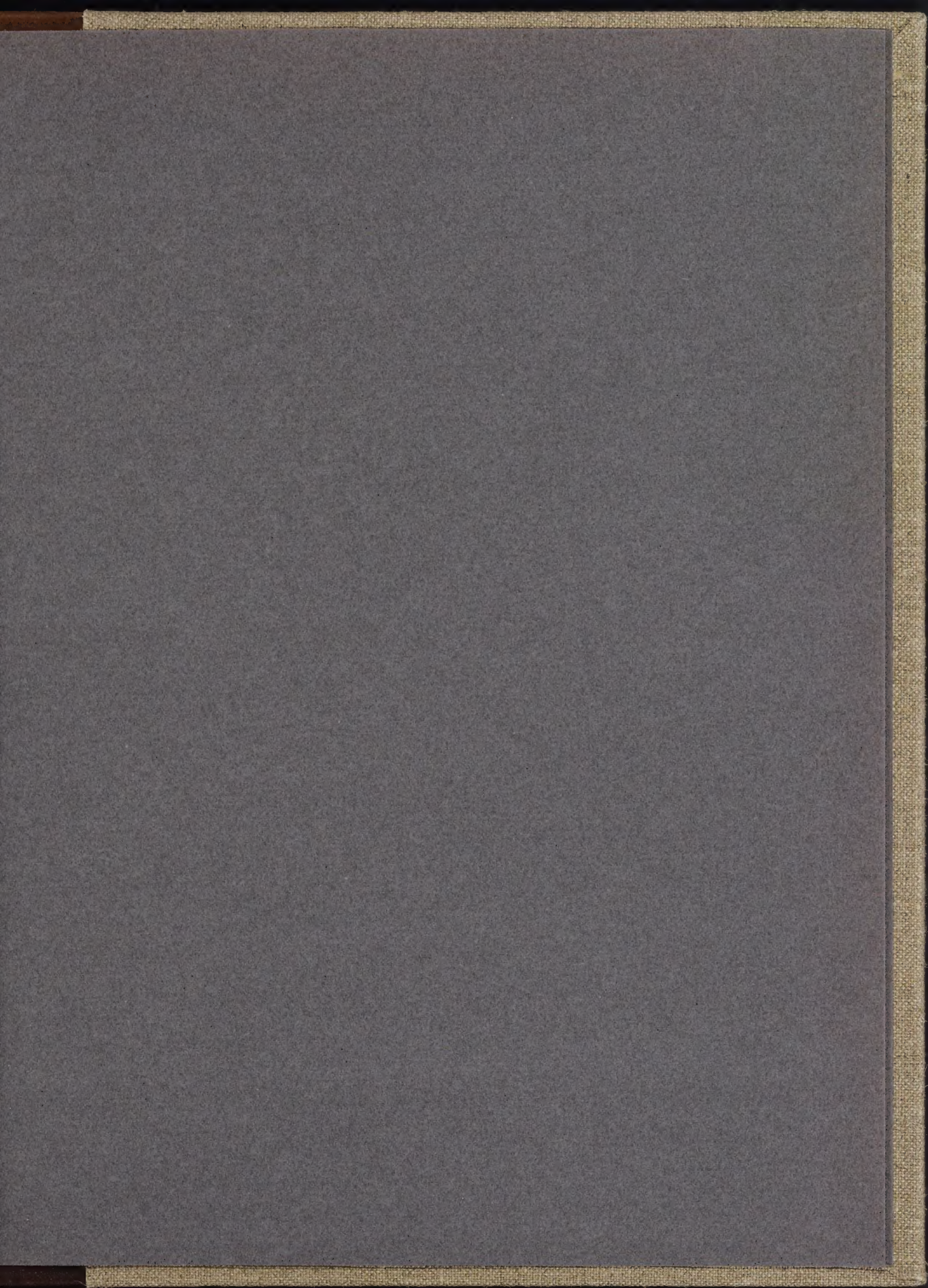
F. G. STEPHENS.

















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